3 1761 08822047 0



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
University of Toronto

http://www.archive.org/details/scribnersmagazin40newy

65885

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME XL
JULY-DECEMBER



CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS NEW YORK
WILLIAM HEINEMANN LONDON

LIBRARY
SEP
16
1982
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
AP
2
S3295
v.40

Copyright, 1906, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

CONTENTS

OF

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME XL — JULY—DECEMBER, 1906

		PAGE
ADDOLORATA'S INTERVENTION, Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg.	HENRY B. FULLER,	715
ADMIRABLE OUTLAW, THE, Illustrations by N. C. Wyeth.	M'CREADY SYKES,	627
"AGAINST ORDERS," Illustration (frontispiece) by George Wright.	F. HOPKINSON SMITH,	583
AGE *VERSUS* YOUTH. Point of View,		251
ALDEN, W. L. *Passing*,		703
AMERICAN BISON OR BUFFALO, THE, Illustrations by the author.	ERNEST THOMPSON SETON,	385
ANDREWS, MARY R. S. *The Perfect Tribute*,		17
ANDREWS, MARY R. S. *A Messenger*,		417
ARDEN, IN THE FOREST OF, Illustrations from photographs.	ROBERT SHACKLETON,	752
ART MUSEUMS, THE BENEFICENCE OF (Frank Fowler). Field of Art,		509
ARTISTS WITH THEORIES, CONVICTIONS AND PRINCIPLES (Russell Sturgis). Field of Art,		125
AUTHORS AND EDITORS, AN OPEN LETTER TO. Point of View,		635
BOHEMIA, IN THE BLACK PINES OF Illustrations from photographs.	MARY KING WADDINGTON,	535
BOND OF COMRADESHIP, THE, Illustrations by Stanley M. Arthurs.	MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN,	88
BRINTON, CHRISTIAN. *Russia's Greatest Painter —Ilia Répin*,		513
BULSTRODE IN LOCO PARENTIS, Illustrations in colors and black and white by Alonzo Kimball.	MARIE VAN VORST,	596
CANADA'S NEW TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY. (The third of a series on The Railways of the Future), With a map.	HUGH D. LUMSDEN, Chief Engineer, Government Sec.	73
CARMELINA'S CARABINIERE, Illustrations by S. Ivanowski.	JULIAN STREET,	240
CHAUCER'S ROUNDEL. Illustrated in colors by	ELLEN MACAULEY,	Facing page 350
CHAMBERLAIN, LUCIA. *The Way Out*,		50

		PAGE
CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE, THE, COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS (W. M. R. French),		380
CIVIC SERVICE, THE VOCATION OF. Point of View,		762
CONNOLLY, JAMES B. *The Drawn Shutters,*		460
CONNOLLY, JAMES B. *The Navy in Review,*		659
CORTISSOZ, ROYAL. *In Foreign Streets,*		193
DALMATIA, IMPRESSIONS OF, Illustrations by the author.	ERNEST C. PEIXOTTO,	1
DAUGHTERS OF ZION. Second Rebecca Story, Illustrations by F. C. Yohn.	KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN,	406
DRAWN SHUTTERS, THE, Illustrations by George Harding.	JAMES B. CONNOLLY,	460
"EDUCATIONAL VALUES," SOME MISSING. Point of View,		636
EDWARDS, LOUISE BETTS. *That Russian,*		204
EGAN, MAURICE FRANCIS. *The Bond of Comradeship,*		88
FARMER'S SEASONS, THE. Four pictures in color, The accompanying calendar by	A. B. FROST, E. S. MARTIN.	215
FIELD OF ART, THE Art Museums, The Beneficence of (Frank Fowler), 509. Artists with Theories, Convictions and Principles (Russell Sturgis), 125. Chicago Art Institute, The, Collection of Paintings (W. M. R. French), 380. Johnson, Eastman—His Life and Works, 253. Mural Painting in this Country since 1898 (William Walton), 637. Religious Themes, The Painting of (William Walton and Russell Sturgis), 765.		
FORD, SEWELL. *Through the Needle's Eye,*		311
FOREIGN STREETS, IN, Illustrations from the pages of George Wright's sketch-book, reproduced in colors.	ROYAL CORTISSOZ,	193
FOX, JR., JOHN. *A Knight of the Cumberland,*		257, 452, 546
FROST, A. B. *The Farmer's Seasons,*		215
FULLER, HENRY B. *Addolorata's Intervention,*		715
GIRL FROM THE MACHINE, THE, Illustrations by Fletcher C. Ransom.	JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS,	467
GLASGOW,	FREDERIC C. HOWE,	97
GRAND MANNER, THE. Point of View,		123
GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC, THE, Illustrations from photographs.	CY WARMAN,	77
HAINES, HELEN. *The Hoar-Frost,*		342
"HAPPY ENDING," THE. Point of View,		379
HANSCOM, BEATRICE. *Signs and Symbols,*		275
HARKER, L. ALLEN. *Ruskin and Girlhood,*		561
HER STORY, Illustration by William Balfour Ker.	CHURCHILL WILLIAMS,	224
HOAR-FROST, THE. A Crimson Rambler Story, Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg.	HELEN HAINES,	342

		PAGE
HORNADAY, W. T. *The Mountain Goat and the Camera,*		143
HOWE, FREDERIC C. *Glasgow,*		97
HOWE, FREDERIC C. *London: A Municipal Democracy,*		589
HUNEKER, JAMES. *Henrik Ibsen,*		351
HYDE, DOUGLAS, LL.D. *Notes for Scenes from the Early History of Ireland,*		685
IBSEN, HENRIK,	JAMES HUNEKER,	351
INDIAN TREATIES, THE LAST OF THE, Illustrations from photographs by the author.	DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT,	573
IRELAND, SCENES FROM THE EARLY HISTORY OF. Drawn by (Reproduced in colors). With explanatory notes by	HENRY MCCARTER, DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.	685
JACK-O'-LANTERN. A Rebecca Story, Illustrations by F. C. Yohn.	KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN,	129
JOHNSON, EASTMAN—HIS LIFE AND WORKS. Field of Art.		253
JOHNSON, EASTMAN, PAINTER, Illustrations from Mr. Johnson's paintings, by permission of Mrs. Eastman Johnson.	WILLIAM WALTON	263
JOHNSTON, GEORGE WOODRUFF. *The Two-Stringed Bow,*		746
KNIGHT OF THE CUMBERLAND, A, Illustrations by F. C. Yohn.	JOHN FOX, JR., Author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come."	257, 452, 546
"LITTLE MILLIONS," Illustrations by F. B. Masters.	FRANCIS LYNDE,	110
LONDON: A MUNICIPAL DEMOCRACY,	FREDERIC C. HOWE,	589
LOUNSBURY, T. R. *The Position and Influence of Pope,*		481
LUMSDEN, HUGH D. Chief Engineer of the Government Section. *Canada's New Transcontinental Railway,*		73
LYNDE, FRANCIS *"Little Millions,"*		110
LYNDE, FRANCIS *The Terror on the Boiling Water,*		487
McCARTER, HENRY. *Scenes from the Early History of Ireland,*		685
MACAULEY, ELLEN. *Illustration in colors for Chaucer's Roundel.*		Facing 350
MADAME DE TREYMES. A complete novelette, Illustrations by Alonzo Kimball.	EDITH WHARTON, Author of "The House of Mirth."	167
MAGENTA VILLAGE, THE, Illustrations by the author, reproduced in colors.	EDWARD PENFIELD,	25
MARTIN, E. S. *The Farmer's Seasons,*		215
MESSENGER, A, Illustration by F. Walter Taylor.	MARY R. S. ANDREWS, Author of "The Perfect Tribute."	417
MOOSE CALL, THE. Drawing by	N. C. WYETH,	480
MOUNTAIN GOAT, THE, AND THE CAMERA, Illustrations from photographs.	WILLIAM T. HORNADAY AND JOHN M. PHILLIPS,	143
MURAL PAINTING IN THIS COUNTRY SINCE 1898 (William Walton). Field of Art,		637
NAVY IN REVIEW, THE, Illustrations from photographs.	JAMES B. CONNOLLY,	659

		PAGE
NEWSPAPER, THE, AND FICTION. Point of View,		122
ONE-SIDED LIFE, THE. Point of View,		763
PASSING, Illustrations by N. C. Wyeth.	W. L. Alden,	703
PEIXOTTO, E. C. *Impressions of Dalmatia,*		1
PENFIELD, EDWARD — *The Magenta Village,*		25
PENFIELD, EDWARD — *Between Towns in Spain,*		441
PERFECT TRIBUTE, THE, Illustration (frontispiece) by F. Walter Taylor.	Mary R. S. Andrews,	17
PHILLIPS, JOHN M. *The Mountain Goat and the Camera,*		143
PICKWICK LADLE, THE, Illustration by Walter Appleton Clark, reproduced in colors.	Winfield Scott Moody,	733

POINT OF VIEW, THE

Age *versus* Youth, 251.
Authors and Editors, An Open Letter to, 635.
Civic Service, The Vocation of, 762.
"Educational Values," Some Missing, 636.
Grand Manner, The, 123.
"Happy Ending," The, 379,
Newspaper and Fiction, The, 122.
One-Sided Life, The, 763.
Pronunciation, The Influence of Spelling Upon, 506
Unreformed Spelling, Some Advantages of, 252.

POPE, THE POSITION AND INFLUENCE OF,	T. R. Lounsbury,	481
PROFESSORIAL MEDITATION, A,	Grant Showerman,	502
PRONG-HORNED ANTELOPE, THE—The Prong-Buck of America, Illustrations by the author and from photographs.	Ernest Thompson Seton,	33
PRONUNCIATION, THE INFLUENCE OF SPELLING UPON. Point of View,		506
REBECCA'S THOUGHT BOOK. Third Rebecca Story, Illustration by F. C. Yohn.	Kate Douglas Wiggin,	525
RELIGIOUS THEMES, THE PAINTING OF (William Walton and Russell Sturgis). Field of Art,		765
RUSKIN AND GIRLHOOD. Some Happy Reminiscences,	L. Allen Harker,	561
RUSSIA'S GREATEST PAINTER—ILIA RÉPIN, Illustrated with reproductions of Répin's paintings.	Christian Brinton,	513
SCOTT, DUNCAN CAMPBELL. *The Last of the Indian Treaties,*		573
SETON, ERNEST THOMPSON — *The Prong-Horned Antelope,*		33
SETON, ERNEST THOMPSON — *The Whitetailed (Virginia) Deer and Its Kin,*		321
SETON, ERNEST THOMPSON — *The American Bison or Buffalo,*		385
SHACKLETON, ROBERT. *In the Forest of Arden,*		752
SHOWERMAN, GRANT. *A Professorial Meditation,*		502
SIGNS AND SYMBOLS, Illustrations by Alonzo Kimball.	Beatrice Hanscom,	275
SMITH, ARTHUR COSSLETT. *What Really Happened,*		155

PAGE

SMITH, F. HOPKINSON
- *The Tides of Barnegat*, ... 62, 231
- *"Against Orders,"* 583
- *The Veiled Lady of Stamboul*, ... 672

SMITH, MARGARET BAYARD
- *Washington in Jefferson's Time*, ... 292
- *Washington in the Hands of the British*, ... 425
- *Washington in Jackson's Time, With Glimpses of Henry Clay*, ... 608

SPAIN, BETWEEN TOWNS IN, ... EDWARD PENFIELD, . . . 441
Illustrations in color by the author.

STATE O' MAINE GIRL, THE. Fourth Rebecca Story, ... KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN, . . 641
Illustrations by F. C. Yohn.

STREET, JULIAN. *Carmelina's Carabiniere*, ... 240

SYKES, M'CREADY. *The Admirable Outlaw*, ... 627

TELEPHONE. See *Thirtieth Anniversary of a Great Invention.*

TERROR ON THE BOILING WATER, THE, . . FRANCIS LYNDE, ... 487
Illustrations by Frank B. Masters.

THAT RUSSIAN, ... LOUISE BETTS EDWARDS, . . 204
Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg.

THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF A GREAT INVENTION, THE, ... JOHN VAUGHN, ... 365
Illustrated.

THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE, ... SEWELL FORD, ... 311
Illustrations by F. Walter Taylor.

TIDES OF BARNEGAT, THE, ... F. HOPKINSON SMITH, . . 62, 231

TWO-STRINGED BOW, THE, ... GEORGE WOODRUFF JOHNSTON, . 746
Illustrations by A. I. Keller.

UNREFORMED SPELLING, SOME ADVANTAGES OF. Point of View, ... 252

VAN BUREN, JOHN, IN ENGLAND. Extracts from His Diaries and Letters in 1838, ... 693

VAN VORST, MARIE. *Bulstrode in Loco Parentis*, ... 596

VAUGHN, JOHN. *The Thirtieth Anniversary of a Great Invention*, ... 365

VEILED LADY OF STAMBOUL, THE, ... F. HOPKINSON SMITH, . . . 672
Illustrations by F. Walter Taylor.

WADDINGTON, MARY KING. *In the Black Pines of Bohemia*, ... 535

WALTON, WILLIAM. *Eastman Johnson, Painter*, ... 263

WARMAN, CY. *The Grand Trunk Pacific*, ... 77

WASHINGTON IN JEFFERSON'S TIME. From the Diaries and Family Letters of . . . MARGARET BAYARD SMITH, . . 292
Edited by . . . . . GAILLARD HUNT.
Illustrations from contemporary prints and portraits.

II. WASHINGTON IN THE HANDS OF THE BRITISH, ... 425

III. WASHINGTON IN JACKSON'S TIME, WITH GLIMPSES OF HENRY CLAY, ... 608

WAY OUT, THE, ... LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN, . . . 50
Illustrations by H. J. Peck.

		PAGE
WHARTON, EDITH. *Madame de Treymes*,		167
WHAT REALLY HAPPENED, Illustrations by F. C. Yohn.	ARTHUR COSSLETT SMITH, Author of "The Turquoise Cup."	155
WHITETAILED (VIRGINIA) DEER AND ITS KIN, THE, Illustrations by the author.	ERNEST THOMPSON SETON,	321
WIGGIN, KATE DOUGLAS — *Jack o' Lantern*,		129
WIGGIN, KATE DOUGLAS — *Daughters of Zion*,		406
WIGGIN, KATE DOUGLAS — *Rebecca's Thought Book*,		525
WIGGIN, KATE DOUGLAS — *The State o' Maine Girl*,		641
WILLIAMS, CHURCHILL. *Her Story*,		224
WILLIAMS, JESSE LYNCH. *The Girl from the Machine*,		467
WYETH, N. C. *The Moose Call*,		480

POETRY

		PAGE
ALTAR OF THE DEAD, THE,	ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON,	588
BALLAD OF MESSENGERS, A, Illustrations by Olive Rush.	LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY,	730
BURNING HEART, THE,	EDITH M. THOMAS,	291
CAMP-FIRE, THE,	WILLIAM LUCIUS GRAVES,	341
COMPENSATION,	LOUISA FLETCHER TARKINGTON,	534
DARK OF THE MOON, THE. Sonnet,	FLORENCE BROOKS,	87
ECCE HOMO,	WILLIAM HERVEY WOODS,	713
HENNEBONT AND THE FLEET. A Ballad from Froissart, Illustrations by Frank Craig.	E. SUTTON,	668
HYMN IN JUNE,	ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE,	72
IN THE DUSK,	MEREDITH NICHOLSON,	192
MUSIC AT TWILIGHT,	RICHARD WATSON GILDER,	239
NOON SONG, A,	HENRY VAN DYKE,	378
PILOT, THE,	EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON,	658
PRAYER, A,	ELLA HIGGINSON,	714
ROMANCE,	OLIVER HERFORD,	203
SEA-GULLS OF MANHATTAN, Illustrations by Henry McCarter.	HENRY VAN DYKE,	164
SONG OF TWILIGHT, A,		320
SOUL'S INHERITANCE, THE. Poem delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, Cambridge, 1906,	GEORGE CABOT LODGE,	362
SUN, THE,	MARGARET SHERWOOD,	479
THAMMUZ,	WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY,	405
THANKSGIVING,	RUTH STERRY,	684
TO A LADY AT A SPRING,	THOMAS NELSON PAGE,	142
TO A RIVER GOD,	EDITH WYATT,	744
TO FANCY IN THE LATER DAYS,	ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE,	499
TRAVELLER, THE,	ROBERT GILBERT WELSH,	451
WALL OF WINDS, THE,	GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN,	415
WIFE, THE,	EDNAH PROCTOR CLARKE,	572



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

"'We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain.'"

—"The Perfect Tribute," page 24.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XL JULY, 1906 NO. 1



Trau.

IMPRESSIONS OF DALMATIA

By Ernest C. Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

ON a crisp evening early in October our two gondoliers rowed us out over the Giudecca Canal toward a steamer lying off the Dogana.

The sun was just setting in a bank of purple clouds. Long mares'-tails —signs of wind—streaked fiery and golden across patches of amber sky and mirrored their hot tints in the water. A stiff breeze whipped a froth from the choppy sea and the waves merrily lapped our gondola's prow as the men bent low on their oars against the incoming tide. A little knot of boats huddled about the steamer's side, occupants and gondoliers shouting themselves hoarse in their efforts to get aboard; an extra pull or two, a lunge of the long, black boat, and our *poppe* caught a rope and we scrambled up the ladder.

The craft on which we found ourselves lay white and graceful as a swan upon the water, her masts rakishly atilt, her promenade deck polished like an inlaid floor, her appointments so luxurious that, had it not been for the fellow-passengers about us—Austrians, for the most part—we might have fancied ourselves on a private yacht.

As we hung over the rail, the dying glow of the sunset made way for the twinkling stars. For the last time we listened to the singers in the *barca* below us wafting up the well-known strains of "La Bella Venezia" and "Ah, Maria, Marì." The Doge's palace gleamed like a pale opal, the foliated pinnacles of San Marco, canopied and peopled with saints, pierced the sapphire sky—the very stars were dimmed by the magic of that wondrous square. The strains of the Piazzetta band floated in agitated cadences across the water, where flickered tiny lights, like fire-flies—lanterns of uneasy gondolas.

Copyright, 1906, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.



Vestibule of the Rector's Palace, Ragusa.

Three deep blasts of the whistle, a creaking of the anchor chains, and the regular thud of the propeller tells us we are off for Fiume.

The Salute's dome fades into the night, the bright lights of the Piazza burst into view, then veil themselves behind the ducal palace, the Riva Schiavoni unfolds its sparkling length, the arc-lights of the Lido double themselves in the lagoon—then darkness black and inky, broken only by an occasional lantern on the breakwater or a brilliant gleam from the search-light of the customs-boat following like a nautilus, first on one side of us, then on the other. The last light is passed and we plunge in the teeth of a strong head-wind into the open sea. . . .

The bright sails of a Chioggia fishing-boat flash by the port-hole; the dancing sea is strangely near. It is no dream. Outside day is just whitening in the east and the purple Istrian mountains glide by grotesquely distorted by water-drops on the convex glass. As I go on deck Fiume looms into sight, gray and misty in the morning light, its blue smoke settling on the house-tops.

We spend an hour or two wandering about the bright new Austrian streets, and in the by-ways of old Fiume, and among the fishing-craft clustered under shady sycamores along the quay; then board another steamer and this time are fairly off for Dalmatia.

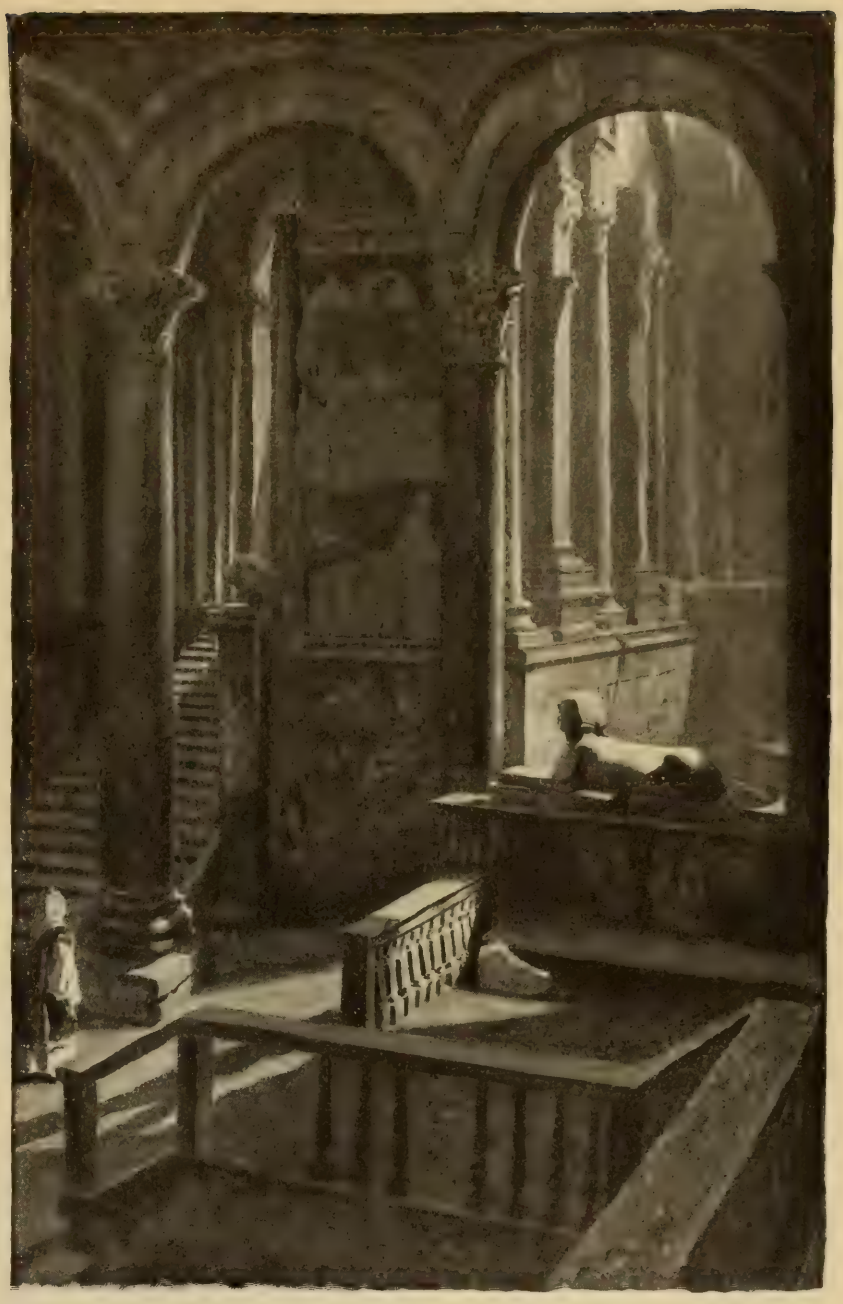
Dalmatia is a country so easy of access, yet so little travelled—reached in a day from Venice, or Trieste, yet a new, fresh field for the tourist, untouched by the onward march of the past hundred years. It is a country of transition. In it the Occident touches the Orient and almost mingles. Its coast, inclining toward Italy, has imbibed Latin influence, but once over the mountain wall the Orient begins—Turkey, with all its ignorance and superstition. In its marts Italians of the coast—the "Bodoli"—meet Slavs, and Turks, and Servians in turbaned fez and flowing trousers.

Dalmatia is a long, thin strip of territory, bordering the east coast of the Adriatic—its northern extremity on a parallel with Genoa, its southernmost point opposite Rome. Like all countries bathed by the

Mediterranean, it presents an arid front to the sea.

Bald mountains lift their heads from the water's edge; bleak islands break the horizon with clear-cut silhouettes — with an almost utter lack of verdure, save on the gentler slopes and in the rocky hollows, where pale olives and almond-trees shelter their frail branches. Local color is lacking. It is a simple drawing, delicately pencilled as a Da Vinci background. But on this simple drawing Nature plays her choicest color-scales. The whitish mountains and pale rock surfaces catch every variation of the atmosphere — every gradation of sun and shadow, of morning and evening, and sensitively pale into silvery opals, then flush with crimson and gold or threateningly lower under heavy thunder-clouds.

Only occasionally man's presence is felt in a bit of ruined castle topping an island, or a chapel perched upon a ledge above the sea, and once in a while only, as a surprise, a town sheltered snug in the recess of a tiny harbor comes to greet the traveller.



Entrance to the Mausoleum, Spalato.

A quiet day lolling in steamer-chairs with the propeller's thud beneath us. The breath of the *bora* bears us along, the crested whitecaps chase us. To the east, the Vélébit wraps its ashen summits in foggy sheets; low-lying islands girt with shimmering sands float on an amethyst sea. The dreamy noonday hours wear on. And now up over the bow, rising out of the glittering sea, poising her square-cut mass between the mainland and Ugljan, rises Zara, the capital and first port of Dalmatia.

Dalmatia of to-day comprises the greater part of the ancient province of Illyria. Among its archipelagoes, Greeks, Phœnicians, and Syracusans founded numerous colonies. It became a Roman province in the second century before Christ, but remained refractory until the time of Augustus. On the fall of Rome it fell a prey to barbarians, and was never free from war until the thirteenth century.

Then Venice was beginning her glorious career, and her warlike doge, Enrico Dandolo, destroying Zara, took possession of the coast. For almost three centuries Dalmatia



The north walls of Ragusa.

remained under Venetian domination and the great republic has left her impress everywhere upon the land—not only in numerous effigies of her winged lion upon the walls and over the city gates, but in the characteristic architecture of palaces and *campanili*, in the laws that govern the people, in their language, their arts and letters.

In the sixteenth century the Sultan, profiting by the weakness of Venice's old age, pounced down upon this neighboring province and took it. Mosques were erected and a Turkish pasha was installed in the castle of Clissa. But a hundred years later, Venice and the Austrian emperor combined, broke the power of Islam, and Istria and Dalmatia were allotted to Austria and have remained under her dominion ever since, save for a few years of French occupation under Napoleon.

We are not novices in travelling, but never shall we forget the strange delight of the first few hours in Zara. Not that the city itself is so interesting, for, though it contains some noteworthy monuments, the general character is that of most Italian towns: narrow streets, tall, straight houses, churches more or less Lombard in character, pointed doorways surmounted by crests as in Venice, courts with old walls shaded by a vine-pergola. But it is the *life* of the town that is so extraordinary, the wonderful wealth of costume and the variety of types to be seen in its winding streets—costumes the like of whose barbaric splendor is not found elsewhere in Europe to-day.

Take your place in the Via Tribunale in the morning hours when the peasants push their way to and from the market-place.

Here two women from Benkovac stop and, looking into each other's eyes, carefully deposit their bundles on the ground, then kiss each other with resounding smacks upon each cheek. Their hair is plaited with red and green ribbon; their caps, red as tomatoes and embroidered in silk, are half hidden under large kerchiefs. Over coarse linen shirts they wear dark-blue coats, long and shapeless and richly trimmed with beads and braid; their woollen aprons and dangling fringes are of Oriental design like Kiskillam rugs; their short skirts show heavy leggings woven like the aprons and feet encased in moccasins. About their



Minceta tower, Ragusa

necks hang numerous jewels and chains of roughly beaten metal, set with bits of colored glass, with carnelians and turquoises. On their fingers gleam cumbrous rings, and their waists are girdled with several lengths of leather strap studded with metal nails, whence hang long, open-bladed knives. The whole costume, rude and barbaric in the extreme, still has had lavished upon it all the art of which the race is capable.

Beside them three women entirely clothed in black, with sad, colorless faces such as Cottet paints, make a melancholy contrast to all their savage finery.

Over there a group of five athletic men from Knin are discussing their affairs, and a brave bit of color they make. Their wide-sleeved shirts, fringed with tassels, gleam white under two double-breasted vests, one striped, the other richly wrought in silk and golden braid; thick scarfs bind in their waists and on some are replaced by huge leathern girdles from whose pockets peep knives, long pipes, combs, and towels. Their trousers wide at the hips, taper in close at the ankles, where they meet the *opance*, a kind of slipper made of woven leather thongs. Each district varies the design of its costume, each individual varies its details to suit his taste; every color is employed, by preference brilliant red.

The road by the Porta Terra Firma is a busy scene: women from Obrovac spin from distaffs as they vend dry boughs in the wood-market; others trudge toward distant mountain homes, staggering under piles of goatskins or baskets of provisions sufficient for the week to come; fishermen from Arbe and Pasman make ready their gayly painted boats for the homeward cruise; Slavs from Zemonico, robust Bosnians from Bihac, Servians from Kistanje, herd their flocks of turkeys, their goats and sheep and cattle; teamsters from Sinj urge along tough mountain ponies, hitched three abreast to rude wagons piled with sacks of grain—a strange cosmopolitan whirl—half Occident, half Orient, where the blood of many races mingles!



A street of stairs, Ragusa.

No suspicion of a town has yet been revealed to the eye when the grim walls and ugly throats of the guns of Fort San Niccolo threaten to dispute the rocky defile into which our steamer enters—a passage so narrow that one can throw a stone across. When the big ship has carefully wriggled through, a broad harbor opens out with Sebenico piling in an amphitheatre at its far extremity. All the landscape is desolate—devoid of verdure—rocky, sun-baked, scourged by the fierce north wind, the *bora*, and the houses of the city and the great walls of the Spanish castles and the hill-sides and the stony valleys all are tinged with the same ashen hue.

The city, rising from the water's edge like Genoa, piles house on house high up the hill, punctuated here and there by a spire or a dome.

But it proved more promising at a distance than on more intimate acquaintance. To be sure, the cathedral, with its fine north door, well repays a visit, and so, too, does the cemetery, commanding a noble survey seaward over the bay and the neighboring islands. The winding

streets and high-staired alleys afford many a picturesque vista, but the town lacks distinctive features, and the hotel is far from good, as we can testify from painful experience.

From Sebenico a little railroad, recently constructed, takes one on to Spalato. The distance is about forty miles, to which one gives five hours in the train! The track first winds through small inland valleys planted with vines, whose autumn russets contrast with the dull green of olives.



Portico of Diocletian's palace, Spalato.

Soon we mount into more arid regions. All is sad and bleak and barren—not a tree, not a shrub. Dry river-courses run down the gorges—raging torrents they are at times, after heavy rains. Now and then loose stones piled up frame a sheepfold or form low walls to hedge in patches of earth.

Higher and higher we climb, the tiny engine puffing itself hoarse on the steep grade. The horizon grows wider and wider. Great fleecy clouds, like gulls, float across the azure sky, and over the sun-scorched hills sweep cool, purplish shadows, drifting in wandering undulations up and down the slopes. A few weak vineyards, built at the cost of how much toil, descend into the depths of marshy valleys—lakes in winter, stone dry in summer. Not a house in sight; no sign of life but a shepherd wrapped in his mantle, still as bronze, and farther on a goose-girl down in a shaded hollow. Ever higher we go and higher, till suddenly the top of the pass is reached and a new world opens to our eager eyes.

We are on the crest of the Mosor. From its dizzy height the eye drops unhindered down to where fold on fold of mountain sweeps to lower levels, luxuriant with vines and olives—the land of promise after the wilderness. Headlands like dark tongues shoot out to lick the shimmering sea, radiant in the silver light of noonday. Man has taken possession of this land of milk and honey, for down along the water's edge villages are seen and castles; houses dot the hill-slopes, and high upon a commanding peak a pilgrim church gives thanks unto the heavens.

This is the Riviera of the Seven Castles, and at its far end lies Spalato.

Almost half of Spalato's twenty thousand souls live within the walls of Diocletian's palace. The latter is a rectangle, built upon the plan of the fortified Roman camp, enclosing within its cyclopean walls, eighty feet in height, an entire quarter of the modern city. At each angle of the walls stands a massive tower. In the centre of each façade a gate opens, except in that turned toward the sea, where a narrow postern admitted the royal barge. One cross-street

divides the enclosure into a northern and southern half, connecting the Silver Gate with the Iron Gate; another leads from the northern or Golden Gate to the entrance of the imperial apartments.

It was through the Golden Gate—the Porta Aurea, still in excellent preservation — that Diocletian entered his palace when coming from Salone.



Cattaro.

Under its soaring arches the cruel emperor, once a simple soldier of the legion, now covered with the royal purple—a man of the people now appropriating to himself the name of Jovius, the equal of God—rumbled in his gilded chariot and thundered down the passageway between his slaves' quarters and those of his aged mother, until, racked with disease, a victim of all the luxury of later Roman times, he painfully alighted before the noble portico, the entrance to his private apartments, where later he was to end his sufferings by his own hand.



Montenegrin *Pazar*, Cattaro.

This portico is left to us to-day—a court a hundred feet long and forty wide, enclosed on three sides by magnificent colonnades. A stately façade occupies the south end and gives access to a circular structure whose lower travertine walls alone remain. The spaces between the western colonnade have been filled in with mediæval houses, but on the east side the columns stand free.



Ragusa from the suburb of Ploce.

Two Sphinxes, mute and inscrutable, look down on the steps ascending to the so-called Mausoleum, a building vying in interest with the Pantheon of Rome. In form an octagon, it is surrounded by an ambulatory whose stone roof is held aloft by twenty-four Corinthian columns. Its interior is circular, but broken by eight niches—four square, four round. Eight huge monolithic pillars of Egyptian granite support a florid Corinthian cornice upon which rests a range of smaller columns of black porphyry, supporting the dome. This latter is built of tiles of a fan-shaped construction found in no other existing Roman building. In fact, this dome and that of the Pantheon are the only two left to us from ancient times. In the Mausoleum, as in the other buildings of the group, a very hard stone, quarried near by at Trau, has been employed, and the veins of the acanthus leaves and the details of the cornices remain sharp as steel prints even after eighteen centuries of exposure and neglect.

The Mausoleum, converted into a Christian church in the fourteenth century, is now the Cathedral of Spalato, and in a neighboring street another Roman temple is used as the baptistery. It is remarkable for its superb cassetted ceiling, in perfect preserva-

tion, and for its font in the unwonted form of a Greek cross carved with most interesting Byzantine ornament.

When the neighboring Roman city of Salone was finally destroyed by the barbarians, its inhabitants took refuge behind the mighty walls of Diocletian's palace, where, before the end of the seventh century a considerable city had sprung up, and in it John of Ravenna established himself as bishop. The old part of the city within the walls is now most densely packed. The few streets are dark and but five or six feet wide, the houses squeezed together and pushed up six or seven stories high. Yet here and there a fine old palace is encountered, rich with armored bearings and carved doorways and traceried windows.

The south wall of the palace, with a warm, sunny outlook over the sea, is now honeycombed with modern apartments, whose brightly colored window-shutters contrast vividly with the classic half-columns surrounding them. On the parapet three-story dwellings are perched, and along the quay that skirts the base, tobacconists and drinking-houses and little ship-chandlers' shops are barnacled to the huge Roman stones. Near the Porta Ferrea a church has been built high on top of the pagan walls, and its cracked bells peal for matins from a *zvonik* or bell-tower astride the gate itself.

The east wall looks down upon the *Pazar* —a great open-air market—which on Monday gathers in a horde of peasants.

The restless sea of humanity, the conglomeration of color, is fascinating but bewildering in the extreme. Soon the eye learns to distinguish groups and individuals —here the venders of game and wild fowl, there the sellers of turkeys and chickens, miserable-looking fowl lying with feet tied together and a disconsolate droop in the eye; along the road, pretty girls in red caps (the distinctive badge of unmarried women) stand among mountains of corn-husks, selling them at a florin a load, said load to be delivered on their own fair shoulders. A mender of saddles plies a brisk trade, for pack-mules and ponies are legion; and so, too, does a fruit-peddler, selling decayed pears to the Turks; and beyond are the red turbans of the Bosnians clustered over piles of meal-sacks, weighing out large wooden measures, the contents of which are verified by men appointed for that purpose, whose business it is to pass a stick over the top of the measure, filling up any chink and scooping off any surplus.

In Spalato we have two favorite walks.

One out to the Campo Santo on a rocky ledge high over the sea—a cemetery peacefully quiet, whose white tombs gleam among tall cypresses. By the blue locust shadows that play upon its wall we like to sit and watch the golden sun dip his face behind the distant sea.

The other stroll leads up the Monte Marjan, a rocky hillside rich with southern growth. The city and its ample bay lie at our feet; behind it green rolling hillsides, and beyond Clissa's fortress guards against the Turk, between the Golo and the Mosor, than whose sterile flanks the purple flush of orchids or the shadings of a sea-shell are not more tender or more splendid.

Our light open carriage drawn by two fast horses skims over a broad white road. The driver, a Dalmatian of the coast, speaks good Italian and cocks his red cap saucily, like Tommy Atkins, over his left ear. Peasants, bound for far-off fields, touch their hats as we pass and call out "*Dobar dan!*" It is my birthday and we are out for a holiday!

To the left, mirrored in still waters, sleeps "la Piccola Venezia," on an island just large enough to hold her. Her flat stone roofs, painted dazzling white, belie the genial warmth of the autumn sun and would make us believe that new snow had fallen.

We bowl merrily along, till we come to a cross-roads and notice a group of wrestlers life-size—a bas-relief set in the wall of a peasant's house. And now every wayside cottage displays some antique stone built into its simple front—one a bit of moulding, another a granite shaft, and another a little Venus crowded among rough stones. Stone tables rest on classic pillars and inverted Roman capitals take the place of benches. So we know that we are approaching ancient Salone—Rome's proudest city in Illyria.

Soon antique walls appear and the horses pull heavily over loose stones. A fragrant avenue of rosemary and now fantastic olive-trees, hung with small black fruit and festooned with vines and creepers, frame in a landscape of surpassing loveliness; gently undulating slopes dropping to the peaceful sea on the one hand, climbing to majestic



The Porta Terra Firma, Zara.

mountains on the other; purple ranges cutting their pure profiles against blue ranges, outlined against yet fainter forms and dying at last into the opalescence of the distant sky.

At our feet the dead fragments of the Roman city—few they are, but how they speak! The early Christian cemetery with its hundred and sixty sarcophagi, desecrated, lying in confusion, each broken open by a rude barbarian hand. One little tomb alone escaped the greed of the Hun, that of a girl of three, and in it have been found, together with her tiny bones, her baby jewels and rattle. Some of the stones are quite plain, others carved with "Pax" and with acanthus leaves, while on others, more pretentious, are figured scenes from mythology: the works of Hercules, Hippolytus and Phædra, Meleager killing the Calydonian boar.

Among the tombs lie ruins of the Great Basilica—a fifth century cathedral, many of whose shafts are still standing. As we approach the remains of the baptistery near by, a group of ragged urchins, running ahead, throw themselves upon the ground and with grimy hands brush up the earth to show the squares and circles of a fine mosaic pavement. After seeing the extensive ruins of the city walls and gates, of the arena and theatre, we are off again along the coast.

Soon Sučurac comes into sight—the first of the seven castles linked hand in hand along the sea, each sheltering its vassal town, first from the barbarian, later from the rapacious Turk.

Our road, bordered by luxuriant foliage, now rises and falls on the slopes of hills. Wild rose-bushes and mulberries, hedges of myrtle and pomegranate laden with vermilion fruits, oleanders and clumps of dark cypresses, fields of feathery flax and smilax, of gorgeous tomatoes and autumnal peas, stretch out on either hand, and everywhere the vines catch with their slender tendrils the drooping olive branches, marrying tree to tree.

It is the time of the vintage.

In every vineyard mountains of luscious



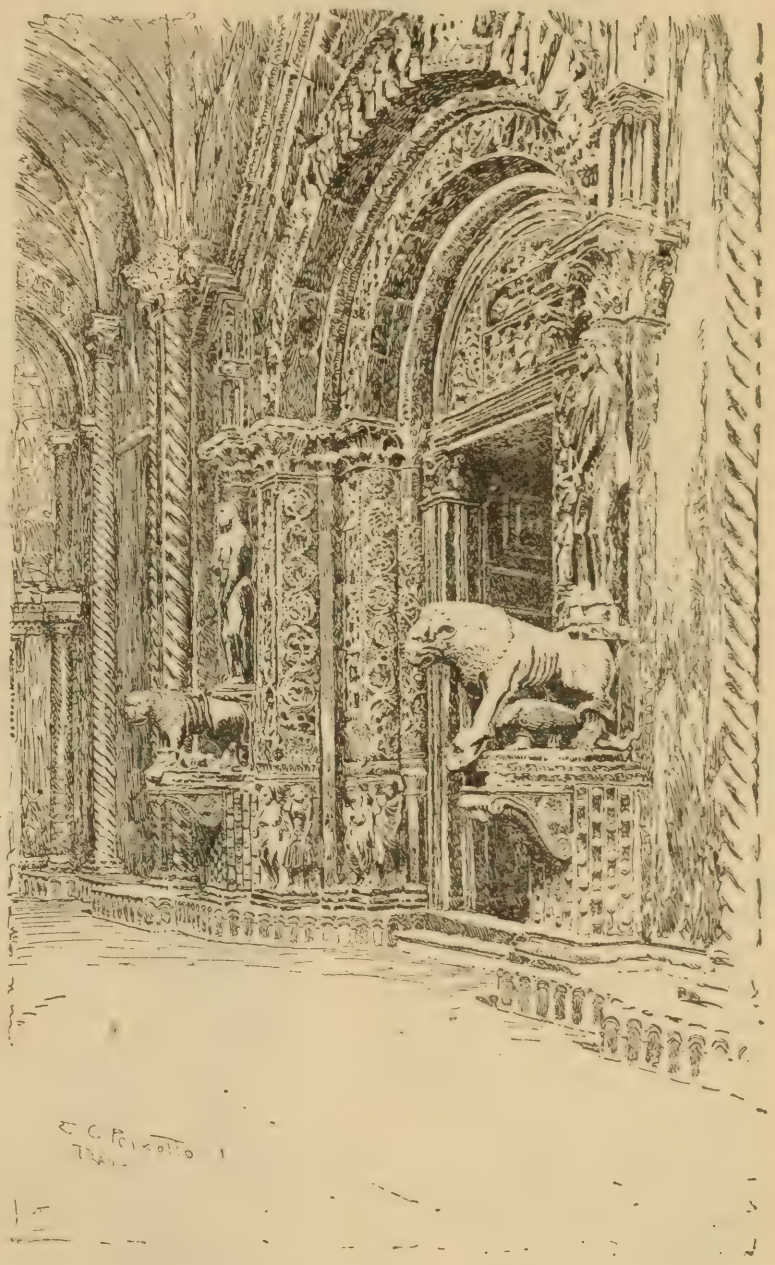
In the Val d'Ombla.

grapes, purple as an emperor's coat, are piled around wine-presses, where men bare-legged in the vats squeeze out rich juices. Groups of donkeys and long-haired ponies patiently await their loads of goatskins, filled to bursting with new-made wine. On the roads carts stand waiting, each with its huge cask gaping to be filled. In them the skins are emptied, spilling their contents in breathy gasps, dying in spasms, till thrown to earth collapsed and dead. Under the hedge-rows peasants sleep, their heads pillowed on wine-filled skins, their hands and bare feet puffed and crimson—a veritable orgy, a bacchanalian rout, recalling the pagans and the Silenus of Pompeii.

But here among tall shafts of aloes the spires and towers of Trau appear, and we leave our carriage at its gate. Trau is not clean; in fact, it is the only dirty town we found in Dalmatia. The streets are dark and dismal and a ray of sunlight scarce ever touches their grimy pavement. One hesitates to enter the dingy lanes,where slatternly women perform their toilet by the open door or wash their dirty linen in vats of suds; where coopers thump resounding barrels and donkeys bear their evil-smelling loads. Bacchus has been here, too. The purplish pavements reek with drippings—from every house exhales the odor of fermenting wine.

But the Piazza is well kept, and on the west front of the cathedral we are repaid by seeing the finest portal in Dalmatia—and fine enough it is for any place. To the right of the door a primitive Adam, to the left an equally primitive Eve, stand upon snarling lions, crushing evil monsters. Myriad figures people the arches, and on the friezes and pilasters peacocks strut and strange beasts disport themselves and children play with birds of paradise.

As we journey homeward in the twilight hours the morning's panorama rolls back again, but softened and chastened by the evening light.



The west portal of the Cathedral of Trau.

Asses almost hidden under loads of grass, tired children sleeping in the plodding carts; misty tree-forms, cavalcades of Slavs, huge men with turbaned heads astride of fleet-footed ponies, file in procession across the sapphire sky—a strange kaleidoscope of misty forms, half real, like phantoms not living yet not dead. A break in the gathering clouds and a last pink ray of daylight flushes with coral the towering mountain-tops—then darkness and the twinkling stars.

On leaving Spalato in the morning hours we watch the hills glide by. We wonder at the captain's skill as he lands our steamer in limited wind-swept coves where the jagged teeth of rocky ledges lurk ready to rend the bottom. There is barely room for the ship to turn even with the aid of cable and windlass, for her bow is but four feet off the rocks when her propeller stirs up mud astern.

These cliffs of Biokovo were long dreaded by honest mariners, for all through the Middle Ages they were a favorite haunt of pirates. But what a superb front they turn to the sea! Ashen mountains tower to the very heavens. On their summits, as on Jove's brow, thunder-clouds threaten and fleck the cliffs with mottled shadows. Half-way up the stern flanks olive-trees cling; little villages with whitewashed roofs sleep in the midst of rusty vineyards. Bright green files of poplars and groups of young pines shine fresh among their grayer neighbors. We can trace a road no wider than a pinscratch climbing in sharp zigzags up and up the jagged mountain-side, up to its very summit, and can see the peasants toiling high among goat-pastures. In the calm quiet of noonday the bark of a dog comes clear across the water.

As I lean over the rail, the blue, transparent sea suddenly turns yellowish and turbid. Looking up, I see that we have changed our course and are heading landwards, and in a moment we enter the mouth of a river, the Narenta.

Its murky waters are confined by dikes, above which, as in the Low Countries, marshy fields appear, with here and there a pool reflecting, mirror-like, the trees and mountains. Miserable huts like those of Indians, built of cane, hug the dike-sides as though a bit of solid earth were needful to keep them from floating away. Dingy wilted hay-stacks surround them, and one wonders where the harvest was grown. Yet these fields, now partly inundated, yield fine crops in the summer. Vines flourish, even with their gnarled roots in the water, and fig and peach and cherry-tree spread their branches among clumps of bamboo.



The Ulica Zvonika, Spalato.

Cattle graze on the grassy embankments, and a shepherdess, twisting flax from her distaff, drones a minor melody.

Close by the river-bank natives paddle along in *zoppoli*—fragile boats made of very thin planks, placed at a wide angle, like the leaves of a half-open book; others skim by in *trupini*—skiffs so light that they can be carried on the shoulders from place to place, yet are able to hold heavy loads of hay, grain, and reeds.

The river swarms with salmon-trout, and in the neighboring lakes famed eels and shrimp abound. Ducks and snipe breed in plenty, and the captain tells us that pelicans, herons, wild swans, and even vultures and eagles are still to be found.

Farther on, the course of the Narenta follows the base of steep mountains fringed by whole villages of cane huts clinging among the rocks. Cattle are imprisoned in stone enclosures, half cave, half barn-yard, and miser-

able tailless chickens forage in the rock crevices. Groups of peasants huddle about the hut doors or toss the chaff in dusty clouds from wheat and rye.

For two hours the steamer ascends this narrow water-way—the channel never more than a ship's length wide and just deep enough to clear the keel. The deck is like a moving platform high above the fields where half-submerged grape-vines still struggle to keep their rotting branches above the water.

After we pass Fort Opus the country becomes more commonplace, and at sundown we reach Metkovič.

After leaving the Trebisnjica with the moon shining on its waters or hiding behind the racing clouds, our train crossed the mountains, then corkscrewed in wide loops down the peaks. Far below in fathomless hollows lay villages, slumbering on hilltops, with here and there a light gleaming from a tardy window. Villas along the Ombla filed by in ghostly procession and we stopped at Gravosa.



The Stradone and guard-house, Ragusa

It is almost midnight. It has rained, but the night air is soft and fresh. Other carriages starting with ours run a mad race along the road. The horses, their heads toward home, take the hills at a trot and descend at a gallop. Vague forms, half seen in the misty moonlight, speed by; pointed cypress tops and many-fingered pines; the tall shafts of aloes; overhanging fig boughs: a belfry framing in a big, black bell, narrow stairs climbing into the night; on the one hand conscious of the mountains, on the other of precipices and the sea, the sound of whose tossing surf comes faintly to our ears. Suddenly, a dark passage under overarching boughs and the horses' hoofs strike hollow on a bridge. Above us a mitred saint, white and ghost-like, nods from a niche on mighty city walls. A black-mouthed outer gate gulps us in and we descend a steep incline, turn a sharp angle and descend again; another angle and another gate, again through frowning walls, and we have passed the impregnable defences of Ragusa and rattle over her paving-stones.

The moonlight floods the long Stradone, flanked by rows of palaces, shutters drawn, asleep; no living being stirs in all the silent street.

Even the morning sunlight does not dispel the strange impression of our midnight arrival, for the morrow reveals Ragusa of

to-day, still a perfect vision of the Middle Ages. Its stone-paved streets, narrow as hallways, squeeze between high houses with heavily grated windows. Not a stone has budged in centuries—nothing new has been erected and nowhere is a sign of decay. Its walls and towers girdle it intact. It is the only city that I know where soldier-life still peoples the mediæval walls; where sentries pace the crenellated towers and sentinels stand guard at every gate. Its massive bastions house whole regiments; its moat, converted to a military road, resounds with the tramp of marching feet, and the drum's beat and bugle's call echo back and forth between reverberating walls.

But Ragusa has always been a peace-loving town.

Her citizens were a wily race and built her giant walls and towers not so much from warlike motives as to protect their purses. When Venice was strong they courted her favor; when the Sultan waxed powerful and knocked at her gates, her envoys knew how to curry his favor by paying heavy tributes. In peace her commerce flourished and her people became rich and powerful, so that, despite the deviation of maritime trade from the Adriatic to other channels, she outlived her more powerful sister republics of Genoa and Venice. She borrowed her arts, her institutions, and her government from the latter city. Her "rector" corresponded to the doge, her Small Council duplicated the Council of Ten, the architecture of her palaces is Venetian Gothic, Titian's Madonnas decorate her churches, bronze giants strike the hours in the Campanile, and even flocks of fat pigeons, as in San Marco, feed by public charity in the Piazza. The worst blow to her independence was not struck by the hand of man. In 1667 a terrific earthquake destroyed half her houses and killed four thousand of her people, and soon after another calamity overtook her, the burning of the church of her patron saint, St. Biagio, whose silver statue was spared, as by a miracle, by the flames.

In Ragusa, we always felt we were assisting at a play.

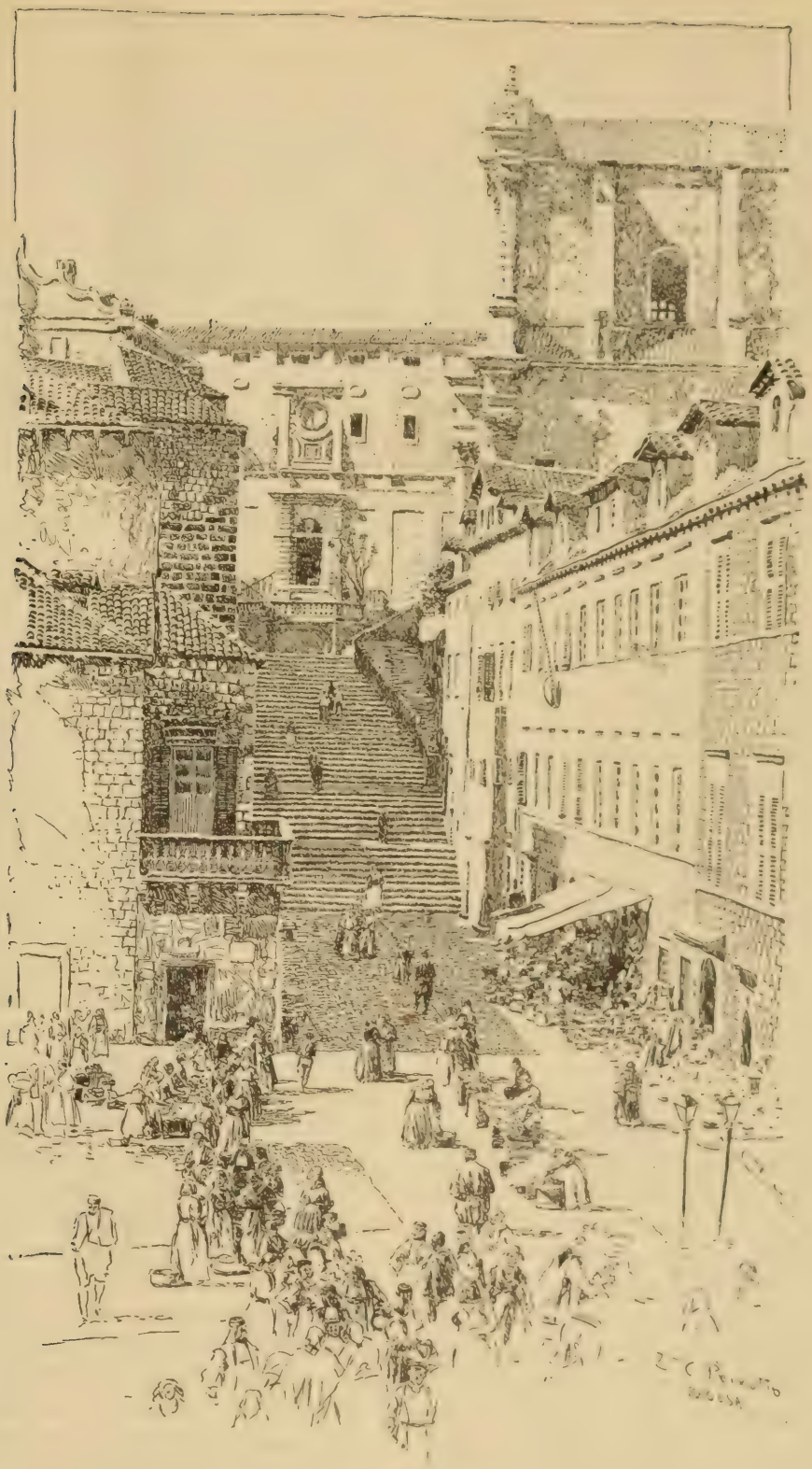
In the Piazza there was the scene by the fountain, bright with masks and dolphins, with cupids and jets of sparkling water, where the pigeons love to bathe. There the girls come trooping in their ribboned shoes and snowy stockings and, as they laughingly gossip and draw their pails of water, a little knot of soldiers at the guard-house near by sum up their charms and pick the prettiest.

There was the scene at dusk, among the defences of the Porta Ploce, whose giant walls and battlemented towers frown down on moated gates and barbicans, where villainous Turks skulk in shadows, driving shaggy cattle and flocks of clucking turkeys.

And on the Stradone, Ragusa's principal street, there was the scene in Michele Kiri's shop, a cave-like place, whose *ogive* door does triple duty—entrance, window, and show-case. As we poke our heads into its dark recess our eyes grow wide with wonder like Aladdin's as he rubbed his lamp. A group of Albanians sit cross-legged on low benches stitching gold and silver braids on cloths of green and blue. Around the walls hang rows and rows of caps and coats and vests thick with silk embroideries; surtouts of scarlet, stiff with golden arabesques and cordings; the fleecy marriage robes of Montenegrins of softest camel's-hair, set with gems; long wadded crimson gowns such as mountain princes wear on state occasions. In cases jewelled flint-lock pistols gleam and swords and daggers with Toledo blades and hilts of beaten silver. Long-barrelled guns inlaid with mother-of-pearl lie by great leathern belts, studded with carnelians encircled by filigree, the wealth of a mountain borderland, where on *fête* days each man wears his fortune on his back; riches upon riches like a dream of the Arabian Nights, till one thinks to wake and find it vanished.

And at night there were the scenes of humbler life in dingy wine-shops, where smoky oil-lamps cast uncertain lights among the purple wine-kegs and lit up rows and rows of odd-shaped bottles. Amid the flickering shadows, a group of *contadini* gather around a comrade and his *gusla*—a primitive guitar—and, grinning, listen as he chants the wondrous deeds of Marko Kraljevič, varying the warlike tale with many a joke and note of merriment.

But, best of all, there was a quiet afternoon spent in an old Franciscan convent, when the superior, a charming man of middle age, took me through corridor and cell; through the library, stocked with rare manuscripts and parchments; through the brothers' court, shaded by palms, vine-grown and redolent of orange-blossoms; and to the refectory, where with his own hand he brewed



The market-place, Ragusa.

me a cup of Turkish coffee—"as a souvenir," he said. And he showed me with pride, in the old church, an organ, on which he played most beautifully, and he told me that the instrument—pipes and stops, key-board and bellows—had just been made in his own convent by one of the cunning brothers!

What charming days we spent in quiet old Ragusa, in the genial warmth of her southern sun shining hot on the amethyst sea! What joy to sit upon our porch and over the pine-tops see the grim walls frowning and the great mass of San Lorenzo, pigeons wheeling round its casemates, brood over the open

sea, stretching blue and tender away and away to where it marries the sky!

A narrow passage between two formidable forts and the heavy waters of the open sea, dashing in foam on rocky crags, are stilled as if by magic, and we glide into a landlocked bay. Ahead of us mountains tower. A wondrous pearly light flitting through overhanging clouds faintly tinges their highest crags with silver. Down by the water, Castelnuovo's pink roofs nestle snug among fields and orchards, and above, forests of oak and pine darken the slopes. To the right a narrow strait leads to a second bay. But just at the entrance our steamer stops, and a flat barge swings alongside to take off an officer and his horse. As we wait, twilight quickly creeps upon us, and in a few moments the mountains are but huge silhouettes dimly outlined against the darkening sky. I know of nothing more provoking than to pass at night a place that one desires to see!

The sound of music suddenly surprises us, and, on turning a bend, we see a blaze of myriad lights—an Austrian squadron anchored in Teodo Bay, the band playing for dinner on the flag-ship.

And now all is dark again—the mountains so close about us that stars only twinkle straight above our heads. At ten o'clock the engines stop, and the rattle of chains and windlasses tells us we are docking for the night.

Next morning, as we go on the deck, we are lying at Cattaro. On every hand great mountains, bare and precipitous, hedge us in. Were it not for the thousand-ton steamer on which we stand, we would fancy ourselves in a mountain lake—a lake as grand as Como, yet sterner, more like Lugano, perhaps, and quite as majestic as a Norwegian fiord. The butting cliffs of the Pestingrad rise four thousand feet above our heads. On one of its great buttresses, scarred by walls and bastions, perches a mediæval fortress, an impregnable castle protecting the little town nestling closely under it.

Cattaro, intrenched behind grim walls, hums with early morning life, and the markets and bazaars swarm with Montenegrins and Albanians driving bargains with Herzegovinians and swarthy Turks, for Cattaro is a focal point in West Balkan life.

On a moody afternoon—sunshine alternating with deep shadows and flecks of rain—we drove up the Cettinje road. Until this century the only road connecting the Montenegrin capital with the coast wound in sharp zigzags down the flanks of the Pestingrad and ended in the ravine behind the castle of Cattaro. Sixteen years ago the Austrian Government, recognizing the impracticability of this old road, constructed a new one, a triumph of road-building, so wonderfully engineered that, though it mounts to an altitude of four thousand feet in a distance of twenty miles, horses can trot up nearly all its grade, and Cettinje, thirty miles away, can be reached in five or six hours.

We first ascend between the walls of vineyards, but soon gain more open vistas. Oaks and dark-green laurels and feathery olive-trees grow among the granite rocks. Pomegranates on golden trees burst their thick peels and spill their crimson fruit, spoiling to be plucked. But soon the trees are left behind and only dry moss clings to the bare cliffs. The diligence from Budua comes rumbling down the road drawn by well-groomed horses, a trim vehicle in a fresh coat of yellow paint, with a smart coachman on the box. Girls pass by astride of little mountain ponies; women troop townward, bearing great bundles of fagots on their heads; and now another caravan comes into view, this time the Montenegrin coach from Cettinje, a dingy, rattle-trap affair full of people and followed by a mail-wagon and an extra horse, a deplorable contrast to the bright Austrian stage we had just passed. A court personage in an antiquated landau follows close behind.

Up, up we climb, always over the same smooth, broad road, doubling in zigzags back and forth up the mountain's flanks. At each turn the Bay of Cattaro drops deeper and deeper into the hollow, the town becoming a mere plain spread out beneath us. A longer stretch of straight road and we reach a frontier fortress. Here five roads divide, but still we take the upper one. Presently from the top of a rise we see over the Vrmac and a glorious panorama unfolds itself. Far below the marshy grain-fields of the Zupa shelve to the glimmering waters of Teodo Bay, where floats the Austrian squadron, a battle-ship, three cruisers, and an ugly fleet of torpedo-boats. Around us, on commanding bluffs, earthworks and masked batteries tell us we are on the Austrian frontier. And now another

turn and another view, this time toward Budua and the sea, whose calm horizon shows level above jagged hill-tops.

Always the same up-grade, always the same zigzags cut in the mountain's flanks, always the same broad road, and now everything drops below the eye—the great sweeping clouds are free above our heads, the mountain-tops on a level with the horizon, the valleys lay like topographical charts beneath our feet, and the three great bays of the Bocche, calm and glittering, sleep peaceful in the mountain hollows. Evening mists thicken far below, long shadows creep up the mountain-sides, the clouds gather close about our heads, and suddenly a burst of glory—a ray of the dying day—flashes through a cloud rent, flushing the glaring flanks of the Pestingrad deeper and deeper, till they glow like burnished copper against an inky cloud—a fitting finale to this incomparable drive.

THE PERFECT TRIBUTE

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

ON the morning of November 18, 1863, a special train drew out from Washington, carrying a distinguished company. The presence with them of the Marine Band from the Navy Yard spoke a public occasion to come, and among the travellers there were those who might be gathered only for an occasion of importance. There were judges of the Supreme Court of the United States; there were heads of departments; the general-in-chief of the army and his staff; members of the cabinet. In their midst, as they stood about the car before settling for the journey, towered a man sad, preoccupied, unassuming; a man awkward and ill-dressed; a man, as he leaned slouchingly against the wall, of no grace of look or manner, in whose haggard face seemed to be the suffering of the sins of the world. Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, journeyed with his party to assist at the consecration, the next day, of the national cemetery at Gettysburg. The quiet November landscape slipped past the rattling train, and the President's deep-set eyes stared out at it gravely, a bit listlessly. From time to time he talked with those who were about him; from time to time there were flashes of that quaint wit which is linked, as his greatness, with his name, but his mind was to-day dispirited, unhopeful. The weight on his shoulders seemed pressing more heavily than he had courage to press back against it, the responsibility of one almost a dictator in a wide, war-torn country came near to crushing, at times, the mere human soul and body. There was, moreover, a speech to be made to-morrow to thousands who would expect their President to say something to them worth the listening of a people who were making history; something brilliant, eloquent, strong. The melancholy gaze glittered with a grim smile. He—Abraham Lincoln—the lad bred in a cabin, tutored in rough schools here and there, fighting for, snatching at crumbs of learning that fell from rich tables, struggling to a hard knowledge which well knew its own limitations—it was he of whom this was expected. He glanced across the car. Edward Everett sat there, the orator of the following day, the finished gentleman, the careful student, the heir of traditions of learning and breeding, of scholarly instincts and resources. The self-made President gazed at him wistfully. From him the people might expect and would get a balanced and polished oration. For that end he had been born, and inheritance and opportunity and inclination had worked together for that end's perfection. While Lincoln had wrested from a scanty schooling a command of English clear and forcible always, but, he feared, rough-hewn; lacking, he feared, in finish and in breadth. Of what use was it for such an one to try to fashion a speech fit to take a place by the

side of Everett's silver sentences? He sighed. Yet the people had a right to the best he could give, and he would give them his best; at least he could see to it that the words were real and were short; at least he would not, so, exhaust their patience. And the work might as well be done now in the leisure of the journey. He put a hand, big, powerful, labor-knotted, into first one sagging pocket and then another, in search of a pencil, and drew out one broken across the end. He glanced about inquiringly—there was nothing to write upon. Across the car the Secretary of State had just opened a package of books and their wrapping of brown paper lay on the floor, torn carelessly in a zigzag. The President stretched a long arm.

"Mr. Seward, may I have this to do a little writing?" he asked, and the Secretary protested, insisting on finding better material.

But Lincoln, with few words, had his way, and soon the untidy stump of a pencil was at work and the great head, the deep-lined face, bent over Seward's bit of brown paper, the whole man absorbed in his task.

Earnestly, with that "capacity for taking infinite pains" which has been defined as genius, he labored as the hours flew, building together close-fitted word on word, sentence on sentence. As the sculptor must dream the statue prisoned in the marble, as the artist must dream the picture to come from the brilliant unmeaning of his palette, as the musician dreams a song, so he who writes must have a vision of his finished work before he touches, to begin it, a medium more elastic, more vivid, more powerful than any other—words—prismatic bits of humanity, old as the Pharaohs, new as the Arabs of the street, broken, sparkling, alive, from the age-long life of the race. Abraham Lincoln, with the clear thought in his mind of what he would say, found the sentences that came to him colorless, wooden. A wonder flashed over him once or twice of Everett's skill with these symbols which, it seemed to him, were to the Bostonian a key-board facile to make music, to Lincoln tools to do his labor. He put the idea aside, for it hindered him. As he found the sword fitted to his hand he must fight with it; it might be that he, as well as Everett, could say that which should go straight from him to his people, to the nation who struggled at his back towards a goal. At least each syllable he said should be chiselled from the rock of his sincerity. So he cut here and there an adjective, here and there a phrase, baring the heart of his thought, leaving no ribbon or flower of rhetoric to flutter in the eyes of those with whom he would be utterly honest. And when he had done he read the speech and dropped it from his hand to the floor and stared again from the window. It was the best he could do, and it was a failure. So, with the pang of the workman who believes his work done wrong, he lifted and folded the torn bit of paper and put it in his pocket, and put aside the thought of it, as of a bad thing which he might not better, and turned and talked cheerfully with his friends.

At eleven o'clock on the morning of the day following, on November 19, 1863, a vast, silent multitude billowed, like waves of the sea, over what had been not long before the battle-field of Gettysburg. There were wounded soldiers there who had beaten their way four months ago through a singing fire across these quiet fields, who had seen the men die who were buried here; there were troops grave and responsible, who must soon go again into battle; there were the rank and file of an every-day American gathering in surging thousands; and above them all, on the open-air platform, there were the leaders of the land, the pilots who to-day lifted a hand from the wheel of the ship of state to salute the memory of those gone down in the storm. Most of the men in that group of honor are now passed over to the majority, but their names are not dead in American history—great ghosts who walk still in the annals of their country, their flesh-and-blood faces were turned attentively that bright, still November afternoon toward the orator of the day, whose voice held the audience.

For two hours Everett spoke and the throng listened untired, fascinated by the dignity of his high-bred look and manner almost as much, perhaps, as by the speech which has taken a place in literature. As he had been expected to speak he spoke, of the great battle, of the causes of the war, of the results to come after. It was an oration which missed no shade of expression, no reach of grasp. Yet there were those in the multitude, sympathetic to a unit as it

was with the Northern cause, who grew restless when this man who had been crowned with so thick a laurel wreath by Americans spoke of Americans as rebels, of a cause for which honest Americans were giving their lives as a crime. The days were war days, and men's passions were inflamed, yet there were men who listened to Edward Everett who believed that his great speech would have been greater unenforced with bitterness.

As the clear, cultivated voice fell into silence, the mass of people burst into a long storm of applause, for they knew that they had heard an oration which was an event. They clapped and cheered him again and again and again, as good citizens acclaim a man worthy of honor whom they have delighted to honor. At last, as the ex-Governor of Massachusetts, the ex-ambassador to England, the ex-Secretary of State, the ex-Senator of the United States—handsome, distinguished, graceful, sure of voice and of movement—took his seat, a tall, gaunt figure detached itself from the group on the platform and slouched slowly across the open space and stood facing the audience. A stir and a whisper brushed over the field of humanity, as if a breeze had rippled a monstrous bed of poppies. This was the President. A quivering silence settled down and every eye was wide to watch this strange, disappointing appearance, every ear alert to catch the first sound of his voice. Suddenly the voice came, in a queer, squeaking falsetto. The effect on the audience was irrepressible, ghastly. After Everett's deep tones, after the strain of expectancy, this extraordinary, gaunt apparition, this high, thin sound from the huge body, were too much for the American crowd's sense of humor, always stronger than its sense of reverence. A suppressed yet unmistakable titter caught the throng, ran through it, and was gone. Yet no one who knew the President's face could doubt that he had heard it and had understood. Calmly enough, after a pause almost too slight to be recognized, he went on, and in a dozen words his tones had gathered volume, he had come to his power and dignity. There was no smile now on any face of those who listened. People stopped breathing rather, as if they feared to miss an inflection. A loose-hung figure, six feet four inches high, he towered above them, conscious of and quietly ignoring the bad first impression, unconscious of a charm of personality which reversed that impression within a sentence. That these were his people was his only thought. He had something to say to them; what did it matter about him or his voice?

"Fourscore and seven years ago," spoke the President, "our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of it as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or to detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion,—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

There was no sound from the silent, vast assembly. The President's large figure stood before them, at first inspired, glorified with the thrill and swing of his words, lapsing slowly in the stillness into lax, ungraceful lines. He stared at them a moment with sad eyes full of gentleness, of resignation, and in the deep quiet they stared at him. Not a hand was lifted in applause. Slowly the big, awkward man slouched back across the platform and sank into his seat, and yet there was no sound of approval, of recognition from the audience; only a long sigh ran like a ripple on an ocean through rank

after rank. In Lincoln's heart a throb of pain answered it. His speech had been, as he feared it would be, a failure. As he gazed steadily at these his countrymen who would not give him even a little perfunctory applause for his best effort, he knew that the disappointment of it cut into his soul. And then he was aware that there was music, the choir was singing a dirge; his part was done, and his part had failed.

When the ceremonies were over Everett at once found the President. "Mr. President," he began, "your speech——" but Lincoln had interrupted, flashing a kindly smile down at him, laying a hand on his shoulder.

"We'll manage not to talk about my speech, Mr. Everett," he said. "This isn't the first time I've felt that my dignity ought not to permit me to be a public speaker."

He went on in a few cordial sentences to pay tribute to the orator of the occasion. Everett listened thoughtfully and when the chief had done, "Mr. President," he said simply, "I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes."

But Lincoln shook his head and laughed and turned to speak to a newcomer with no change of opinion—he was apt to trust his own judgments.

The special train which left Gettysburg immediately after the solemnities on the battle-field cemetery brought the President's party into Washington during the night. There was no rest for the man at the wheel of the nation next day, but rather added work until, at about four in the afternoon, he felt sorely the need of air and went out from the White House alone, for a walk. His mind still ran on the events of the day before—the impressive, quiet multitude, the serene sky of November arched, in the hushed interregnum of the year, between the joy of summer and the war of winter, over those who had gone from earthly war to heavenly joy. The picture was deeply engraved in his memory; it haunted him. And with it came a soreness, a discomfort of mind which had haunted him as well in the hours between,—the chagrin of the failure of his speech. During the day he had gently but decisively put aside all reference to it from those about him; he had glanced at the head-lines in the newspapers with a sarcastic smile; the Chief Executive must be flattered, of course; newspaper notices meant nothing. He knew well that he had made many successful speeches; no man of his shrewdness could be ignorant that again and again he had carried an audience by storm; yet he had no high idea of his own speech-making, and yesterday's affair had shaken his confidence more. He remembered sadly that, even for the President, no hand, no voice had been lifted in applause.

"It must have been pretty poor stuff," he said half aloud; "yet I thought it was a fair little composition. I meant to do well by them."

His long strides had carried him into the outskirts of the city, and suddenly, at a corner, from behind a hedge, a young boy of fifteen years or so came rushing toward him and tripped and stumbled against him, and Lincoln kept him from falling with a quick, vigorous arm. The lad righted himself and tossed back his thick, light hair and stared haughtily, and the President, regarding him, saw that his blue eyes were blind with tears.

"Do you want all of the public highway? Can't a gentleman from the South even walk in the streets without—without——" and the broken sentence ended in a sob.

The anger and the insolence of the lad were nothing to the man who towered above him—to that broad mind this was but a child in trouble. "My boy, the fellow that's interfering with your walking is down inside of you," he said gently, and with that the astonished youngster opened his wet eyes wide and laughed—a choking, childish laugh that pulled at the older man's heart-strings. "That's better, sonny," he said, and patted the slim shoulder. "Now tell me what's wrong with the world. Maybe I might help straighten it."

"Wrong, wrong!" the child raved; "everything's wrong," and launched into a mad tirade against the government from the President down.

Lincoln listened patiently, and when the lad paused for breath, "Go ahead," he said good-naturedly. "Every little helps."

With that the youngster was silent and drew himself up with stiff dignity, offended yet fascinated; unable to tear himself away from this strange giant who was so insultingly kind under his abuse, who yet inspired him with such a sense of trust and of hope.

"I want a lawyer," he said impulsively,

looking up anxiously into the deep-lined face inches above him. "I don't know where to find a lawyer in this horrible city, and I must have one—I can't wait—it may be too late—I want a lawyer *now*," and once more he was in a fever of excitement.

"What do you want with a lawyer?" Again the calm, friendly tone quieted him.

"I want him to draw a will. My brother is——" he caught his breath with a gasp in a desperate effort for self-control. "They say he's—dying." He finished the sentence with a quiver in his voice, and the brave front and the trembling, childish tone went to the man's heart. "I don't believe it—he can't be dying," the boy talked on, gathering courage. "But anyway, he wants to make a will, and—and I reckon—it may be that he—he must."

"I see," the other answered gravely, and the young, torn soul felt an unreasoning confidence that he had found a friend. "Where is your brother?"

"He's in the prison hospital there—in that big building," he pointed down the street. "He's captain in our army—in the Confederate army. He was wounded at Gettysburg."

"Oh!" The deep-set eyes gazed down at the fresh face, its muscles straining under grief and responsibility, with the gentlest, most fatherly pity. "I think I can manage your job, my boy," he said. "I used to practise law in a small way myself, and I'll be glad to draw the will for you."

The young fellow had whirled him around before he had finished the sentence. "Come," he said. "Don't waste time talking—why didn't you tell me before?" and then he glanced up. He saw the ill-fitting clothes, the crag-like, rough-modelled head, the awkward carriage of the man; he was too young to know that what he felt beyond these was greatness. There was a tone of patronage in his voice and in the cock of his aristocratic young head as he spoke. "We can pay you, you know—we're not paupers." He fixed his eyes on Lincoln's face to watch the impression as he added, "My brother is Carter Hampton Blair, of Georgia. I'm Warrington Blair. The Hampton Court Blairs, you know."

"Oh!" said the President. The lad went on.

"It would have been all right if Nellie hadn't left Washington to-day—my sister, Miss Eleanor Hampton Blair. Carter was better this morning, and so she went with the Senator. She's secretary to Senator Warrington, you know. He's on the Yankee side"—the tone was full of contempt—"but yet he's our cousin, and when he offered Nellie the position she would take it in spite of Carter and me. We were so poor"—the lad's pride was off its guard for the moment, melted in the soothing trust with which this stranger thrilled his soul. It was a relief to him to talk, and the large hand which rested on his shoulder as they walked seemed an assurance that his words were accorded respect and understanding. "Of course, if Nellie had been here she would have known how to get a lawyer, but Carter had a bad turn half an hour ago, and the doctor said he might get better or he might die any minute, and Carter remembered about the money, and got so excited that they said it was hurting him, so I said I'd get a lawyer, and I rushed out, and the first thing I ran against you. I'm afraid I wasn't very polite." The smile on the gaunt face above him was all the answer he needed. "I'm sorry. I apologize. It certainly was good of you to come right back with me." The child's manner was full of the assured graciousness of a high-born gentleman; there was a lovable quality in his very patronage, and the suffering and the sweetness and the pride combined held Lincoln by his sense of humor as well as by his soft heart. "You sha'n't lose anything by it," the youngster went on. "We may be poor, but we have more than plenty to pay you, I'm sure. Nellie has some jewels, you see—oh, I think several things yet. Is it very expensive to draw a will?" he asked wistfully.

"No, sonny; it's one of the cheapest things a man can do," was the hurried answer, and the child's tone showed a lighter heart.

"I'm glad of that, for, of course, Carter wants to leave—to leave as much as he can. You see, that's what the will is about—Carter is engaged to marry Miss Sally Maxfield, and they would have been married now if he hadn't been wounded and taken prisoner. So, of course, like any gentleman that's engaged, he wants to give her everything that he has. Hampton Court has to come to me after Carter, but there's

some money—quite a lot—only we can't get it now. And that ought to go to Carter's wife, which is what she is—just about—and if he doesn't make a will it won't. It will come to Nellie and me if—if anything should happen to Carter."

"So you're worrying for fear you'll inherit some money?" Lincoln asked meditatively.

"Of course," the boy threw back impatiently. "Of course, it would be a shame if it came to Nellie and me, for we couldn't ever make her take it. We don't need it—I can look after Nellie and myself," he said proudly, with a quick, tossing motion of his fair head that was like the motion of a spirited, thoroughbred horse. They had arrived at the prison. "I can get you through all right. They all know me here," he spoke over his shoulder reassuringly to the President with a friendly glance. Dashing down the corridors in front, he did not see the guards salute the tall figure which followed him; too preoccupied to wonder at the ease of their entrance, he flew along through the big building, and behind him in large strides came his friend.

A young man—almost a boy, too—of twenty-three or twenty-four, his handsome face a white shadow, lay propped against the pillows, watching the door eagerly as they entered.

"Good boy, Warry," he greeted the little fellow; "you've got me a lawyer," and the pale features lighted with a smile of such radiance as seemed incongruous in this gruesome place. He held out his hand to the man who swung toward him, looming mountainous behind his brother's slight figure. "Thank you for coming," he said cordially, and in his tone was the same air of a *grand seigneur* as in the lad's. Suddenly a spasm of pain caught him, his head fell into the pillows, his muscles twisted, his arm about the neck of the kneeling boy tightened convulsively. Yet while the agony still held him he was smiling again with gay courage. "It nearly blew me away," he whispered, his voice shaking, but his eyes bright with amusement. "We'd better get to work before one of those little breezes carries me too far. There's pen and ink on the table, Mr.—my brother did not tell me your name."

"Your brother and I met informally," the other answered, setting the materials in order for writing. "He charged into me like a young steer," and the boy, out of his deep trouble, laughed delightedly. "My name is Lincoln."

The young officer regarded him. "That's a good name from your standpoint—you are, I take it, a Northerner?"

The deep eyes smiled whimsically. "I'm on that side of the fence. You may call me a Yankee if you'd like."

"There's something about you, Mr. Lincoln," the young Georgian answered gravely, with a kindly and unconscious condescension, "which makes me wish to call you, if I may, a friend."

He had that happy instinct which shapes a sentence to fall on its smoothest surface, and the President, in whom the same instinct was strong, felt a quick comradeship with this enemy who, about to die, saluted him. He put out his great fist swiftly.

"Shake hands," he said. "Friends it is."

"'Till death us do part,'" said the officer slowly, and smiled, and then threw back his head with a gesture like the boy's. "We must do the will," he said peremptorily.

"Yes, now we'll fix this will business, Captain Blair," the big man answered cheerfully. "When your mind's relieved about your plunder you can rest easier and get well faster."

The sweet, brilliant smile of the Southerner shone out, his arm drew the boy's shoulder closer, and the President, with a pang, knew that his friend knew that he must die.

With direct, condensed question and clear answer the simple will was shortly drawn and the impromptu lawyer rose to take his leave. But the wounded man put out his hand.

"Don't go yet," he pleaded, with the imperious, winning accent which was characteristic of both brothers. The sudden, radiant smile broke again over the face, young, drawn with suffering, prophetic of close death. "I like you," he brought out frankly. "I've never liked a stranger as much in such short order before."

His head, fair as the boy's, lay back on the pillows, locks of hair damp against the whiteness, the blue eyes shone like jewels from the colorless face, a weak arm stretched protectingly about the young brother who pressed against him. There was so much courage, so much helplessness,

so much pathos in the picture that the President's great heart throbbed with a desire to comfort them.

"I want to talk to you about that man, Lincoln, your namesake," the prisoner's deep, uncertain voice went on, trying pathetically to make conversation which might interest, might hold his guest. The man who stood hesitating controlled a startled movement. "I'm Southern to the core of me, and I believe with my soul in the cause I've fought for, the cause I'm——" he stopped, and his hand caressed the boy's shoulder. "But that President of yours is a remarkable man. He's regarded as a red devil by most of us down home, you know," and he laughed, "but I've admired him all along. He's inspired by principle, not by animosity, in this fight; he's real and he's powerful and"—he lifted his head impetuously and his eyes flashed—"and, by Jove, have you read his speech of yesterday in the papers?"

Lincoln gave him an odd look. "No," he said, "I haven't."

"Sit down," Blair commanded. "Don't grudge a few minutes to a man in hard luck. I want to tell you about that speech. You're not so busy but that you ought to know."

"Well, yes," said Lincoln, "perhaps I ought." He took out his watch and made a quick mental calculation. "It's only a question of going without my dinner, and the boy is dying," he thought. "If I can give him a little pleasure the dinner is a small matter." He spoke again. "It's the soldiers who are the busy men, not the lawyers, nowadays," he said. "I'll be delighted to spend a half hour with you, Captain Blair, if I won't tire you."

"That's good of you," the young officer said, and a king on his throne could not have been gracious in a more lordly yet unconscious way. "By the way, this great man isn't any relation of yours, is he, Mr. Lincoln?"

"He's a kind of connection—through my grandfather," Lincoln acknowledged. "But I know just th sort of fellow he is—you can say what you want."

"What I want to say first is this: that he yesterday made one of the great speeches of history."

"What?" demanded Lincoln, staring.

"I know what I'm talking about." The young fellow brought his thin fist down on the bedclothes. "My father was a speaker—all my uncles and my grandfather were speakers. I've been brought up on oratory. I've studied and read the best models since I was a lad in knee-breeches. And I know a great speech when I see it. And when Nellie—my sister—brought in the paper this morning and read that to me I told her at once that not six times since history began has a speech been made which was its equal. That was before she told me what the Senator said."

"What did the Senator say?" asked the quiet man who listened.

"It was Senator Warrington, to whom my sister is—is acting as secretary." The explanation was distasteful, but he went on, carried past the jog by the interest of his story. "He was at Gettysburg yesterday, with the President's party. He told my sister that the speech so went home to the hearts of all those thousands of people that when it was ended it was as if the whole audience held its breath—there was not a hand lifted to applaud. One might as well applaud the Lord's Prayer—it would have been sacrilege. And they all felt it—down to the lowest. There was a long minute of reverent silence, no sound from all that great throng—it seems to me, an enemy, that it was the most perfect tribute that has ever been paid by any people to any orator."

The boy, lifting his hand from his brother's shoulder to mark the effect of his brother's words, saw with surprise that in the strange lawyer's eyes were tears. But the wounded man did not notice.

"It will live, that speech. Fifty years from now American school-boys will be learning it as part of their education. It is not merely my opinion," he went on. "Warrington says the whole country is ringing with it. And you haven't read it? And your name's Lincoln? Warry, boy, where's the paper Nellie left? I'll read the speech to Mr. Lincoln myself."

The boy had sprung to his feet and across the room, and had lifted a folded newspaper from the table. "Let me read it, Carter—it might tire you."

The giant figure which had crouched, elbows on knees, in the shadows by the narrow hospital cot, heaved itself slowly upward till it loomed at its full height in air. Lincoln turned his face toward the boy standing under the flickering gas-jet and

reading with soft, sliding inflections, the words which had for twenty-four hours been gall and wormwood to his memory. And as the sentences slipped from the lad's mouth, behold, a miracle happened, for the man who had written them knew that they were great. He knew then, as many a lesser one has known, that out of a little loving-kindness had come great joy; that he had wrested with gentleness a blessing from his enemy.

"'Fourscore and seven years ago,'" the fresh voice began, and the face of the dying man stood out white in the white pillows, sharp with eagerness, and the face of the President shone as he listened as if to new words. The field of yesterday, the speech, the deep silence which followed it, all were illuminated, as his mind went back, with new meaning. With the realization that the stillness had meant, not indifference, but perhaps, as this generous enemy had said, "The most perfect tribute ever paid by any people to any orator," there came to him a rush of glad strength to bear the burdens of the nation. The boy's tones ended clearly, deliberately.

"'We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.'"

There was deep stillness in the hospital ward as there had been stillness on the field of Gettysburg. The soldier's voice broke it. "It's a wonderful speech," he said. "There's nothing finer. Other men have spoken stirring words, for the North and for the South, but never before, I think, with the love of both breathing through them. It is only the greatest who can be a partisan without bitterness, and only such, to-day may call himself not Northern or Southern, but American. To feel that your enemy can fight you to death without malice, with charity—it lifts country, it lifts humanity to something worth dying for. They are beautiful, broad words and the sting of war would be drawn if the soul of Lincoln could be breathed into the armies. Do you agree with me?" he demanded abruptly, and Lincoln answered slowly, from a happy heart.

"I believe it is a good speech," he said.

The impetuous Southerner went on: "Of course, it's all wrong from my point of view," and the gentleness of his look made the words charming. "The thought which underlies it is warped, inverted, as I look at it, yet that doesn't alter my admiration of the man and of his words. I'd like to put my hand in his before I die," he said, and the sudden, brilliant, sweet smile lit the transparency of his face like a lamp; "and I'd like to tell him that I know that what we're all fighting for, the best of us, is the right of our country as it is given us to see it." He was laboring a bit with the words now as if he were tired, but he hushed the boy imperiously. "When a man gets so close to death's door that he feels the wind through it from a larger atmosphere, then the small things are blown away. The bitterness of the fight has faded for me. I only feel the love of country, the satisfaction of giving my life for it. The speech—that speech—has made it look higher and simpler—your side as well as ours. I would like to put my hand in Abraham Lincoln's——"

The clear, deep voice, with its hesitations, its catch of weakness, stopped short. Convulsively the hand shot out and caught at the great fingers that hung near him, pulling the President, with the strength of agony, to his knees by the cot. The prisoner was writhing in an attack of mortal pain, while he held, unknowing that he held it, the hand of his new friend in a torturing grip. The door of death had opened wide and a stormy wind was carrying the bright, conquered spirit into that larger atmosphere of which he had spoken. Suddenly the struggle ceased, the unconscious head rested in the boy's arms, and the hand of the Southern soldier lay quiet, where he had wished to place it, in the hand of Abraham Lincoln.



The MAGENTA VILLAGE

By Edward Penfield

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

A HALTING jolt, then a rattle, and the steam tram came to the end of its journey. The engineer swung from his engine and looked it over, as a man full of distrust. The passengers gathered up their belongings and filed out on the station platform, and I stood and watched them disappear through the various streets and byways of the town until the last one was out of sight. What a fine thing it is to know just where one is going! Such a sense of security—with none of the hesitation and uncertainty that seized me, as I stood there and from my inside coat pocket drew a map that described a certain fishing village on the rim of the Zuyder Zee. It was made for me with all good intentions by a friend one night at dinner when I first contemplated Holland, but it seemed now so hopelessly inadequate. There was the railroad over which we had just travelled plainly marked with step-ladder ties, leading to the town where I now stood, but how to find the path beside which stood the amiable cow was not plain. I looked about for the patient animal to guide me in my perplexity, but there was none. All I could see was small, neatly kept houses, fantastically built of brick and tile. A little wooden bridge painted copper green, with an occasional scroll about its upper works, stretched across a quiet canal, and farther on a great gray windmill swung its long arms about to the wheezing music of a sawmill. I forgot the map for a moment and crossed the bridge and was soon dreaming on the banks of the canal. The houses grew



The divided house.

more home-like and smaller, and I spread out my heavy coat, sat down on the grassy banks, and was soon lost in a drawing of the opposite shore.

The little houses were of various kinds, some storehouses for cheese and others the homes of the people, but all of them very old, having settled here and there slightly, enough to give a wavering line of beauty to all.



Swinging its heavy lazy wings.

One was unusually amusing, and so strongly reflected the characteristics of its occupants. It was a wide house (for Holland) and had been divided down the centre.



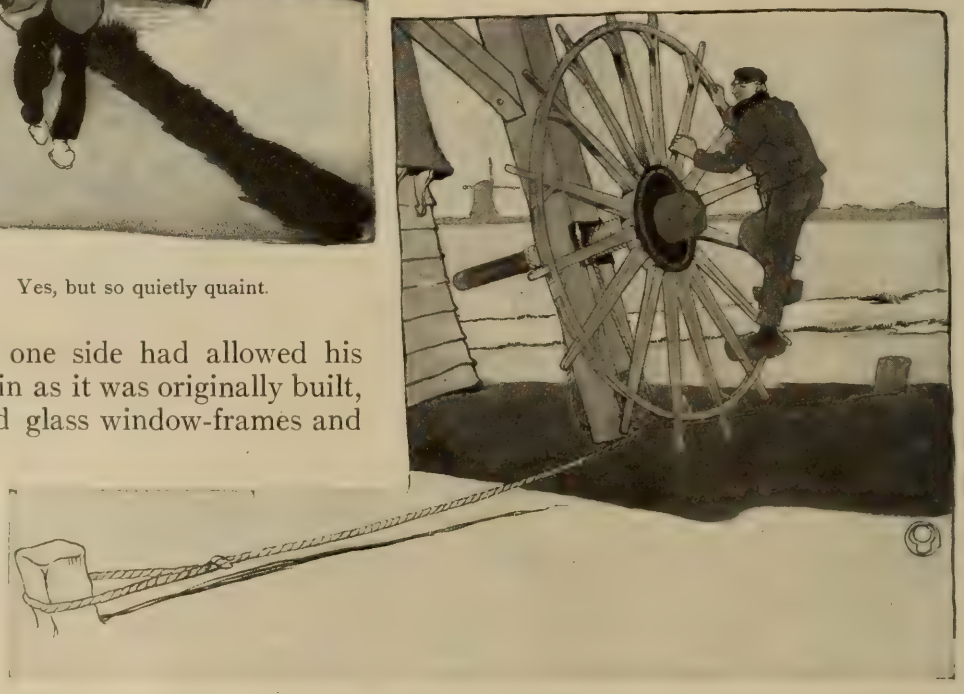
Primitive? Yes, but so quietly quaint.

The owner on one side had allowed his portion to remain as it was originally built, with the leaded glass window-frames and heavy hewn timbers about the Dutch door, while his neighbor, a more precise man, had shown his lack of poetry by modern doors and windows, fitted to the old-time walls; and with all respect to his over-zealous nature, I much preferred the old side. What history and lineage the little square leaded panes brought to one and how I would have loved to rummage through the garret!

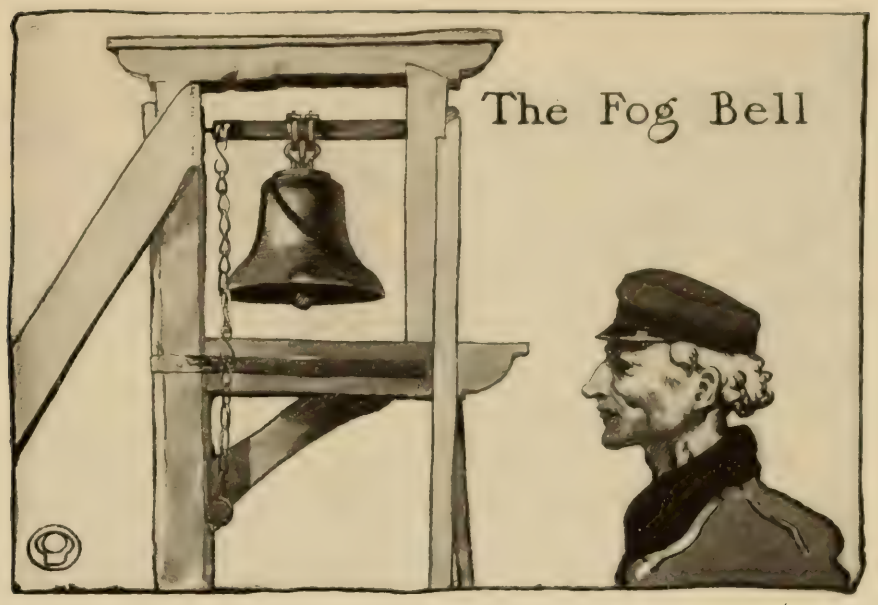
The beating of a gong echoing through the quiet street brought me from my reveries, and I looked up to see a decorous old fellow standing out in the middle of the copper-green bridge. As the last sounds died away and he was confident of the attention of everyone, he announced in a sing-song way the news of the day—the town-crier. The day was advancing surely.

I reluctantly picked up my belongings and looked again for the path of the placid cow, and it was noon before I found anyone who could direct me.

As I was to follow a narrow canal several miles through the open country before I reached my destination, I dropped into a coffee-house to prepare myself. The stupid woman there gave me no end of trouble, for she could not understand the few Dutch

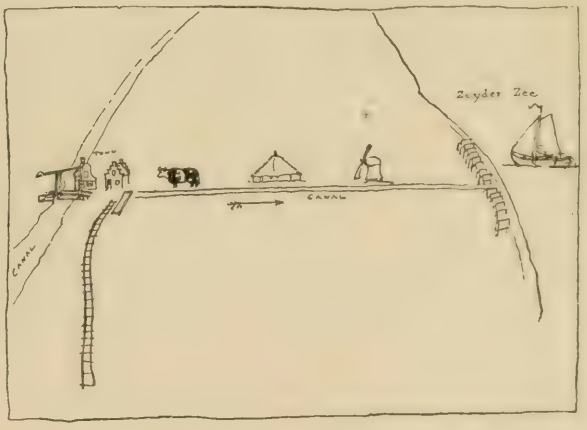


Here was a chance to see how a windmill is worked.



The old green-streaked brass bell

words that I depended most upon and hid herself behind a counter in the farther end of the room. I must have said something outrageous, but in all innocence. Finally, I drew a picture of a sandwich and colored the slice of cheese (which I made thick) between the bread most realistically and walked back to the lady. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "brood en kaas," and brought me what I have always innocently called a sandwich. The cup of chocolate was easily ordered, and with this simple and light repast, I was soon out in the sunshine, striding over the little brick pavement winding along the canal, in long sweeps through flat country, with here and there rows of small trees. How fine it was to be out in the soft wind, sweetened by the bruised herbage of the fields. It was early afternoon; the new green of spring lingered on the long-bladed grass, and the wind, blowing over the low stretches of flat land, bent the long points down, pricking circlets in the rippling water.



The map

Black spotted cattle—solid good-natured beasts—turned their heads, and the grass seemed all the more green in contrast with their markings. Ahead, a farmhouse raised its long sloping roof of tiles, patched here and there with thatch and ornamented by a decorated device of two swans. The doors and window-blinds were fantastically painted and the little square window-panes shone in white sashes that seemed to have been painted only yesterday. Trees stood about the house like guards, forming a screen for the ever-blowing wind.

The path kept on, over little bridges and past a gray old windmill with a hand-hewn framework of heavy timbers, that swung its heavy lazy wings with soft creakings, a veritable challenge to any Don Quixote who might chance that way

Here was an opportunity to see how a windmill was sailed, for the old keeper, dressed in snuff brown, short coat, and Dutch cap, was perched upon a large wheel at the back of the mill—like the tiller of a ship—turning it by his own weight, until by the pull of the ropes he was able to swing the huge wings around where the wind "took hold." What an amphibious country, with windmills sailed like boats! And when one thinks of the Dutch



The shoe shop.

bed in the wall, so resembling the "bunks" in a ship's cabin, one would almost think that the early builders of Holland came there on sailing craft and built their dikes around them.

Past the windmill came a boat pulled by one man, leaning heavily against a harness-like arrangement at the end of a long hawser (I suspected he must have been the captain) while his mate ran behind pushing and steering the little cabin craft with a long pole. Primitive? Yes, but so quietly quaint, as the crew with long, measured strides passed, with their load of lace-capped women and sober men, on their journeyings. I used this boat many times afterward, when I was able to master its time-table, and I shuddered lest some cold, calculating corporation should come and count the passengers and erect a rattling, banging trolley over all this quiet loveliness.

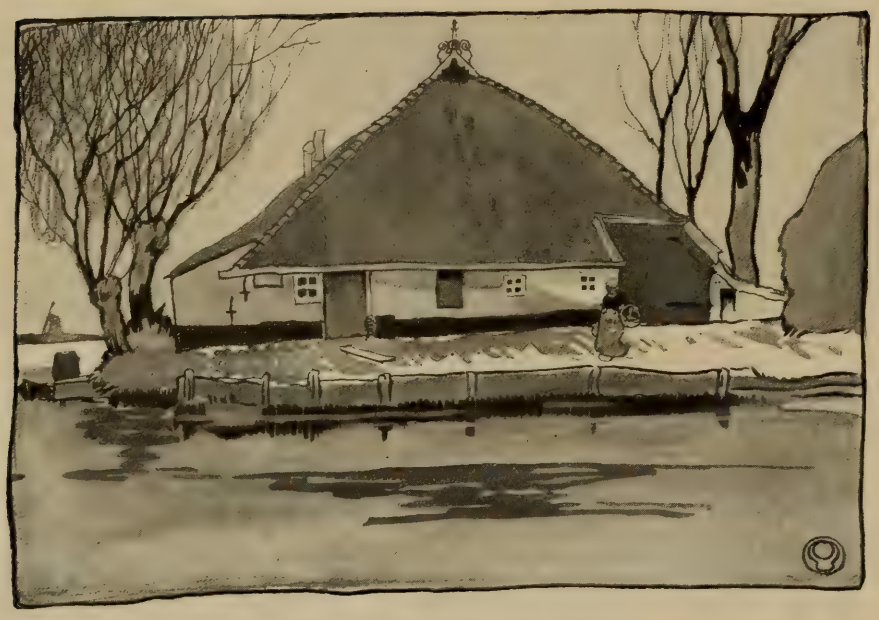
The village at last showed itself in a soft haze—a line of pointed roofs lining themselves up behind the dike that holds the great splashing sea out of the lowlands. They reflected their red roofs in the gently swirling current, and an array of wash fluttering like banners overhead made one feel like a victorious warrior entering his native town, as the wooden steps were mounted that led to the top of the dike. One look at the endless sea, then a turn down the dike. This formed the main street of the village—on one side the small houses of the fishermen peeped over at the Zuyder Zee, while on the other fisher-boats rocked at their moorings. Fisher-boys were furling sails, straightening out ropes, and filling water-casks, while others sat on spars and posts along the water's edge, in their blue patched coats, waiting for wind and tide. Lace-capped maidens with rosy cheeks and firm strong necks clattered their wooden *schoenen* up and down the brick pavement, while their mothers, more sedate, were the pictures of simple home content. The men wore wide breeches and big black fur hats, almost like drum-majors, and magenta-colored shirts.

The clouds were coming together, and an



Drawn by Edward Penfield.

Magenta was overwhelming.



A farmhouse raised its long sloping roof.

increasing wind caused angry little waves to toss and spatter against the dike. A few big drops of rain hurried me past the old green-streaked brass bell, useful in fog and storm to mark the harbor, and beyond to the café of fame, which really was the end of my journeyings; for here one could live and paint during the remainder of the summer holiday. A sign in the doorway bore the inscription, "Binnen Peintre," which must have been done by a Frenchman, and inside I saw a long, low room. Small tables were ranged down one side, and on the other was a "bar"—not the kind usually faced, but containing, besides the usual villainous bottles and glasses an assortment of hospitable brass chocolate-urns, sweet cakes, and a mild-mannered girl, with hair to her shoulders and red—very red—cheeks, to serve them. On the sanded floor stood a girl. Her large dark, deep-set eyes under straight heavy brows looked out from a face well browned by a May sun. She wore a sun-bonnet, which harmonized with her simple dress—there was no mistaking her, for in her hand she carried a partly finished canvas and a wooden paint-box. Back farther in the room were two men at one of the little tables, talking over their glasses: such a charming adjustment of the rough and the gentle here, nothing of the barroom, but a place equally enjoyable to men and women.



Like banners overhead.

The panelled wall was covered with paintings of noted visitors to this picturesque fishing village, and one saw here oftentimes the artist's happiest moods, for they were all done in appreciation of the cordial treatment extended by the host and his charming daughters.

In this long, low room many happy and restful hours were spent by men and women from all parts, bound together by one great spirit, the love of the beautiful.

The landlord provided me with a large airy room, but I was rather disappointed when he proudly waved his hand to a four-poster, immaculately draped in white muslin, that he did not give me a bed in the wall, as I supposed all Dutch beds to be. But what it lacked in romance it made up for in comfort. Dinner that night was served in a glass enclosure overlooking the Zuyder Zee. Artists came in, singly and in groups, and found their seats beside me. The wind outside beat great drops of rain against the many window-panes, and an extra vigorous gust swept over the roof very menacingly now and then. The meal began with a stiffened feeling of strangeness on all sides, which slowly wore off by coffee and liqueur time. We smoked long Dutch cigars and strolled into the café and watched the big fine fellows, with their fur caps and loose breeches, play pool over a table with a green baize cover.



Little fisherfolk

A bright sun and a fresh breeze made the dike a pleasant meeting-place for some of us the following morning, as we stood in a small group watching the fisherfolk in their long loose patched clothes. Children gathered about us, saying "Teeken-en," which translated meant that they would like to pose for us. Our clothes were fully as puzzling to them as theirs were to us, and a boy approached one of us, whose clothes perhaps did fit rather snug, and said very seriously, "How do you get into them?"



Big black fur hats, almost like drum-majors.

Everyone seemed to be a symphony as we stood there. When the men removed their big blue patched coats they exposed magenta-colored shirts—some new, others faded to soft purples and grays, with new patches of bright magenta and other patches of the same color in different weather-worn degrees. With partly closed eyes, looking down the broad pathway, magenta was overwhelming. It showed on the red tiles of the tiny houses, on the shirts of the men, it peeped up from the brick pavement, and a soft haze near the horizon scintillated its colors. The blue and black in the girls' costumes and the greenish-blue gables served only to accentuate the color and made it more pleasing. "Let us call it the 'Magenta Village,'" said the girl in the sun-bonnet. An English painter and his wife echoed her sentiment, and we straightway proceeded to the café to christen our new-found haven.

A picture wherever one looked made this a delightful old village, and between work many a little excursion was made in byways and alleyways. We peered into the neat and well-kept houses and looked longingly at the clothes-lines with their burden of faded color-softened costumes—and many a fine



Drawn by Edward Penfield.

Waiting for wind and tide.

bargain both for housewife and ourselves was made.

The shoe shop did not display a large gold sign or show any indication outside of its nature, but those of us who wished a pair of wooden *klompen*, and visited the shop for that purpose, soon found that shoes were a minor consideration, and fell to sketching the interior, continuing our purchasing only as an excuse for our staying. The walls were of wood, painted Indian red. Things partly used and partly saved were strewn here and there. Yellow tarpaulins and blue fishing coats hung from the rafters, and a Delft tiled fireplace with old copper and brass belongings shone in its dark casement. Before this were piled the shoes —all sizes jumbled together, and before I had a pair that "mated" I discovered that it was the customer's pleasure and not the storekeeper's to transact whatever business was done.

Days of work under the tiled and moss-grown roof of the attic studio, lined with old patched sails, bleached and rotted by sun and water, but breathing stories of the sea; Lypje, with cheeks and neck like rose-leaves on ivory, tall, hoydenish, but good-natured, and her old uncle, whose days for the trawling net and line were over; children, round-eyed and wondering, but mischievous in the end; and newly found friends who always knew of old friends—these made the days short and the mind contented.

One evening, when the wind blew cool and the deep blue of night darkened the heavens, the proprietor's daughters, of which he had three, walked with me to the little cabin boat I had seen during my first day on the canal. My pack, which was considerably added to by costumes and sketches, was placed upon the roof; and, as the captain tugged at the hawser and the mate pushed with his pole, I made my adieus and silently, by the light of a solitary lamp, found my way to a seat in the low-roofed cabin among a group of the villagers. The bumping of the boat signalled her destination in the town, where the waiting train hustled me once more into the ceaseless din and nerve-racking elements of a big city.

THE PRONG-HORNED ANTELOPE

THE PRONG BUCK OF AMERICA *(ANTILOCAPRA AMERICANA, ORD. 1818)*

BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

IN that eventful *annus domini* 1535, when Jacques Cartier ascended the St. Lawrence to be the white discoverer of Hochelaga, Francisco Vasquez de Coronado also landed in Mexico and became a pioneer and an empire builder of world-wide fame. Five years later he set forth on his memorable march northward as far, we now believe, as Kansas, discovering and possessing in the name of the Cross and the King.

Without doubt he was the first white man to see the Antelope herds. Mr. Charles F. Lummis writes me that:

"Coronado's Expedition unquestionably saw Antelope; but there is no name and no definite description of them in his record. The nearest he comes to it is on the Buffalo plains, where Castañeda speaks of 'siervos, remendados de blanco' (the stags patched with white).

"Herrera mentions them under their proper name of *berrendos* (Decade II, p. 288, 1601). I do not recall any mention of them in Gomara."

In 1651 Hernandez described this animal. He calls it Teuthlalmaçame or Temamaçame; evidently these were the native Aztec names, and in the same paragraph he uses the name "Berendos," by which it is yet known in Mexico. But it did not receive

its scientific name until 1815, when in Guthrie's Geography Ord described it as *Antelope Americanus*, and still later in the *Journal de Physique*, 1818, when he made for it the genus *Antilocapra*.

The word Cabrit or Cabrie, used by the half-breeds of the North-west, is doubtless, as Richardson suggests, a Basque corruption of the Spanish *cabra*, a goat. The names *Le Squenoton* and *Squinaton*, recorded by Dobbs and his anonymous predecessor, probably do not belong to this species.

Merriam has recently (1901) described the Mexican Antelope as a new sub-species, *mexicana*, but this name is possibly antedated by Hamilton Smith's *palmata* (1827). I have not attempted to demark the areas of the races.

The map shows a surprisingly slight shrinkage in the ranges of the species; a shrinkage which, unfortunately, does not correspond with the actual reduction of its numbers. The ancient territory of the Pronghorns was about 2,000,000 square miles; and a safe estimate, founded on the reports of travellers, would be five Antelope to every square mile of that.

Major J. B. Pond wrote me as follows: "In the winter of 1868-69, I travelled on the new railroad for the first time from Denver to Cheyenne. The Antelope had all left the open plains, and were now sheltering among the foot-hills. For ten or twelve miles in Cache le Poudre Valley and all the way west of the train, about three-quarters to one-half a mile away, was one long band of Antelope, twenty to forty rods wide, practically continuous and huddled together for warmth. Their numbers changed the color of the country. That winter many wagon-loads were brought to Denver and sold, three or four carcasses for two bits (25c.) that being the smallest coin in use."

If there is no error in these figures it meant 2,000,000 Antelope. Probably these came from within a radius of 200 miles, and certainly this was but a small proportion of the entire Antelope population of America.

From these various facts it will be seen that in many regions the species probably exceeded ten to the square mile, and though there were vast areas which fell far below this, they were offset by the congestion elsewhere; therefore, in estimating their pristine population at five to a square mile, I have been reasonably conservative.

The present range covers about 1,000,000 square miles. But who will say that there are 5,000,000 Antelope left? If there are 100,000 wild Antelope to-day I am agreeably surprised. At least half of them must be in Mexico.

In some regions, I am told, there is a slight increase, but in others a sad diminution in the last five years. Mr. A. A. Anderson estimates that in 1905 there were not more than a quarter of the Antelope in Wyoming that there were in 1900. Nevertheless, the nation has wakened up to the fact that the Antelope is worth preserving and that a national effort is needed to do it.

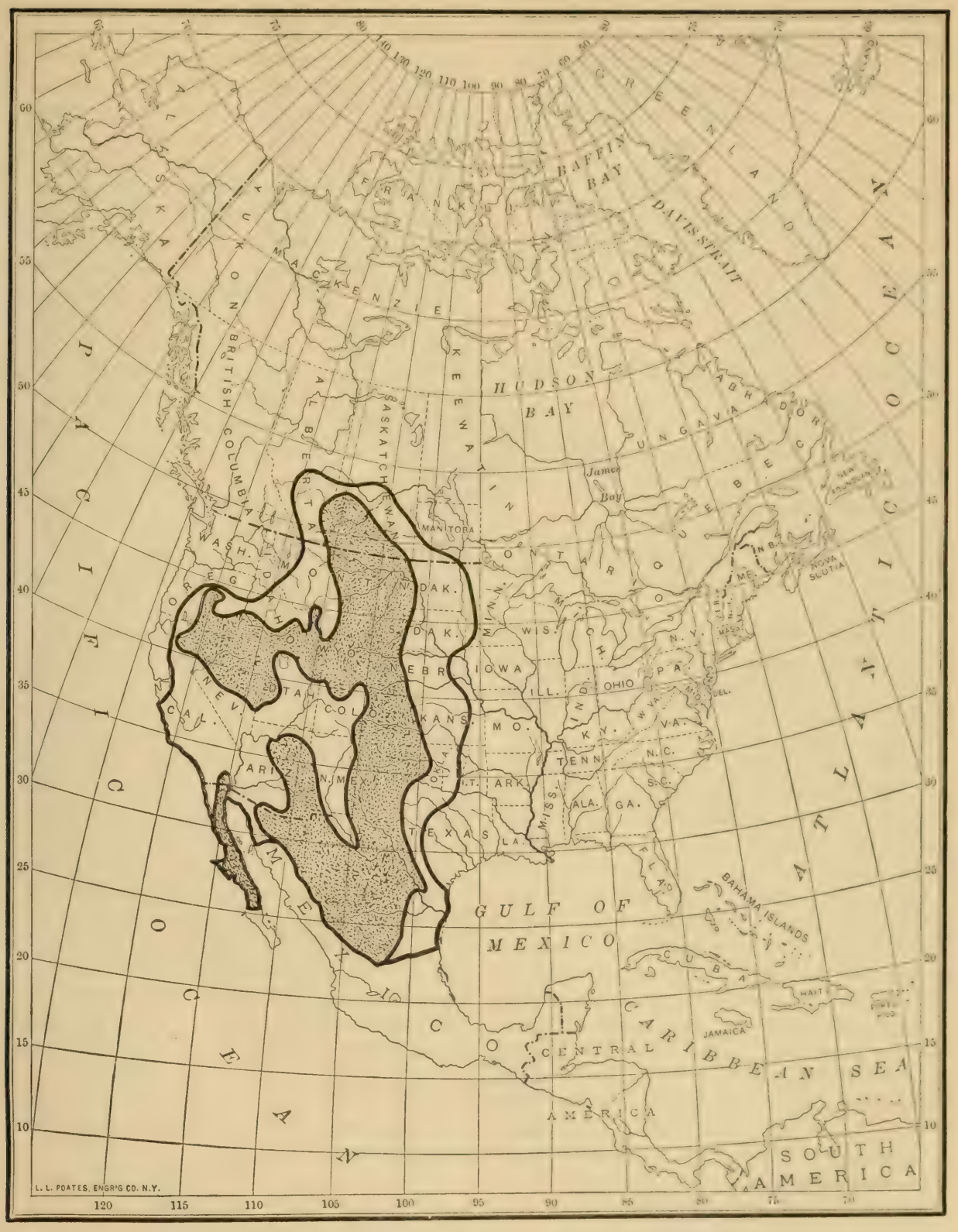
All the States now have game laws for the protection of Antelope; some of them have declared a close season for a term of years, and it is possible that we may yet keep the Pronghorn from going the way of the Wild Pigeon and the Buffalo.

The largest buck Antelope in the Zoölogical Park, is, according to Mr. Hornaday, "37½ inches at the shoulder." A fair-sized buck stands 36 inches at the shoulder—the top of the head rising a foot higher—and he weighs about 100 pounds. A four-month's old buck which I weighed in Jackson's Hole, October, 1898, went 60 pounds, and stood 28 inches at the shoulder. A large one killed by Mr. E. S. Dodge, of Oracle, Arizona, weighed 125 pounds. The females are smaller and lighter.

The colors of the adult male Antelope are rich tan, which, under the brilliant skies of the Plains, looks purplish, varied with pure white patches, as shown on page 41. The upper part of the muzzle, the patch under each ear, eyes, horns, hoofs, and sometimes the mane, are black. The female is similar in color, but with the black areas less, and often without that under the ears. Mr. W. T. Hornaday has a large male head also without the black side-patches.

On the photograph by Mr. Wallihan [page 45] the second figure from the right shows a curious color variation, the principal one known. The usual pattern on the throat is there, but distorted throughout as though the stencil had been jarred when the work was half done.

The young are at first grayish brown, darkening on the face, paling on the rump, and with faint suggestions of the adult colors, but never spotted, as in the Deer family.



Range of Prong-horned Antelope.

Compiled by Ernest Thompson Seton from the records of many travellers and from those of the Biological Survey of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, also in part from Mr. W. T. Hornaday's map.
The outer line is the primitive range. The tint shows the range in 1900.

In anatomy this animal stands alone in the world; so much so that a separate family has been founded for it among the Ruminants. It is the sole member and constituent species of the family of Antilocapridæ.



Diagram of buck Antelope's horns in his four successive Autumns

The black part is the new horn coming inside.

It has the size, shape, and mammæ of a Deer;

The glands of a Goat;

The feet of a Giraffe;

The horns and gall-bladder of an Antelope.

It differs, however, from all of them in this: Its horns, though true horns like those of a Cow or Goat, are yet branched in shape and shed each year like the antlers of a Deer.

This last fact was first established by Dr. C. A. Canfield, of Monterey, Cal., in 1858.

Judge Caton investigated the growth of the horns in detail. His observations show that the male Antelope has at birth a little bump over each eye. At four months old—that is, the end of September—this breaks through the skin as a small and somewhat movable horn. In January usually, or when about an inch long, it is dropped or pushed off by the new horn growing below it, on the top of the bony core, which also grows rapidly, so that in a couple of months the whole horn is about three inches high. The next year the shedding takes place earlier, but the bony core, now much bigger, of course, remains. The prong is developed above the bony core. Old bucks shed in October—that is, immediately after the rut. They have the advantage over the Deer tribe in one particular—the Deer are hornless for some time after shedding the antler, but the Antelope's new horn is already well sprouted before the old one is shed. The accompanying outlines [page 36] may be considered as diagrammatic expression of the horn development. Actual material like that shown for the Wapiti is not at hand.

It seems that the larger and lustier the individual the sooner his weapons are shed. Mr. W. R. McFadden, of Denver, relates as follows:

"Early in the fall of 1894, while shooting on the Elkhead River of Colorado, I fired at a buck Antelope, that had unusually large, fine horns. He ran some twenty yards and fell dead. On coming up I was disappointed to find his horns were a pair of miserable little spikes. But the change was explained when I found both of his other horns, a large pair, lying on the ground where he fell; evidently he was at the point of shedding."

The female yearling shows little points of horn, and they never exceed two or three inches in length.

The normal type of horns is seen in the first figure in the illustration [page 41] and the number of variations from this is very small. The largest pair that I can find on record is in the possession of Mr. E. S. Dodge, who shot them October 22, 1897. These are given in *Recreation* for October, 1898. (Not seen by me.)

	Inches.
Length of left horn around curve	17¼
Length of right horn around curve	17⅜
Spread of horns at tip	6½
Spread at widest part	15
Girth of left horn at base	6½
Girth of right horn at base	6¼
Girth of horn at largest place	10½

E. S. Dodge, Arcadia Ranch, Oracle, Arizona.

These are of exceptional size, and as Mr. Hornaday remarks, "any measuring 12 inches may fairly be considered large."*

The only freak type that is often seen is the "droopers," as shown in the cut on page 37. These disfigurements are probably the result of accident in early life. But obviously the buck with droopers once, will always have them, as it is the fundamentals, the horn cores, that have departed from the true lines of their kind.

Near the centre of the group in Mr. Wallihan's photograph [page 45] is seen a wild buck with drooping horns.

A singular specimen in the collection of Mr. Louis M. Thompson, of Red Bank, N. J., has but one horn, the only unicorn buck that I know of.

Long ago Darwin confessed himself puzzled by the form of the Antelope's horn, the incurve of the points apparently rendering

* "Am. Nat. Hist.," p. 117.

them useless for attack. It seemed as though a simple, straight spike would be so much more effective. The incurved point and its half-way snag seemed like buttons on the rapier, like efforts to disarm the well-armed knight while leaving him in possession of his weapons. But many observations made on the Antelope in the Washington Zoo Park, while I was painting their portraits, showed me how true it is that not the smallest detail in nature is without a distinct purpose for which it has been carefully adapted through ages of experiment. From these I learned that the prong, so far from being the button on the rapier, is a hilt that protects the bare flesh farther up, as described later in the paragraph on the duel; and the recurved point enables the buck to strike his adversary in the throat where the skin is thinnest.



Antelope with drooping horns.

From photograph in *Recreation*, June, 1897, by W. H. R., who got them at Laramie, Wyoming, in 1893.

Another remarkable detail of the Antelope's anatomy is the white area on each buttock. Although it seems at first like the rest of his spots, a mere patch of white coat, it is found to be specialized for an important service. It is composed of hair graded from short in the centre to long at the front edges. Under the skin of the part is a circular muscle by means of which the hair can, in a moment, be raised and spread radially into two great blooming twin chrysanthemums, more or less flattened at the centre. When this is done in bright sunlight, they shine like tin pans, giving flashes of light that can be seen farther than the animal itself, affording a conspicuous identification mark that must be of great service to the species. [Page 38.]

As soon, therefore, as an Antelope sees some strange or thrilling object, this muscle acts, and the rump patch is instantly changed into a great double disc of white that shines afar like a patch of snow; and by its flashing spreads the alarm. This, it will be seen, is simply a heliograph. Man flatters himself that he was the inventor of flash communication; but he is wrong; the Antelope had it first. They used it thousands of generations before man ever dreamed of it.

The bristling mane of the species is erected under excitement at the same time with the discs.

Many animals are furnished with glands that produce a strong-smelling stuff that in some cases serves as a defence, but mostly as a method of intercommunication. A Peccary has a scent gland on his back, a Deer has one on each foot and on the hock, a Goat has them about the head. The Antelope has every one of these kinds of smellers, each tainting the adjoining air in a way of its own, and doubtless for a purpose that none other could answer. Judge Caton thinks that these many pungent odors help to protect the Antelope from flies and mosquitoes; but it seems likely that their chief service is for intercommunication.

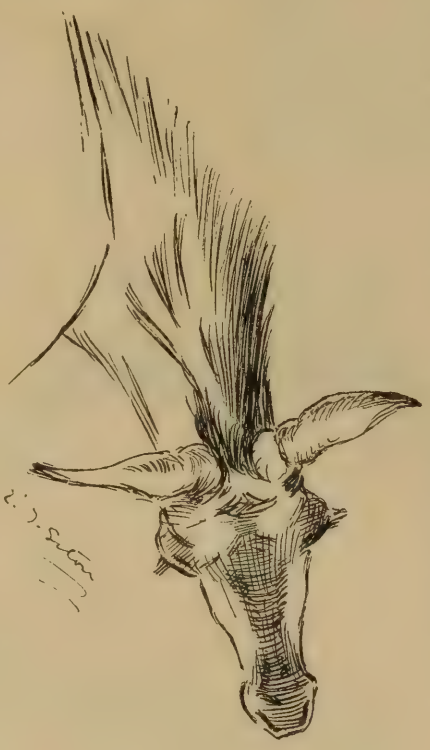
Those on the jaw seem related to the sexual system, as they are largest in the buck and most active in rutting time; those on the rump, have a place in their heliographic code; and the purpose of the others though not yet understood, is almost certainly to serve in conveying news.

The uniform of the species is itself an important means of intercommunication. Its conspicuous coloring labels the creature afar that this is surely an Antelope, for information of a friend or foe. Thus one realizes that it is useless to follow, and the other that it is needless to flee.

It is interesting to note that the Antelope's tail does not count in its code of expression, although in the Whitetailed Deer—which is not furnished with the disco-graph—the tail is greatly developed and specialized as a means of communication. Parallel cases are the Wapiti, whose tail is inert, but whose crupper-patch is very active, and the Moose, whose tail is a dummy, or sleeping member of the firm, but whose hip on each side is furnished with an erectile patch that seems to serve the purpose of expression.

The voice of the Antelope is a querulous, grunting bleat, uttered by the mother when she is calling to the kid. At other times I have not heard it. But a sort of shrill whistle or snort is used as an alarm, and they have also a short bark of curiosity. The kid utters a little bleat or squeak, but the rest of the signalling is done by appeals to the eye and nose.

The eye of the Antelope is of marvellous beauty and magnitude, "larger than that of any other quadruped of its size" (Caton), and there is every evidence that it is as keen as it is beautiful. This is readily understood in relation to the fact that it is a creature of the open; its eyes are more often serviceable to it than its ears, or even its nose, and the majority of its signals, unlike those of woodland animals, are dependent upon vision for their success.



An Antelope pose.

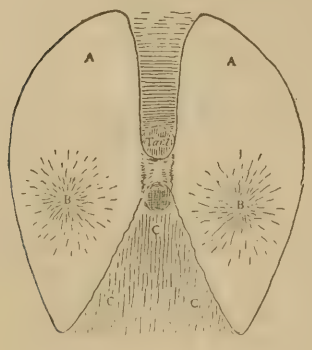
The Prongbuck is the only horned ruminant in North America that has but two hoofs on each foot. Nature's economic plan has been to remove all parts that cease to be of use, and so save the expense of growing and maintaining them. Thus man is losing his back or wisdom teeth since civilized diet is rendering them superfluous. The ancestor of the Antelope had four hoofs to the foot, like the Deer or Pig, but the back pair on each has been dropped. At an earlier step the common ancestor of the Antelope and Deer had five well-developed toes on each extremity, but it seems that while this makes an admirable foot for wading in treacherous swamps, it is, for mechanical reasons, *a slow foot;* the fewer the toes the greater the speed. The Deer, still living in swamps, could not afford to dispense entirely with the useful little hind or mud-hoofs. There they are still, for bog use, though much modified from the original equal-toed type, more nearly shown in the Pig. But the Antelope living in the hard, dry uplands had no use for bog-trotters, and exchanged them for a higher rate of speed, so that it now has only two toes on each foot.

The Horse family went yet further. They shunned the very neighborhood of swamps; all their life was spent on the firm, dry level country; speed and sound feet were their holds on existence, and these they maintained at their greatest pitch by adopting a foot with a single hoof-clad toe.

Coronado and his contemporaries discovered the Antelope, but they were too busy adding to the spiritual Kingdom of their Masters, in consideration of the material plunder thereof, to give a second thought to this wonderful wild thing. It remained for the immortal Lewis and Clarke, 250 years later, to tell the world about the Prong-horn of the Plains.

They comment with wonder on its great strength and its great weakness—that is, its speed and its curiosity, that has so often rendered its speed of no avail. By common consent the Antelope is given first place for swiftness among the four-foots of America.

"Their walk is a slow and somewhat pompous gait, their trot elegant and graceful, and their gallop or 'run' light and inconceivably swift. They pass along, up or down hills, or along the level plain with the same apparent ease, while so rapidly do their legs perform their graceful movements in propelling their bodies over the ground, that like the spokes of a fast-turning wheel, we can hardly see them, but instead, observe a gauzy or film-like appearance where they should be visible." (Aud. & Bach. "Quads. of N. A.," vol. II, p. 198.)



Skin of crupper-discs.

At AA the hair was about four inches long; at and below BB less than two inches; at CCC, between the two patches, it was one-quarter inch long.



Antelope poses.

On the uplands of Mexico in 1892 and 1893, I several times saw my hunting comrade, William Allen, ride on his favorite "Spider" right into a bunch of Antelope going their best and with everything in their favor. Spider was locally known as a racer, although only a quarter-blood.

On the Little Missouri I saw some first-class greyhounds overtake a Mule Deer on the level, but fail utterly when it came to a buck Antelope. These same Dogs could catch a Coyote in a very short race.

Mr. W. T. Hornaday says: "In running it has three very distinct gaits. When fleeing from danger it carries its head low like a running sheep, and gallops by long leaps; when showing off it holds its head as high as possible and trots. . . . Occasionally it gallops with high head by stiff-legged leaps like the Mule Deer." ("Amer. Nat. Hist.," 1904, p. 117.)

Why does the Antelope occasionally make these high, and but slightly progressive bounds? Undoubtedly for the same reason as the Jack Rabbit makes a "spy hop." They are to give it a momentary high outlook whence it can scan the surroundings and take in the situation.

I have gathered many observations to get an idea of the actual speed of certain quadrupeds and have arrived at a scale, which, however, I submit with much hesitation. Of course we have no actual gauge on the speed of the wild species; it must be arrived at by various devices and comparisons, eliminating all guesses. The estimates of hunters, etc., are always too high; besides it is a misleading fact that of two animals going at the same rate, the smaller always *appears* to be going faster.

I think it is safe to say that the Horse, the ancient standard of speed, still holds his own. There seems no good reason for supposing that any creature on legs, two, three, or four, ever went for any distance so fast as a blooded race-horse; and Caiman's mile in 1 minute 38⅘ seconds, cited by Arbitrator in *The London Field* for December 31, 1904, is probably the fastest pace reliably recorded for anything afoot.

I have computed the speed of many other animals by counting their bounds to the minute and then afterward measuring their bounds in the snow, and I have made a number of comparative observations from railway trains and motor cars going at a known speed; and above all, I have always kept in mind the fact, when on record, that such can catch so-and-so in a fair race. The mineralogists make a scale of hardness, on units, each of which can scratch the one below it, and be scratched by the one above. I have acted on this plan in making my scale of swiftness, only for "scratch" I read "catch."

Capt. R. B. Marcy says: "We have had several good opportunities since we have been upon the plains of witnessing the relative speed of the different animals found



Antelope poses.

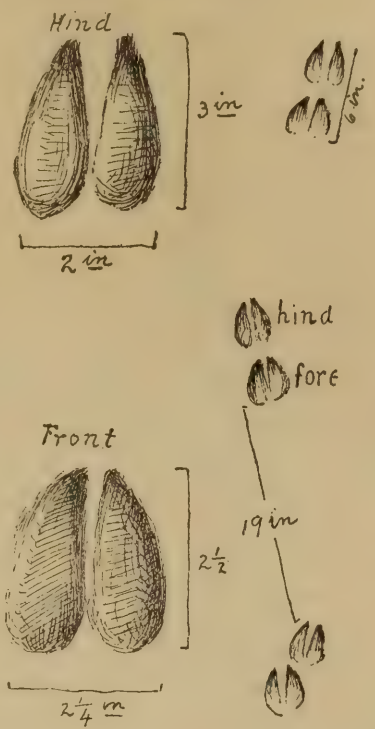
here, and our observations have confirmed the opinion I have before advanced. For example, the Greyhounds have, upon several diffe ent occasions, run down and captured the Deer and the Prairie-rabbits, which are also considered very fleet; but although they have had very many races with the Antelope under favorable circumstances, yet they have never, in one instance, been able to overtake them; on the contrary, the longer the chase continued, the greater has been the distance between them. The *Cervus Virginianus* (our Red-deer) has generally been considered the fleetest animal upon the continent after the Horse, but the *Antilocapra Americana*, or Prong-horned Antelope of the plains, is very much swifter." ("Exp. Red River," 1854, p. 62.)

Greyhounds have doubtless caught many Antelopes in open chase, but I never yet heard of one Greyhound catching a full-grown, unwounded buck Antelope by fair running.

I have often heard railroaders tell of races between trains and Antelope. When running at the ordinary rate of twenty-five to thirty miles an hour, the engine could not pass these fleet coursers, but when the engineers turned on all speed so as to run at a thirty-five-mile rate, the train forged ahead, and in a mile or so the Antelope turned aside and gave it up, disgusted to find that at last there was something on the plains that could outrun them.

In general I have found that the wild animals are less swift than is commonly supposed; their strong point is the quickness with which they can get up full speed. Their "muzzle" velocity is indeed a matter of life and death, for most predaceous creatures, especially the Cats, give up the chase at once if they fail on the first dash. Furthermore, I have been continually impressed by the smallness of difference in speed. The few seconds that one animal saves in making its mile is evidently of vital importance. The scale I have attempted, is founded on the animal's best rate for a mile. A rate that is representative has been chosen, rather than the phenomenal, or the record of each species.

Thus the best Horse record for a mile is at the rate of over thirty-six miles an hour. I prefer, however, to set the Horse at thirty-four miles an hour, as many Horses attain this rate.



Tracks of large Antelope.

	Best speed for a mile is at the rate of
Racehorse	34 miles per hour.
Prong-horned Antelope	32 " " "
Greyhound	30 " " "
Texan Jack Rabbit	28 " " "
Common Fox	26 " " "
Northern Coyote	24 " " "
Foxhound	22 " " "
American Grey Wolf	20 " " "

In this connection it is interesting to note that the best speed of a man for 100 yards is $9\frac{3}{5}$ seconds; this is at the rate of $21\frac{1}{3}$ miles an hour. A man's best speed for a mile is 4 minutes $12\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, or at the rate of 14 miles an hour. An ordinary runner makes a mile in five minutes, *i. e.*, at the rate of 12 miles an hour, so that what actually counts in the race is, as usual, the *trifle more speed* that each animal can command.

All travellers and hunters agree that the Antelope can cover an astounding distance in a single leap, but none of them tell us what they mean by "astounding"; whether fifteen feet or fifty, remains to be ascertained. Judge Caton, however, points out that their leaping power is almost confined to the horizontal. They are so essentially creatures of the open plains and so unaccustomed to high jumping that a four-foot fence was enough to confine them.

This animal is credited with uncontrollable curiosity. In the old days of Lewis and Clarke the recognized method of tolling Antelope within shot was to wave a handkerchief on a stick in their plain view, the gunner himself remaining concealed, and usually, after much doubt and many circlings, the herd ventured within range. At one time, we are told by travellers, any unusual object was enough to attract the Antelope.

But they learned wisdom in later years.



Drawn by Ernest Thompson Seton.

Antelope sighting danger.



Antelope in National Zoological Park.
Discs closed.



The same Antelope with discs half spread.

On the Plains of New Mexico I never could toll Antelope, nor did I hear of anyone succeeding in that country. In fact, the local hunters maintained that it was "played out"—the Antelope were too wary now to be taken in.

My own experience with Antelope was chiefly on the Plains of the Canadian River and in western Wyoming, and I was there much struck by the smallness of the home locality that seemed to satisfy each band.

A level stretch of open prairie two miles across was ample range for a herd of twenty the whole season. If there was water on it they seemed satisfied to stay indefinitely.

Dr. Edward L. Munson, U. S. A., says: "For some weeks a band of several hundred were in a large pasture four miles square, several miles from Havre." (*Forest & Stream*, January, 1897.)

Mr. W. N. Byers, of Denver, Col., tells me that for several years in Middle Park he used to see one particular large buck Antelope near the road within a mile of the same place. He supposed it was there on account of a salt lick near.

Dr. Canfield (of California) says: "Any particular band of Antelope does not leave the locality where they grow up, and never range more than a few miles in different directions." (Caton, "Ant. Deer Am.," p. 43.)

It is a common remark that when hunted the Antelope runs in a circle. A little reflection will show that this is true of all animals, and that this circle is always around the region that the creature knows, namely, its own home locality.

During the summer the bands are scattered, but the individual range is even smaller. I have seen an old Antelope that made her summer home on the flat top of a butte that was less than 200 acres in extent. The males seem to be less local at this time than the females, and commonly wander in twos.

But all this permanent residence of one spot seems to have been in regions where the winter was mild and the snow light. In the northern part of the range a different habit prevailed. At the first heavy snow the Antelope of the Upper Jackson's Hole moved 150 miles southward to the Red Desert. Those on the prairies of the Saskatchewan moved into the *coulées* and brakes 100 miles southward and westward. Those of the Plains went toward the foot-hills, and those on the open country about the Black Hills flocked thither from all points of the compass.

Prof. Edward Carter tells me that they used to winter in vast numbers about Colorado Springs, and were common in the surrounding country all the rest of the year.

As already noted, Major Pond told me of the first year when the railroad from Cheyenne to Denver was open, and he then saw the Antelope crowded in every sheltered valley along that line during a severe storm that drove them off the Plains. At Medicine Hat, Alberta, I was informed that a snowstorm in winter would concentrate the Antelope in *coulées* and places of shelter. But these are temporary congregations, and according to Dr. E. L. Munson, a few days of fine weather would cause them to scatter again. He also remarks that "he found Antelope rare during the summer along the Sun River and the Teton, but reasonably plenty in winter."

Richardson says: "Some of them remain the whole year on the South Branch of that river [Saskatchewan], but they are merely summer visitors to the North Branch [about 200 miles away]. They come every year to the neighborhood of Carlton-house, when the snow has mostly gone . . . and they retire to the southwards again in the autumn as soon as the snow begins to fall." Then he adds an item which affords interesting light on the relentless process of developing a migratory instinct. "Almost every year," he says, "a small herd linger on a piece of rising ground not far from Carlton-house, until the snow has become too deep on the plains to permit them to travel over them. Few, or none of that herd, however, survive until the spring, as they are persecuted by the Wolves during the whole winter." (F. B. A., vol. i, p. 263.)

From this we may conclude that the Antelope is a creature of small home locality, but a permanent resident there when climate and food supply permit, as they do in the southern part of its range. But in the colder, snowier regions it is driven to journey in search of better conditions, and though these movements are as often northward as southward, they are seasonal and somewhat regular, so that they are truly migrations.

The Antelope is a creature of the dry, open plains, the land of grass, cactus, and sage, and its food is, by long habit, confined to them. Judge Caton could not induce his captive specimens to touch twigs, browse, or leaves. They would eat grain and fresh bread, but rejected fruit and acorns. "They are fond of common salt," he says, "and should have it always by them when in parks, and if soda be mixed with it no doubt it would be better for them, for their native plains generally abound with crude or sulphate of sodium, and long use may make this better for them than in the form of the chloride; at least it is worth the trial by those who have pet Antelopes." [Page 42.]

Once every day during the hours of sunheat the Antelope cautiously wend their way to the familiar pond or spring or stream. There they drink copiously, for they seem to need much water. Nevertheless, those who are familiar with the arid region of the continent will see at a glance that the map includes as Antelope range vast areas that are without water during the greater part of the year. What do the Antelope do there?



Antelope approaching to attack.
From a photograph by Mrs. E. T. Seton.



From a photograph by A. G. Wallihan.

Antelope on their winter range.

The answer is simple; these regions are provided with vegetation that has the power of storing up water for its own use—that can, during the few showers of winter, lay up enough moisture to carry it over the whole year; and chief among these provident plants are the great bulging cactuses. Each is a living tank charged with fluid so precious that it must, perforce, wear a body-guard of poisonous bayonets to keep back the horde of wayfarers so ready to slake their thirst at the cactus's expense. In these the Antelope finds its desert springs. Mr. T. S. Van Dyke, who first called my attention to the fact, says:

"On the arid Plains of Lerdo, in Mexico, where I hunted in 1884, the Deer and Antelope do not drink. The proof is conclusive to my mind. I know that the only water for forty miles was the little pool less than 200 feet across, that was only a quarter of a mile from my camp. Whitetail, Mule Deer and Antelope abounded in all that region, and yet the mud on the banks never showed a sign of one coming there to drink. It seems that the fleshy leaves of the abundant cactus supply them both with food and drink."

Mr. Edward H. Wuerpel, the well-known artist of St. Louis, writes me similarly (March 30, 1901):

"When I lived in Mexico six years ago Antelope were still abundant on the upland plains as far south as Coahuila. There is no water in the region they inhabit, but they find the cactus leaves supply enough moisture."

But what about the spines that are supposed to be the sufficient defence of these living tanks? Mr. Wuerpel writes further: "While crossing the region with oxen, we used to burn the spines off the cactus and feed it to the cattle, and they suffered no inconvenience for lack of water, although without it for perhaps two days."

But who burns off the spikes for the Antelope? This is a point on which I can shed no light, but it is a well-known fact that the oxen and wild cattle of Mexico are utterly repelled by the cactus spines, which the Antelope and the Deer have learned in some way to overcome. What that way is, we have yet to learn.

If captured when fully adult, Antelope are usually considered irreclaimable. But taken when a few days old, they are the most tamable of our horned creatures, and indeed almost too ready to follow anyone who finds them and stays long enough to establish a slight bond of acquaintance."

They are very delicate at this age, and difficult to bring up. Mr. J. H. G. Bray, of Medicine Hat, tells me, however, that he has reared many Antelope kids by feeding them on cow's milk one-third water and a



From a photograph, copyright, 1894, by A. G. Wallihan.

Group of wild Antelope.

little sugar, giving them many feedings a day. Even when fully grown they are not hardy and rarely live long in confinement. Fatal enteritis seems to be the principal trouble.

The worst enemies of the Wild Antelope are first, repeating rifles; and next, Sheep, which destroy their winter range. But Coyotes, Wolves, and Eagles kill many of them, especially when young.

The adult Antelope is rarely attacked by Eagles. The only case I ever heard of first-hand was related to Mr. Harry J. Wells, of Clayton, New Mexico. Coyotes are to be feared chiefly when the latter are so hard pressed that they organize a hunt with a system of relays, and thus run down the quarry that is so much swifter than themselves. But they kill numbers of the little ones before they are able to follow the old one.

On their extreme northern range they have another dread enemy whose occasional ravages are thus commented on by Dr. E. L. Munson. "Mr. Parotti has been in this country as hunter and guide for nearly twenty years. He tells me that the fearful winter of 1893, when the thermometer registered 61 degrees below in this post [Fort Assiniboine, Mont.], killed off four-fifths of the Antelope—that they starved to death by thousands on account of the deep snow. He found after that winter, what he estimated were 900 carcasses where the Antelope had drifted into a deep ravine and evidently had no strength to get out. Before that time Antelope were plenty through here, but that winter killed nearly all off. While they were shot by thousands, the number so destroyed was only an insignificant fraction of the total." (*F. & S.*, March 27, 1897.)

During the winter they are in mixed bands of all ages and sizes. In my time these bands were commonly ten to fifty in number, but in earlier days, I am told, several hundred, even thousands, would run together.

Early in spring the usual inevitable disposition to scatter manifests itself. The separation of the sexes seems to be due to an instinctive dislike of each other as the time approaches for the young to be born. It becomes yet stronger as the hour draws near. At that time each female strives to be utterly alone. She avoids even the few remaining companions of her own sex and retires to some secluded spot.

The event takes place in late May or early June on the Yellowstone, and the fawns or kids are commonly two in number.

Their mother hides them close together for several days, visiting them at frequent intervals, ceaselessly scanning air and plain

for signs of danger, and never going far away, excepting, perhaps, when forced to seek water; a necessary absence which she cuts as short as she possibly can, and anything like the squeak of a kid will bring her back at restless speed with blazing eye and bristling hair ready to fight to the death an ordinary foe, or if it be one too strong, to intercept and mislead him by every device the mother wit can bring to bear. There are



Heads of young bucks.

not many creatures native to the plains that she will not face in such a case.

It seems likely that few Antelope kids are killed by their natural enemies, except such as are surprised during the brief absences of the devoted mother.

This is a danger inseparable from polygamy. If the Antelope had developed monogamy the young would have two adults to protect them; at least one would likely be near at all times, and the superior prowess of the buck might even eliminate the chief danger of their young lives.

Though strong enough to follow the mother, they are yet ready at her signal to hide when danger threatens, and the marvellous way in which they "play dead" is most inspiring.

June 13, 1897, I rode to the top of Junction Butte, in Yellowstone Park. As my head rose above the level I caught sight of an Antelope walking along, and followed by a smaller animal that turned out to be the kid. Very soon the mother saw me and communicated her alarm to the young one, which dropped at once to the ground. The mother ran off to one side uttering the loud grunting bleat of the species. Evidently she was trying to decoy me away, but I rode straight to where the young one dropped, and found him crouching flat on the bare ground, and yet so well concealed by his protective color and his stillness that I never should have found him had I not marked him down. I rode around him and spent some twenty minutes making the sketch which, finished afterward, appears on page 47. During this time he gave no sign of life, even a fly crawling over his eye and nose did not make him forget that his duty was to "lay low" at whatever cost.

Just how his mother ordered him to hide I cannot tell. I am satisfied that he did not see the danger. She may have grunted, but I am inclined to think that the danger signal was a flash of her crupper-discs.

This young one I take to have been two weeks old. His colors were quite unlike those of the old one, being soft, unspotted shades of gray and brown that matched him with the ground, helping him to hide, constituting a *protective* coloration, in contrast to the *directive* livery of the old one; a livery which he does not assume until he is able to save himself by running.

On June 12, 1897, we rode down the Yellowstone in the Park with Mr. E. Hofer. Three Antelope were in sight. By imitating the squeak of a young one, Hofer brought the old one up close, and shortly afterward we found two of the young close together, but they were well grown, much larger than the one of the 13th, and yet crouching in the sage while the mother circled 200 yards away uttering her alarm bleat. When we



Sketch of a young Antelope "laying low."

got within a few feet of them they jumped up and ran away swiftly, but crouched again when out of sight over the next ridge. I took them to be about three weeks old. In this case the mother's alarm cry may have been the sufficient order to hide.

As soon as the young can follow there is a disposition on the part of the mothers to form little bands. In early July two or three of the old ones with their kids may then be seen together. They unite for the sake of company and mutual protection, so that this is truly a social gathering.

By the end of July the kids on the Yellowstone are about half grown and have now assumed the livery of the old ones. Early in August the young bucks begin to join the bands of their mothers and little brothers. By September older bucks drift in, and the Antelope band shows all ages, sizes, and sexes mingled together in a huge happy family. As this is too soon for the sexual passions to play their firebrand part, we have in this ideal month of September an ideal scene that is probably unique among our Horned Ruminants. Many old hunters have described it to me. The following from Mr. W. R. McFadden, of Denver, gives a glimpse of one of their games.

"In the head of Middle Park, Col., about the 12th or 15th of September, 1882, I crawled out after a band of Antelope on the plain. There was a fine big buck and only one. I got out to a buffalo wallow, and raising up to shoot I saw the buck playing a game with about eight kids. They were careering about; he was leading. They would chase him and caper and prance around him. After about half an hour the little ones got tired and quit. But the buck was still fresh, and he set out, apparently, to run himself down. Rushing at full gallop round and round the bushes, here and there, anywhere to keep going, and yet close to the crowd. He must have run ten minutes all alone at full speed while I watched, and still seemed fresh as ever. On another occasion I have seen a dozen kids and two or three big bucks at play in the same way."

The band increases as September passes, the merry games relax not, and the good fellowship existing is exemplified when Fox or



From a photograph, supplied by the Superintendent.

Young Antelope in National Zoological Park.

Coyote menace any of the young. Each one seems now to act for the good of the entire herd. A mid-September incident of Antelope hunting in Jackson's Hole recurs to me. I had crawled through brush and sage for half a mile after a mixed band of forty. I was within 300 yards and, in cover of a certain clump of sage, expected to get within 100 yards before selecting my specimen, when a loud "kau," afar to my right called my attention to the fact that I was in plain view of a young sentinel buck whose head showed above the sage 200 yards to my left. In an instant every crupper-disc was flashing; the band lined up. The next moment I knew they would be going. I turned my sights on the nearest; it was the sentinel, and now he is among the specimens on view at the National Museum.

This ideal family gathering is broken up at length, not by any outside enemy, but by the annual mating—I cannot call it pairing—season. Toward the end of September the kids of the year are weaned, and about the same time the procreative instinct is aroused in the bucks. At first the feeling is one merely of feverish unrest without definite purpose; sudden impulses drive them to expend their energies in aimless exercise.

Later the females manifest signs of response, and the battles that ensue show all the savagery and greed that is characteristic of the extremely polygamous creature that the Antelope is. Canfield says of his domesticated Antelope, "He was the most salacious animal I have ever seen." (Caton, p. 45.)

In the Washington Zoo I repeatedly saw their manner of fighting, and was made to realize how exactly each detail of the apparently harmless horn had a purpose, offensive or defensive, for which it was highly specialized.

Two bucks were having one of their periodical struggles for the mastery. They approached with noses to the ground, and after fencing for an opening, closed with a clash. As they thrust and parried, the purpose of the prong was clear. It served the Antelope exactly as does the guard on the bowie-knife or a sword, for countless thrusts that would have slipped up the horn and reached the head were caught with admirable adroitness in this fork.

And the inturned harmless looking points! I had to watch long before I saw how dangerous they might be when the right moment arrived. After several minutes of fencing one of the bucks got under his rival's guard, and making a sudden lunge, which the other failed to catch in the fork, he brought his inturned left point to bear on the unprotected throat of his opponent, who saved himself from injury by rearing quickly and throwing himself backward, though

it seemed to me that such a move could scarcely have foiled a dangerous thrust if they had been fighting a deadly duel.

I find further that in their fights the wild Antelope are usually struck in this way. Mr. McFadden tells me that he has seen two bucks badly ripped by a rival's horn; one in the throat, the other in the side of the neck close to the throat.

I recall a scene, the sequel of an Antelope duel on the Bighorn Basin many years ago, in which evidently the defeated buck took the most serious possible view of the situation.

It was in the October of 1898. I was riding across the Bighorn Basin (Wyoming) with Mrs. Seton and Mr. A. A. Anderson, when we noticed near the horizon some bright white specks. They were moving about, disappearing and showing again. Then two of them seemed to dart erratically over the plain, keeping always just so far apart. Soon these left the others and careered about like twin meteors, this way and that, then our way; at first in changing line, but later directly toward us.

Their wonderful speed soon ate up the intervening mile or two, and we now saw clearly that they were Antelope, one in pursuit of the other. High over their heads a Golden Eagle was sailing.

On they came; the half-mile shrank to a couple of hundred yards, and we saw that they were bucks, the hind one larger, dashing straight toward us still. As they yet neared we could see the smaller one making desperate efforts to avoid the savage lunges of the big one's horns, and barely maintaining the scant six feet that were between him and his foe.

We reined up to watch, for now it was clear that the smaller buck had been defeated in battle and was trying to save his life by flight. But his heaving flanks and gaping, dribbling mouth showed that he could not hold out much longer. Straight on he came toward us, the deadliest foes of his race, the ones he fears the most.

He was clearly between two deaths—which should he choose? He seemed not to hesitate—the two hundred yards shrank to one hundred, the hundred to fifty—then the pursuer slacked his speed. It would be folly to come farther. The fugitive kept on until he dashed right in among our startled horses. The Eagle alighted on the rock two hundred yards away.

The victorious buck veered off, shaking his sharp black horns and circling at a safe distance around our cavalcade to intercept his victim when he should come out the other side. But the victim did not come out. He felt he was saved, and he stayed with us. The other buck, seeing that he was baulked, gave up the attempt, and turning back, sailed across the plain till he became again a white speck that rejoined the other specks, no doubt the does that had caused the duel.

The vanquished buck with us stood for a time panting, with his tongue out, and showing every sign of dire distress. It would have been easy to lasso him, but none of us had any desire to do him harm. In a very short time he regained his wind, and having seen his foe away to a safe distance, he left our company and went off in the opposite direction. The Eagle realized now that he was mistaken in supposing that something was to be killed, and that there would be pickings for him. He rose in haste and soared to a safe distance.

This incident suggests a number of psychological problems, which will be hard to solve if we accept certain old-time theories of animal creation, but which will solve themselves if we admit that the Antelope is our fellow-creature, with feelings somewhat akin to our own. Had one of us been in the place of the vanquished buck, we should probably have done just as he did.

THE WAY OUT

By Lucia Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. J. PECK

THE greatest sense was of intolerable heat, withering as the breath of fire. The greatest sound was the monotonous wash of leaves in an uneasy wind. It came fitfully, in gasps, like the respiration of the mountain itself, troubling the trees of the grove on the canyon pitch, blanching whiter in its going the bleached grass of the clearing before the cabin. The whole mountain was clothed in haze, heavy blue along the western spurs, heavy brown toward the east. Under it was the agitation of leaves and the interminable song of the shrill-voiced creatures of the grass.

The scorching, palpitant, languid air kept the creatures of trees and earth quiescent. Not a squirrel stirred on the naked divides. Not a wing cut the foggy blue. Even the yellow pony before the door drooped his vicious head till the bridle trailed in the dust.

But the man who walked the drifted leaves under the towering, twisted oaks, or paced the clearing before the cabin in its flaming ring of poppies, moved and moved incessantly. Some agitation, some force within him, seemed to lift him above the limits of sensation. His great, loose-knitted body moved with a slouching swing, his big hands opened and shut with nervous contraction, or plunged fumbling in the pockets of his battered corduroy coat. He carried his shaggy head forward with a listening look. His eyes were now on the white curtain that covered the window looking on the grove, now with a vaguer anxiety they swept the semicircle of the sallow summit, sloping down to gray of chapparal, lower still to black of oaks, dim, all dancing together in the glistening mist. Then, with a keener, a concentrated attention, his look returned to the white window. It drew him like a magnet. His big, rude, indeterminate features were drawn in lines of tension unusual to that lax physiognomy. The vague color of his eyes was sharpened with a hot light like anger, or fear. Now he hesitated at the door, as if some insupportable suspense drew his hand toward the latch. Then he wheeled, sullen, dogged, submissive, and swung off over the deep leaf-drift of the grove.

The air bit hot to his lungs. He got it full in the face as he came to the edge of the grove, a sharp puff of wind with the sting of the furnace; then a hush, leaves stilled, air stagnant. He stood at the pitch of the road. It descended abruptly some twenty feet, then cut away, a gradually lifting white line, around the mountain, up the steep Frog Back, and over its naked vertebræ, a white glint on the sky. Here the watcher's eyes were fixed. Long eyes they were, set in long wrinkles that come from much sighting between hard sun and broken land. But the hand held out, palm westward, to feel a second gust was smooth and uncalloused—not a rancher's, hardly even a hunter's—an idle hand, but sensitive in every finger to the quality of the quivering air.

There was a pause, while the mountain held its uneasy breath. Then the white grass of the Frog Back blenched with rapid, rippled shadows, a wave of dust came flying down the road, and all the sighing branches of the grove bent westward.

The watcher glanced quickly, furtively, behind him. Had the gust stirred the white curtain, or had some hand? His great frame drew up tense as a spring. The door was opening. Two men came on to the porch. Their figures were just visible between the ragged yellow passion-vines. One, little and weather-worn, had already his grip on the pony's mane, his toe in the stirrup. He talked over his shoulder at the other, who mopped his face and nodded his answers. His back was toward the grove, but by the set of his shoulders and the spread of his feet, he seemed the aggressive, the controlling power.

The watcher in the grove came forward a couple of strides, hesitated. They did not see him. He stood, his eyes eating their gestures, his ears strained for the tones of the words he could not distinguish. The

rider went into the saddle with a taut swing. The dust of his going was in the eyes of the watcher. The man on the porch turned sharp on his heel, his hand on the door, and saw the other, lips fallen apart, leaning toward him from where he stood.

"O Nix!" he said, as if he had just remembered Nixon's existence. He came out of the porch, and across the clearing with his quick, nervous stride. His face, crimson with heat, beaded with perspiration, had a breathless, an almost foolish smile.

"Well?" Nixon muttered eagerly.

"Well—" the other was excited, almost strident; "it's all right! She'll pull through!"

"Oh, thank——" Nixon's voice seemed to catch in his throat. His breath went huskily. A muscle of his face drew convulsively. He turned his back, and stood fronting the canyon gulf.

Lessing struck a match with shaking hand, and for a moment pulled furiously on his pipe. "She's got to be kept awfully quiet," he gave out between clinched teeth.

Nixon swung round. "Who in the devil's going to make a noise?"

"You, for instance," Lessing chaffed him.

Nixon flushed guiltily. "Is she asleep?" he asked, with the humble tentativeness of a child.

"Just dropping off. Lord, *she* doesn't know how bad it's been!" Lessing shook himself as if shaking off the memory of what he had lived through. "Doctor says the fever's weakened her heart a bit, and any little start might send her off. We've got to be mighty careful!"

Nixon looked quickly at the Frog Back, abrupt against the sky, along the circle of mountain summits, behind him at his cabin, shipwrecked away on this far breaker of the mountain sea. "There's only one way out," he muttered distractedly.

"Eh?" said Lessing.

"It's a bad place for a woman to be sick in," Nixon said slowly.

"It's been pretty hard on you, old man," said Lessing.

"*Me!* Good Lord, think of her!" He looked toward the house, where the only unneglected thing was the curtain, white and delicate, that fluttered at the window. "If I could have *done* anything—anything."

"Why, yes, you have, Nix. What could a fellow do more?" Lessing reassured him, half impatient, half patronizing. "If I'd asked a man and a man's wife for a few days' shooting, and he'd plumped down with her sick and stayed a month, why I'd have kicked 'em out, that's all!" he ended with his nervous laugh. "You always did let a fellow down easy!"

"Don't be a fool," Nixon said irritably. "We're not let down yet."

Lessing's pipe stayed in his hand. "What d'ye mean?" he said sharply.

Nixon's face was painfully pulled out of its habitual calm. "I wish that damn fire was back in hell," he muttered.

"You old maid!" Lessing laughed out with relief. "You've been saying that for the last week. I believe you're afraid of it."

"I've been through 'em," Nixon gloomed. "I wish to Heaven I'd ploughed the Frog Back this spring! I was going to, but it was so hard! I wish I had! I don't like this, Less, I don't like it!"

"You ass!" Lessing leaned to get Nixon's point of view. The two faces, one deep marked with endeavor and success, the other empty of achievement as a child's, were close together. Lessing's cutting features, his close-set eyes, even in the midst of this space and distance, seemed staring down a narrow street. His glance sprang from object to object, as from face to face of a crowd. He took in exactly what his eye could cover. "There's nothing new," he said, in his keen, conclusive voice. "It's been like this for days."

"The wind's changed," said Nixon obstinately, "changed while you were in there with—with—while I was out here. I didn't notice at first—I was thinking of something else." The flush grew in his face. "It came over me just now, when you said *she* mustn't be disturbed."

A hot gust took the grove, and set them coughing. A shower of acorns rained upon them.

Lessing stared incredulously. "But that fire's not within twenty miles. It was dead east last night, for the valley canyon."

Nixon looked at the white curtain. "Is Chito in the house?"

"He's at her door. He'll hear if she stirs. But she's drowsy. She's going to sleep. She's mighty weak!" Lessing's voice went up and down. "O Nix," he broke out, his hand grasped Nixon's shoulder, "I can't realize it! You don't know how it seems to see her lying there—safe!"

Nixon shook off the hand. His face was twitching. "Lessing," he began, in a high, harsh voice, "Lessing!" Then his purpose seemed to falter with his faltering tone. "Come over to the Frog Back with me. We can see from there."

"What do you think's doing?" said Lessing, following through the grove, ducking under the sweeping boughs of the oaks.

"We'll know in a minute," Nixon flung short over his shoulder.

Lessing felt a vague anxiety, less from the fact of the fire than from Nixon's inexplicable mood. Nixon's apprehensions had always been so easily laid to sleep. This obstinacy disturbed Lessing. His eyes saw everything as usual. The cloud over the Frog Back, the intermittent wind, the smell of burning leaves, had been the same the day New Almaden burned, fifty miles away. But Nixon's comprehension took in not alone the Frog Back, but the whole summit, the varying colors of the haze, the smell of the earth, the quality of the wind. He drank in danger with all the senses of his body.

The sun through the dun mist looked purple and sickly. Beneath them the canyon hollow opened, asway in the palpable heat. The wind was fire to their lungs. The concave swing of the Frog Back held them away from the worst of it, but from the foot of the up-pitch they saw a lone tree torturing against the sky. The great abrupt hill itself seemed to blench, its white grass all ashiver. A short rod below the road rose the bald forehead of a boulder. Stuck like a great bead on the shoulder of the Frog Back, standing up on the naked divide like a watch-tower, it looked over the two canyons.

Just short of the summit they quitted the road, cutting downward, catacornered up the slippery ridge. Keeping cautiously on the windward side, feeling the wind in their hair, and snatching at their breath, they came up in the shadow of the granite monster into whose smooth sides shallow footholds had been worn.

"Hold fast," Nixon muttered, lifting himself, fingers clutching the rock. They heard a great, muffled sound like the wheezing, fighting breathing of a giant. They crawled out on the flat top of the rock, and the blast took them like a buffet in the face. Blinded, throttled, they gasped dust and smoke. They heard the tumult of trees battling the wind. From the boulder's edge they leaned into a tearing tumult of smoke and wind and dust. They made out vague colors; just before them the sweep of white grass into the canyon, beyond that, black of chapparal, confused, blurred in the wild veil of smoke, dizzily eddying, whirling up, rolling away, a sullen fiery fog over the low spurs into the western canyon.

Lessing was breathing short. "Good Lord," he muttered, "we can't see anything in this cursed kettle!"

To his eyes the smoke seemed pouring blindly from every side of the parched basin, but Nixon, a huge bulk, motionless in the riot, never swerved his gaze from the east flank of the mountain opposite.

"I see her!" he shouted. His long arm stabbed out through the smoke. "She's crawling 'round the east spur for the gulch."

Lessing peered under his curved palms. "Man, there's no *fire*."

"Going down hill—burning in a smother. You'll see when she breaks out!" Clinging like a limpet on the ledge, Nixon did not turn his head. His words came fragmentally to the other's ears.

"Rot!" said Lessing fiercely. "It's not even in this canyon. It's over in—— My God!" He clapped his hand on Nixon's arm as the red flared through the smoke. The cloud was sundered by a flaming triangle, opening, widening, shaking out into a rank of fire. A mighty way of sparks went winding skyward. Smoke poured up against the sun.

"Good God!" Lessing kept repeating. "Good God, that's not coming here!"

Flat on the rock-face, Nixon yelled against the wind: "It'll strike the Frog Back here in two—three hours, anyhow, unless the wind changes, and I don't think it will."

"Why strike up here?" Lessing screamed through the increasing uproar. "Why not down the creek, on, over across the west canyon? Then it would miss us clean."

"Can't," Nixon yelled back. He pointed where, from the boulder, straight down like the sharp spine of the Frog Back, went a great flat of rock, shield overlapping shield, into the throat of the canyon. "Can't cross rock!" His finger travelled straight on, up the western spur of the mountain opposite, that ran out to meet the foot of the Frog Back, making the gate between the canyons. "Redwoods to the creek. Fire can't get through 'em. This divide"—his hand waved

over the sea of grass between the rock and chapparal—"is just a chimney."

"Then—then——" Lessing stammered. His brain, his senses, just recoiled from one threatened disaster, reached slowly to the new one. He got to his knees in frantic agitation. "It's the only way out! We've got to get her out! We've hardly time to——"

Nixon seized him and dragged him back, already half-way down the rock. "We can't take her out! It would kill her!" He was aghast at Lessing's panic.

"I know, it *might*," Lessing rushed wildly on, "but to stay here—if she knew she was in the middle of this, that would be sure!"

Nixon looked up at the sky, thick with flying leaves; heard beneath, like the sound of surf, the wind in the redwoods. "She mustn't know!" His lips were at Lessing's ear.

"How can she help it? Listen to it!"

"*We* can," said Nixon doggedly. Lessing's fear seemed to give him resolve. "Cabin's back from the worst of this. *She* won't notice much. We can keep the fire below the road."

"But if we can't we're gone!" Lessing's darting eye foresaw every possibility. "We've got to get Clara out before this gets any nearer. We can't take the chance."

"You can't *move* her!" Nixon shouted. "That's the worst chance you can take! Remember what the doctor said!" Lessing's face blanched; he faltered. Nixon's resolve was gathering headway. "We can keep her from knowing, and keep the road open, too, so if, at the last——"

"But what can we tell her?" Lessing expostulated.

"Lie! Anything! Say we're burning rubbish in the gulch." Nixon peered through the wallow of smoke where swart desolation, toppling trees, and dying embers gloomed in the wake of the fire that crept, smouldering, downward through the brush. "It'll strike the creek inside of two hours!" he muttered. "We've got to do everything first."

He let himself back over the smooth surface of the boulder, dropping light as a great cat. His eyes were all alive. His big flaming face set like stone.

"We need more hands," he said. "I'll send Chito down to Beck's. They won't get wind of this in the valley canyon. They can get up here within an hour."

"But what about Clara? We can't leave her alone!" Lessing panted, as, with laboring backs, they climbed the twisting trail. His nerve had shattered with the burst of fire through the smoke, but his habit of command combatted Nixon at every point.

"You'll have to stay with her until Chito gets back." Nixon's long gait was almost a trot. The driving wind scorched their backs. The ocean of leaves rolling in the canyon pit was lashed to frenzy. Before them they saw the long green "runners" of the hill vineyard waving like tentacles on the white grass of the divide below the oaks. The house itself, as they came through the grove, looked scorched in the malignant glow of the sky. The little circle of poppy beds shuddered around it like a wreath of flame. Lessing was pale under his perspiration. His hand shook on the door-latch.

"Brace up!" Nixon muttered fearfully. "We've got to fool her. Be natural!"

"Natural! My God, if she were your wife——"

"Well, she's not!" said Nixon, with a sudden snarl. He pushed open the door. He walked flat-footed, with a light, wary tread. Lessing followed on tiptoe.

The low, little living-room, littered with boots, saddles, guns, cartridges, with fast-closed doors and windows, shutting in odors of leather, rubber, powder, was suffocating. But there was an inner door. Beside it, squatted on his heels, back against the wall, was a yellow-faced Mexican boy, elbows on knees, slit eyes staring unwinking. Nixon stepped aside while Lessing opened the door a crack, then wider, and went in, holding it open for Nixon to pass through. Nixon stepped over the threshold carefully, as if he feared to jar some delicate thing to bits. The room, quiet, smelling of iodoform, was white-curtained where it fronted the grove, but the window overlooking the orchard toward the black fringe of firs had a thin piece of wet muslin tacked over it, that moved softly in and out with the air, and showed faint outlines, like ghosts of trees, moving on its surface.

Nixon looked only at the bed. Lessing's wife had never appeared to him so potent of personality, so mysterious of charm as now, shorn of vitality, color, motion, variety of expression, wasted sharp in the ebb of her fever. With all exterior charm sucked away, the one too deep for anything but death to take, herself, shone upon him more clearly. Her face, thin, sharp as a

quarter moon in the wreath of her reddish hair, was turned toward the window. Her eyes were as vague, as remote, as the shadows that played across the wet blind.

The two men leaned above her. She seemed somehow floated away from them. They could not touch her. Lessing took up her hand, and it hung from his grasp like a dead leaf; but she smiled at him, at Nixon, towering above her, and her face reflected life.

"Where have you boys been so long?"

Lessing stooped low to catch the words.

"Oh, down the gulch clearing land."

His smile was fixed, nervous. Some change, like the shadow of a query, came into her dreaming face, as she looked at him.

"Are you going away again?" Her hand, feeble, prehensile as an infant's, attached itself to the edge of his corduroy coat.

"Well, you won't want a body-guard exactly, now you're so awfully convalescent," said Lessing, mopping his face with a hand that shook. His voice sounded loud and uncertain. Again the ripple of perplexity disturbed her face—a fretful inability to grasp what was strange.

"I'll tell you what, Mrs. Lessing," said Nixon, "Phil's bound to burn the rubbish this afternoon, and I think I'll let him have the job. I'm going to loaf, if you'll let me." He slouched down on the window bench. His big, soft voice filled the room with its easy cadence. She gave him a fleeting, involuntary smile, but her eyes went back to Lessing's face, and stayed.

"Is anything—wrong?" she whispered.

"Wrong? Good Lord, no!" Lessing blustered. He did not meet her look.

"I want you to stay," she murmured. "It's too *hot!*" Her head rolled restlessly on the pillow. A faint flush grew in her face.

Nixon's calm front interposed between her eyes and Lessing. Nixon's great bulk completely obliterated the other man.

"Won't I do for half an hour?" he wheedled.

She looked up, seemed to lose irritation in the blandishing of his big face. "Will he come back then?"

"Of course. It'll only take a minute to fire that rubbish. Then we'll make him sleep." He turned to Lessing. Lessing was staring at him, confounded by this new, inexplicable authority. "You'll want the rakes for that job, old man. I'll look 'em up," Nixon said. He slouched through the door with his habitual deliberation, but on the other side of it he shook Lessing by the arm. "Don't give it dead away!" he muttered.

Lessing turned on him. "We can't do it," he said, in a fierce whisper. "She suspects something already. If it's like this with the fire the other side of the creek, what will it be on the Frog Back? I'm going to hitch up."

"No!" said Nixon.

"She's my wife," said Lessing, with a dry voice and a thrusting jaw.

"That doesn't give you a right to kill her."

Lessing's face pinched and darkened. His empty hands closed convulsively. Nixon stood in front of the door, as if blocking it impartially to Lessing, to the fire. "We've got to see this thing through together," he said significantly. "*You* can't stay with her. You'll give it away. You've got to go out there with Chito. Ever fight fire?"

"Everything *but* that," said Lessing grimly.

"Good Lord!" Nixon thrust his hair back from his forehead, looked around distractedly. "Well, there's nothing else for it; but you'll *have* to take Chito with you. You, Chito!" he called. The Mexican jumped to his word. The three plunged out into a burst of wind and a dance of dry leaves.

A draught, as of a furnace, breathed gustily in the cracks of the dug-out cellar, where they found spades and axes. The pale haze was swallowed in a copper cloud, prying dark above the Frog Back, spreading a sinister shadow wider and lower above their heads. Nixon's eye measured the distance and volume of it. "You haven't much outside an hour and a half before that hits the creek," he declared. "You'll have to work for it." He walked with them to the edge of the grove, talking quickly, chopping his words short, helping them out with the quick, speaking gestures of his long arms.

"What you'll do 'll be to back-fire on the windward side of the creek. You can't stop it there, but you'll break the force of it. Then—know that grass divide below the road? Just below the Frog Back? Trench there, from the rock to the chapparal, wide as you can."

"The road," Lessing groaned. "I can't stand it's getting so near! Why not trench at the creek, and stop it there?"

"Can't," said Nixon. "Too much head-

way. It'll jump. Twenty men couldn't stop it the way it's going now. It's the only chance." He stopped at the edge of the grove.

Lessing looked up at him sullenly.

"If anything happens to *her*, I tell you, Nix——"

"I'll take care of *her*," said Nixon curtly. "I'll get her quiet, asleep. Then I'll come out—you'll go back. Understand? Now *go!*" They exchanged a look, bitter friends! Then Lessing, Chito at his heels, tramped away up the road, leaning into the wind, and Nixon ran lunging down the steep little pitch toward the corral.

Ordinarily, it took two of them to run out the heavy spring wagon, but now, Nixon, wrestling mightily, had it out single-handed, and, with caressing curses, pursued and caught the shivering horses, already scenting danger, snapping at the hands that slung harness on their backs. He worked with a swiftness, a dexterity incredible in such lumbering limbs, so long used to indolence. He made the team fast to the corral fence with a chain. Then he ran up to the side porch, where, under the spread of a lone oak, the water-barrels stood. Chito had hauled them full from the spring that morning. Nixon screwed the nozzle of the dilapidated hose to the nearest, and drenched the roof of the cabin and the clearing around it. A fringe of water ran from the eaves. The tinder-dry leaves of the grove were glistening. The dust was black. The dripping circle in which the house stood steamed, an island of moisture in a sea of burning air.

Cautiously he opened the cabin door, and quickly shut it after him, lest the breath of burning should possess the whole house. He needed blankets and mattresses for the wagon, and these were in the press in Clara Lessing's room. At the inner door he listened a moment. There was not a movement, a whisper. He prayed she might be asleep. He pushed the door a little wider, and at the sight of reddish hair, half buried in the pillow, hesitated. His knees gave. The dreadful risk he had taken! The power of the wind outside! The weakness of the hand lying on the quilt! But in the room the smell of iodoform prevailed, and it was quiet. A soft sound of falling drops was all he heard.

He stood looking at her, with such a passion of tenderness, of solicitude as half erased the loose, lax lines of his face, magnified suddenly in strength and resolution. She lay as still as sleep. He breathed out relief. He moved forward a cautious step, and her large eyes opened on him with a a query. He stooped to the bed.

"What ails Phil?" The ripple of expression on her face was a ghost of anxiety.

"Phil?" he smiled. "Well, Chito got stupid about something. It takes mighty little to set a man on edge this weather."

Her brows drew up, distressfully. Her head rolled on the pillow. "It's so hot!" she sighed. The deep peace of that first look she had given them had disappeared. Nixon was less afraid of fire than of that faint flush in her wasted cheeks. He reached from the wall a fan of white owl's wings, and waved it in slow sweeps above her. Her eyes followed the hypnotic movement. "It's raining!" she murmured. He listened, and heard the soft sound of water dripping from the eaves. Her eyes were closing. His look went to the walnut press fronting him, filling one wall of the room.

Then the muslin blind, that for a few moments had hung motionless, fluttered suddenly back and forth, back and forth, like a palpitated heart. There came a sigh from the firs that fringed the orchard, a shudder, a sharp cracking of timbers as the wind struck the house, the long, biting sting beating through walls and windows. Her eyes sprang wide. The color sharpened in her cheeks.

"Only the wind. It's brutal bad to-day," said Nixon softly. He looked anxiously at the window. "I'll make you a better shutter," he said. He felt her eyes upon him as he crossed the room. They seemed to pierce through and through him, and he broke out in sweat at the thought that she had seen through it all from the first. He swept out of the press quilts, blankets, and a few old sheets, filled his arms with a mattress, and turned to see her looking at his burden with the querulous curiosity of the sick.

"What's that for?" she whispered.

He ran his arm over his dripping forehead. "Why—Less and I have been sleeping on the floor for two weeks."

Her lips shaped, "You poor dears!"

"Oh," he laughed out from his inward relief, "we've got to civilize quick, before you walk out here and see how savage we've been!" He dragged the mass of bedding

through the door, closed it hastily after him. He thought, Thank God, the inner room had been made so tight, for here the bitter smell of burning leaves breathed through every crack and chink.

With frantic haste he rolled blankets and mattress together, ready at a moment's notice for the wagon, flung over them her cloak and veil, gathered up guns, powder, boxes and belts of cartridges. Whiskey and camphor he thrust into his pockets. What else? He heard the grove groaning, the vines shivering, lashing the windows. He felt that time was rushing by him; that the fire was outstripping him. The fire! Was there time for two men to do anything? And if not, the road out! Would Lessing, so used to command, obey Chito? If he did not, could they hold the fire below the road for even an hour? He felt he could not wait—that he must be there himself, instantly. But first the house—it was as frail as the life it protected! He barricaded it, drenched blankets over door and windows and covered the inner door with a drenched sheet. A second, folded four, he fastened over the orchard window, obliterating the tossing shadows. Clara Lessing watched him with drowsy attention. His big hands with hammer and nails were awkward as a woman's. Her face showed a dim return of an old whimsical smile. Her lips moved softly. "You dear old good-for-nothing!"

Tears sprang to his eyes. That she should be fond of him for the very reason others despised him!

"There's just one thing I'm good for," he said, sitting down on the edge of the bed; "to take care of you." Her hand lay on the quilt, brittle, unreal as a form of wax. Delicately he took it into his own great palm to clinch her attention.

She looked at him seriously. "Have I been very ill?"

"Pretty much," he assented; "and now you're safe."

She smiled up wisely, like a child. "You keep us safe, don't you, us women?"

It came to him, oddly in such a moment, that she had married very young. He leaned a little closer, his face grown suddenly stern, austere. "Yes, we keep you safe!" he nodded to her.

The walls palpitated in a bitter gust. No sheeted windows could stifle it. The house quivered. Her eyes dilated. "What was that?"

"Only the wind." His own eyes were steadily, quietly upon her, but his heart seemed to drop inches in his body.

"It smells of—burning!"

A chill went over him. "Don't you remember, Phil's burning brush?" He said it calmly, but he expected she would tell him he lied. He leaned above her, paralyzed to calmness, and saw the alarm go slowly out of her face. Her mouth smiled.

"Why—I forgot. How silly—" her lids relaxed. "You told me—" her voice lost itself a moment. He held his breath. "Phil works too hard," she murmured. "Take care of him—don't let him——" Her eyes closed. The cloth and paper of the walls shook. She sighed lightly, but did not stir. He watched, appalled by the miracle of trust. He felt the slight burden of her hand in his grow heavier by a feather's weight. Her undisturbed breath came and went softly, regularly. Her hand did not even hold him. It lay lax. Could he put it down without seeing her large eyes unclose with their wondering question? Fearfully, carefully, he unclosed his fingers from about hers; drew away his hand. Her's lay like a white flower. She stirred, nestling her head in the pillow—lay still.

He stood up. His eyes were upon her as if they could never leave her. His ears strained for sounds outside. They reached him in a conglomerate, dull roaring, the challenge of a beast whose breath went, fiery, through the house.

Nixon moved noiselessly toward the door. Could she sleep in such a riot? If she should waken when the door closed and lie there calling him in that weak whisper a man must stoop his head to hear! No, she should not! She should sleep, because he had told her to sleep!

All the tumult without shouted aloud for him. He opened the outer door. The miracle was that the cabin had shut out so much. The sky was veiled with low-flying smoke shot with sparks. Blazing branches were falling like fiery arrows through the shuddering orchard trees. The boughs of the oaks groaned and labored. The saplings doubled to the earth in the tearing wind. Dust whirled up to meet the smoke, and, as through a veil, Nixon saw a man rise the embankment from the road. Nixon



"I see her!" he shouted.—Page 52.

shouted. The wind thrust the words back down his throat. The next moment Chito fell upon him, yelling in Mexican. Nixon shook him articulate.

"The fire come too queek! We make cut in the canyon—no tam make cut at the road! He come too queek!" His arms swept with frantic gesticulation.

"You haven't trenched the road?" Nixon shouted.

"No, no, no!"

Nixon's mind had no reflections. It acted, like his body, on the instant. He pointed behind him. "Put a horse to the plough, and one under saddle, and bring 'em out there. *Sabe?*"

"*Si, si, si!*"

"Mrs. Lessing's asleep!" He shook his fist in the boy's face. "Wake her, and I'll kill you!"

He plunged into the tortured grove, stumbling, catching his feet in roots half buried in leaves. Once in the road he ran straight and fleetly. He kept his head low to the wind. He was rushing into the face of it, while everything else was fleeing before it; leaves, sparks, and fiery brands thickening the air, creatures darting across his path, gliding under his feet. Before him the Frog Back showed swart on a scarlet sky. On the sharp up-pitch, for a moment out of the wind, he caught breath. Over the Frog Back he came again into the scorching blast. Below him the canyon strangled in smoke. Opposite the flank of the mountain showed black ruin in the wake of the fire. Checked on the east by the redwood's wet, impregnable, resinous green, crowded into a narrow swathe, it had concentrated fury. It had taken the tall trees in its course. The creek could never stop it! The divide dropped away steeply from where he stood. The sea of yellow grass bore not a scar, not the first stroke of the trench. "Where was Lessing?" The blood flew to Nixon's eyes. This stupidity was murder! He started down, sliding on the grass, tearing and plunging through the bushes. Just above the green tangle at the creek bed he saw Lessing, laboring like a blackamoor. "Nix!" he cried anxiously.

"What are you doing here?" Nixon choked out through his rage.

"We've cleared twenty feet across the creek down to the red woods," Lessing panted. "We can stop it here. We can beat it out where it jumps across."

"Good God, you can't! We can't stop it here! It'll get away, and if you're above a fire when it starts up you're dead! The road, the *road*, I told you!" His voice steadied, grew keener. "Come on! We haven't a moment." Through the smoke he loomed



Lessing clung like a bull-dog.—Page 59.

large, commandingly. Lessing followed like a soldier. Nixon, leading, swung himself up, hand over hand, from bush to bush. It was clear in his mind that when the fire leaped the creek and smoked through the green tangle at the foot of the divide it would take ten minutes to the top.

They climbed over the edge of the road where Chito wrestled with two frantic horses, the one he rode, the one he led. The plough

clanged at the roan's heels, a ringing, metallic sound, like a gong, in the tumult of wind and fire. Nixon took the bits.

"Hey, hey," he growled comfortingly to the frantic brute, kicking, snapping, nostrils quivering, wild eyes starting from his head. The man, huge, dominant, stood steady in the midst of the strain and stress.

"Chito," he spoke to the Mexican, "go down to Beck's, get some men—*proudo! Sabe?*"

The boy wheeled short, and was away, bent to his horse's neck, spurring like a madman.

"We've got to run the furrow from the rock to the chapparal," Nixon shouted, pointing with his long arm.

"*Plough!*" Lessing looked aghast down the terrific hill pitch. "You *can't!* You're crazy!"

"Got to," said Nixon, urging the plunging roan over the road edge. "Take the brute! Hold hard, or he'll bolt for it. Keep him up, *up*, close to the road! That's right!" He seized the handles of the plough.

Lessing, lifted half off his feet for an instant, clung like a bull-dog. Now dragging at the bits, now running furiously to keep up, leaning away from the canyon for balance, he desperately held his footing on the road edge. One false step over it would have pitched them into the pit of fire. Nixon, sliding, slipping on the glassy grass, hanging to the handles of the plough followed his drunken furrow. His huge voice went ringing forward, ordering, encouraging the contending man and horse.

"Sharp at the chapparal—turn sharp! before he knows it! *Now* let him out! Steady!" Back they went, tottering above destruction like maniacs, but all working together. The roan lunged straight into the collar; the plough sagged and slipped and bit deep. The men tugged, drove, labored, sweating, keeping up. Sparks showered faster in the grass, in the furrows, as they toiled farther, farther below the road. The trench widened above them, the oven beneath grew nearer and hotter. The water ran from their eyes. The ground stung under their feet. Their faces charred in the wind. It was almost impossible to see, but Nixon kept peering up at the faint, white streak of the road-bed above them and downward where the smoke was bursting thicker, thicker, threatening every instant to shake out flame. They must make it twenty feet, and back-fire. They must do that, or else—he couldn't put the alternative.

They were in the middle of a furrow when he yelled to Lessing, and the black canyon burst into horrible flower. A wave of flame, impregnable, unquenchable, roared down to the creek bed. To Lessing the whole canyon was on fire with a flame that could swallow a mountain. He heard Nixon shouting at him. He saw living flames spinning skyward in a whirl of smoke, saw a fearful glare flashed back from the rocks, and still the tangle of green on the near side of the creek stood unscathed. A cry broke from his throat. "We've held it! We've held it!"

"To the end of the furrow!" Nixon shouted.

Already the fire was breaking like a flood overflowing a dam. Streams of yellow were flowing out into the green hedge. Smoke poured up, a thick, oily smudge. They were stifling, were strangling in it. Now it lifted. Spurts of yellow shot through. The roan came abreast the chapparal. Nixon ran to his head. "Take him up to the road," he said briefly. He turned, took a stride downward.

"Where are you going?" Lessing held to his arm.

Nixon tried to shake him off. "Go on, go on!" he shouted. There was command, there was menace in him, but Lessing gripped his arm. He had remembered Nixon's words: "If you're above a fire when it starts up you're dead!"

A mountain lion yelled from the pot of the canyon. It was a scream like a woman's death agony. The men sprang apart, Lessing gray to the lips. "Go up! Go up!" cried Nixon hoarsely. Stooping low for breathing, he ran downward to the belt of bushes. Out of the tangle came a hissing, purring, sputtering, like a great fuse burning out. Striking matches, flinging them here and there in the white grass, he started upward.

Flirts of yellow flame sprang up in his wake, eager little tongues lapping the tinder-dry grass, widening into pools of fire, spilling and spreading. He kept his eyes on the dark line of the last furrow above him. It drew nearer very slowly, and the smoke was shutting in around him. He was choking. His lungs were closing. Then suddenly the oppression seemed to lift, to lighten. As if a furnace door had opened on his back a wave of heat turned his skin to paper.



Stood staring embarrassedly at Lessing's heaving shoulders.—Page 61.

He ran. He smelled singeing hair and scorching cloth. He heard a voice above him shouting, shouting. He saw the white line of the road high above him, but the heat was all around him, in front of him, snatching at him. His lungs were on fire. He was falling over broken earth, like black fire. The white edge of the road came dipping down to meet him. He fell across it into the dust.

Someone was beating him, rolling him over, choking him with dust. He rose to

his knees. He saw Lessing, a white face smeared with black, knew Lessing was speaking, but could not understand what he was saying. He stared into the canyon. Beyond the trench he saw a shallow flow of quivering white, with red and violet flashes, and up the divide, racing to meet it, a wall of yellow, a flood of fire, a bloody glare flung back from earth and sky. The black bushes melted away into it; like a magic, the blazing wave plunged into the shelving fiery flow, and there was only fire, leaping up higher, higher, billowing, heaving like a flood-tide off a breakwater. The two men in the road were within the writhing shadow of it. It rose up before them, swaying, swinging, like a charming serpent, reaching out for them across the furrowed land. And they lay, gasping at it, inert, helpless before it as if the world itself were on fire.

Then, suddenly, to the east, where the furrow left the chapparal open, flames went flying off into the bush in mad spirals.

Staggering like a drunken man, Nixon got to his feet. "Beat it out, beat it out!" he cried, tearing at the thick green branches of the hazel bushes.

Like an echo a voice came up the road to them. "Beat it out, beat it out!" They saw men on horseback. Two were stopping, jumping down, running into the bushes, stamping on the flames. One came on. His voice rumbled before him.

"My Gawd, boys!" He looked at the fire; behind it charred earth, dying flames, and torturing embers, before it that wild furrow. He looked at Lessing, at Nixon, singed, ragged, clothes half burned from his body, and a great laugh rumbled up out of his chest. "So ye stopped it, ye *stopped* it! Well, damn my eyes, boys"—his hand clapped down on Nixon's shoulder—"I thought it 'ud ha took the mounting!"

"*Stopped* it!" croaked Lessing, glaring at the chuckling giant, at the fire; then, as if it suddenly came home to him, he clapped his hands to his face and sobbed. The other two men came up, and stood staring embarrassedly at Lessing's heaving shoulders.

"My Gawd, don't ye know it?" the mountaineer Beck shouted in amazement. "Don't ye *know* it?" he repeated, shaking Nixon by the shoulder. "How in blazes did ye do it?"

Nixon raised his head that had sunk between his laboring shoulders, stared vaguely at his own naked, great arms, fierce-scarred with fire, at Lessing, shaking, sobbing; then pointed toward the Frog Back. "His wife is sick—over there," he said simply.

"Gawd!" The mountaineer turned with a growl to his fellows. "*His* wife is sick over there—so they stopped it," he muttered, explaining.

The men looked at each other with understanding, with savage embarrassment, with half-articulate mutters. "Gol'darned poor cuss!" A whiskey flask was thrust at Lessing. He drank feverishly, the tears running down his cheeks.

Nixon passed his arm across his forehead.

"She'll wake!" he said fiercely round at all of them. "She'll wake!" he said straight at Lessing, and started off up the grade. He went like a sleep-walker, looking neither right nor left, walking in the middle of the road. On either side trees and bushes were gasping, shrivelling. Sparks were dropping and smoking. The sky flung a red glow down the white cut in front of him. At the foot of the road where it rose into the oaks Lessing caught up with him. The grove looked ghastly, blasted as by some monstrous breath, the poppies wrung to ribbons, beaten flat. The house, with vines torn away and roof faintly smoking, seemed blackened, as if some wind of flames had flown over it.

A smoking branch fell in front of Nixon, and he trod over it, with half-naked feet, unfeeling, and went on into the house.

At the threshold of the inner door he stopped. He stood, hesitating, confused, fearful, like a man wakening from dreadful dreams. He stepped aside, but his gesture to Lessing still had command in it. Lessing opened the door.

Black and red they stood on the threshold of the white, breathless room. A corner of the white blind was torn loose, and dry leaves sifted in across the bed where Clara Lessing lay, curled like a child, breathing regularly, lightly, her chin hidden in her hair.

A strange, choked sound, a sob, a laugh came out of Nixon's throat. She stirred, turned, stretching out a little. Nixon shrank back, but Lessing leaned over her. Her eyes unclosed on him, looked up, lost in his. She saw only Lessing. Her lips moved. He stooped his head to hers.

Nixon's great shadow drooped across him as Lessing raised his quivering face.

"She dreamed the bed burned under her."

THE TIDES OF BARNEGAT

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

XIX

THE UNDERTOW

A SECOND letter arrived and was handed to the captain by Tod, now regularly installed as postman. It was in answer to one of Captain Holt's which he had directed to the expected steamer and which had met the exile on his arrival. It was dated "Amboy," began "My dear father," and was signed "Your affectionate son, Barton."

This second letter conveyed the welcome intelligence—welcome to the father—that the writer would be detained a few days in Amboy inspecting the new machinery, after which he would take passage for Barnegat by the *Polly Walters*, Farguson's weekly packet. Then these lines followed: "It will be the happiest day of my life when I can come into the inlet at high tide and see my home in the distance."

Again the captain sought Jane.

She was still at the hospital, nursing some shipwrecked men—three with internal injuries—who had been brought in from Forked River Station, the crew having rescued them the week before. Two of the regular attendants were worn out with the constant nursing, and so Jane continued her vigils.

She had kept at her work with the bravery and patience of a soldier on the firing line—turning neither to the right nor to the left, doing her duty as she found it, knowing that any moment some stray bullet might end her usefulness. She would not dodge, nor would she cower; the danger was no greater than others she had faced, and no precaution, she knew, could save her. Her lips were still sealed, and would be to the end; some tongue other than her own must betray her sister and her trust. In the meantime she would wait and bear bravely whatever was sent to her.

Jane was alone when the captain entered, the doctor having left the room to begin his morning inspection. She was in her gray-cotton nursing dress, her head bound about with a white kerchief. The pathos of her face and the limp, tired movement of her figure would have been instantly apparent to a man less absorbed in his own affairs than the captain.

"He'll be here to-morrow or next day!" he cried, the same light in his eyes and the same bouyant tone in his voice, as he advanced to where she sat at her desk in the doctor's office, his ruddy face aglow with his walk from the station.

"You have another letter then?" she said in a resigned tone, as if she had expected it and was prepared to meet its consequences. In her suffering she had even forgotten her customary welcome of him—for whatever his attitude and however gruff he might be, she always remembered the warmth of the heart beneath.

"Yes, from Amboy," panted the captain, out of breath with his quick walk, dragging a chair beside Jane's desk as he spoke. "He got mine when the steamer come in. He's goin' to take the packet so he kin bring his things—got a lot o' them, he says. And he loves the old home too—he says so—you kin read it for yourself." As he spoke he unbuttoned his jacket, and taking Bart's letter from its inside pocket, laid his finger on the paragraph and held it before her face.

"Have you talked about it to anybody?" she asked calmly; she hardly glanced at the letter.

"Only to the men; but it's all over Barnegat. A thing like that's nothin' but a cask o' oil overboard and the bung out—runs everywhere—no use tryin' to stop it." He was in a chair now, his arms on the edge of the desk.

"But you've said nothing to anybody about Archie and Lucy, and what Bart intends to do when he comes, have you?" she inquired in some alarm.

"Not a word, and won't till ye see him. She's more your sister than she is his wife, and you got most to say 'bout Archie, and should. You been everything to him. When you've got through I'll take a hand, but not before." The captain always spoke the truth, and meant it; his word settled at once any anxieties she might have had on that score.

"What have you decided to do?" She was not looking at him as she spoke; she was toying with a penholder that lay before her on the desk, apparently intent on its construction.

"I'm goin' to meet him at Farguson's ship-yard when the *Polly* comes in," rejoined the captain in a positive tone, as if his mind had long since been made up regarding details, and he was reciting them for her guidance—"and take him straight to my house, and then come for you. You kin have it out together. Only one thing, Miss Jane"—here his voice changed and something of his old quarter-deck manner showed itself in his face and gestures—"if he's laid his course and wants to keep hold of the tiller I ain't goin' to block his way and he shall make his harbor, don't make no difference who or what gits in the channel. Ain't neither of us entitled to extry pay for the way we've run this thing. You've got Lucy ashore flounderin' 'round in the fog, and I had no business to send him off without grub or compass. If he wants to steer now he'll *steer*. I don't want you to make no mistake 'bout this, and you'll excuse me if I put it plain."

Jane put her hand to her head and looked out of the window toward the sea. All her life seemed to be narrowing to one small converging path which grew smaller and smaller as she looked down its perspective.

"I understand, captain," she sighed. All the fight of the week before was out of her; she was like one limping across a battle-field, shield and spear gone, the roads unknown.

The door opened and the doctor entered. His quick, sensitive eye instantly caught the look of despair on Jane's face and the air of determination on the captain's. What had happened he did not know, but something to hurt Jane; of that he was positive. He stepped quickly past the captain without accosting him, rested his hand on Jane's shoulder, and said in a tender, pleading tone:

"You are tired and worn out; get your cloak and hat and I'll drive you home." Then he turned to the captain: "Miss Jane's been up for three nights. I hope you haven't been worrying her with anything you could have spared her from—at least until she got rested," and he frowned at the captain.

"No, I ain't and wouldn't. I been a-tellin' her of Bart's comin' home. That ain't nothin' to worry over—that's something to be glad of. You heard about it, of course?"

"Yes, Morgan told me. Twenty years will make a great difference in Bart. It must have been a great surprise to you, captain."

Both Jane and the captain tried to read the doctor's face, and both failed. Doctor John might have been commenting on the weather or some equally unimportant topic, so light and casual was his tone.

He turned to Jane again:

"Come, dear—please," he begged. It was only when he was anxious about her physical condition or over some mental trouble that engrossed her that he spoke thus. The words lay always on the tip of his tongue, but he never let them fall unless someone was present to overhear.

"You are wrong, John," she answered, bridling her shoulders as if to reassure him. "I am not tired—I have a little headache, that's all," and she smoothed her hair from her temples with both hands—a favorite gesture when her brain fluttered against her skull like a caged pigeon. "I will go home, but not now—this afternoon, perhaps. Come for me then, please," and she looked up into his face with a grateful expression.

The captain picked up his cap and rose from his seat. One of his dreams was the marriage of these two. Episodes like this only showed him the clearer what lay in their hearts. The doctor's anxiety and Jane's struggle to bear her burdens outside of his touch and help only confirmed the old sea-dog in his determination. When Bart had his way all this would cease, he said to himself.

"I'll be goin' along," he said, looking from one to the other and putting on his cap. "See you later, Miss Jane. Morgan's back ag'in to work, thanks to you, doctor. That was a pretty bad sprain he had—he's all right now, though; went on practice yes-

terday. I'm glad of it—equinox is comin' on and we can't spare a man, or half a one, these days. May be blowin' a livin' gale 'fore the week's out. Good-by, Miss Jane; good-by, doctor," and he shut the door behind him.

With the closing of the door the sound of wheels was heard—a crisp, crunching sound—and then the stamping of horses' feet. Max Feilding's drag, drawn by the two grays and attended by the diminutive Bones, had driven up and now stood beside the stone steps of the front door of the hospital. The coats of the horses shone like satin and every hub and plate glistened in the sunshine. On the seat, the reins in one pretty gloved hand, a gold-mounted whip in the other, sat Lucy. She was dressed in her smartest driving toilette—a short yellow-gray jacket fastened with big pearl buttons and a hat bound about with the breast of a tropical bird. Her eyes were dancing, her cheeks like ripe peaches with all the bloom that belonged to them left on, and something more, and her mouth all curves and dimples.

When the doctor reached her side—he had heard the sound of the wheels, and looking through the window had caught sight of the drag—she had risen from her perch and was about to spring clear of the equipage without waiting for the helping hand of either Bones or himself. She was still a girl in her suppleness.

"No, wait until I can give you my hand," he said, hurrying toward her.

"No—I don't want your hand, Sir Esculapius. Get out of the way, please—I'm going to jump! There—wasn't that lovely?" and she landed beside him. "Where's sister? I've been all the way to Yardley, and Martha tells me she has been here almost all the week. Oh, what a dreadful, gloomy-looking place! How many people have you got here anyhow, cooped up in this awful—. Why, it's like an almshouse," and she looked about her. "Where did you say sister was?"

"I'll go and call her," interpolated the doctor when he could get a chance to speak.

"No, you won't do anything of the kind; I'll go myself. You've had her all the week, and now it's my turn."

Jane had by this time closed the lid of her desk, had moved out into the hall, and now stood on the top step of the entrance awaiting Lucy's ascent. In her gray gown, simple head-dress, and sad, half-smiling face, the whole framed in the doorway and its connecting background of dull stone, she looked like one of Correggio's Madonnas illumining some old cloister wall.

"Oh, you dear, *dear* Jane!" Lucy cried, running up the short steps to meet her. "I'm so glad I've found you; I was afraid you were tying up somebody's broken head or rocking a red-flannelled baby," and she put her arms around Jane's neck and kissed her rapturously.

"Where can we talk? Oh, I've got such a lot of things to tell you! You needn't come, you dear, good doctor. Please take yourself off, sir—this way, and out the gate, and don't you dare come back until I'm gone."

My Lady of Paris was very happy this morning; bubbling over with merriment—a condition that set the doctor to thinking. Indeed, he had been thinking most intently about my lady ever since he had heard of Bart's resurrection. He had also been thinking of Jane and Archie. These last thoughts tightened his throat; they had also kept him awake the past few nights.

The doctor bowed with one of his Sir Roger bows, lifted his hat first to Jane in all dignity and reverence, and then to Lucy with a great flourish—keeping up outwardly the gayety of the occasion and seconding her play of humor—walked to the shed where his horse was tied and drove off. He knew these moods of Lucy's; knew they were generally assumed and that they always concealed some purpose—one which neither a frown nor a cutting word nor an outbreak of temper would accomplish; but that fact never disturbed him. Then, again, he was never anything but courteous to her—always remembering Jane's sacrifice and her pride in her.

"And now, you dear, let us go somewhere where we can be quiet," she cried, slipping her arm around Jane's slender waist and moving toward the hall.

With the entering of the bare room lined with bottles and cases of instruments Lucy's enthusiasm began to cool. Up to this time she had done all the talking. Was Jane tired out nursing? she asked herself; or did she still feel hurt over her refusal to take Ellen with her for the summer? She had remembered for days afterward the expression on her face when she told of her plans for the summer and of her leaving

Ellen at Yardley; but she knew this had all passed out of her sister's mind. This was confirmed by Jane's continued devotion to Ellen and her many kindnesses to the child. It was true that whenever she referred to her separation from Ellen, which she never failed to do as a sort of probe to be assured of the condition of Jane's mind, there was no direct reply—merely a changing of the topic, but this had only proved Jane's devotion in avoiding a subject which might give her beautiful sister pain. What, then, was disturbing her to-day? she asked herself with a slight chill at her heart. Then she raised her head and assumed a certain defiant air. Better not notice anything Jane said or did; if she was tired she would get rested and if she was provoked with her she would get pleased again. It was through her affections and her conscience that she could hold and mould her sister Jane—never through opposition nor fault finding. Besides the sun was too bright and the air too delicious, and she herself too happy this morning to worry over anything. In time all these adverse moods would pass out of Jane's heart as they had done a thousand times before.

"Oh, you dear, precious thing!" Lucy began again, all these matters having been reviewed, settled, and dismissed from her mind in the time it took her to cross the room. "I'm so sorry for you when I think of you shut up here with these dreadful people; but I know you wouldn't be happy anywhere else," and she smiled in a meaning way. (The bringing in of the doctor even by implication was always a good move.) "And Martha looks so desolate. Dear, you really ought to be more with her; but for my darling Ellen I don't know what Martha would do. I miss the dear child so, and yet I couldn't bear to take her from Martha."

Jane made no answer. Lucy had found a chair now and had laid her gloves, parasol, and handkerchief on another beside her. Jane had resumed her seat; her slender neck and sloping shoulders and finely modelled head with its simply dressed hair—she had removed the kerchief—in silhouette against the white light of the window.

"What is it all about, Lucy?" she asked in a grave tone after a slight pause in Lucy's talk.

"I have a great secret to tell you—one you mustn't breathe until I give you leave."

She was leaning back in her chair now, her eyes trying to read Jane's thoughts. Her bare hands were resting in her lap, the jewels flashing from her fingers; about her dainty mouth there hovered, like a butterfly, a triumphant smile; whether this would alight and spread its wings into radiant laughter, or disappear, frightened by a gathering frown, depended on what would drop from her sister's lips.

Jane looked up. The strong light from the window threw her head into shadow; only the slight fluff of her hair glistened in the light. This made an aureole which framed the Madonna's face.

"Well, Lucy, what is it?" she asked again simply.

"Max is going to be married."

"When?" asked Jane quietly in the same tone. Her mind was not on Max or on anything connected with him. It was on the shadow slowly settling upon all she loved.

"In December," replied Lucy, a note of triumph in her voice, her smile broadening.

"Who to?"

"Me."

With the single word a light ripple escaped from her lips.

Jane straightened herself in her chair. A sudden faintness passed over her—as if she had received a blow in the chest, stopping her breath.

"You mean—you mean—that you have promised to marry Max Feilding!" she gasped.

"That's exactly what I do mean."

The butterfly smile about Lucy's mouth had vanished. That straightening of the lips and slow contraction of the brow which Jane knew so well was taking its place. Then she added nervously, unclasping her hands and picking up her gloves:

"Aren't you pleased?"

"I don't know," answered Jane, gazing about the room with a dazed look, as if seeking for a succor she could not find. "I must think—. And you have promised to marry Max!" she repeated, as if to herself. "And in December." For a brief moment she paused, her eyes again downcast; the she raised her voice quickly and in a more positive tone asked, "And what do you mean to do with Ellen?"

"That's what I want to talk to you about, you dear thing." Lucy had come prepared to ignore any unfavorable criticisms Jane

might make and to give her only sisterly affection in return. "I want to give her to you for a few months more and then we will take her abroad with us and send her to school either in Paris or Geneva, where her grandmother can be near her. Then in a year or two she will come to us in Paris."

Jane made no answer.

Lucy moved uncomfortably in her chair. She had never, in all her life, seen her sister in any such mood. She was not so much astonished over her lack of enthusiasm regarding the engagement; that she had expected—at least for the first few days, until she could win her over to her own view. It was the deadly poise—the icy reserve that disturbed her. This was new.

"Lucy!" Again Jane stopped and looked out of the window. "You remember the letter I wrote you some years ago, in which I begged you to tell Ellen's father about Archie and Barton Holt?"

Lucy's eyes flashed.

"Yes, and you remember my answer, don't you?" she answered sharply. "What a fool I would have been, dear, to have followed your advice!"

Jane went straight on without heeding the interruption or noticing Lucy's changed tone.

"Do you intend to tell Max?"

"I tell Max! My dear good sister, are you crazy! What should I tell Max for? All that is dead and buried long ago! Why do you want to dig up all these graves? Tell Max—that aristocrat! He's a dear, sweet fellow, but you don't know him. He'd sooner cut his hand off than marry me if he knew!"

"I'm afraid you will have to—and this very day," rejoined Jane in a calm, measured tone.

Lucy moved uneasily in her chair; her anxiety had given way to a certain ill-defined terror. Jane's voice frightened her.

"Why?" she asked in a trembling voice.

"Because Captain Holt or someone else will, if you don't."

"What right has he or anybody else to meddle with my affairs?" Lucy retorted in an indignant tone.

"Because he cannot help it. I intended to keep the news from you for a time, but from what you have just told me you had best hear it now. Barton Holt is alive. He has been in Brazil all these years, in the mines. He has written to his father that he is coming home."

All the color faded from Lucy's cheeks.

"Bart! Alive! Coming home! When?"

"He will be here day after to-morrow; he is at Amboy, and will come by the weekly packet. What I can do I will. I have worked all my life to save you, and I may yet, but it seems now as if I had reached the end of my rope."

"Who said so? Where did you hear it? It *can't be* true!"

Jane shook her head. "I wish it was not true—but it is—every word of it. I have read his letter."

Lucy sank back in her chair, her cheeks livid, a cold perspiration moistening her forehead. Her eyes were wide open, with a strained, staring expression. What she saw was Max's looking into hers, that same cold, cynical expression on his face she had sometimes seen when speaking of other women he had known. Her voice was barely audible.

"What's he coming for?"

"To claim his son."

"He—says—he'll—claim—Archie—as—his—son!" Lucy gasped—"I'd like to see any man living dare to——"

"But he can *try*, Lucy—no one can prevent that, and in the trying the world will know."

Lucy sprang from her seat and stood over her sister:

"I'll deny it!" she cried in a shrill voice; "and face him down! He can't prove it! No one about here can!"

"He may have proofs that you couldn't deny, and that I would not if I could. Captain Holt knows everything, remember," Jane replied in her same calm voice.

"But nobody else does but you and Martha!" The thought gave her renewed hope—the only ray she saw.

"True; but the captain is enough. His heart is set on Archie's name being cleared, and nothing that I can do or say will turn him from his purpose. Do you know what he means to do?"

"No," she replied faintly, more terror than curiosity in her voice.

"He means that you shall marry Barton and that Archie shall be baptized as Archibald Holt. Barton will then take you both back to South America. A totally impossible plan, but——"

"I marry Barton Holt! Why, I wouldn't

marry him if he got down on his knees—Why, I don't even remember what he looks like! Did you ever hear of such impudence! What is he to me?" The outburst carried with it a certain relief.

"What he is to you is not the question. It is what *you* are to Archie! Your sin has been your refusal to acknowledge him. Now you are brought face to face with the consequences. The world will forgive a woman all the rest, but never for deserting her child, and that, my dear sister, is precisely what you did to Archie."

Jane's gaze was riveted on Lucy. She had never dared to put this fact clearly before—not even to herself. Now that she was confronted with the calamity she had dreaded all these years, truth was the only thing that would win. She wanted everything stripped bare.

Lucy lifted her terrified face, burst into tears, and reached out her hands to Jane.

"Oh, sister, — sister!" she moaned. "What shall I do? Oh, if I had never come home! Can't you think of some way? You have always been so good— Oh, please! please!"

Jane drew Lucy toward her.

"I will do all I can, dear. If I fail there is only one resource left. That is the truth, and all of it. Max may save you, and he will if he loves you. Tell him everything!"

XX

THE MAN IN THE SLOUCH HAT

THE wooden arrow on the top of the cupola of the Life Saving Station had had a busy night of it. With the going down of the sun the wind had continued to blow east-south-east—its old course for weeks—and the little sentinel, lulled into inaction, had fallen into a doze, its feather end fixed on the glow of the twilight.

At midnight a rollicking breeze that piped from out the north caught the sensitive vane napping, and before the dawn broke had quite tired it out, shifting from point to point, now west, now east, now nor'-east-by-east, and now back to north again. By the time Morgan had boiled his coffee and had cut his bacon into slivers ready for the frying-pan the restless wind, as if ashamed of its caprices, had again veered to the north-east, and then, as if determined ever after to lead a steadier life, had pulled itself together and had at last settled down to a steady blow from that quarter.

The needle of the aneroid fastened to the wall of the sitting-room, and in reach of everybody's eye, had also made a night of it. In fact, it had not had a moment's peace since Captain Holt reset its register the day before. All its efforts for continued good weather had failed. Slowly but surely the baffled and disheartened needle had sagged from "Fair" to "Change," dropped back to "Storm," and before noon the next day had about given up the fight and was in full flight for "Cyclones and Tempests."

Uncle Isaac Polhemus, sitting at the table with one eye on his game of dominoes (Green was his partner) and the other on the patch of sky framed by the window, read the look of despair on the honest face of the aneroid, and rising from his chair, a "double three" in his hand, stepped to where the weather prophet hung.

"Sumpin's comin', Sam," he said solemnly. "The old gal's got a bad setback. Ain't none of us goin' to git a wink o' sleep to-night, or I miss my guess. Wonder how the wind is," and he moved to the door and peered out. "Nor-east and puffy, just as I thought. We're goin' to hev some weather, Sam—ye hear?—some *weather!*" He regained his chair and joined the double three to the long tail of his successes. Good weather or bad weather—peace or war—was all the same to Uncle Isaac. What he wanted was the earliest news from the front.

Captain Holt took a look at the sky, the aneroid and the wind—not the arrow; old sea-dogs know which way the wind blows without depending on any such contrivance—the way the clouds drift, the trend of the white-caps, the set of a distant sail, and on black, almost breathless nights, by the feel of a wet finger held quickly in the air, the coolest side determining the wind point.

On this morning the clouds attracted the captain's attention. They hung low and drifted in long, straggling lines. Close to the horizon they were ashy pale; being nearest the edge of the brimming sea, they had, no doubt, seen something the higher and rosier-tinted clouds had missed; something of the ruin that was going on farther down the round of the sphere. These

might make and to give her only sisterly affection in return. "I want to give her to you for a few months more and then we will take her abroad with us and send her to school either in Paris or Geneva, where her grandmother can be near her. Then in a year or two she will come to us in Paris."

Jane made no answer.

Lucy moved uncomfortably in her chair. She had never, in all her life, seen her sister in any such mood. She was not so much astonished over her lack of enthusiasm regarding the engagement; that she had expected—at least for the first few days, until she could win her over to her own view. It was the deadly poise—the icy reserve that disturbed her. This was new.

"Lucy!" Again Jane stopped and looked out of the window. "You remember the letter I wrote you some years ago, in which I begged you to tell Ellen's father about Archie and Barton Holt?"

Lucy's eyes flashed.

"Yes, and you remember my answer, don't you?" she answered sharply. "What a fool I would have been, dear, to have followed your advice!"

Jane went straight on without heeding the interruption or noticing Lucy's changed tone.

"Do you intend to tell Max?"

"I tell Max! My dear good sister, are you crazy! What should I tell Max for? All that is dead and buried long ago! Why do you want to dig up all these graves? Tell Max—that aristocrat! He's a dear, sweet fellow, but you don't know him. He'd sooner cut his hand off than marry me if he knew!"

"I'm afraid you will have to—and this very day," rejoined Jane in a calm, measured tone.

Lucy moved uneasily in her chair; her anxiety had given way to a certain ill-defined terror. Jane's voice frightened her.

"Why?" she asked in a trembling voice.

"Because Captain Holt or someone else will, if you don't."

"What right has he or anybody else to meddle with my affairs?" Lucy retorted in an indignant tone.

"Because he cannot help it. I intended to keep the news from you for a time, but from what you have just told me you had best hear it now. Barton Holt is alive. He has been in Brazil all these years, in the mines. He has written to his father that he is coming home."

All the color faded from Lucy's cheeks.

"Bart! Alive! Coming home! When?"

"He will be here day after to-morrow; he is at Amboy, and will come by the weekly packet. What I can do I will. I have worked all my life to save you, and I may yet, but it seems now as if I had reached the end of my rope."

"Who said so? Where did you hear it? It *can't be* true!"

Jane shook her head. "I wish it was not true—but it is—every word of it. I have read his letter."

Lucy sank back in her chair, her cheeks livid, a cold perspiration moistening her forehead. Her eyes were wide open, with a strained, staring expression. What she saw was Max's looking into hers, that same cold, cynical expression on his face she had sometimes seen when speaking of other women he had known. Her voice was barely audible.

"What's he coming for?"

"To claim his son."

"He—says—he'll—claim—Archie—as—his—son!" Lucy gasped—"I'd like to see any man living dare to——"

"But he can *try*, Lucy—no one can prevent that, and in the trying the world will know."

Lucy sprang from her seat and stood over her sister:

"I'll deny it!" she cried in a shrill voice; "and face him down! He can't prove it! No one about here can!"

"He may have proofs that you couldn't deny, and that I would not if I could. Captain Holt knows everything, remember," Jane replied in her same calm voice.

"But nobody else does but you and Martha!" The thought gave her renewed hope—the only ray she saw.

"True; but the captain is enough. His heart is set on Archie's name being cleared, and nothing that I can do or say will turn him from his purpose. Do you know what he means to do?"

"No," she replied faintly, more terror than curiosity in her voice.

"He means that you shall marry Barton and that Archie shall be baptized as Archibald Holt. Barton will then take you both back to South America. A totally impossible plan, but——"

"I marry Barton Holt! Why, I wouldn't

marry him if he got down on his knees—Why, I don't even remember what he looks like! Did you ever hear of such impudence! What is he to me?" The outburst carried with it a certain relief.

"What he is to you is not the question. It is what *you* are to Archie! Your sin has been your refusal to acknowledge him. Now you are brought face to face with the consequences. The world will forgive a woman all the rest, but never for deserting her child, and that, my dear sister, is precisely what you did to Archie."

Jane's gaze was riveted on Lucy. She had never dared to put this fact clearly before—not even to herself. Now that she was confronted with the calamity she had dreaded all these years, truth was the only thing that would win. She wanted everything stripped bare.

Lucy lifted her terrified face, burst into tears, and reached out her hands to Jane.

"Oh, sister, — sister!" she moaned. "What shall I do? Oh, if I had never come home! Can't you think of some way? You have always been so good— Oh, please! please!"

Jane drew Lucy toward her.

"I will do all I can, dear. If I fail there is only one resource left. That is the truth, and all of it. Max may save you, and he will if he loves you. Tell him everything!"

XX

THE MAN IN THE SLOUCH HAT

THE wooden arrow on the top of the cupola of the Life Saving Station had had a busy night of it. With the going down of the sun the wind had continued to blow east-south-east—its old course for weeks—and the little sentinel, lulled into inaction, had fallen into a doze, its feather end fixed on the glow of the twilight.

At midnight a rollicking breeze that piped from out the north caught the sensitive vane napping, and before the dawn broke had quite tired it out, shifting from point to point, now west, now east, now nor'-east-by-east, and now back to north again. By the time Morgan had boiled his coffee and had cut his bacon into slivers ready for the frying-pan the restless wind, as if ashamed of its caprices, had again veered to the north-east, and then, as if determined ever after to lead a steadier life, had pulled itself together and had at last settled down to a steady blow from that quarter.

The needle of the aneroid fastened to the wall of the sitting-room, and in reach of everybody's eye, had also made a night of it. In fact, it had not had a moment's peace since Captain Holt reset its register the day before. All its efforts for continued good weather had failed. Slowly but surely the baffled and disheartened needle had sagged from "Fair" to "Change," dropped back to "Storm," and before noon the next day had about given up the fight and was in full flight for "Cyclones and Tempests."

Uncle Isaac Polhemus, sitting at the table with one eye on his game of dominoes (Green was his partner) and the other on the patch of sky framed by the window, read the look of despair on the honest face of the aneroid, and rising from his chair, a "double three" in his hand, stepped to where the weather prophet hung.

"Sumpin's comin', Sam," he said solemnly. "The old gal's got a bad setback. Ain't none of us goin' to git a wink o' sleep to-night, or I miss my guess. Wonder how the wind is," and he moved to the door and peered out. "Nor-east and puffy, just as I thought. We're goin' to hev some weather, Sam—ye hear?—some *weather!*" He regained his chair and joined the double three to the long tail of his successes. Good weather or bad weather—peace or war—was all the same to Uncle Isaac. What he wanted was the earliest news from the front.

Captain Holt took a look at the sky, the aneroid and the wind—not the arrow; old sea-dogs know which way the wind blows without depending on any such contrivance—the way the clouds drift, the trend of the white-caps, the set of a distant sail, and on black, almost breathless nights, by the feel of a wet finger held quickly in the air, the coolest side determining the wind point.

On this morning the clouds attracted the captain's attention. They hung low and drifted in long, straggling lines. Close to the horizon they were ashy pale; being nearest the edge of the brimming sea, they had, no doubt, seen something the higher and rosier-tinted clouds had missed; something of the ruin that was going on farther down the round of the sphere. These

waken the sleepers, particularly Parks and Archie, whose cots were nearest the door—both had had four hours of the gale and would have hours more if it continued—and reaching the landing, pressed his face against the cool pane and peered out.

Below him stretched a dull waste of sand hardly distinguishable in the gloom until his eyes became accustomed to it, and beyond this the white line of the surf, whiter than either sky or sand. This writhed and twisted like a cobra in pain. To the north burned Barnegat Light, only the star of its lamp visible. To the south stretched alternate bands of sand, sky, and surf, their dividing lines lost in the night. Along this beach, now stopping to get their breath, now slanting the brim of their sou'westers to escape the slash of the sand and spray, strode Tod and Polhemus, their eyes on and beyond the tumbling surf, their ears open to every unusual sound, their Costons buttoned tight under their coats to keep them from the wet.

Suddenly, while his eyes were searching the horizon line, now hardly discernible in the gloom, a black mass rose from behind a cresting of foam, seesawed for an instant, clutched wildly at the sky, and dropped out of sight behind a black wall of water. The next instant there flashed on the beach below him, and to the left of the station, the red flare of a Coston signal.

With the quickness of a cat Captain Holt sprang to the stairs, shouting:

"A wreck, men, a wreck!" The next instant he had thrown aside the door of the men's room. "Out every one of ye! Who's on the beach?" and he looked over the cots to find the empty ones.

The men were on their feet before he had ceased speaking, Archie before the captain's hand had left the knob of the door.

"Who's on the beach, I say?" he cried again.

"Fogarty and Uncle Ike," someone answered.

"Polhemus! Good! All hands on the cart, men; boat can't live in that surf. She lies to the north of us!" and he swung himself out of the door and down the stairs.

"God help 'em, if they've got to come through that surf!" Parks said, slinging on his coat. "The tide's just beginnin' to make flood, and all that cord-wood'll come a-waltzin' back. Never see nothin' like it!"

The front door now burst in and another shout went ringing through the house:

"Schooner in the breakers!"

It was Tod. He had rejoined Polhemus the moment before he flared his light and had made a dash to rouse the men.

"I seen her, Fogarty, from the lookout," cried the captain, in answer, grabbing his sou'wester; he was already in his hip-boots and tarpaulin. "What is she?"

"Schooner, I guess, sir."

"Two or three masts?" asked the captain hurriedly, tightening the strap of his sou'wester and slipping the leather thong under his gray whiskers.

"Can't make out, sir; she come bow on. Uncle Ike see her fust," and he sprung out after the men.

A double door thrown wide; a tangle of wild cats springing straight at a broad-tired cart; a grappling of track-lines and handle-bars; a whirl down the wooden incline, Tod following with the quickly lighted lanterns; a dash along the runway, the sand cutting their cheeks like grit from a whirling stone; over the dune, the men bracing the cart on either side, and down the beach they swept in a rush to where Polhemus stood waving his last Coston.

Here the cart stopped.

"Don't unload nothin'," shouted Polhemus. "She ain't fast; looks to me as if she was draggin' her anchors."

Captain Holt canted the brim of his sou'wester, held his bent elbow against his face to protect it from the cut of the wind, and looked in the direction of the surfman's fingers. The vessel lay about a quarter of a mile from the shore and nearer the House of Refuge than when the captain had first seen her from the lookout. She was afloat and drifting broadside on to the coast. Her masts were still standing and she seemed able to take care of herself. Polhemus was right. Nothing could be done till she grounded. In the meantime the crew must keep abreast of her. Her fate, however, was but a question of time, for not only had the wind veered to the southward—a dead-on-shore wind—but the set of the flood must eventually strand her.

At the track-lines again, every man in his place, Uncle Isaac with his shoulder under the spokes of the wheels, the struggling crew keeping the cart close to the edge of the dune, springing out of the way of the

boiling surf or sinking up to their waists into crevices of sluiceways gullied out by the hungry sea. Once Archie lost his footing and would have been sucked under by a comber had not Captain Holt grabbed him by the collar and landed him on his feet again. Now and then a roller more vicious than the others would hurl a log of wood straight at the cart with the velocity of a torpedo, and swoop back again, the log missing its mark by a length.

When the dawn broke the schooner could be made out more clearly. Both masts were still standing, their larger sails blown away. The bowsprit was broken short off close to her chains. About this dragged the remnants of a jib sail over which the sea soused and whitened. She was drifting slowly and was now but a few hundred yards from the beach, holding, doubtless, by her anchors. Over her deck the sea made a clean breach.

Suddenly, and while the men still tugged at the track-ropes, keeping abreast of her so as to be ready with the mortar and shot-line, the ill-fated vessel swung bow on toward the beach, rose on a huge mountain of water, and threw herself headlong. When the smother cleared her foremast was overboard and her deck-house smashed. Around her hull the waves gnashed and fought like white wolves, leaping high, flinging themselves upon her. In the recoil Captain Holt's quick eye got a glimpse of the crew; two were lashed to the rigging and one held the tiller—a short, thickset man, wearing what appeared to be a slouch hat tied over his ears by a white handkerchief.

With the grounding of the vessel a cheer went up from around the cart.

"Now for the mortar!"

"Up with it on the dune, men!" shouted the captain, his voice ringing above the roar of the tempest.

The cart was forced up the slope—two men at the wheels, the others straining ahead—the gun lifted out and set, Polhemus ramming the charge home, Captain Holt sighting the piece. There came a belching sound, a flash of dull light, and a solid shot carrying a line rose in the air, made a curve like a flying rocket, and fell athwart the wreck between her forestay and jib. A cheer went up from the men about the gun. When this line was hauled in and the hawser attached to it made fast high up on the mainmast and above the raging sea, and the buoy run off to the wreck, the crew could be landed clear of the surf and the slam of the cord-wood.

At the fall of the line the man in the slouch hat was seen to edge himself forward in an attempt to catch it. The two men in the rigging kept their hold. The men around the cart sprang for the hawser and tally-blocks to rig the buoy, when a dull cry rose from the wreck. To their horror they saw the mainmast waver, flutter for a moment, and sag over the schooner's side. The last hope of using the life-buoy was gone! Without the elevation of the mast and with nothing but the smashed hull to make fast to, the ship-wrecked men would be pounded into pulp in the attempt to drag them through the boil of wreckage.

"Haul in, men!" cried the captain. "No use of another shot; we can't drag 'em through that surf!"

"I'll take my chances," said Green, stepping forward. "Let me, cap'n. I can handle 'em if they haul in the slack and make fast."

"No, you can't," said the captain calmly. "You couldn't get twenty feet from shore. We got to wait till the tide cleans this wood out. It's workin' right now. They kin stand it for a while. Certain death to bring 'em through that smother—that stuff 'd knock the brains out of 'em fast as they dropped into it. Signal to 'em to hang on, Parks."

An hour went by—an hour of agony to the men clinging to the grounded schooner, and of impatience to the shore crew, who were powerless. The only danger was of exhaustion to the shipwrecked men and the breaking up of the schooner. If this occurred there was nothing left but a plunge of rescuing men through the surf, the life of every man in his hand.

(To be concluded.)

HYMN IN JUNE

By Arthur Davison Ficke

We will go out to the light of the new moon
In early evening—to the murmuring fields,
When all the willow-trees are soft with evening
And the night air is scented sweet with June.
For we are mad this night with June and youth,
And time goes back for us, and Fauns steal out,
And Naiads whisper from their sleeping streams.

Why have we filled our blood with poet-visions
If not that they may live in us to-night?
You are Proserpina and I a lover
Who in the later days stretches his arms
Down the dim starlight of the shadowy past
Toward you in yearning. Dearest of all shades!
To-night no Styx shall part us; for I come!

Let us go up into the forest heart
Where June and you and I can be alone
In the cool sanctuary of the leaves.
One feels the need of sanctuary now—
Need of some shrine unto whose silent god
We may pour out the clamors of our heart.
It is a true need, deeper than we know;
And therefore come. We will go into the gates
Of the dim forest and call upon our god.

Aye, youth is pagan, for it is so glad!
Not early youth (how sad we were, how doubting!)
But that which comes when the mind's will is set
And puzzles seem less real and strength more sure.
—Ah, let it pass—all but that we are young.
Would you recall philosophies this hour
Or systems of the numbering of the stars?
Enough that you are fair and I am strong
And the stars wait to rush upon the dark
When the bright moon shall sink behind the hills.

Life and the Mysteries wait on us to-night.
Nature is glad because of June and us.
In her secret coverts, in her listening places,
She would laugh of joy because we come to her;
Because we come as came the Attic youth and maidens
With boughs in their hands. Strew, strew the leaves for her!
In our blood she calls, in the night-wind, in the stars,
And of all the earth, only we feel the whole.
We, the free, the dreaming, whose eyes see clear with youth,
Whose hearts are pure to love her, whose ears are fresh to hear.
Who knows but what to-night she mingles all her magic
Only that our children shall worship thus in June!

CANADA'S NEW TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY

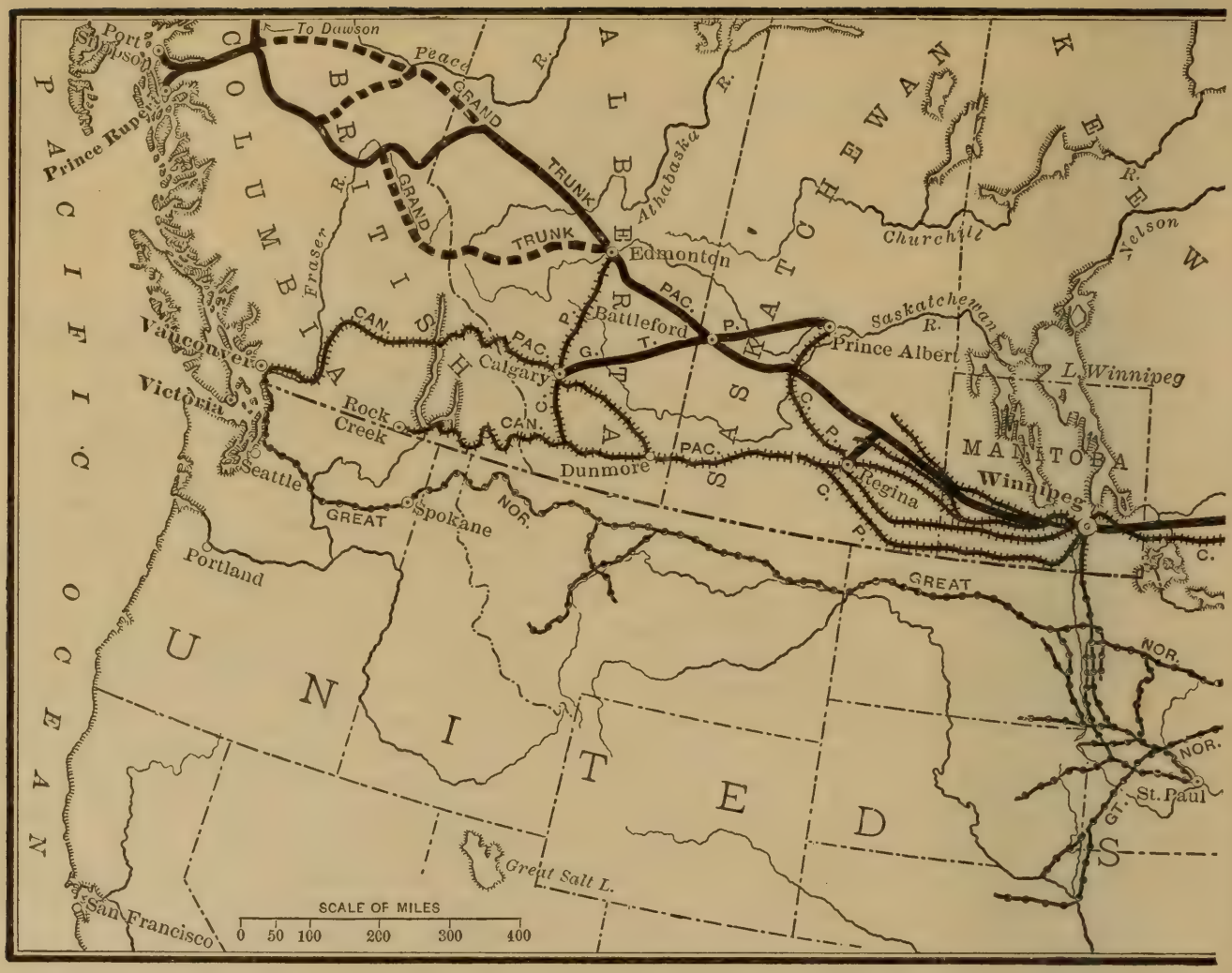
By Hugh D. Lumsden
Chief Engineer, Government Section

OBSERVING men who have kept in touch with the trend of affairs in Canada have been of the opinion for some years past that the time was rapidly approaching when additional transportation facilities would have to be furnished for carrying the annually increasing crop of the Canadian West to the markets of the world.

About four years ago the first steps were taken looking to the construction of a transcontinental line—an all-Canadian route that should begin at the Atlantic and end on the Pacific coast. The first proposition was to build west from North Bay, the present terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway system, but, as is usual with new railways, the promoters found that they would have to secure some form of government aid, and as the plan developed and the government became more and more interested in the great project, it was determined to stretch the line far to the north of existing railways through Quebec and Ontario, to cross the fertile fields of the Far West, and open new territory in Athabasca and northern British Columbia. The Canadian people generally were in favor of another transcontinental railway, but of course there was opposition. Statesmen differed not as to the need of additional transportation facilities, but as how best to provide them. Some favored a government owned and operated line, others favored an independent line, and out of the long discussion that followed there came what appears to be a happy compromise.

It was evident from the outset that no private corporation could afford to construct the first two thousand miles of line from the Atlantic west. Many public men believed that even the government could not afford it, although it was obvious that the country would benefit greatly by the opening of the vast forests and mineral regions in northern Ontario, and incidentally in bringing the West nearer to the East, but the cost was so great that the proposition staggered the public for a moment.

All the while, however, the West was filling up. The Dominion was developing, and each passing season showed the absolute necessity of "enlarging the spout" through which the millions of bushels of wheat of the West must flow to the lakes and ultimately to the Atlantic Ocean. Finally, on March 27, 1903, a petition was presented to the House of Commons asking for the incorporation of a company to be called the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company, with a capital of $75,000,000, reduced later to $45,000,000, and on the 31st of July of the same year Sir Wilfrid Laurier introduced into the house an "Act to provide for the construction of a Transcontinental Railway." The measure provided for a commission of three persons (afterward increased to four) under whose supervision the government was to build a railway from Moncton, New Brunswick, to Winnipeg, Manitoba, via Quebec and Lake Abitibi. The second part of the bill ratified the contract made between the government and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company. By this agreement the government was to turn over to the new company when completed the eighteen hundred miles east from Winnipeg under a lease running fifty years. For the first seven years the company is to pay no interest, for the next succeeding forty-three years it is to pay annually to the Dominion Government, by way of rental, a sum equal to three per cent. per annum upon the cost of construction of the line, provided that if in any one or more of the first three years of the said period of the forty-three years the net earnings of the division, over and above working expenditure, shall not amount to three per cent. of the cost of construction, the difference between the net earnings and the rental shall not be payable by the company, but shall be capitalized and form part of the cost of

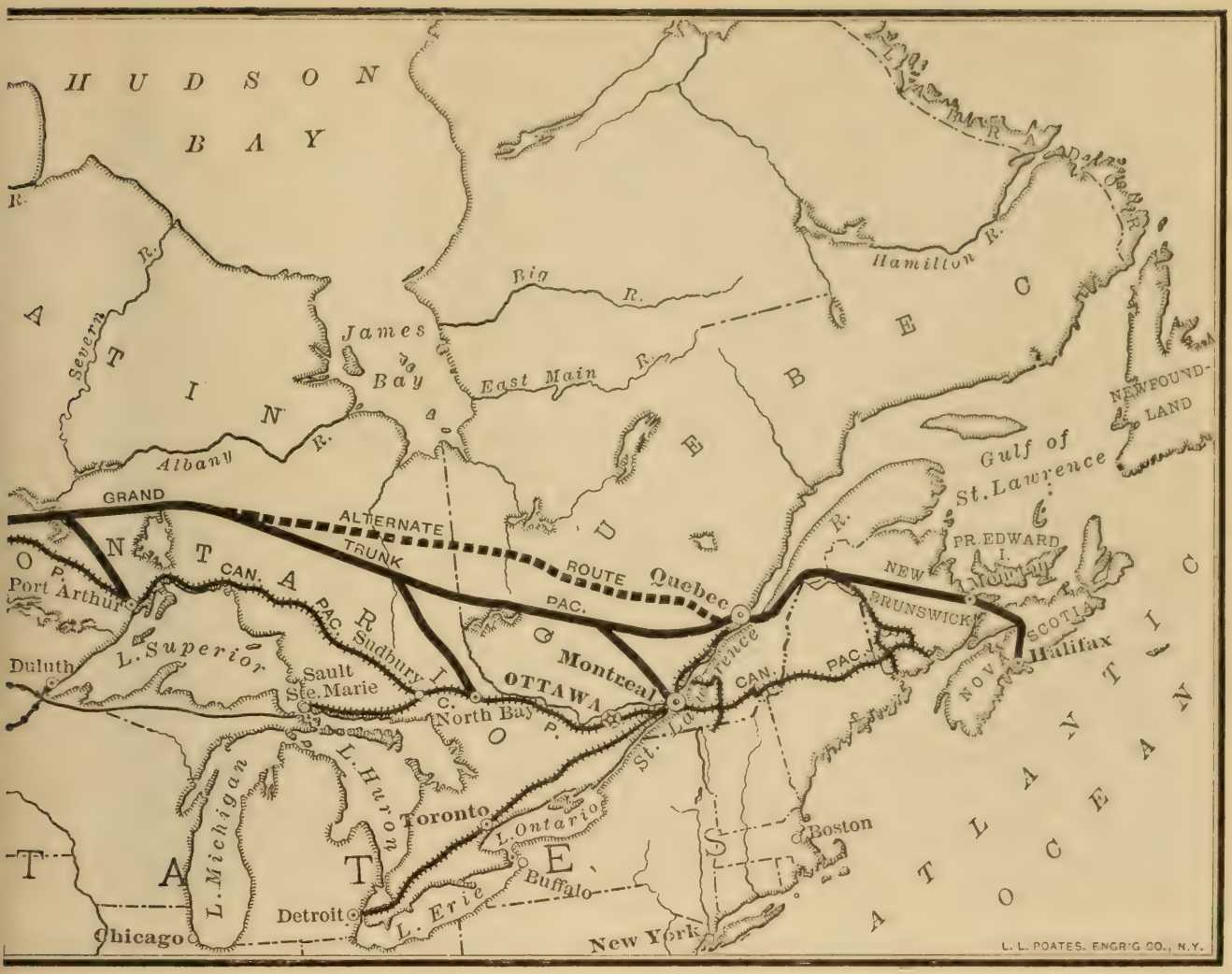


The Grand Trunk

The projected route in solid black;

construction, upon the whole amount of which rental is required to be paid, at the rate aforesaid, after the first ten years of the lease, and during the remainder of the term.

At the expiration of the period of fifty years the company will have the privilege of an extension of the lease for another period of fifty years, unless the government shall determine in the meantime to undertake the operation of the road. But should the government take over the line they must grant to the railway company, for another period of fifty years, running rights which may be necessary to the successful operation of that part of the system which is to be built, owned, and operated by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company. The time fixed for the completion of the entire line is 31st December, 1911. The road west from Winnipeg is to be built by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company, the government guaranteeing the company's first-mortgage bonds, principal and interest, for fifty years to the extent of $13,000 per mile on the prairie section, which begins at Winnipeg and ends west of Edmonton at the foot of the Rockies, and also seventy-five per cent. up to the sum of $30,000 per mile on the mountain section, which will begin at the foothills on the eastern slope, and end at a point on the Pacific coast in northern British Columbia. In addition to this government guarantee, which has enabled the railway company to secure money at a very moderate rate, the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada also guarantees an issue of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company's bonds, principal and interest, for fifty years, to provide the remainder of the cost of construction. The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company is to pay the interest on the bonds issued on the prairie section and



Pacific Railway.

alternate routes, broken line.

guaranteed by the government, from the date of issue, to provide the capital therefor out of the money secured through the sale of bonds, and charging it to the cost of construction. For the mountain section the government will pay interest on the bonds guaranteed by it for the first seven years after the completion of the line with no recourse on the company for the interest so paid. Thereafter the railway company must pay the interest on the bonds guaranteed by the government.

The Transcontinental Railway Commission is composed as follows:

Hon. S. N. Parent, Chairman.
C. A. Young, Commissioner.
R. Reid, Commissioner.
Colin F. McIsaac, Commissioner.
Hugh D. Lumsden, Chief Engineer.
P. E. Ryan, Secretary.

As the value of a railway as means of transportation depends largely upon its location, neither time nor money is being spared in securing for the Transcontinental line the best route available. The Great Lakes will for all time remain the favored freight route from the West to tide-water, but when the lakes are frozen, if the crops increase as they have increased for the past decade, there will always be millions of bushels of wheat awaiting shipment in the West. In order to haul wheat at a profit two thousand miles from the wheat-fields to the Atlantic, it is absolutely necessary that the road be as free as may be from heavy grades and excessive curves. While the entire line is not yet definitely located, enough field-work has been done to demonstrate beyond a doubt that the Transcontinental will be, as far as grades go, one of the best laid lines across this continent. From the great wheat-fields of the West to tide-water on the Atlantic the grades going east will, in all probability, not exceed 0.4 of a

foot per 100 feet. This will mean that a modern locomotive will handle forty-two cars between Winnipeg and Moncton.

The first surveys on the government section under the commissioners were commenced in October, 1904. The first contracts from near Winnipeg to a point 245 miles east thereof, and from the north end of the Quebec Bridge for 150 miles westerly, a total distance of 395 miles, is being awarded as this article is being prepared. Inasmuch as the prime purpose of the road is to relieve any possible congestion of grain at Winnipeg, the government is doing everything in its power to facilitate the construction of that part of the line from Winnipeg to Superior Junction, where it will be met by a branch line now being built by the Grand Trunk Pacific Company northwesterly from Fort William to connect with the main Transcontinental line. By this means it is expected that the new road may be built in time to participate in the transportation of the crop of 1907. As one evidence of the rapidity with which the output of the Western fields is growing it is stated that in 1901 the Grand Trunk Railway system received at its Lake Huron ports 9,662,000 bushels of wheat. Last year the receipts reached 29,764,000 bushels. If there were any doubts—assuredly there were many—as to the ability of Canada to support another ocean to ocean railway, these doubts must be disappearing from the fact that the annual arrivals of immigrants has increased fivefold within the past eight years, and that the wheat crop has doubled since the day Mr. Wilfrid Laurier made his famous speech on the need of another transcontinental railway. The whole line is being built as rapidly as may be consistent with good building, but with the best we can do it is evident that the traffic will be ready for the road by the time the railway is prepared to take care of the traffic.

From an engineering standpoint the obtaining of a suitable location through the entire country from the St. Maurice River to within seventy miles of Winnipeg has been tedious and expensive, owing to the fact that little was known of the country through which it passed, there being only one or two points where any surveys had heretofore been run, and though explorations had been made up a number of rivers crossed by the Transcontinental Railway, little or nothing was known of the country lying between these streams, which generally run at right angles to the course of the railway. These surveys have proved that there exists nearly five hundred miles of country adjoining the proposed route in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario where the soil is excellent (generally a clay loam), and where a large number of settlers can find suitable homes. The timber consists of spruce, birch, poplar, jack-pine, tamarack, and small cedar.

The heaviest and most expensive portions on the route of the Transcontinental Railway will probably be on the upper St. Maurice River in the Province of Quebec, and through the portion of country between the north end of Lake Nepigon and the crossing of the Canadian Pacific Railway, say seventy miles east of Winnipeg, where the amount of solid rock that will have to be moved will be large. The bridges will be numerous, but with the exception of one or two steel viaducts in New Brunswick and three or four in Quebec, they will not be very large. The St. Lawrence River will be crossed about six miles above the city of Quebec by a bridge 3,270 in length, including a centre cantilever span 1,800 feet long over the main channel, and leaving a clear headway of 150 feet above the water. This bridge has been in the course of construction by the Quebec Bridge and Railway Company for the past four years. Within the past three years the Ontario provincial government has been constructing a railway from North Bay northerly, and it is now nearly completed to the watershed between the St. Lawrence and Hudson Bay waters, a distance of, say, 160 miles. It is probable that this railway in the near future will be extended to a junction with the Transcontinental Railway near where the latter crosses the Abitibi River, a farther distance of, say, eighty miles. Other branch lines to tap the Transcontinental have been projected, and some of them may eventually be constructed and form valuable feeders to the main line. The entire work is being pushed as rapidly as circumstances will permit, and should be completed well within the time specified.



From photograph by Montminy & Co., Quebec.

R. Reid. H. D. Lumsden, Chief Engineer.
Colin F. McIsaac. S. N. Parent, Chairman. C. A. Young.

The Commissioners, Transcontinental Railway.

THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC

By Cy Warman

WHEN a few years ago a vigorous and aggressive management had made a first-class railway of the old Grand Trunk, it began to look for an outlet to the Pacific. In the meantime the Canadian West had begun to attract the attention of home-seekers and investors. If ever there had been in the dreams of the managers a possible extension from Chicago west through the Western States, they were by this time convinced that the way to the Orient—the shortest and surest way—lay across Canada, through the wheat-fields of the prairie provinces and the mining regions and forests of northern British Columbia.

It was in November, 1902, that Mr. Hays, the vice-president and general manager of the Grand Trunk, announced his intention to build west from North Bay, the western terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway system, through northern Ontario, Manitoba, and the territories to the coast.

Now Canada had been so long asleep and had awakened so slowly that only the most observing realized that she was sitting up. The country received Mr. Hays's announcement with a quiet smile. It looked like a dream—a great, big, beautiful, but utterly impossible dream. But Mr. Hays did not count it impossible. He and his "cabinet" discussed the matter over much data, quietly calculated, and the more they investigated the more determined they were.

Charles M. Hays, some ten years before, had left the Wabash, where he had received

most of his railroad training, and accepted the general managership of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Not many railway men in America envied Mr. Hays in his new position. Canada was known chiefly as a country out of which bright young men came to the States to help do things. Nobody was going to Canada save those who stood in a fair way to do worse. Up to that time the Grand Trunk Railway had been run largely from London, while its chief Canadian competitor was managed in Montreal.

While the president's office still remained in England the new manager, having the full confidence of the president, began to run the road in Canada. For a short interval he left the Canadian road to become the president of the Southern Pacific, but objecting, it is said, to the mixture of railroading and politics, he returned to the Grand Trunk with the title of vice-president and general manager. Idle men about flag-stations were set to cutting weeds, lifting low joints, and putting in new ties. New general offices were erected, new bridges built and old ones straightened, and arrangements made for double-tracking the entire main line from Chicago to Montreal —nearly a thousand miles—a work now completed.

When the new Pacific scheme was placed before Sir Wilfrid Laurier's government, it was received with favor. Other promoters had proposed to build a transcontinental road across Canada, and had made some surveys, far, very far to the north, but they had not behind them a splendid system of railway in operation as these men of the Grand Trunk had. The Federal Government, by whose efforts, largely, the present wave of prosperity had been produced, were keenly alive to the necessity of furnishing additional transportation facilities for the handling of the Western crops. One member, at least, of Sir Wilfrid's cabinet, urged the government to build, own, and operate the entire line, but Sir Wilfrid, seconded by the Minister of the Interior, would fight to the last ditch against this gigantic machine. The country had one little railway down in Quebec that had cost eighty million dollars, which had never earned a dollar on the capital invested, the operation of which cost Canada two million dollars a year. At this rate the transcontinental line would use up about ten million a year, with no hope of ever earning interest on the one hundred and fifty million which the road would cost. No, the present government would not undertake to operate another railway.

Naturally the promoters wanted a land grant, by the exploitation of which they hoped to people the empty empire which the new road would open up, but the government, having come into power pledged to hold the land for actual settlers, would grant no land.

The outcome was the contract entered into between the government and the Grand Trunk Pacific as described in the preceding article. The opposition fought the proposition through two Parliaments and finally drove the government to the country. When the votes were counted the result drove some of the opposers out of politics. Nearly three-fourths of the voting population voted for the Grand Trunk Pacific, which was the real issue.

During all this talk it was freely predicted that, with the government in the market for money to build the eastern end of the line, it would be extremely difficult for the new company to secure the millions necessary to construct the western section. Those who made this prediction did not know how vast and valuable were these "far-flung" fields of the wide Northwest. The country, already prosperous, fairly boomed after the announcement that the new road would surely be built. Last year, when the first Grand Trunk Pacific issue was offered, it was subscribed for in London ten times over.

While the promoters were looking for the sinews the engineers were looking for the best route from ocean to ocean that time, money, and skill could secure.

Naturally the government moved slowly and cautiously at first. When the important commission had been appointed and had qualified, Mr. Hugh D. Lumsden, a Canadian engineer of character and ability, was appointed chief engineer, and the work of organizing began.

There would have to be found assistant engineers, district engineers, party engineers, transit men, levellers, topographers, rodmen, chainmen, picket men, axemen, and teamsters. Also they would require the services of expert packers, storekeepers,



Steep Hill Portage, Tunnel Lake.

cooks, and cookies. They must find among the short dark children of the forest reliable guides and half-caste *courriers du bois*. And when this army of engineers and assistants had been organized and equipped the chief issued his first order, and the various corps commanders moved on the Unknown. Some of these men will die and some will desert, but many will remain through it all; and when it is finished, say seven years from now, they will have opened to the traveller the last wilderness, and to the world the last West.

The Maritime Provinces and eastern Quebec are fairly well known, but when the preliminary pathfinder plunged into the wilderness that begins almost immediately west of the ancient and interesting city of Quebec, it was as if he had entered a root-house and pulled the trap-door down. The National Transcontinental Construction Commission up at Ottawa was sure of one thing: they knew there was an engineer in there—and that was all they would know for some time. However, at other accessible points other exploring parties penetrated the forest, locating lakes and sounding streams until winter came to bridge the water-ways and the snow to make sleighing; then, when you of the South country would expect them to hibernate or go home for the winter, they began in dead earnest. In a little while the hardy huskies were scurrying along the trail from Quebec west, from Winnipeg east and from North Bay north, taking in supplies and bringing out reports from the various parties to the chief at Ottawa.

The first important discovery was that north of the height of land the road would pass for hundreds of miles through a comparatively level, but heavily wooded country, having a rich soil of clay loam. Immediately following the announcement that the line would pass north of the northern watershed, the Ontario provincial government began the work of colonizing the wilderness, and to-day some two or three thousand homesteaders have settled in the clay belt, have cleared away bits of the for-

ed and grown fine crops of wheat, roots, and all the vegetables grown in Ontario and Quebec.

This same provincial government began building a railway north from North Bay, the northern terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway system, to tap the transcontinental line near Lake Abitibi, and reach up to Hudson Bay. That government has passed, but the present government is pushing the line with vigor. Having a competent manager, the Grand Trunk at one end to advertise their territory, and the new and wonderful camp of Cobalt at the other end, this little railway that began at a village and ran away nowhere into a wilderness, is the one paying government railway on earth, so far as I am aware.

And yet despite the remarkable revelations of wealth undreamed of, it is frequently predicted, or was until yesterday, that the government end of the Grand Trunk Pacific would never be built. But yesterday the commissioners let a contract for the first section east from Winnipeg for $13,300,000, and I have no doubt that the contractor was up with the sun to-day and is as busy on his job as I am on mine, for he is bound to have it completed in time to take out the crop of 1907.



Provisions reaching a *cache*, upper Gatineau River, 145 miles from the nearest railway station.

Another contract near Quebec was let for nearly six millions, and still another for the great steel bridge and viaduct over the St. Lawrence at that point. So far as I know, there has been no friction between the chief and his superiors, the commission and the government. The work is progressing smoothly and rapidly, and it is a big job for

Legislative Library Ontario



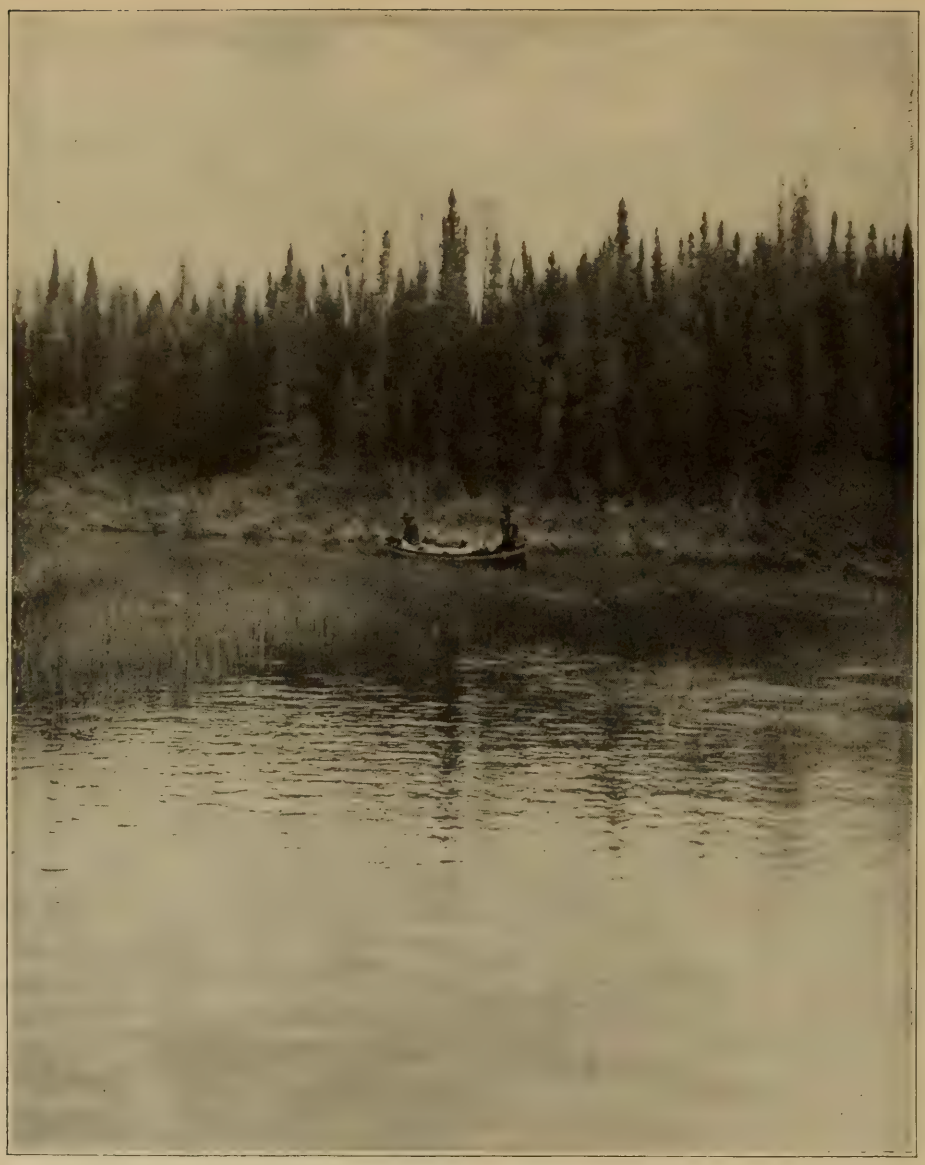
On the upper Athabasca Jasper River.

a little country. Here are six or seven million people building a new national highway to cost as much as the Panama Canal, which is being built, more or less boisterously, by a republic of eighty million people. Each tender for the Winnipeg section was obliged to bring with it, as an evidence of good faith and financial ability, a deposit of $400,000.

Intimately associated with Mr. Hays in the conduct of the Grand Trunk Railway—carrying in his thirties the title of a vice-president, was Mr. Frank W. Morse, who, like his chief, had begun at the bottom and learned the business. On his fortieth birthday Mr. Morse assumed his new office of vice-president and general manager of the Grand Trunk Pacific, and under his immediate and almost sleepless supervision the road west of Winnipeg, and scores of branch lines and feeders, both east and west of Winnipeg, are being built. Mr. B. B. Kelliher, who has had much experience, both in Canada and the United States, is chief engineer of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

By the 1st of June 942 miles will be under contract and under way. The first section to be built by the company is the Lake Superior branch, which will reach up from Port Arthur, some two hundred miles, to connect with the first section of the government's end of the main line. This branch line was begun last year and will be completed in time to take supplies in for the builders of the next section east of Superior Junction.

Another contract awarded by the company last year begins at Portage la Prairie and runs west to Touchwood hills, nearly three hundred miles. The builders here are getting into the fat lands of Saskatchewan, the next section extending as far west as Saskatoon, in the very heart of the Saskatchewan Valley. This is perhaps the most attractive territory to be traversed by the Grand Trunk Pacific between the Atlantic and the Pacific Ocean. You might have driven here for hundreds of miles over unscarred, virgin prairie when they were "building" the road in Parliament three years ago. Now that they are building it in earnest all the homesteads are taken for ten miles on either side of the right of way, while wheat land, that lay offered at five dollars an acre, is selling and reselling at from ten to fifteen. Already they are ploughing and planting, and they will be ready to ship when the last spike is driven in the line that is to link the Great Lakes with the wheat-fields of the West. Steadily for the past two decades the wheat grower has worked his way up the



Engineers exploring Red Paint River.

Valley of Red River of the North. Year by year he has gained a little in latitude and in quality. No field reclaimed has ever been abandoned, for the first years are the hard years.

On more than one occasion last year the daily receipts of wheat at Winnipeg exceeded the total received at Duluth, Minneapolis, and Chicago combined. That is the main reason why Winnipeg is growing at the rate of 20,000 a year, and building at the rate of a million dollars a month. And all this story, which the world is only beginning to believe, is the reason for the first Grand Trunk Pacific bonds being subscribed for ten times over. It is hard to write of this wonderful West without appearing to exaggerate. Like good wine, it grows better as the years go by.

When vast areas lay unbroken the heavy coating of wild grass held the frost and shortened the season. The mean temperature of the whole country is being gradually changed by the breaking of wild land. The dread and fear of frost has passed from Portage Plains in Manitoba, as it passed years ago from the Red River Valley, as it is disappearing to-day from Quile Plains and all the vast and fertile valley of the two Saskatchewans.

Four million acres in western Canada yielded ninety million bushels of wheat last year. The average yield for the western provinces for the past ten years was twenty-two bushels per acre, as against thirteen bushels in the States, grown on land that has cost the present owners about five dollars an acre. It is a common thing for a



One of ten thousand streams.

new-comer to pay for his land with the first crop and for substantial buildings out of the second.

In 1902 Mr. S. G. Detcham, of Chicago, bought ten thousand acres of Saskatchewan Valley. Last year he cut four thousand, averaging thirty bushels, sold it for 72½ cents a bushel. Gross earning per acre, $22.75; net, $16.75. The check for this crop was $67,000.

Mr. Detcham got his land for less than five dollars per acre. West of Edmonton for thirty miles, and north for fifty miles, the country is settled up, not wholly but partially, and a land looked upon as inhospitable, if not uninhabitable, for centuries is now becoming a fine mixed farming region. All the feed needed for men and horses has been grown on the Peace River by the Hudson Bay Company for fifty years. There is a mill at Vermilion, on the lower Peace, grinding away where the summer sun shines eighteen hours out of twenty-four. Melons, cucumbers, and tomatoes grow here. There is a wide reach of low lands lying between the Coast Range and the Rockies where the snow falls lightly and never remains long enough to endanger the lives of range cattle.

The climate at Prince Rupert averages about the same in heat and cold as that at Detroit, the summers being a little cooler and the winters warmer. Although the line swings north as it goes west from Winnipeg, the climatic conditions are more favorable the farther west you go.

I am surprised that a number of Canadians are inclined to find fault with the name of the new model city that is to be built on Kalen Island, near Port Simpson, and that is to be the western terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific. It seems to me a good name. Prince Rupert was a pioneer. His morals, if he had any, have nothing to do with the case. He was, perhaps, at that moment the only man in England who could fill perfectly the office at the head of the company of "Gentlemen Adventurers of England trading into Hudsons Bay." Of course they were not in this wilderness for fun, neither were they booming the North-west as a health resort. They were here for fur and they got it, and they continued to get it. They fought; but when we consider the power they had, the right to make laws and enforce them, to make war and reap the rewards of war, the amazing part of the history of the governor and his gentlemen adventurers is that they administered the affairs of this wilderness so wisely and so mercifully. True, they kept the secrets of the wild; but at the same time they kept a lot of this wilderness and of what is now going to be the very best part of the Dominion for Can-



Piercing the wilderness.

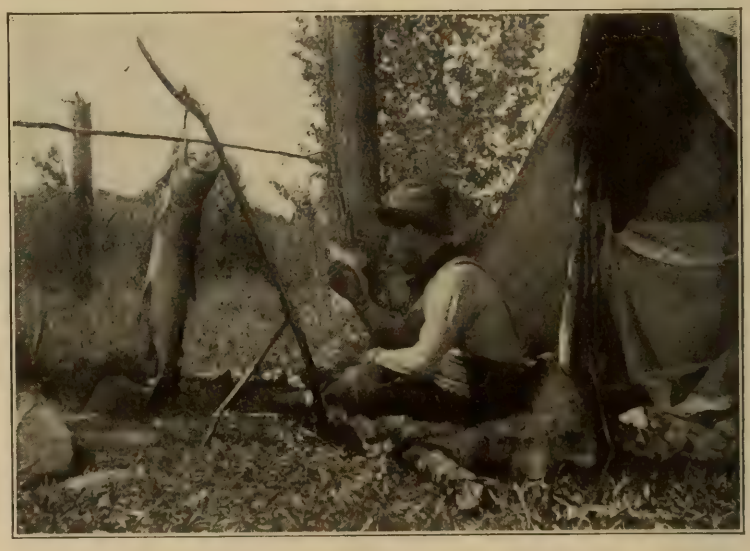
ada. It was the Hudson Bay Company more than any other force that defeated the ambition of America when certain Americans were shouting "Fifty-four fifty or fight." Perhaps they have held back the settlement of the Canadian West and the building of this new national highway half a hundred years. Doubtless Prince Rupert and his followers have much to answer for; but Rupert was a pioneer of pioneers, and it seems to me very fitting that his name should be perpetuated in this San Francisco of Canada which is to be built deliberately, though perhaps swiftly, and is to be one of the model cities of the American continent.

The German proprietor of the Victoria Hotel at Lacomb "ranched" twelve years fifty miles south of Edmonton, never sheltered a steer from the storm, never lost a hoof, and in all these years grew never a stalk or a straw for fodder, but mowed the boundless, unmapped meadow lands that lay about his squatstead. These chinook-fanned fields and the story of this new West make it easy to interest the industrious home-hungry of the earth. Capital can always be secured for the construction of a railway to a country that can produce, and this last West is marvellously productive.

There is a broad band belting this whirling sphere, crossing this continent along the forty-ninth parallel, upon which the sturdiest men, the stoutest horses, and the hardest wheat are grown. Canada can claim at least two-thirds of the strong belt, and the promoters of the Grand Trunk Pacific believe they have the best of it under their car windows.

If the management had faith when first it undertook to realize its dream what must it have now? That year 24,000 people came over from the British Isles. Last year 82,000 came, and this year more than 100,000 will arrive to begin life anew in the New World. And for every two immigrants from the Islands one comes from the United States.

Five years ago the Grand Trunk was getting sixteen to seventeen million bushels of "overflow" wheat at Lake Huron ports, coming down from the West. Last year they got thirty million bushels. It was little things of this sort that made them long for a line to the wheat lands.



An engineer's camp, government section.
Twelve-pounder caught near camp.

In competition with the lake route American railways carry wheat from the Mississippi Valley to tidewater, and the Grand Trunk Pacific, with favorable, easy grades already secured, will be able to haul wheat when the lakes are closed from Win-

nipeg to Quebec at a profit. This will be rendered all the easier from the fact that the heavy movement of freight is always to, and the empties from a growing country, and the Canadian West is growing.

Because the Grand Trunk Pacific is bound by its agreement to pay by way of rental three per cent. annually upon the cost of the eastern section of the road, that company is allowed to tender for the construction of each section as the contracts are let. And because the railway company is to operate the entire system, at least for fifty years, the management are permitted to pass upon the proposed line, and must approve it, before the tenders may be called for. These wise provisions protect the company and the country alike, and under this admirable arrangement the management, if competent to build a good road, are equally competent to help the government to do the same. It is pleasant to be able to say that up to the present writing the two forces seem to be working harmoniously.



A side cut in a canyon.

As a consequence of the coming into the West of the Grand Trunk Pacific other railways already there are building branches and feeders in all directions. Perhaps no other country in the world with a population of only six millions will build so many miles of railway as will be constructed in Canada within the next five years. The three thousand miles of main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific will not be all. This will be only the spine—the backbone. Short ribs and long ribs will reach out all along the line. Permission to build some twenty odd of these feeders will be asked of the present Parliament, and they are all to be built not as many of the railways of the past were built, and "located" later, but they will be built as the railway of the future shall be, after the line has been located. In short, this whole new system is to be physically fit to the end that the time of the limited may be shortened and the long freight lengthened, assuring the quickest and cheapest service to the millions who will shortly settle along the line. And there will be millions, for we know now that the pilgrim penetrating the northern forest finds the worst at the height of land. As he drifts down the Albany and other rivers of the North, he finds that climatic conditions rather improve than otherwise all the way down this northern roof of the continent to Hudson Bay. Indian corn has ripened and potatoes matured at the head of Lake Temiskaming for fifty years, but the Hudson's Bay employees who grew them were not charged to advertise that fact. As we journey west the isothermal line swings north until in Athabasca and British Columbia it reaches up, or down, rather, to Great Slave Lake and beyond, which is far north of Ungava. In the protecting curve of this isothermal line lives the one free-born band of buffalo left to posterity.

The only way to come at an intelligent appreciation of Canada is to forget all you ever heard about it up to ten years ago. Do you know what the bush tribes cried when they emerged from the wilderness of New Ontario and saw the wild kine feeding in the open fields, wild deer roaming on the margins of countless lakes and crystal streams, wild chickens and water fowls frolicking everywhere? They cried: "Manitoba! Land of the Great Spirit!" God's Country is what they called the Canadian West.



Scene near Prince Rupert—the back door to the Dominion.

This is the country that has made possible the construction of this great railway of the future, this transcontinental line running where, up to ten years ago, even the adventurous pathfinder had not dreamed of setting stakes. This, I believe, is to be a model line in every particular. It will profit by the mistakes of all existing lines and take advantage of every modern improvement. Nothing will be wasted, no opportunity for the reaping of legitimate reward for the men who furnish the capital will be neglected. The company will build, own, and operate its own telegraph, handle the express business, provide hotels and restaurants. It will have a line of steamers on the Atlantic and another on the Pacific and a fleet on the lakes.

There is a strong probability that this new railway will be in the lead in all improvements that make for good service, for the men behind the Grand Trunk Pacific are very much alive.

I have talked principally of the fertility of the fields, only hinted at the forest wealth, and said nothing of the mineral wealth of the wilderness known as New Ontario.

Taking the last first, Cobalt camp is unique. In fact, all this north country is full of surprises. That broken, rugged, and somewhat inhospitable reef that runs west from the St. Lawrence beyond Hudson Bay has produced a greater variety of rare minerals than almost any mining region under the sun. What the prospectors of the coming summer, the pathfinders, and the builders of the Transcontinental Railway will find no man may say.

Among the economic minerals unearthed so far are the nickel mines of Sudbury, which is one of the two important nickel-producing localities of the world, with the by-products platinum and palladium. The value of the refined metals now produced from two or three mines at Sudbury is $10,000,000 a year. It is without doubt one of the greatest metal mining camps on the continent. Its ore bodies will last for centuries. Then there are the corundum deposits of North Hastings, South Renfrew, and other areas in eastern Ontario, which now supply by far the greater part of the corundum consumed in the world; the feldspar and mica deposits of Frontenac and adjoining counties; and the apatite, graphite, pyrite, talc, gold, copper, zinc, lead, fluorite, and baryte of the same district. There are also rich iron ranges which extend over the great territory in northern and northwestern Ontario, but which up to the present have not been developed to a great extent.

The eastern part of this region is also noted for certain minerals which can scarcely be said to be of economic value, but are of great scientific interest. The largest and finest crystals of the mineral zircon in the museums of the world come from eastern Ontario, as do also sphenes, pyroxenes, scapolites, and other crystals. Sodalite, marble, and other decorative materials are also found here.

Many of the rivers of the West, notably the Red Deer River and the North Saskatchewan cut through vast beds of lignite. Coal for domestic use is mined in the city limits of Edmonton. The sand in the Sas-

katchewan River is so full of coal dust that bridge contractors are obliged to go back on the mesas and dig sand for concrete work.

If by rail we shall shortly circle the globe, passing under or over Bering Straits and across Siberia, the Grand Trunk Pacific will form an important link in the long chain.

It will be a scenic line. From the moment the train leaves the Atlantic the ride will be interesting. It will take the traveller through the historic land of Evangeline, by the old French capital, Quebec, through the Northern forest, made famous by the author of "Hiawatha," along the banks of mighty rivers, into "God's Country." Winnipeg will be the great half-way house—the real gateway to the granary of the British Empire. Beyond Edmonton come Athabasca and the Peace River. The Rocky Mountains drop as they run north and finally pinch out in the Canadian Northwest. The Grand Trunk Pacific will reach the Pacific Coast over a pass that will scarcely exceed 2,500 feet. The Santa Fé crosses Raton Range at 7,623, the Rio Grande and the Colorado Midland reach the crest of the continent at about 10,000 feet above the sea-level, the Union Pacific at 8,247, the Northern Pacific at 5,567, and the Great Northern at 5,202, while the Canadian Pacific tips over the hill at an altitude of 5,299.

The distance from Liverpool to Yokohama is 11,250 miles, via the Suez Canal, a little longer via New York and San Francisco, but a thousand miles shorter by the Grand Trunk Pacific. This new line will be five hundred miles—a full day's sail—shorter than the shortest route now open between the above-named cities.

The Grand Trunk Pacific will thread every Canadian province, string them like a strand of beads, bind together the two semi-detached ends of the Dominion, and strengthen the chain that holds the scattered colonies of the British Empire. It will carry the tourist into a new northern Wonderland, by the banks of clear cold rivers whose names we have scarcely taken the trouble to remember, skirting the shelving shores of lakes that lie up near the clouds, through the land of the unspoiled Indians, and finally set him down at Prince Rupert, which, we are told, is all to be platted, mapped, and marked out before building begins. And here we are to have a model city at the end of the steel trail where the Japanese current breaks on the rugged shore and cradles the warm chinook.

THE DARK OF THE MOON

By Florence Brooks

THE moon hath made me cruel, dearest one.
Like a small earth it were my sole delight
To follow thee, whether my moon be bright
Or dark, for thou art like a strange wise sun,
And I would drift where frozen orbits run,
Timed by the morning thou dost make and night,
Far, far, alas! and farther to the height,
Or fall to tropic depths in unison
With thy large law—No, let the image perish,
For in the dark of the moon, I am grown blind!
Oh, I am not the sphere thy raptures cherish,
Thou not the heat and cold that were unkind!
Regret fears nothing in my passive part
Save to forget the fire of thy great heart.

THE BOND OF COMRADESHIP

By Maurice Francis Egan

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

TIMOTHY SULLIVAN sat on the topmost white marble slab of his front steps, pulling hard at his clay pipe. All the air was balm on this soft June night in the city where, according to Longfellow, "the peach is the emblem of beauty." There were noises in the Italian quarter not far off, and music, too. A harp and a violin—the violin pulsating in accord with waves of heliotrope scent that came from the back yards of this trim and self-respected quarter of Philadelphia. From the front steps of a house near sounded the grinding of a graphophone, playing the inevitable song of the season, which happened to be the "pretty maiden" compound from "Florodora."

Inside, Catherine Sullivan was making pleasanter sounds—there was a tinkling of ice against glass; and Timothy Sullivan, with the wrinkles of thirty years smoothed out by contentment and the magic of the moonlight, was watching her. The wrinkles had not begun to come until he, a careless Irish boy of twenty, had plunged into the turmoil of the New World. The turmoil had tried him, but the reward was here at last. It was in his grasp. He rose, and went through the narrow hall, through the "back room," and into the prim and Quakery kitchen, box-like, but perfect in its appointments. Through the open door of the kitchen, he could see the moonlight falling on the verbenas, the group of pansies —"Johnny-jump-ups," he thought, smiling, "and sure Johnny *is* up at last"—and the crowded bed of heliotrope. "The boy was always a great one for flowers," he said to Catherine, who stood before a glass bowl into which she had carefully sifted the proper amount of sugar. A big sponge cake and a mound of strawberries were on the table near the bowl, that glittered in the unsheltered gas-jet in the wall above her head. The head was nearly gray, and the shoulders below it were somewhat bent—a defect which the dressmaker of the neighborhood, who had made Catherine's gown for this occasion, could not conceal. Catherine squeezed another lemon, and her blue eyes, surrounded by a fine network of wrinkles, glowed as she looked at the clock. Her hands were rough, and the blue veins stood out upon them. Timothy, standing there, felt a throb in his heart as he looked at them. What work had they not done through all the years? A Celt, he had all the sensitiveness and all the reticence of certain types of the Irish Celt. He did not speak, but he touched one of those worn hands lightly with his, large and rough. She understood, and looked at the clock over the mantel-piece again.

"It's a happy night, Tim," she said in a low, soft voice, with just a touch of the Tipperary brogue in it.

"It is!" he said.

"Do you mind when he was a little boy? It was a night like this that you carried him ten squares to the doctor—and he with the fever!"

"He was our only one—the rest——"

"The rest are in heaven—thanks be to God!" said Catherine hastily. "The four of them. And he—how hard it was to save him!"

Timothy Sullivan's eyes twinkled, but he said nothing. The ironies of motherhood gave him, as usual, the pleasure of a man who loves them. The others were safe in heaven, but how valiantly Catherine had struggled to keep them on earth!

The clock struck eight.

"He will come soon. I'd have gone to meet him at the train, but he said he wasn't sure of the time or the station."

"And some of his young friends will be with him. But I hope the Brosnahan boy won't be one of them; I'm afraid he drinks, like his father."

"Oh, Mike Brosnahan has made money, and his boy takes advantage of it; but I'll say this—that John—our John—has had as much to do with as any boy at the college —he's never had to make a poor mouth,

whether 'twas a football suit or a full set of geometries, or whatever else they call them. A rich man like Mike Brosnahan, who had money left him, can take a drop now and then without hurt; but if it hadn't been for you and the grace o' God, it's not a house like this and money in the bank and a son ready to go into the seminary I'd be having the night."

The fixed, ruddy color in Catherine's cheeks paled a little.

"God be between us and harm!" she whispered. "I feel faint when I think of it!"

Catherine, though nearly fifty years of age, was comparatively slim still, and as her husband looked at her in the flickering light, the folds of crisp black and white linen lawn—her gala summer dress—seemed to take the graceful curves of twenty-five years ago.

"It was the night after the last—little Dermot—died—and I had to do it!" he said; "and Brosnahan, in the kindness of his heart—an old friend from Thurles——"

Catherine's eyes filled with tears.

"Don't! I can't think of it! your face so changed, and you reelin' in, and Brosnahan, shame-faced, but with a grin on his lips—like a devil!"

"No, no," said Sullivan gently. "Not like a devil—Brosnahan meant no harm. The devil was in me. I've made up for it, haven't I?"

"And you've had your temptations," answered Catherine, with a sigh. "Women are so different; it's grief with women that draws them nearer to God; but men—*Oh*, I pray, night and day, that the curse of drink may be kept from John!"

Sullivan laughed. "You ought to pray that he may not meet a girl as pretty as you were when I saw you coming down Carpenter Street from your aunt's. A pair of rosy cheeks like them would spoil any Sullivan's vocation——"

Catherine, who had just covered the lumps of ice in the bowl with a large napkin, looked up, with terror in her eyes.

"O Tim, don't be joking on such subjects!"

"There's the little dago girl around the corner. He was mighty fond of her when he was a kid. 'Twas she that gave him the big bunch of roses when he was leaving for college."

"The bold piece!" said Catherine, looking relieved; "but she's an I-talian, and there's no fear of the likes of her."

Tim thought so, too.

"The president of Saint Clara's College writes that he is fit to enter the seminary already; that the examination won't trouble a hair of his head. And then he'll be with us all vacation."



"To see my son . . . saying his first mass—oh, God grant it!"

"Thanks be to God! And it's almost a year since I saw him!"

"He'll not be wantin' spending money and good clothes till he goes to the seminary—I'll guarantee that!" Sullivan spoke emphatically.

"O Tim!" Catherine dropped into the rocking-chair and covered her face with her hands. "Let us pray that he'll be kept from the drink. It's in the blood!"

"Not any more in his blood than in the son of anny man that knows how to take or to leave it," said Sullivan stiffly.

"To have his blessing as a priest! To see my son—the joy of my heart, *alannah*, in the sacred vestments, saying his first mass—oh, God grant it!"

There was rapture in her voice that

pierced above the sound of the throbbing violin and the sensuous waves of heliotrope, as if in triumphant conflict with them; but as it fell into silence the serenade of Schubert filled the room and the heliotrope flooded it triumphantly.

"I think I'll put on my coat—and meet him. He'll have to drop off the car at the corner. Faith," Sullivan added, as he thrust his arms into the sleeves of his light sack coat, "Brosnahan's got the money—but all the money in the world won't make a priest of that boy of *his!*"

With his clay pipe still in his mouth, Sullivan was about to go out.

"Tim, darlin'," his wife called, "you've forgotten your necktie, and hadn't you better put on your Sunday coat? And take a cigar. Sure, some of his young companions may be with him, and it's not you that would have him ashamed of you!"

"He's not the kind to be ashamed of his dad!" laughed Sullivan. "It's too hot for my best coat, but I believe I will take a cigar. It's strange he did not tell us the train time; these boys are thoughtless."

"He's just wild to get home to us. Sure, hasn't he counted the hours and the minutes! I wonder if he's changed. He has hair like you, Tim—the brown, close-curled kind—and he was taller. I don't say he's handsomer than his father——"

"Yes, he is," laughed Sullivan, his reticence melting under the influence of the time; "for his eyes are blue like yours—real Tipperary eyes that look as if they'd been put in by a dirty finger. But sure," Sullivan broke off in disgust, "we're talkin' about the boy as if he was a girl!"

"He's as good as any girl!" Catherine called out.

A few steps brought Sullivan to the corner, where Giovanni Risoli sat on a box of macaroni of his own manufacture. Giovanni's rise had been slow and arduous; he was richer than Sullivan, but he and his wife, Pia, still lived, with their two daughters, Rosa and Laura, in the rooms behind the shop, which was splendid with the gaudy labels of Italian wines, redolent with the odors of strange cheeses, and echoing with the noises made by strings of drying macaroni when the door suddenly opened, and admitted the meddlesome wind.

Sullivan nodded to Giovanni. The wives of the men were on good terms, for Catherine prided herself on her neighborliness—especially to the "dagoes,"—poor creatures! And, although Risoli and Sullivan voted on different sides each November—Sullivan having cast his vote regularly since he came to this country for the Democratic party—they were decently polite. And little Rosa had a way of speaking slyly to him—of singling him out for particular attention—that amused him and pleased him. He recalled now the memory of the little pie he had found one day, when he was working at League Island on the boilers of the *Atlantic*, which Rosa had slipped into his dinner-pail. He recalled it because he saw her, in a white frock, with a great bunch of heliotrope and honeysuckle in her hands, slip out the side-door of her father's house and move hastily on before him. The rich scent of the heliotrope seemed to sweep against his face, so calm and so soft was the June night. He put back his cigar into his mouth. Rosa! He smiled as he recalled how impatient the patient Catherine always became when he had talked at times of John as "Rosa's little beau."

The reward of the long hot days in the navy-yard, of long cold days on the wharves, of many hours in the boiler-room of Baldwin's foundry, with the clangor of hammers in his ears and the glow of red-hot rivets in his eyes until he felt that he must go deaf and blind, had come. He had his cosey house, and—thanks to the Building Association!—a half-dozen other houses. John might go on for the priesthood, without even a care for the old people. Every Irishman, somebody has said, is a monk at heart—and Sullivan smiled again as he thought how absurd his joke had been about his son John and the pretty little Rosa.

"He'll marry her to one of the dagoes yet," he thought, as her white frock whisked into Federal Street. "It's a great thing—the glory of it—to have a boy a priest. It's not masses that will be wantin' for our souls—Catherine's and mine—when we're gone! And as to the name, there are enough Sullivans in the world, and my brother Bernard keepin' it up, on the old farm at home, with his six boys."

Sullivan puffed away at his brown cigar, and stood at the corner waiting for the car that was to bring the treasure of all his hopes. For ten minutes he stood, puffing away at the refractory weed in quiet content. Then



Rosa.

it occurred to him that he would go westward and watch the brilliantly lit cars as they came; a walk would freshen him up.

Through the soft darkness he went until he had gone the length of two blocks. One car passed, nearly empty. As he almost reached the next corner he ceased to pull at the cigar, and he was aware of the scent of flowers near him. Ahead, under the light of the street-lamp, was a girl in a white frock holding a great bunch of honeysuckle and heliotrope. He could see the profile of the girl and the little gold medal hanging to the white-band around her neck. She was laughing happily, and he recognized Rosa Risoli. She was certainly very pretty, even under the crude light which could not spoil the roundness of her cheeks or the length of her black lashes. To whom was she talking? To some young "fellow," doubtless, he thought tolerantly. The chaperon was unknown in this district, and the young "fellow" was doubtless a neighbor.

He saw a straw hat, a flash of white teeth,

a leather bag on the pavement, and he heard his son's voice say:

"O Rose, so you've come—you got my note! I knew that you wouldn't get a chance to come to the station, so I walked down Broad Street."

"And I——"

Sullivan crushed the unfinished cigar in his hand and went back into the shadow of an awning over a doorstep at the sound of the rich, full voice of the girl.



"O Rose, so you've come—you got my note!"

"And I waited till the last moment to take the flowers to old Aunt Bianca. I must go to Eighth Street to see how she is every night; but I ran this way to-night. Of course, I got your letter. I wanted to see you first."

"Well, you are seeing me first!" Sullivan heard a note in the lad's voice that made him curse to himself. He remembered the note; it recalled a June night—and *she*, too, was going to her aunt's. The boy was his no longer; he was no longer God's. This girl had him, and who could take off the spell? He felt as if he could strangle the boy with his own hands.

"I didn't tell mother about the time, because I wanted to see you first," he added. "I've been thinking of you ever since I left. Rose, you look to-night just as you did the day I first began—began to think of you—that day of the first communion at St. Maria Magdalina's."

"So long ago! John, I am so happy!"

Sullivan listened, with a great lump in his throat. Fury had given way to despair as he thought of Catherine.

"I'm just as happy. Brosnahan wanted me to have supper with some of the boys before we separated—but no, Rose—I said no!"

Rose laughed happily again.

"You're going to be a priest," Rose said; "your father and mother say so."

"I shall be twenty-one next week, and then I'll tell them," said John, with a change in his voice. "It will be hard—but for your sake——"

"They will say that I am taking you from the good God."

"Yes," John said, with a sigh. "Oh, I know how splendid it is to be a priest—it's glorious, but I can't! I can't!"

"The woman's spell is on him, and he's lost!" muttered Sullivan. "I *say* he's lost! I can hear it in his own voice. But, God of heaven, he *shall* be a priest, even if he looks back at her from the very foot of the altar!"

He hastily passed the pair, not



It was a sight for sore eyes to see Tim Sullivan.

trusting himself to look at the lad—his son—whom at the moment he hated madly. A little farther westward a warm, big hand grasped his shoulder.

"Sullivan—by the holy poker!"

"Brosnahan!"

"It's me! My son just telephoned that he is having a bite with some of the young boys that are bound for Pittsburg. And we're both in the same boat, Sullivan—Mike's made up his mind to be a priest. It'll cost money, I guess, but I've got it—and, for old friendship's sake, Tim, if you're at all tight in cash, call on me——"

Sullivan shivered. There was, for an instant, murder in his heart.

"For old friendship's sake," he said, hoarsely, "let's go and take a drink."

Brosnahan clapped him on the shoulder again.

"It's been a long time between drinks," he laughed. "Come!"

The bartender officiating in front of the big mirror draped with green and pink gauze said that that it was a sight for sore eyes to see Tim Sullivan throwing down four fingers of whiskey over and over again without a whimper.

The mother and son waited until midnight; and later, Catherine came into her boy's room in the darkness and told John that his father had come home sick.

She went down into the back room, and held the candle over the swollen eyelids of her husband. They did not move. He sprawled upon the cherished chenille-covered lounge, inert, helpless, filling the air with the odor of alcohol.

"Nothing *you* can do can ever hurt me

now," she said, feeling as if this man were far away from her. "I have *him* now; he is all mine and God's!"

She recalled only the sufferings of her married life, as she stood there, half contemptuous, half pitying.

"*He* can never be like *this*—his face can never look like *this!* The grace of the priesthood is already about him."

Sullivan stole off to early mass in the morning; and then he waited at a distance until he saw Catherine, in her best lawn gown and purple and black hat, pass with John to high mass. John had grown, he could see that. The boy's loose blue coat set well on a pair of shoulders as broad as his; and with pride Sullivan noticed that his son was at least an inch or two taller than his father.

"Priest or no priest," he thought, "Brosnahan's boy will never equal him in looks. Priest! It's not in the Brosnahan blood to be a priest; a Connaught braggart—that's what Brosnahan is! It's a heavy heart Catherine carries the day, in spite of her proud walk, but it will be heavier when she finds out—but she'll never find it out. I'll make a priest of him, in spite of all hell!"

Catherine *was* heavy-hearted; but as she glanced at the lad beside her, stalwart, noble-looking, with all the attributes of strength and youth, her thoughts warmed toward his father. At least, he had given her this beautiful being!

The morning light filled the church; the candles on the high altar glowed among the banks of the white and blue iris. Magnolias from the Jersey swamps cast clouds of perfume from the altar of the Sacred Heart at the side, where a red lamp burned. The priest, in his golden chasuble, appeared, preceded by a flock of acolytes in red cassocks and white surplices. Catherine felt that she loved every one of these little lads, from the bullet-headed two with chubby cheeks, no higher than the altar rail, to the haughty persons—the Dillon twins—destined to kneel upon the steps of the altar and to serve the mass. The Sullivan pew was well in front, to the left of the middle aisle, and Catherine did not see Rose Risoli, in a white chiffon hat, with glowing crimson roses, in a pew near the door.

"Lord have mercy on us! Christ have mercy on us!" sang the voices grouped about the organ, high up at the back—"*Kyrie Eleison! Christe Eleison!*"—those Greek words that prelude the sacrifice Catherine applied to her husband, beseeching the Lord passionately for him, steeped this morning in mortal sin; but when the "Gloria" came, and at the "Sanctus" she was mystically exalted; and when the celebrant raised the golden chalice and the music was hushed and the glowing figure of the priest was veiled in incense, she felt for an instant that she could understand the humble joy of the blessed among women; she, too, had a son who would go to his Father pure, undefiled! And as she glanced at the boy by her side tears fell upon the words in her prayer-book, "Blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord! *Hosanna in excelsis!*"

John saw the tears; the poem of the mass uplifted him; the cry, "Lamb of God, Who taketh away the sins of the world, Give us peace!" touched him to the core. What, after all, was the mysterious bond that drew him, like a flower-chain, to Rose? Here was something more mystic, stronger, the wonderful priest touching heaven itself! His own eyes became moist and a strange hunger filled his heart. Let the world pass; he was called and chosen! A great burst of thrilling music sounded, and the mass was over.

As the mother and son went down the aisle Catherine caught sight of Rose, palpitating with youth and color; the girl's eyes dropped over her white rosary.

"Sure, what is the like of her doing here?" Catherine whispered. "Why doesn't she go to the I-talian church?"

"Mother!" remonstrated her son, offering the holy water.

"Oh," said Catherine, with a laugh, as the church steps were reached, "you take a priest's point of view; it's only the laity that make a difference—dagoes or not dagoes, they're all Christians to *you!*"

Sullivan was lying on the lounge in the "back room"; he shook hands with his son, but did not kiss him—the Sullivans were, as a rule, not effusive. The father and son were together while the mother looked after the roasting beef in the kitchen. The father averted his eyes and listened to accounts of college life with an interest that he tried hard to conceal.

"You'll be getting ready for the seminary examination, I guess?" the father said at



Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs.

"Sure, what is the like of her doing here?" Catherine whispered.—Page 94.

last, with a note of irony in his voice. After all, the boy was his son, priest or no priest. And he was more like him than Catherine. Catherine was good—too good, or she wouldn't have looked at him, as she came in, as if he were an habitual drunkard. Perhaps, if John hadn't been so much like him, the boy would never have looked at that dago girl. But, if that fool, Brosnahan's son, could be a priest, *his* son, after all the money spent on him, *must* be a priest! "You and young Brosnahan will be after going up for the examination at the same time?"

John laughed somewhat uneasily.

"Mike Brosnahan will never be a priest, father—never! It's a joke he played on his father over the telephone. He told me about it. Why, he's going to marry Maggie Fay!"

"The widow Fay's daughter?"

"The pretty one."

"It's not much of a match," thought Sullivan. "Giovanni Risoli's daughter, countin' in her aunt's Atlantic City Hotel and the rows of houses downtown, is a better match." So Brosnahan's son wasn't going to be a priest!

"John," he said, suddenly, "I could have killed you last night, before—before—never mind what!" he kept his face to the wall. "I've made up my mind that man's weak. If a strong man like me, with a wife like your mother, can't stand against drink, after years and years, I've no call to blame you for fallin' in love with a nice slip of a girl, though she's an I-talian."

John looked at his father in amazement, his color rising. There was a pause, then he stammered.

"Father Becker doesn't think I have a vocation——" he began.

"Tell your mother *that!* The Holy Ghost Himself couldn't convince her that she hasn't brought into the world a wonder—when you're only a man—a lad of a man—like your father!"

"Poor mother!" murmured John. "Oh, poor mother!"

"Oh, she'll love you, all the same," Sullivan said, with a gleam of humor in his eyes, "but she'll never forgive—the other woman! We're weak—weak as wather—and I'm not sure," he added, with some bitterness and a reminiscent headache, "that I'd like to have a son as good as Catherine, though she'd be all right as a daughter. The sooner you tell her—though I don't envy you, my boy—the sooner she'll forget—no mather what!"



"You're the best man that the Lord ever made!" —Page 97.

John's face was crimson. At that moment he could not understand; later, when he was ten years older, he understood.

"And you're not angry, father. I don't suppose Rose can ever be quite as good as mother, but you know you've often told me how you met mother coming from her aunt's and how happy——"

"Don't be after comparin' your mother with the daughter of a dago," whispered his father sternly. "But I know what the spell of a woman is when it's cast over one of us, boy or man! You'd better be a good father nor a bad priest!"

"Father Becker says," spoke John, as his father turned toward him, "that the Church was made for man and not man for the Church, and that a—a——" he hesitated and blushed, "a husband and father—like you, you know—does his duty as fully as any bishop."

Sullivan laughed softly, and took the slim brown hand of his son into his red, strong clasp.

"Priests may say that; but the women,

in their hearts, don't believe it; they never will, Johneen. You'll be gettin' down to work as soon as you can, and I'll do what *I* can for you—but don't be forgettin' all the Latin I have paid for. And, my boy, don't *tell* her when I'm around, for the love of heaven!"

The table was spread in the kitchen, and John, as a future ecclesiastic, asked to say grace. This had hitherto been his father's prerogative, but Sullivan endured his declension philosophically.

After the lemon meringue pie—Catherine's Sunday *chef d'œuvre*—had been consumed in silence, except for John's occasional discourse, which his mother listened to with delight, Sullivan went out ostentatiously. The silence of the warm Sunday afternoon settled on the house. Mother and son went into the parlor, gay with green and red plush and elaborate lace curtains. They had still much to say. Sullivan was far away from her to-day—of the past—almost a necessary evil. The mother and son each sat at a lace-draped window looking on the street. John wanted to talk of Rose, but it became more and more difficult, and more and more he felt as if he were a liar.

Two girlish figures passed by just as the Vesper bells began to ring. They were in white, with red parasols, and one wore a hat with crimson flowers.

"Rose!" he said, forgetting.

"Rose?" said his mother wonderingly.

"Ah, yes, mother."

There was something in his voice that enlightened her.

"Go to your—Rose!" she said bitterly. "Go! Turn your back on God, as your father has done!"

He did not move; her voice cut his heart; it seemed as if she were no longer his mother. She left him.

"Tim, O Tim—O Tim!" she wailed, when Sullivan came home in the twilight. "He's gone to see *her!* I've only you—only *you* in the world—you're the best man that the Lord ever made!"

"Nonsense, nonsense, my *colleen*," returned Sullivan cheerfully. "Not the *best*. So he's told you that he wants to marry Miss Rosey? It's all right. Mike Brosnahan, to make amends for no matter what, is going to set Johneen up in business with his son—and, in time, *acushla*, you'll have a grandson."

Catherine became cold at once.

"Don't talk that way! What will be the good of a grandson that'll be the child of another woman?"

And she wept until she could weep no more.

GLASGOW

By Frederic C. Howe

THE glory of Glasgow's government is not an American myth. It is a concrete reality, even to the ha'penny man on the tram. "We have the best city in the kingdom, probably in the world, sir," a casual neighbor on top of one of Glasgow's tram-cars said to me. That sounded like Pittsburg, like Chicago, or like the boastfulness of the American Far West. But it wasn't the same thing. "You seem to be proud of your city," I suggested invitingly. "Of course I am," my friend responded. "Glasgow sells me gas at two shillings a thousand, it gives me telephone service at little more than half what it used to cost from a private company; it sells me water and electricity, and does a lot of other things. As for the Glasgow trams, they beat the world." "And the tax rate?" I inquired. "Is very low," was the reply.

We passed a bowling-green, smooth as a billiard-table. "The city has just opened those greens," said my informant, and pointing to a group of workingmen, he added: "Any one of those men could tell you the things I am telling you; they know all about our tram system; they have a fair idea of what the system earns, and what it costs to carry them. They'll tell you whether the profits should be used to reduce fares or to

pay off the tramway debt. They regard the trams, the gas, the water, the electricity, as their business. A councilman has got to attend to the business of those men. If he doesn't, they 'heckle' the life out of him."

That's what the man on the street says about his Glasgow. That's what the poor unfortunate, living in a two-room tenement says. That's what the merchant, the manufacturer, the big business man says. They talk Glasgow all the time. Edinburgh says this is vulgar. Edinburgh says it is undignified. At all events, it's the Glaswegian way.

Even at the club I found it. I was introduced to a knot of sandy-haired business men. They were deep in talk. I heard the phrases business men conjure with in America. I heard of tramways, of gas, of electricity, and of telephones. And especially of some big corporation in which they all seemed to be interested. One of the men was a ship-owner, another was a large merchant, another an editor—all were men of eminence.

The talk turned to parks, to housing schemes, to symphony concerts, to a Whistler portrait in a local art gallery. The corporation so absorbing to them all turned out to be the corporation of Glasgow, the biggest corporation in Scotland. The tramways, the gas, the electricity, the symphony concerts, the Whistler purchase—all were parts of this Glasgow. These men were discussing economies not parties; policies, not politics—and they did it as if it were their own business.

I went out to the sewage disposal works at Dalmuir. An old employee took me in tow. He explained how the sewage was collected; how it was separated by chemical treatment, how the water was purified before being poured into the River Clyde. It was so pure, he said, that it was fit to drink. He offered me a glassful, but I told him I wasn't feeling thirsty just at that moment. So he drank it himself. He told me how much the city received from the sale of the sludge as fertilizer. He explained the process as a gardener might describe the cultivation of some rare flower he had given his life to producing. The man had been in the city employ a long time. There was little dignity, and less pay, about his position. But he was a citizen of no mean city, and he was proud of his job. He was loath to let me leave him and his cesspool. It was all so important to him, he felt it must be equally important to the rest of the world.

Enthusiasm and interest, devotion and pride—these are the characteristics of Glasgow citizenship. I have talked with the heads of the city departments, with a score of town councillors, with police and fire officials, with clerks, bath-house custodians, and conductors on the tram-cars—with all sorts of men, Tories and Liberals, Radicals and Socialists, from the Lord Provost down to the cab-driver. And this is the only citizenship I have been able to find.

Graft? Yes, I found some talk of graft. The Glaswegian doesn't call it that. He doesn't know the word. But here and there a man would shake his head and say: "The council isn't what it used to be." "It rather amazes me," said a newspaper editor, "to read what you Americans are always saying about us. Of course though, I am a pessimist, but I cannot help feeling that the outlook here isn't very good. The make-up of the council is changing. No, I have no personal knowledge of corruption, but there are men who have. I'll give you a note to a former councilman," mentioning a prominent business man; "he knows all about the way things are going down in the council chamber."

It was true, then, this that I had so often heard in America—that no city could go in for such extensive business as Glasgow had undertaken without corruption; that public ownership was bound to demoralize a city. And here it was. Had even Glasgow nothing to teach America? For that was what I was looking for, lessons in city administration.

I called on one of Glasgow's most distinguished citizens. He had been in the council fifteen years, and had but recently retired. He, too, was inclined to send me away with the indefinite remark that the council was not what it once was; that there were two or three aldermen who had no visible means of support; mere adventurers, he called them, who were making use of their positions in questionable ways.

"Let me see," I inquired, remembering Chicago, Philadelphia, and St. Louis. "You have no street-railway, gas, or electricity franchises to give away; no contracts to light the streets, for you do all these things yourselves. You have abolished the contractor, and do all of your own work. You

have no franchises, grants, or privileges, have you?"

"Oh, nothing of that kind, if that's what you mean by graft," he promptly replied.

This was mystifying. Here was corruption, but corruption without cause, for there was no one to tempt the official. And men do not bribe themselves. When pressed to be more definite, he said: "Well, there's Bailee so and so," mentioning a member of the council. "He was sitting in license court some years ago, and one evening he found on his desk an envelope containing fifty pounds. It was from a public-house keeper (saloon-keeper) who wanted a license." "That was bad," I suggested. "Was the magistrate prosecuted?" "Of course not," came the indignant protest. "He didn't keep the money. He made the matter known at once, and the applicant was arrested. And, of course, he didn't get his license."

I professed the proper amount of horror, and asked, "Any other instances of graft?" "Well, that was a number of years ago. There was another case of the same kind, but it wasn't so bad as that, and we couldn't prove anything. But," he continued, "the trade is very active in politics. The liquor interests are said to have backed one or two men for the council, men who have no business or profession, and who simply live by their wits."

Undoubtedly "the trade" is active in politics. The council names fourteen of its members as magistrates in the police court. They determine what licenses shall be granted, and what refused. There is evidence that the trade has organized for protection. It is certain that it aided in defeating Sir Samuel Chisholm, one of the most distinguished councilman the city ever had. He had made himself obnoxious by a crusade against the traffic. Sir Samuel is a prominent wholesale merchant. After having been in the town council for half a generation, he became Lord Provost, the highest distinction in the community. As Lord Provost, he urged the clearing of some disreputable slums and the erection of model dwelling-houses for the poor. This would have involved an increase in the tax-rate. The more parsimonious among the taxpayers combined with the trade and put up a clever young man (an evangelistic street speaker) and returned him to the council against Sir Samuel. They now speak of their representative as an "adventurer," a socialist. Yet they concede that he never neglects his duties, and is a dangerous antagonist. And all admit his cleverness and power

That's as far as graft goes in Glasgow. The city is not menaced by any special privileges. It is a government of the taxpayers, for the taxpayers, by the taxpayers. For only taxpayers vote. I never knew a city that hated taxes as much as does Glasgow, and talked so everlastingly about the rates. Any measure involving taxation, even for the relief of the poor, and the poor of Glasgow are terribly poor, indeed, has to pass a jealous scrutiny. Away back in the sixties, the ratepayers defeated Lord-Provost Blackie, who had promoted the splendid clearance schemes for the destruction of the city's worst slums. Glasgow is a taxpayers' administration. I fancy it was these same taxpayers who took over the various undertakings of which the city is so proud. With Scotch thrift, they hated to see the profits go into private pockets.

But I was not through with graft. I had read in the London *Times* that the increasing army of municipal employees was a menace to British institutions. I knew something of the spoils system in America; knew that most people who feared municipal ownership, feared it because of this fact. And here in Glasgow there are 15,000 men in the city's employ. One-tenth of all the voters are on the pay-rolls. Here was the only possible source of corruption. For nobody even suggested that the city had been sold out to the trade or that the so-called "adventurers" in the council had ever sacrificed the city for their own advantage. I had been told by a prominent citizen that the employees in the gas department had once organized and threatened to put the city in darkness if their wages were not raised. Here was something real, something I could verify. This was something ominous, for all of our cities are adding to their activities and taking on new burdens which involve an increasing number of employees. I went to Mr. James Dalrymple, the manager of the tramways, which the Glasgow people say are the best in the world. The department employs 4,400 men. I asked Mr. Dalrymple if his men were in politics; if their unions had ever endeavored to in-

fluence the council, or had tried to coerce the city. "Never within my knowledge," he said. "The city is the best union they can have, for the city pays good wages, better than the private company did. The city gives the men a nine-hour day; it provides them with free uniforms; they have five days' holiday a year on pay, and get sick benefits when off duty. They do not need any union, although the city would not mind it if they did organize. There were one or two instances of protest over piece-work, but we told the men they could work as they pleased. There has never been a strike, and never since the department was opened in 1894, have they attempted to influence the election of a councilman."

But the trouble had been in the gas department. So I went to the gas manager. I asked him about the strike, asked him what had happened when the men threatened to close the works and blackmail the city into submission. The strike turned out to have been the reverse of serious. Some years before an effort had been made to organize the workers into a union. A handful of men left work without giving notice, as they are required to do by law. They were promptly discharged, and later prosecuted for leaving the works. There had been no danger that the plant would close down. This was the extent of this incident. It was as far as any of the 15,000 employees have ever gone in controlling the council. From time to time I heard references to this danger from others, but of councilmanic influence or attempted coercion I never heard of a single serious instance in all England. Nor has the spoils system a place here. They do not know what the spoils system means, although England has no civil service laws. Each man runs his department as he would a business. He picks out the best man he can find; the city pays good wages and the employee remains as long as his service is satisfactory.

This ended my pursuit of graft. I did ask the Lord Provost, who has been in the council for twenty years, about it. "There is none," he said. "Any man who gave color to the suspicion that he was dishonest, that he was interested in a city contract, that he even sought to make a place for a relative or a friend, would be treated as a pariah. He would be ostracised both in the council and out of it."

THE LORD PROVOST

The Lord Provost is the head of the city. He is as like our mayor as anything they have, and as near a boss as anything I found —only he is neither. He has no offices to fill; no veto messages to write; no party to lead; no boss to serve; no salary to enjoy; no honors or emoluments to bestow. He is a titular dignitary, the first among equals. That is all. He is elected as a councilman by his ward, and then chosen mayor by the council over whose meetings he presides. He is an *ex-officio* member of all committees and his influence on legislation and the life of the city depends upon his character, not upon his legal powers. He represents the city on official occasions, receives the King and distinguished guests. No man can accept the position unless he can afford to neglect his business for three years' time and spend a considerable sum of money in maintaining the dignity of the office. The office is one of expense, not of income. Despite his lack of legal authority, the Lord Provost exerts great influence on administration. He is the busiest man in the city. His daily programme is as full as that of a débutante at her first ball. At the Town Hall by ten, the morning is filled with correspondence and the sessions of committees. Then an official luncheon. Later, perhaps, a meeting of the council, over which he presides, with frequent interruptions to attend some public gathering. In the evening a dinner, some notable gathering, a congress or fair to be opened with a speech. Later another address, possibly before some working men's organization. To these demands are added various duties which fall upon him *ex-officio*, not to speak of the arbitrament of labor disputes, the representation of the city's interests before parliament, and a host of other claims all equally insistant.

What are the returns for all this sacrifice? When the Lord Provost retires from office the city has his portrait painted and hangs it in the Municipal Art Galley. It also places an official coach and pair at his disposal. His other returns? Well, they are certainly not of a financial sort. One of them is the order of knighthood, which is usually bestowed by the King. I asked the present Lord Provost about these things. I had seen the portraits of his predecessors in the art gallery—all fine-looking men, clad in pur-

ple robes and ermine with massive gold emblems about their necks. So I did not recognize as the Lord Provost the alert, breezy, business man who dashed into his office like a railway magnate eager for the day's mail. While waiting in the anteroom, I had learned something about the present incumbent, Sir John Ure Primrose. He is a wealthy miller and has been in the council for twenty years. During that time he has never had a contest for his seat. For these people keep a man in office as long as he is satisfactory. They do not care whether he is a Conservative or a Liberal. He may be a Labor candidate or a Socialist. All his constituents ask is that he be a good councilman. He must be that. There is no party nomination, no party ticket, no platform—only the man himself. There are ward committees—of a purely voluntary sort—which look after local interests. Two voters with six seconders can place any man in nomination. The candidate has no assessments to pay, no expenses to incur, no party to subscribe to, no boss to bow to, no machine to placate. In America the politicians tell us we must have parties in order to have responsible government. The American official is made responsible to his party, which is his boss. With us the party is a fetich. The Glasgow alderman is responsible to the most exacting of masters, the people. There is the difference. But if he serves them well, he may remain as long as he likes. Of the seventy-five elected members now in the council, more than one-third have been there for at least ten years, eighteen have been in office for at least fourteen years, while four have served their wards for over twenty years. Like a member of Parliament, the alderman need not live in the ward he represents. In fact, not more than one-third of them do. And about one-half never have any contests for their seats.

The election is as simple as the nomination. The ticket before the voter contains only the names of the councilmanic nominees. The issue is clear. It is not confused by national questions. It is not obscured by a big blanket ballot containing possibly a hundred names. There are no party emblems. Only the simple question of whether one man or another shall be the people's director in the people's corporation.

Here is pure democracy, the simplest that could be devised. Nominations and elections by the people directly and so simply arranged that the issue cannot be evaded, cannot be confused. There is no boss, no machine, no party, nothing between the people and their servant. When a ward is contested, however, the campaign is as hot as if a seat in Parliament were at stake, and the candidate has to submit to a harassing "heckling" from the voters as to his position on local questions. In this art the Scotch are masters. It is a body so chosen that every three years elects from out its number its most distinguished member, the Lord Provost.

The present Lord Provost is a product of this local democracy. He happens to be a Conservative. His predecessor, Sir Samuel Chisholm, was a distinguished Liberal. Both were chosen without any change in the political color of the council. I asked the Lord Provost why he gave up his time and business the way he did for the city.*

"It's in the blood," he said. "I had an uncle who was Lord Provost before me. I was influenced by his example. As far back as I can remember I was hoping to be Lord Provost. Even as a lad I conceived the ambition to follow in the footsteps of my uncle, John Ure. Even as a school-boy I made a study of extempore speaking, keeping before me this ideal of public life. I was the oldest of a family of twelve, and necessarily went into business as a young man. At the age of thirty, I entered public life, being elected to the council of the Borough of Goven. Later I was elected to the council of Glasgow, where I have served the city ever since."

"What was this boyish ambition?" I asked.

"It was an ambition to make the city a little better before I die."

"Wouldn't you rather be an M. P.?"

"Decidedly not. A member of Parliament is but part of a machine. The work in the town council is creative. A man sees his work grow before his eyes."

"Is there any connection between the public spirit of men like you and the public undertakings, such as the trams, gas, water, electricity, and telephones, which the city carries on for its people?" I asked.

*Sir John Ure Primrose retired in November last on the expiration of his term. He was succeeded by a Liberal William Bilsland, who, in addition, is a leading advocate of the Taxation of Land Values, as the Single-Taxer is called in Scotland.

"Decidedly. A new ardor of citizenship came in about 1894, the time when the city went in for the tramway undertaking and a lot of other things. When the city thus proved its interest in the people, the people responded by showing an increased interest in the city. It's the ambition of every citizen to serve in the council. Every interest is represented there—business, professional, and even the laboring man. We have some men of wealth who would not run for the council. They are afraid to rub shoulders with the laboring man. In a general way, Glasgow has the civic spirit of the mediæval Italian cities, though in a less perfervid and cultured form."

"Have you any socialists in the council?"

"Yes; but socialists aren't so bad. Even their dreams are honest dreams. But they are not political socialists there, for we have no politics in the council. The Conservative, the Liberal, the Radical, and the Socialist all work together for the city's good."

"You people have taken over the water, gas, electricity, tramways, and telephone. Is there any opposition to these undertakings in the city?"

"The gas and water were before my time. We took over the trams only after a long fight. The old private company that had a franchise gave us wretched service, were very arrogant, while the condition of their employees was not very good. In 1894 their franchise expired, and the council decided to take the business over. We reduced the fares, increased the length of the rides, nearly trebled the mileage, and now it yields a splendid revenue. There is nobody in the city who would think of going back to private ownership. We took over the electricity in 1902, and the telephones about the same time."

"Where is this policy going to stop?" I inquired.

"I hold that everything that is in its essence a monopoly, and is essential to the well-being of every citizen of every degree, should be owned by the community. These things are the universal necessities; they are the things people cannot live without. Then, too, they are monopolies. Every man uses water and gas; everyone rides on a tramway. These things lie at the heart and well-being of every citizen of the community. I don't believe in going too fast, however. I don't believe in three volcanoes at once. I believe in evolution—which means that each undertaking should be perfected before the next one is begun. We must keep the confidence of the citizens. The corporation must never make a mistake. The telephone is not a universal necessity. That is the reason I opposed the city going in for it. We can live without it. Besides, its destiny is national, not local."

THE TOWN COUNCIL

That was all very well, I thought, but we have some good mayors in America. We have men of proved honesty, men of capacity, men of disinterested service. And in recent years we have had mayors with big ideals, men like Tom Johnson in Cleveland, like Hazen S. Pingree in Detroit, like Edward F. Dunne in Chicago, like Seth Low in New York, like Sam Jones and Brand Whitlock in Toledo. So there was nothing either startling or new about a good mayor. But our councils are bad, almost all of them. And here the council chooses the Lord provost. I had to know the council, so I went to the council chamber.

It was a massive room like the Senate Chamber at Washington; it was a chamber fitted to a city that thought well of itself. The council had dignity, but a dignity with all the ardor of the House of Representatives. The Lord Provost sat in a throne-like chair. About him were those who had elected him and those who will elect his successor when he retires from office.

I was not alone as a visitor. The Postmaster-General of Canada, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, the Mayor of Frankfort, Germany, a delegation from Belgium, visitors from South Africa, and three or four others from America were there observing this little republic at work. For the fame of Glasgow seems as wide as the world. And the representatives of the world's cities met there in cordial fraternity to learn of one another's experiments. This was the tenor of the addresses. Not war and jealousy, but friendship and hospitality.

They said it was a quiet day. The council was passing on the accounts of the tramway, gas, police, and cleansing committees. It was their annual report to the directors and stockholders of this big corporation. The council committees and their managers were justifying their stewardship. It would

have been a bad day for a delinquent, had there been any. It was a hard-headed, blunt crowd that listened to the reports. They dispatched the business of the day with a thoroughness and a knowledge of details that suggested the Supreme Court of the United States sitting in judgment. They indulged in little rhetoric and less praise. Their candor seemed almost brutal. There were ship-builders and ship-owners, big merchants and professional men. There were a dozen labor representatives. Some of them were socialists. Here I fancied I saw the beginnings of a party. It was not organized as such, but its programme was evident in all the discussions. It was Scotch thrift and humanity, the big ratepayer and the wage-earner, that lined up in a parliamentary struggle over the division of the surplus of the tramways undertaking. Should the profits go to the sinking fund, depreciation, and a big reserve, or should the rates of fare be reduced and the haul for a ha'penny lengthened? The former policy always won—for Glasgow is before all else a city of thrift, of caution, of prudence. It delights in a big profit account. No board of directors ever protected their investments more surely from disaster. To be rid of the tramway debt seemed the consuming ambition. I have never heard more intelligent discussion of the principles that should underlie public or private business than I heard from these men, the majority of whom had struggled up from humble beginnings. Many of them were small tradesmen, bakers, butchers, hatters; but they knew finance. Hugh Alexander, the chairman of the tramways committee, led the debate. He once said in the council that he had been educated on three books: "Fox's "Book of Martyrs," Boston's "Fourfold State," and Harvey's "Meditations Among the Tombs." And he discussed the obligations of the council to its enterprises with the same seriousness that he might have talked of predestination or free will. Bailee Anderson, who hates the publican, also took a hand. He had once taken one of his employees and given him a thorough beating in his shop because of his habit of getting drunk. And he handled the city business with the same dour severity.

Of such stuff are the directors of the corporation of Glasgow. These are her captains of municipal industry. It is such men who have sent the glory of her efficiency to the ends of the earth. Fourteen of the seventy-seven are bailees chosen by the council. In addition to their other duties, they sit as police-court magistrates, and dispense justice from two to four hours a day. Some are on as many as nine committees. All of them serve on five or six. Many of them are engaged on public business all day long.

Here was a town council without corruption—at least we would smile at such irregularities as disturb the Glaswegian; a council which knows no party politics and elected a Conservative to succeed a Liberal as Lord Provost without a change in its political complexion. Here, too, was a city which knows no boss but itself; which takes the merit system as a matter of course, and without any law enforcing it; a city which keeps its officials in office as long as they will stay or as long as they serve the convictions of their constituents; a city which makes its enterprises pay, and pay big, and watches its finances as prudently as the most conservative banking-house; a city in which it is the ambition of every citizen to serve without pay and without return save in the approval of his fellows.

Here, too, is a city which knows no favor, no friendship, no politics, in the choice of its servants. "Wanted, a Town Clerk. The Corporation of Glasgow," so the newspaper advertisement runs, "invites applications for the office of Town Clerk, which is about to become vacant. The salary will be $10,000 a year." Here was the most important salaried office within the gift of the council, an office which combines the duties of the city solicitor as well as all the clerical duties of the city, hunting for the man, much as a German city looks for a lord mayor, or an American college or church searches for a president or a minister. The corporation was offering its most influential post to the candidate from all Great Britain best qualified to fill it.

Here, too, is a city in which all citizens are united demanding efficient service and securing it; a city in which the privileged few who own the franchise corporations in America and the unprivileged many who are seeking a job are united with the city rather than against it. For Glasgow offers no franchises whose values run into the millions as a tempting treasure to gamble for. There are no privileges to corrupt the

council; no big financial interests to unite the rich and influential, the press and the bar, the club and the church on one side, and leave democracy untaught and unled blindly to carry on the burdens of self-government. This absence of privilege frees the best talent of the city; it unites its purse with its patriotism. It is this absence of class interest that binds and fuses the whole people into one ambition—an honest city, an economical city, a serviceable city. And they get it, too. The city's properties are worth $95,000,000, and the annual revenues from reproductive undertakings alone, exceed $15,000,000. All these enterprises are handled with the most scrupulous honesty. None of their earnings sticks in the hands of contractors, aldermen, or clerks on its way to the city treasury. Such a thing as official corrruption is almost unknown.

A city with such a citizenship would have gotten good government under any charter. So it was not the form of government that explained it all, although the method of choosing the council makes it very easy to secure good men. Nor is it home rule. For the British city is more dependent upon Parliament than the American city is upon the State legislature. Parliament is most exacting in its control and supervision of the city. Special permission has to be got at Westminster to enter any industry, to build tram lines, to lay water or gas mains, to borrow for any improvement. Parliament determines the amount which must be laid aside in a sinking fund for all undertakings. Its finances and its activities are only determined by the people after Parliament has given its consent, and it took five years of unremmitting effort to secure permission to run the telephones. The absence of the spoils system offers some explanation. Only it is a result, not a cause, for there is no act of Parliament making the merit system compulsory.

THE PEOPLE

The explanation of Glasgow is deeper down than the form of the charter, deeper than the merit system, deeper than the method of electing councilmen by popular nominations—important as these things are. It is deeper than the Scotch character, thrifty, prudent, and careful though it is. I fancied it *was* the Scotch character, despite conditions in Pittsburg, the most thoroughly Scotch, as it is among the worst of American cities. So I went to Edinburgh, the most beautiful of all British cities, as it is the centre of the culture, literature, and traditions of Scotland. Here one should find the Scotchman at his best. I went to the Town Hall. The Lord Provost and the town clerk were away. I wanted to see the council. It would not meet for several weeks. It seldom met oftener than once every three weeks. I looked into its enterprises. "We don't go in for such things as Glasgow does," said an official. "We lease our tramways to a private company. The gas and water are in the hands of a parliamentary commission. The members of our council are too busy with their own affairs to devote much time to the city." Glasgow, I found, was in disfavor. Its thrift and enterprise were undignified—almost vulgar in the minds of the Scotchman of the capital city.

So I returned to Glasgow, to the man on the trams, to the business man in the club, to the tradesman in his shop. For I had come to believe that it is the people that explain the official, that it is they who control the administration. We have seen that fact in Cleveland, where the people have achieved efficient government; we have seen it in Chicago, where, if the people have not good government, they at least have aspiring administration; we have seen it in Philadelphia—which is a people in eruption.

So I went to the people and listened to their talk of Glasgow. But it was not Glasgow so much as it was the trams, the gas, the telephones, the parks, the bowling-greens, the baths, the concerts, the splendid sewage works, and the everlasting rates. It was the Alderman So-and-so, and his speech at the last council. It was Scott Gibson and his condemnation of his fellow-members for voting a few pounds out of the treasury for some dinner or other. It was a longer ride on the trams for a cent. For the man on the street knows about these things. It is this that keeps him alert. He is a good citizen because it is his city; it gives him more for his money than anyone else, and it gives him many things.

THE CITY'S ENTERPRISES

So I came to believe that the Glaswegian loves his Glasgow, as his forbears loved their Highlands, because Glasgow loves its people.

"We don't compare our tramways with Manchester or Liverpool," one of them said to me. "We have the best system in the United Kingdom." I think that is true. I have ridden on most of them, and the Glasgow system seems to me the best of them all The service is as frequent as could be asked, and you get a seat for a fare. You get it on top of the cars if you want a smoke, and the cars go everywhere. They are cleaned and disinfected every night; they are bright as fresh paint can keep them; they have no advertisements on them; they are easy riding and are laid on concrete foundations with grooved rails, which offer no obstruction to other traffic. The conductors are courteous—they have to be. They have 1,000,000 critics, all watching them.

I went again to see Mr. James Dalrymple, the general manager of the street-railway system. He had been recently promoted to the position from that of head bookkeeper. The chief, Mr. James Young, had resigned, and his first and second assistants had been called to other towns. The managers of the British tramways are not often engineers. They are business men whose duties are those of administration. They are not electrical experts. Mr. Dalrymple had just returned from America, where he had gone in response to a request from Mayor Dunne of Chicago. He did not tell me his impressions of America, or express an opinion of our ability to manage municipal enterprises. He did say that he had made a study of the street-railway systems in America, and had been entertained by the managers in all of the leading cities. And their opinion of municipal ownership and American politics we all know. But Mr. Dalrymple is a Scotchman. He could not be that and not be convinced that no other people in the world can do what Glasgow has done. That's Scotch nature. They feel that way even toward England. It's human nature, too, for haven't we been sending men to Glasgow for years to learn how that city does things?

For Glasgow has made good on her tramways. A private company ran the system from 1871 to 1894.

But the service was bad, and the treatment of the employees intolerable. The people protested. They tried to regulate the abuses. The company was arrogant; for what could the city do about it? Then Glasgow awoke. A campaign for municipal ownership was started. Two elections were fought over this issue. In 1892 the city decided to take over the operation. This was done two years later.

The private company predicted failure, said the city would go bankrupt. So they refused to sell the council their cars, because they expected the system to come back to them in a short time.

The first thing the city did was to reduce the hours and increase the wages of the employees. Then free uniforms were added, along with five days' holiday each year on pay. This increased consideration for the employees now costs the department something like $500,000 a year. The council did not stop here. Hauls were lengthened and fares cut down 33 per cent. To-day one may ride a half-mile for a cent; two and one-third miles for two cents; and three and a half miles for three cents. For fares are arranged on the zone system. You pay for what you get. The main thing is, what does the average rider pay? In 1905 it was 1.89 cents, while the average fare charged per mile was nine-tenths of a cent. Of the 195,000,000 passengers carried, 30 per cent. paid but one cent, 60 per cent. but two cents, and only 10 per cent. of the total number carried paid more than the latter sum. All fares in excess of two cents might be abolished and the earnings would hardly show it.

And the cost to the city for carrying the average passenger (not including interest charges) was just under one cent in 1905. An examination of the earnings and expenses shows that the Glasgow tramways could pay all operating expenses, could maintain the system, could pay local taxes the same as a private company, and still carry passengers at a universal fare of one cent. It could do this, and make money. On the basis of last year's earnings it would make about $75,000, even if there was no increase in traffic. For the operating expenses and maintenance charge in 1905 were $1,884,150. If the 195,767,519 passengers carried had paid one cent each, the earnings would have been $1,957,675.

But there would be an increase in traffic. Glasgow proved that in 1894 when it reduced its fares by 33 per cent. In three years' time the number of passengers carried doubled; by 1905 the number had more

than thribbled. This was accompanied by a great increase in the mileage of the system, as well as the electro equipment of the lines. But all over England they say it's cheap fares and good service that make municipal dividends on the tramways. The chief complaint in Glasgow is that the tramways make too much money. The man who rides protests mildly that his fare should be still further reduced, or the length of his ride extended.

During the first eleven months after opening the system in 1894 it earned as a horse line, over and above operating expenses, the sum of $208,525. Since that time the growth has been tremendous. The system was opened with 63 miles of track. It now has 147. The gross earnings were $1,066,187 in 1895. In 1905 they were $3,721,854. During the same period the number of passengers carried increased from 57,104,647 to 195,767,519. The council is almost embarrassed to find proper means to dispose of the profits. In 1905 the system paid working expenses, put $334,036 into maintenance and repairs, and paid $188,731 in local taxes. There still remained $1,837,704 as net profits. This was equivalent to a dividend of 12.3 per cent. on the total capital investment in the plant, and 20 per cent. on the present outstanding indebtedness.

That is why the man on the tram complains. He says the council is not only making him pay for his ride, but also pay for the plant, by charging twice as much as it costs to carry him. He thinks it unfair to compel this generation to make a present of the enterprise free from debt to the next one. He points to the fact that the system is worth $14,965,305. In eleven years' time the debt has been reduced to $8,835,939, while $762,873 additional has been paid into the "common good" as well as a like sum in taxes. At this rate, the plant will be free from indebtedness in less than ten years' time.

The council replies by saying: "Look at your fares. They have been cut down one-third. Those who travel are better off by $1,000,000 a year than they would have been under private management. In eleven years' time the savings alone to the passengers exceed the total bonded debt now against the system. The enterprise has already paid for itself out of earnings and savings. It looks as though it had not only paid for itself, but earned about a million dollars besides. It has also repaid the cost of the old horse lines, as well as a splendid manufacturing plant where all the cars and equipment are built by the city by direct labor."

Such, at least, are the figures which "The Glasgow Corporation Tramways" publish to the word. I asked Mr. Dalrymple about the effect of municipal ownership on the people. He said:

"The opening of the trams in 1894 was coincident with, many people would say it was the cause of, the renaissance of civic enthusiasm that has characterized the last ten years of the life of the city. Undoubtedly the more things the city does for the people, the more the people are interested in the city. Municipal ownership fosters interest in municipal affairs."

The man on the trams is evidently right. He owns the trams; therefore he is interested in them. He owns the gas, the water, the electricity supply, and the telephones. Therefore he watches them. He loves Glasgow just as does the Lord Provost, the hard-headed alderman, the man in the club, the care-taker of the city's sewage works. The city is his parent. It cares for him. And it is worth working for. It is so big in its ideals, so big in its achievements, so big in its kindness and goodness.

The Glaswegian still grumbles a little in his pride. Probably he will always grumble. That is one of the things government means to him. He got his trams, his telephones, his parks, his concerts, by grumbling. But his present trouble is a bigger one. He says: "We extended our tram lines far out into the suburbs; we had so many poor, such terrible slums, so much sickness, vice, and misery. We wanted to give our people a chance, wanted to get them out of the tenements and into the country where land was cheap. We reduced our fares. In consequence, earnings fell off. Instead of making land cheap for the poor, we made it valuable for the landlords. We cut down commuters' fares a pound a year, and rentals went up exactly one pound a year. We sought to secure cheap homes for our people, but the land speculator appropriated the whole thing."

Then he did what he always does—this Glaswegian. He worried the council, and the council in turn went to Parliament.

The council said: "We have created immense fortunes for the land-owners about the city. But not content with what he has already got, the landlord wants more, and sits idly by until the people must have his land at any price." The council introduced a bill in Parliament to tax these land values and retake to itself a portion of the millions which its enterprise had created, and which it is now fined for using. It did more. It laid aside $5,000 to promote the bill. Tons of literature were distributed and the city's officials were turned into agents for propaganda work. When Glasgow wants a thing, it wants it hard. Then the council called a conference of cities on "The Taxation of Land Values." More than one hundred local authorities responded. Then they all moved on Parliament and proceeded to worry the members. Of course, Parliament wouldn't listen. For the members of Parliament own Great Britain. They are getting rich out of the growth of the towns. And they have paid no taxes on their land as land for several centuries at least. This is a fact—English land has not been reappraised for taxation since the seventeenth century.

In its attitude toward Parliament, Glasgow reminds one of a terrier barking at the heels of a mastiff. I fancy Parliament must hate this heckling, thrifty municipality that is forever making war on the abuses and privileges which everywhere exist in England and which are so profitable. For the members of Parliament not only own the land, they own the big city franchises, just as the United States Senate owns or represents the big railroads. And it must be annoying, this nagging against monopoly.* But that's the way he got his municipal telephone system. For five long years the city spent money and energy trying to induce Parliament to permit it to open an exchange in competition with the private company which was giving bad service and charging high rates. It finally got permission in 1901. The system has now twelve thousand subcribers and covers 143 square miles. An unlimited telephone service cost $25.55 a year, and a limited one only $17.03. The population served is about a million. Then the private company reduced charges. But despite the cheapening of rates, the exchange makes money, even in the face of the competition of the old established company.

The telephone was the last big enterprise taken over. The city has had the water supply since 1855. It bought out two private companies. Then it went to Loch Katrine, 34 miles away, in the heart of the Highlands, to get a supply. Glasgow spent millions for pure water, and now has one of the finest supplies in the world. It makes money, too, though the rates for domestic use are but ten cents in the pound of rental. This means that for every $100 of house rental paid an additional charge of $2 is made for water service.

The gas supply is also owned by the city. It was bought from private parties in 1869. It is run for the benefit of the people and not for the sake of dividends. Gas is sold at 51 cents a thousand cubic feet for domestic use; for power purposes the price is but 43 cents. The very poor are encouraged to use gas by penny-in-the-slot devices by which one can get enough gas with which to cook a meal for two cents. It also encourages industry by low prices. This diminishes the smoke nuisance. Despite the reduction in price, the net profits in 1905 amounted to $271,930.

The price of gas has been reduced from year to year. It was 78 cents in 1885, 60 cents in 1895. To-day it ranges from 43 to 51 cents. The financial showing is almost as remarkable as the tramways. While the capital expenditure is $18,319,170, the present actual indebtedness is but $9,340,200. The surplus of expenditure, over and above the debt against the undertaking, is $8,978,970. This is what the city has made through owning the plant, in addition to the millions saved by cheaper gas.

The electricity supply has been owned since 1892. The city bought out a private monopoly for $75,000. Then it proceeded to make the plant useful. For that is the policy of Glasgow, to make itself useful to its people. It proceeded to enlarge the system, to extend the conduits all over the city. It has since spent about $6,000,000 on the undertaking. Now it can serve everybody, and serving everybody, can reduce charges. It also sells power to the tramway department and to manufacturing plants. For Glasgow tries to encourage industry just as it aims to promote comfort and convenience. For very small consum-

*They say in England if the Glasgow man doesn't go to heaven when he dies he will make it very uncomfortable for the devil.

ers, the rates for lighting are 12 cents per kilowat hour and 2 cents for all current in excess of a small minimum. For power and heating purposes, the charge is from 1½ cents to 3 cents according to the quantity used. The average price received from all consumers is 5.09 cents.

Glasgow says it would be just as absurd for the owner of a sky-scraper to permit a private elevator company to collect fares from his tenants, or for an outside plumber to own the fixtures and collect for light and heat, as it is for a city to turn over its streets to private tramways, gas and electric lighting companies. Glasgow prefers to do its own plumbing and run its own elevators.

These are the big things Glasgow does. They are the spectacular exhibits. But it does other things. A mere enumeration of its enterprises makes a long catalogue. It runs several farms upon which it uses the street refuse as fertilizer. It has brought them to a high state of fertility, and produces provisions for its departments. Even from this source it has a net income of $3,000 a year. It has a wonderful system of sewage disposal which is nearing completion. The River Clyde has always been a foul-smelling stream, but the city is expending millions to purify it through the destruction of its sewage and the use of the sludge as fertilizer. The city fire department has a big workshop at the central station where it builds all of its own apparatus, just as the tramway department erects its own cars. Glasgow seems bent on being rid of the private contractor. The alderman smiles when charged with socialism, and says it is good business for the city to erect its own cars, to make its own fire apparatus, and employ its own men. And now the council is after the big contractors who build and sewer the streets. It recently asked for tenders for the construction of a sewer. The lowest bid received was $600,000. The city suspected a combine, and proceeded to build the sewer itself at a cost of only $375,000. Now it receives estimates from its own engineer on all jobs, and is rapidly becoming its own contractor. It pockets the profits which formerly went to the middleman, just as it pockets the dividends which formerly went to the tramway company.

Thus Glasgow looks after her people. She is as frugal as a Scotch parent. I fancy the parable of the talents rather than that of the prodigal son finds most favor in the Scotch soul. There is no waste here. In her thriftiness, Glasgow takes profit from her people. Possibly they love her the better for her thrift. But it looks like usury to the outsider, her enterprises earn so much. In 1905 the gross profits of her five big undertakings were as follows: Tramways, $1,852,855; gas, $718,154; electricity, $543,952; water, $763,904; telephones, $100,961. The total profits were $3,979,826. Of this, however, $1,398,880 was paid for interest on the investment. But a snug little sum of $2,580,946 still remained in excess of what it cost the city to pay all charges against these enterprises.

But the council does not use these earnings to relieve the taxpayer, as is frequently asserted. Not a penny of it goes to such a purpose. It is all returned to the undertaking—used to pay bonds, improve the system, and reduce the cost to the consumer.

The same thrift characterizes little things. For Glasgow neglects nothing. Her motto is "Let Glasgow flourish." Interpreted by the aldermen this means municipal dividends. The city makes money on its slum-clearance schemes, upon which model dwellings have been erected, and which are now paying their way in rentals at a rate which in time will leave them free from debt. Glasgow undertook this project back in 1866. It cost a lot of money, but it checked disease and brought down the death-rate. The undertaking showed a deficit for a number of years, but is now justifying itself financially as well as otherwise.

But Glasgow has few deficits. A council committee hates a shortage in an undertaking just as a proud banker suffers from a bad loan. Some years ago the city conceived the idea of Saturday afternoon concerts in the public halls. At first they were of a rather frivolous sort. They now offer the best of entertainments, and during the winter months fine oratorios and splendid choral work is presented to weekly audiences of 30,000 people. The admission fee is but two cents, but even this pays. Not much, it is true, for profit is not the object, but the joy of it all is heightened by the fact that it pays its way. Even the sewage collected at the sewage disposal works realizes a handsome sum, when sold as a fertilizer, as does the cleansing department, which has the care of the streets.

The city scorns not the pennies of the laboring man who halts in the evening for a game of bowls on the municipal greens. It gathers in the coppers from the millions who frequent the twelve public bath-houses which have been erected in various parts of the city, as well as the pennies of the poor who make use of the public laundries which are connected with them. We are going in for such things all over America, but I doubt if any of our cities even attempt to make them pay.

But it is not unlovely—this thrift. It is probably the height of wisdom. A people values that which costs them effort. They value the lodging-houses provided for men and women alike, where a bed can be had for a few cents. They value the widower's home, where the working man with children can leave his infants under proper care. And they value all the more, the baths, the concerts, the game of bowls on the green, because they have paid their full worth, and paid it to themselves. And during the long winter months the council invites the people to lectures in its own halls, of which there are thirteen, where it tells them all about these things. The lectures are free to all and the chairmen of the committees and the managers of the undertakings go all over the city discussing such subjects as "The Health of the Community," "The Corporation Tramways," "The Glasgow Police Force," and "The Public Parks." No wonder the man on the trams was wise —wiser even than the average American alderman. He had been taken into the confidence of his city. It is this reciprocal relationship that accounts for Glasgow's fine citizenship. The city cares for the people, and the people in turn are jealous for the city. There is a fine fraternal sense even though the debit account is so scrupulously watched.

But Glasgow has its benevolences. It provides generously for public concerts in the parks; it has acquired some fine halls for public use; it has a splendid municipal art collection housed in a fine gallery. Its parks and playgrounds are extensive. They are beautifully maintained, and are open to the widest use. Its public library is comparable to those of many cities in America.

The city has its little extravagances, too. They are part of the show. For the British city delights in the spectacular. That is one of the things the lord mayor is for—to be the city's host, and foot its entertainment bills. It seems like an anticlimax to a long and distinguished aldermanic career to be offered the privilege of expending from ten to twenty thousand dollars a year for the maintenance of the city's dignity and the entertainment of its guests. Yet this is a privilege to which the best of Britain's business men aspire. And Glasgow has many little flings at the expense of the treasury. The aldermen go on trips to England and the Continent in the study of other cities. Every fortnight or so one of the departments has an inspection which is its annual show. This is followed by a luncheon at the Town Hall. A hundred or more of the city's officials, with their guests, sit down to a dinner in the Council Chamber and hear about the committee's achievements.

I attended one of these inspections. We drove over the city and returned to the Town Hall to luncheon. There was all the orderliness of a state dinner; the rank and station of each man was assigned. There were speeches, vastly more interesting than those of an ordinary dinner, for they all talked Glasgow. Not as an American city might talk to a river and harbor committee from Congress from whom it hoped for a generous appropriation; it was not business, tonnage, bank clearances. These men were too big with Glasgow to talk about private business. It was rather the sort of thing that college men do at a fraternity banquet.

The motive of it all? "Men like to be in the midst of big things. They like to serve the community that serves them," said Dr. Robert Crawford, one of the city's most distinguished citizens, a man who had served with distinction on the council, and had promoted its big health and clearance schemes.

"It's a sense of *noblesse oblige*," said Lord-Provost Primrose, "an ambition to make the city a cleaner, healthier, happier, more comfortable place in which to live."

"It's my city," says the man on the tram.

"LITTLE MILLIONS"

By Francis Lynde

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. B. MASTERS

"NO, Mr. General-Manager Dickie Brice, I'm not your man. You'll have to shake the hat one more time and draw another number."

Mr. Gebhart Upham, late assistant engineer in charge of rockmen on the Elk Pass Tunnel, was pacing back and forth behind the new general manager's desk, clothed and in his right mind—for the first time in something over a twelvemonth, as he had just been telling Brice.

"It doesn't appeal to you?" said the general manager.

"Not a bit," denied the honorably discharged borer of tunnels, fishing in the pocket of his English-cut coat for his cigar-case, which he presently extended across the desk top. "Try one of these 'Superbas'; it will do your heart good, after smoking sage-brush and wire-grass."

But Brice shook his head. "No; I can't afford to acquire a taste for your imported extravagances. Cost you twenty-five dollars a hundred, don't they?"

"Worse than that," laughed Upham. "But what's the odds, as long as you're happy?"

"You're money-spoiled, Gebby."

"That's it; that's just what I've been trying to tell you. Good Lord, Dick, I don't have to work for wages! A year ago you sniped me when I was planning nothing more strenuous than a month's shooting in the Escalante Hills, and bullied me into helping you dig that infernal tunnel of yours. I stuck it out, because I wouldn't turn you down after you had turned me up. But now——"

"Well, go on," said Brice, lighting one of his own cigars.

"Now you've got your road built; got it erected, by some Wall Street juggle that I don't understand and don't want to understand, into an independent sovereignty; got yourself elected general manager, with this hole-in-the-desert for your headquarters—and you want me to settle down and become a member of your official family. No, thank you; not if I know it. I'm going back to God's country to help the senior Upham spend some of his accrued interest. It's 'oppressin' 'im, crool,' as M'Grath would say."

Brice had pushed his chair back from the desk and was smoking luxuriously.

"Same old dust-thrower, aren't you, Gebby? Takes me back to the tech. school days, when the chancellor was always wanting to know 'why.' As a matter of fact, you're afraid of the job."

Upham was standing in the bay-window, looking down upon the driving activities of the Castle Cliff yard a-building. He spun on his heel at the challenge like a duellist at the signal to fire.

"Think so?" he snapped. "What gave you that notion?"

"The dust-throwing, and other things. But it isn't a notion; it's a settled conviction. You got along well enough up at the tunnel, with only a lot of dagoes to hustle, and with M'Grath to do the hustling. But to be the superintendent of a considerable railroad—well, you'd have to meet and handle men, American men, who will measure you up for what is inside of your skin, and altogether without regard to your father's millions—indeed, the millions will be against you. And you are afraid you won't measure."

Upham was a small man with abnormally broad shoulders, and he brought his fist down upon the desk top with a bang that made the little Zuñi-pottery god spill the matches from his hollow head.

"By heavens, Dick, if I could think for a moment that you really mean that——"

"You may think it," said Brice imperturably. "It's a tolerably broad truth, but you know you can't deny it, Gebby."

"Suffering sea-cooks! Have I got to spend another year in this God-forsaken wilderness to nail that lie up by the ears?"

"It looks that way," rejoined the new general manager coolly. "Your office is at the other end of the corridor. You may have little Cranston for chief clerk and Dickson for a telegraph operator. If you need any coaching——"

Upham dropped into a chair and laughed.

"What I need most is a hired assassin to put you out of the game, Dick. What have you got against me?"

"A longish list of grievances—on the part of my fellow-countrymen. You are a product of the time abhorred of the working world—a rich man's son, with neither the necessity nor the desire to carry your share of the workaday burdens. You've got to make good, here and now."

Upham leaned forward in his chair.

"Tell me one thing, and I'll forgive you the rest: are you digging this stuff out of your own mentality? Or did Kate Hazleton prime you?"

It was Brice's turn to laugh.

"I know Miss Hazleton only as Miss Vanderpoel's cousin. Does she agree with me?"

"As if you had put it up between you. She is daffy on the 'utility' business. That is one thing that made me stick at the tunnel-digging. I never had such letters from her as those I've been getting on top of the range."

"Good—most excellent good! There is also a post-office in Castle Cliff. When can you take hold?"

Upham was walking the floor again.

"I can do it, Richard—for all you seem to be so cocksure I sha'n't measure up to it. But you've got a tough lot of bullies in the train service here; I've ridden the line enough to know that. Do you back me unconditionally?"

"Of course; that says itself."

"All right; get out your circular, and I'll take hold," was the reluctant rejoinder; and when Rader came at the touch of the general manager's call-bell, the new superintendent went to take possession of his offices at the far end of the corridor.

There was a good-natured horse-laugh to go cachinnating over the entire length of the Dolomite and Utah Pacific Short Line when the circular appointing Mr. Gebhart Upham superintendent came out of the train mail.

Upham was known to be Brice's man; and Brice was respected by all who had been with him during the fierce construction battle. But now the rank and file asserted that Brice had blundered. All the world, even to the desert edges of it, knew the fame of the Upham copper millions; and that a son of these millions should make an acceptable master of men was food for mirth.

"Yez moind what I'm sayin' now," was Section-Foreman Danny Hoolihay's dictum. "'Tis Misther Brice'll be the big boss an' the little wan, too; an' Little Millions, wid the goold eye-glasses an' the curled *mus*tache 'll be smokin' his good seegyars wid his purty little feet in th' office windy."

Whether Hoolihay originated the nickname or whether in the eternal fitness of things it sprang spontaneously into being on all lips may never be known. But it came, it fitted, and it remained. Moreover, Hoolihay voiced, in no uncertain sense, the opinion of the rank and file. It had happened before that some favored son of fortune had been carried as a figure-head on the pay-rolls of a long-suffering railroad, and it was merely happening again. So long as "Little Millions" was content to remain a figure-head——

But very early in the game the new superintendent began to show most unwelcome signs of animation. On his first trip over the mountain division he found the rear flagman of a stalled freight lounging a short hundred yards in the wake of his train, instead of the prescribed three hundred. The following morning the flagman and his conductor got a ten-day vacation without pay.

A little later, Bart Bloodgood, pulling the "Flyer" from the West, being five minutes late, scorched over the branch switches at the mile limit in the Castle Cliff yard, and saved his train from a collision with a yard engine by a scant ten feet. He was haled up to the superintendent's office before he could get out of his overclothes and took his place "on the carpet" before a mild-mannered, square-shouldered little man who was peacefully manicuring his fingernails.

"Made a yard stop coming in just now, didn't you, Mr. Bloodgood?" said Upham quietly and without looking up.

Bloodgood did not deny it, but he was willing to shift the responsibility.

"The '15 was in the way," he growled, surlily. "I reckon you didn't want me to split her in two."

"Oh, no," said Upham, pleasantly. And then: "How much room was there between your engine and the 1015 when you stopped?"

Bloodgood wanted to lie, but he did not dare to. "I dunno; maybe ten feet 'r so."

"All right; you may take a day for a foot—ten days. Time-card Rule Seven says, 'Not to exceed fifteen miles an hour over junction switches.' You were bettering that speed by at least another fifteen. Good-morning."

Bloodgood went out, bursting with bottled wrath. It was not the penalty; it was the manner of its applying. If "Little Millions" had cursed him out—had sworn at him and given him a chance to swear back—but he had not; and the mild manner and the air of serene superiority had been as needles to prick the bubble of Western independence. Bloodgood went forth to talk, and his speech, or the virus of it, presently became epidemic.

Thereupon began one of the unsung wars which, from time immemorial, have raged hotly in the peaceful field of the great industries; the bloodless but no less effective war of the rank and file upon its unfellowshipped commanding officer.

There was no planned conspiracy to break Upham; no organized insubordination on the part of the various trade brotherhoods; no disrespect offered when the official car went over the road and it was known that its occupant was looking for flaws in the service mechanism. None the less, Upham was made to know in a thousand ways that he had been tried and found wanting; that his department was gradually disintegrating under his hand; that *esprit du corps*, which is the fine thread in the otherwise purely utilitarian fabric of the railway service, was fraying to the vanishing-point, and the great loom, with its swift-shuttling trains, was weaving as it could without it.

That was but fecklessly, and with many broken threads. After the first few suspensions and a sharp weeding out of the openly mutinous there were fewer infractions of the Book of Rules. But things happened, and continued to happen, apparently without human aid or connivance, and Upham was in despair.

Once it was the breaking in two of a train of ore "empties" trailing up the steep grade of the Dolomite branch, an accident resulting in a six-hour block of the main line at the junction switch where the runaway section hurled itself out of the canyon. Again it was the snapping of a rail under the engine of the night express; a mischance which would have figured as a terrible disaster if the 1260 had been steaming well enough to make her schedule time at the moment—as she was not. Yet again it was a box-car wind-blown from the blind siding to the main track at Arreta, and the narrowest possible escape for the east-bound "Flyer," which picked up the derelict just as it was gaining momentum for the race down the Arreta grade.

These were accidents unpreventable—on the face of them, at least—and they happened only at intervals. But for the daily bread of disorder there were engines which would not steam, schedules which could not, or would not, be made, trains late, freight delayed, and a steady stream of complaints from the two branches of the traffic department protesting vigorously against the growing unreliability of the train service.

"We are simply out of the fight, Mr. Upham," declared Reddick, the general passenger agent, in one of the interviews which had come to be a part of his regular duty. "We can't hope to secure business against the through lines of the Transcontinental unless we can make our connections at terminals. Number Four missed everything at Denver again last night, and Number One was an hour late at Rachab Junction. Can't we get a move?"

Upham was desperate that morning, and he said, "We can try one more expedient, Mr. Reddick, and we'll try it now." And he rose and closed his desk with a slam, meaning to go to Brice with his official head in his hand.

But when he laid hold of the door-knob it was turned nervously from the other side, and Arthur, the general freight agent, came in.

"One moment, Mr. Upham," he protested, marking the outgoing purpose in Upham's eye. "We are in trouble again at the Malachite. The mine manager writes me he has been trying ineffectually for a week to get enough ore-empties to keep his force busy; and now the Transcontinental is offering to build a spur track over to the

mine. Must we go out of business at purely local points for the lack of a little enterprise on the part of our operating employees?"

"No," said Upham shortly; and he changed his mind about going to see the general manager.

Instead, he took to riding the line, day and night; not in his private car, the movements of which must be heralded by wire orders, but on passenger trains, in cabooses, on the engines.

Some few windows, closed hitherto, were opened by these silent tours of observation. It was not an organized revolt, as he had begun to fear. It was merely a vote of a lack of confidence in the executive, less vindictive, perhaps, but not less fatal to the company's interests, than open rebellion. *Laissez faire* had become the watchword of the service; and the self-beheading operation contemplated by Upham on the morning of resolves seemed to be the only remedy.



The rear flagman of a stalled freight.—Page 111.

This was his summing up of the matter in a heart-to-heart talk with Brice at the close of the tour of tours.

"If there were anything at stake more than your loyalty to a friend—even my own bread and butter—I might be tempted to stay on and worry it out, Dick," was his conclusion of the vexed question. "But there isn't; and there is every reason why you should not imperil your own reputation as a business man and manager for a fool notion that it is your mission to make a working man of me."

"But there is something else at stake, Gebby. You are acknowledging defeat."

"Well, what of it? Sha'n't I have to found libraries or hospitals, or something of the sort, to get rid of the copper millions in the end? But no; I won't say that. It *is* a facer: to think that I'm not big enough to win the approval of a lot of stubborn, stiff-necked asses who take that way of showing their contempt for my father's money!"

Brice's smile was rather grim.

"Have you been calling them asses?" he inquired mildly.

"Lord help me—no! I don't dare to say anything less than 'Mister' all the way down the line to the section bosses!"

"Ah," said Brice. And then: "Did it never occur to you that that is only another way of calling them asses?"

"Nonsense!" quoth Upham, squaring himself aggressively in his chair.

"It's of consequence only as indicating an attitude," Brice went on. "If I were a section boss, and you didn't swear kindly and companionably at me once in a while ——"

"Oh," snorted the defeated one. "if you mean that I should get down and hobnob with 'em."

"No, not that, exactly. But there is a golden mean. You say, by the very swing of your shoulders, Gebby, that you are Sevres and they are this"—tapping the little Zuñi-pottery god match-safe.

"Oh, damn," said Upham, quite without heat. And he thrust his hands into his pockets.

"Of course, if you don't care," Brice began again.

"But I do care, now; I didn't at first. It grinds me to the bone to confess that this thing is too big for me."

"It isn't. But the men are thinking, not without cause, perhaps, that you consider yourself too big for it."



Took his place "on the carpet."—Page 111

"Well, it's too late to turn over a new leaf now," said Upham definitively.

"Is it? Have you written Miss Hazleton that you are about to sit down in the lap of luxury again?"

The failure got up and strolled to the window.

"There it is again," he said over his shoulder. "Kate's coming out here next month—with the President Calliday party on the inspection trip. I'll cut a lovely figure, won't I? Permanent way running down, service all gone to smash, and the devil to pay generally. Mr. Calliday will fire me out of hand; and you'll be lucky if he doesn't fire you."

"Well?"

"It isn't well; it's——"

As we have seen, the bay-window looked out upon the busy yard. At the break Upham struggled desperately with the sash, shot it up, and yelled fiercely down into the clamor of shrilling wheels. The shifting-engine was shoving up a string of boxes, with no one to pilot the blind end. A refrigerator car stood on the adjacent siding, half its length below the "clear post." At the yelling instant came the crash of a cornerwise collision which crushed the ice tanks of the refrigerator and tore out the end of the leading box.

Upham did not wait to find the stairway. Catlike he climbed through the open window to spring from the roof of the platform porch to the top of the smashed box-car; and there were no courtesy titles in the torrent of expletives which he poured out upon the up-running yard crew.

Brice went to the window, looked down, and closed the sash with a smile. "That's a little more like it," he mused. "There's hope for him, yet."

And the yardmaster's comment, worded in the shelter of the switch shanty at the noon pause, was even more encouraging.

"Dommed if 'Little Millions' can't crow like a man whin he's put to 't, b'ys. 'Tis a grea-at thing to have a collige edyoucashun an' be able to swear like Father Flaherty makin' the binediction. 'Tis a gift, me son; and wan that the little boss has been sore neglectin', I'm thinkin'."

That night there was a beautiful freight wreck in the canyon of the upper Boiling Water; and Upham, who had left orders with an astonished Cranston directing that

he be called hereafter in all cases of emergency, made one in the crowded caboose of the wrecking train.

At first the men were inclined to let him ride in solitary state, so far as the narrow limits of the car would permit; indeed, a goodly number of them crowded into the tool-car and sat or sprawled on the tool-boxes and coils of hawsers. But for once in a way the superintendent refused to be ignored. Out of Halsey, the conductor, he got the wire story of the wreck, and in the hearing begged a filling of cut plug for his pipe from Simmons, the derrick-man. After that the crew tolerated him, suspiciously, since human nature, in the rough or otherwise, is wary of sudden conversions.

Nevertheless, before the dawn breaking of the toilful night Upham had gained something. Hitherto he had figured in wrecking *mêlées* merely as a silent and presumably contemptuous onlooker. But this night he displaced Grimmer, the master mechanic, and gave the crew an exhibition lesson in scientific track-clearing. Never in the short history of the D. & U. P.—short in months, but long in disasters—had the wrecking gang known what it meant to have a skilled engineer in command.

Smashed boxes rose out of the ditch at the end of the derrick-fall, righted themselves in mid-air, and were swung deftly into the long line of "cripples" on the temporary siding. Loose wreckage, which would have been fished up by Grimmer a piece at a time, was gathered in ton masses by the grab-hooks and landed successfully on the waiting flats of the work train. And when it came to the overturned engine, it was "Little Millions" himself who waded into the stream where she weltered and made the critical hitches with his own hands—though by this time there were volunteers who would have gone into worse places at his nod.

This was the beginning, to be taken for what it was worth. Round-house, freight-yard, back-shop comment gave it a hearing, and waited for more. Bloodgood, who was posing as a boss-hater from principle, scoffed openly; but Jurgins, the round-house hostler, counselled charity. "*He* ain't to blame for thinkin' his daddy's money makes a little tin gawd out o' him," was the form the charitable plea took. "Mebbe there's a man inside o' them store-clothes o' his'n, yet—there's a mighty fine wreck artist, anyhow; and don't you forgit it!"

It was Bostwick, engineer of the 1016, ore-puller, who brought the next word of



"Dommed if 'Little Millions' can't crow like a man whin he's put to 't, b'ys."—Page 114.

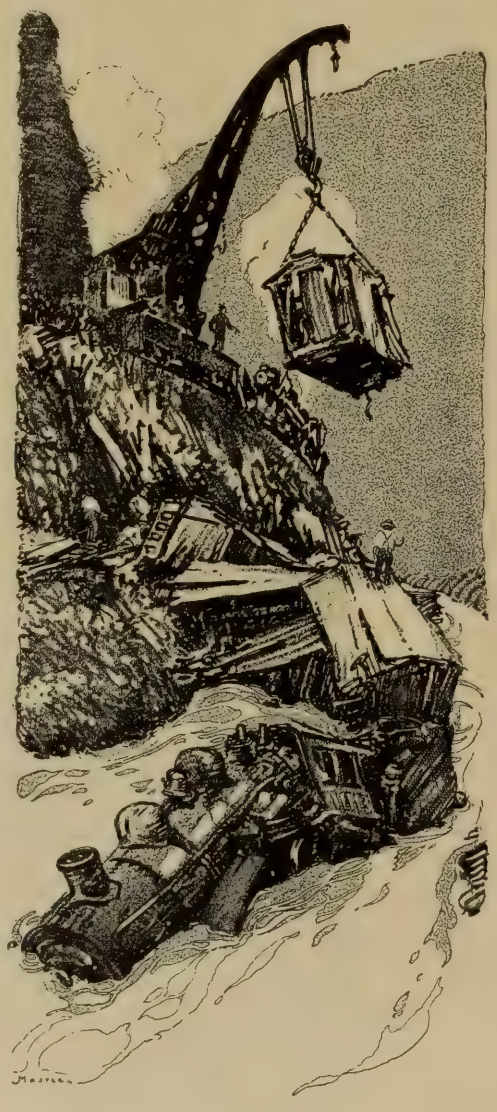
hope. Bostwick was a careful man, and a hot-tempered, and hitherto he had kept out of the way of *laissez faire* and the untoward happenings. But one night on the run down from Dolomite he had allowed himself to wink once when he should have winked twice, and an open switch had caught him.

"Of course, 'Little Millions' sent for me before I could get off'm the relief engine," was his report of it to the round-house contingent, "and I went up, lookin' for the same kind o' cold hell he's been givin' the other boys—'Um-hm, *Mister* Bostwick; been getting into the ditch, have you? Thirty days. *Good* morning.' But say, that little eejit was just jumpin', *hollerin'* mad when I went in! Blamed if I didn't think he was goin' to hit me! Minded me of old times on the C. & G. R., when you could find your way 'round in the dark by the light of old man Targreaves's cussin'."

The grin went abroad, and Hollingsworth, who was one of the listeners, said, "Reckon you needed it, Mac, didn't ye?"

"Sure! It was on me right enough. When he ran out o' breath I was gapin' like a chicken with the pip, an' he let out again, 'Why don't you talk back, you——.' Say, boys, it's worth a month's pay to hear that little cuss string out the pet names when he's right good and hot—it is, for a fact! I got action after a while, too, and when we both got tuned up you could 'a' heard the fireworks plum across to the Cliffs Hotel. Then we come down to business.

"'This thing won't do, Mac'—called me Mac, by grabs!—'this thing has got to stop right here and now,' says he. 'What I want to know is if you're going to do your part toward stopping it.' Natchelly, I said I would, after I'd wore out my lay-off. 'Humph!' says he, savage as a bear with a sore head, 'don't you be reminding me that I ought to lay you off. You go home and sleep the clock 'round once or twice, and see if you can't get over taking cat-naps on your engine.'"



Smashed boxes rose out of the ditch at the end of the derrick-fall.—Page 115.

"My God!" said Jurgins. "Didn't hang you up?"

"No; he didn't hang me up."

Again the wind-straw was taken for what it might indicate, and the expiring *esprit du corps* of the Dolomite Short Line began to show signs of returning animation. One black night Jerry Lafferty, on whose section the beautiful freight wreck had occurred, was moved to turn out of his comfortable bunk shanty, after working hours, to have a look at a dangerous bit of bank in a rock cutting: result, the finding of a sizable land-slip on the track, and the saving of Number Four from a probable wreck.

A few nights later, Dolan, running a heavy ore train down from Dolomite, felt the surge and jerk betokening a broken coupling. He might have jumped. In similar straits other men had been saving themselves and letting things take their course. But Dolan yelled at his fireman and stuck to his engine; played touch-and-go with the runaway tail-end until he had brought all safely to a stand, and—but the sequel was in the superintendent's office.

"Want to see you, Mike? Of course I did. You're a man after my own heart; put it there"—namely, into the outstretched



Out of Halsey, the conductor, he got the wire story of the wreck.—Page 115.

palm of the boss. "The first vacancy in the passenger runs is yours. Not a word—I know what you'd say if you could get your wild-Irish tongue loose, and I'm too busy to listen to you this morning. Go home and rest up."

"Holy Mother!" muttered Dolan to himself in the outer office—to himself, but in the hearing of little Cranston; "'tis a man, afther all—a man, mind you, wid two legs an' a fisht an' a hear-rt in 'im!"

Thus and thus came the embers of a common humanity to a glow. All along the line of the hazardous, man-killing mountain railroad the happenings grew less frequent, as little by little the loose threads of the rank and file became knitted into the firm strand of loyalty. Yet it was a little deed of Upham's—of the man, Gebhart Upham, minus his title and official position—that finally fanned the embers into the blaze of brotherhood.

It chanced on the run of the president's inspection special from Shunt Pass to Cas-

tle Cliff, on a certain radiant October afternoon when disaster seemed afar off, and for Upham the world held nothing more alluring than the slim, lithe figure of a sweet-faced young woman who had been sitting out the glorious afternoon with him on the rear platform of the private car. But the fates were busy, just the same.

The private car, drawn by the hundred-ton eight-wheeler, 1026, Bloodgood, engineer, was running as second section of the day express, with fifteen minutes between.



"*He* ain't to blame for thinkin' his daddy's money makes a little tin gawd out o' him."—Page 115.

In a park-like opening of the canyon, on Pat Shannon's section, an east-bound freight lay on the blind siding which was its meeting-point with Number One. The orders were all straight. Johnson, conductor of the freight, read them a second time to Hollingsworth, his engineer. The first section of Train One had passed, carrying a flag for the second section, and Shannon and his men were replacing a worn rail in the main line just opposite the waiting freight-train's engine.

"I wouldn't take chances on that, Pat, between trains, if I were you," called Johnson, from his post at the freight engine's step, thereby showing how far expiring *esprit du corps* had come on the road to recovery.

"'Tis all safe; the slow-flag's out," said the trackman, with a fling of his hand toward the bit of green bunting fluttering between the rails a hundred yards up the line. Then he added: "There's plinty av time. It's the prisidint's privit', an' I'll be givin' her the new shteel for her christenin' av ut. Move, now! move now!"—to his men. "Out wid it, lively, boys!"

The rail replacement went on swiftly. Hollingsworth, squatting in the gangway of his engine, glanced at his watch.

"Pat *is* taking chances," he remarked to Johnson. "Bloodgood 'll be due here in two minutes, making Number One's time—which ain't a rod less than forty miles an hour. If he don't happen to see that green rag——"

The sentence was never finished. Out of the canyon portal stormed the 1026, *working steam!* Hollingsworth tumbled from his perch with a yell that dominated the roar of the oncoming train.

"*Patsy, your flag's down!*"

Simultaneously there was a frantic dash of three men up the track, with Hollings-



Drawn by F. B. Masters.

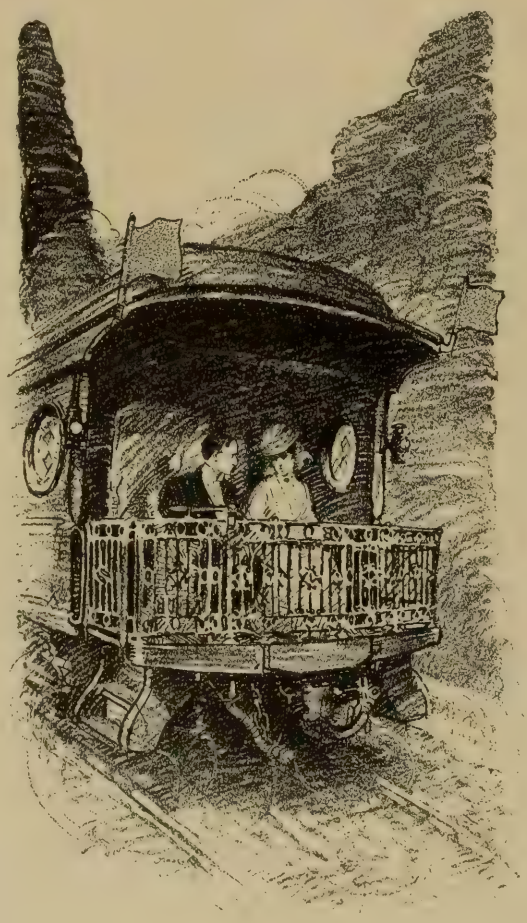
"I wouldn't take chances on that, Pat, between trains, if I were you."—Page 118.

worth in the lead wildly swinging his stripped coat. At the same instant the fireman on the freight engine set the canyon echoes clamoring with a shrill call for brakes.

"What's that?" demanded Upham, starting up out of his love reverie at Miss Hazleton's side.

The answer came up out of the dust whirl under the rear trucks of the flying car in the shape of a green flag, tattered and with a broken staff. Upham jumped for the platform brake-cord, and the whistle of the air was exactly coincident with a plunging shock from the big engine. Then he swung far out over the hand-rail for a look ahead. What he saw, as the car slowed to safety under its own air-brake, was the great engine, free and apparently beyond control, thundering down upon a gap in the rails.

"Good God!" he gasped, as the car stopped jerkily, and the big engine, having reached the gap, reeled and toppled over into the river. And then: "Don't look, Kate—it's too horrible! Stay where you are till I come back!" Whereupon he cleared the hand-rail at a bound and ran to join the little group of train- and section-men at the point of disaster.



Disaster seemed afar off.—Page 118.

"Where are the enginemen? Did they jump?" he cried.

It was Hollingsworth who answered, shouting to make himself heard above the hissing, spluttering din of the half-submerged engine.

"Johnny Shovel got off; but Bart went down with her. He's in the cab."

Upham had drawn off his shoes and was struggling out of his coat. Pat Shannon, crying like a child, laid hold of him.

"'Tis no use at all, at all, Misther Upham!" he wailed. "'Twould cook the meat off your bones!"

Upham shook him off roughly and turned to Brice, who had just come up with the entire private-car party at his heels.

"Take charge here, Dick," he snapped. "I'm going to dive for him. Get the men in line to help us out."

"You will be scalded to death!" said the president, trying, as Shannon had, to dissuade him.

"It's a man's life," said Upham coolly, and with that he picked his place and plunged.

It was a terrible interval before he reappeared, some distance below the boiling caldron, but he was gripping a bruised and disfigured, but still struggling Bloodgood, when the human life-line formed quickly and drew him out. What happened afterward was told graphically by Hollingsworth to an eager audience in the round-house tool-room that same night.

"It's just as I'm telling you, boys; he was about as near dead as Bloodgood when we snaked 'em out of the river, but he was hangin' on to Bart's collar so't we had to prize his fingers apart to get 'em loose. Then that little gal came flutterin' down the bank and—oh, my! it made me wisht I was young and pretty again—pitched her arms around 'Little Millions' and cried over him right there and then, before the whole kit and b'ilin' of us; and there wa'n't anybody snickerin' now, you bet!

"Soon as he could stand up and get his breath he laughed like it was a piece in play. 'See here,' says he, 'you're all daffy over the wrong man. Bloodgood is your hero. Don't you see he broke loose from

that car because he knew he couldn't hold it and his hundred tons of locomotive, too? Get him up into the car, men, and we'll take that freight engine and hunt a doctor. He's pretty badly hurt.'"

There was little said by the listeners. There be some deeds too large for comment. But that night into every telegraph office on the line there trickled, between the business clickings of the sounders, the story of "Little Millions's" plunge into the boiling pot; and plain-faced men in overclothes, hearing the wire talk, banged their fists on the operators' tables and swore fealty to the man they had derided. And Jerry Lafferty was not the only man who walked his section after working hours.

And Upham? Two men sat late that night in the smoking-room of the Cliffs Inn at Castle Cliff; sat long after the president and Arthur and Reddick and the deputation of welcoming citizens had departed.

"I suppose it's you to quit us and go home, Gebby—now that you know Miss Hazleton's sentiments at large," said Brice when the bedtime pipes were gurgling in the bowl.

Upham rose and put his back to the fire in the great stone arch.

"Do I?" he queried. "You think I'd better quit while my record is good? Not for a farm in paradise, Dick. I've had it out with Kate, you know, and here I stay until I've made good with the rank and file. I'll get the hang of it, after a while."

"Ah," said Brice, "I think you've got it now, Gebby. Do you know what they call you?"

Upham made a wry face. "'Little Millions,' isn't it?"

"Yes; and from this day it will be '*our* Little Millions' and you'd be foolish to swap it for a title. Your troubles are over."

And they were.



Out of the canyon portal stormed the 1026.—Page 118.

Legislative Library

THE POINT OF VIEW

IN one aspect, at least, that of the reporter's method of treatment, the journalistic form of novel is sufficiently familiar. Many a modern story of "local color" has been written in the manner of the correspondent "on a foreign assignment." The out-of-the-way place is visited, and a study made with painstaking accuracy for the setting of the tale. Or perhaps some provincial author sets himself down to describe the home from which he has seldom strayed and its people as he has always known them, minutely depicting peculiarities, and producing often an admirable bit of *genre* work. Or once more, the story-teller may belong to the school of realism, which seeks to apply the scientific method to "noveling," as Howells calls it. In such a case, as Professor Cross says in his little treatise on "The Development of the English Novel," "the story or groundwork of the novel must never be invented out of one's head; it must be taken from direct observation, the newspaper, or some well-authenticated report." For example, "it may be supposed that Zola reads of a young woman who, when about to leap into the Seine, is rescued by the police. He has an interview with her, finds out all he can about her, the surroundings under which she has grown up, and the character and occupation of her parents. He studies similar cases, let us say ten or twelve; then he makes his generalizations." The process is identical, only carried infinitely further, with that of the reporter "assigned" to describe such an incident for his paper.

The Newspaper and Fiction

But quite beyond any surface likeness there is a subtle interplay of relation between journalism and fiction of which little account is currently taken. The story quality of much that passes for news modifies the reading habits of a constituency including almost all the reading public. This is a quality peculiarly American. The American newspaper, as an acute French observer has said, "is a huge collection short stories." The aptness of the description finds justification in the accepted slang term of "story," applied, in newspaper parlance, without discrimination to whatever may be printed at length, be it serious, sensational, or humorous, an affair of state, a catastrophe, or a street incident. Reciprocally, such is the automatic working of habit, even the reader who takes his newspaper seriously may often find himself passing over a matter of moment for the "story" of some triviality amusingly sketched. This encroachment of the newspaper on the province of ordinary story-telling, vitiating the popular taste and to some extent that of the more thoughtful, has also had its part in delimiting the sphere of fiction as art. It has led to emphasis on the difference between the clever photography of journalism and that suggestiveness of impressionism which distinguishes the picture from the photograph; all the more if the subject be an episode, as in some short stories of the great masters. The natural trend toward this latter has been undoubtedly strengthened by the revolt from the Philistinism of a newspaper age; and appears in various breaks from the old conventions; for example, in the matter of the traditional "happy ending," and the endeavor to reproduce, sometimes dramatically, sometimes incidentally, the incompleteness of life. Then, too, the newspaper usually depicts life as it is embodied in a constantly shifting series of individuals, selected haphazard; a fact which has something to do with sending the contemporary novelist to seek for study of life in the large, as it is embodied in groups or classes—if possible, some group or class, the individual habits of whose members have not been made too familiar through the all-gathering gossip of the press. This was unconsciously illustrated the other day by a chance remark of Mr. Howells that some novel of the future should tell the story of the loneliest class in New York—the rich people who drift from early provincial homes into New York. There they go through the motions of doing what the rich and fashionable do around them, keep establishments, dine at expensive restaurants, and attend the opera, but live in reality detached lives so far as

social relationships are concerned. *Even the reporter* does not unbidden invade their lonely privacy.

There is still another and more serious side on which journalism touches current fiction and shares its spirit. That spirit has been called by Prof. Charlton M. Lewis "the vaudeville spirit," the spirit in which disillusionment "takes refuge in the easy carelessness of sceptical humor," thus "losing, or half unconsciously letting go, the habit of seriousness." The significance of this is brought home in the saying of Mr. Corey in "Silas Lapham": "All civilization comes through literature now, especially in our country. A Greek got his civilization by talking and looking, and in some measure a Parisian may still do it. But we, who live remote from history and monuments, we must read, or we must barbarize."

WE have been told all our lives that the "grand manner" is fast disappearing from the face of the earth, and have tried to console ourselves by reflecting that this ill news must have been heard quite as often by our great-grandparents. But what of consolation this act of retrospection affords is more for not living in the consulship of Plancus than for anything else; for the disappearance of the "grand manner" itself it can hardly console us. Yet, supposing the bad news to be true, which it really seems to be, may there not be compensations? It is worth thinking of.

I suppose the supreme exemplar of the "grand manner" known to history was Louis XIV; at least, he is the most intimately associated with it in the minds of most of us. The stories that have come down to us of his bow are overwhelming to our self-conceit when we mentally compare that magnificent act of courtliness with anything of the sort of which we ourselves are capable. And that bow may safely be taken as a culminating point, not only of his regal bearing in particular, but of the "grand manner" in general. By it the Grand Monarque could indicate to a nicety both the exact rank and the exact standing in court favor of every recipient of his greeting; and this, too, with perfect apparent naturalness, without the least show of effort. Truly an accomplishment unique in the annals of bowing! Still, while admitting its unapproached perfection, we may not unprofitably consider what this jewel of deportment cost.

The Grand Manner

Louis XIV's bow has not inaptly been called the blossom of feudalism. Verily it took centuries of feudalism, with all its slowly waning good and rapidly waxing evil, to produce it. Without the previous history of France and of Europe, from Charlemagne down to Louis himself, exactly as it was, that bow would have been impossible. *Tout se tient* in this world, and nothing can come of nothing. Moreover, the bow would have been equally impossible in any other state of society than that in France in Louis's day. So great an actor implies an intelligently appreciative audience; he was not the man to waste his sweetness on the desert air and cast pearls before swine. What would all those subtile indications of rank and court standing have profited him with a court unable to apprehend them? The feudalism that produced the actor had to produce the audience, too; the one is inconceivable without the other. And when we consider that it had taken centuries of feudalism to produce all this; that when it had once been produced in all its imposing perfection it was actually all of virtue that was left in feudalism itself and in the French monarchy; that all the social and political forces that had contributed to produce it had exhausted themselves in the effort, and, as in the century-plant, the blossom had killed the tree, we may be pardoned for asking: Was it, after all, worth the price?

We may even ask, by the way, price apart, what was the intrinsic worth of the thing itself? Let us consider for a moment to what use this "supreme blossom of feudalism" was primarily put. In plain English, to letting everybody know his or her place. And looked at in this light, was Louis le Grand's bow the act of what we should nowadays call a gentleman? Hardly; in the last analysis it was the act of a bully and a snob, it embodied sheer domineering insolence—gracefully cured of its deformity, no doubt, as far as lay within human power to cure it, but sheer domineering insolence, for all that. "*L'État, c'est moi!*" had twice the bluster, but not half the ingrained depravity of that impeccably discriminating bow. A jewel of deportment, perhaps, but rather a poor bauble to be paid for with centuries of tyranny, oppression, cheating, and misery. And intrinsically valuable or not to Louis, it was

surely of no value whatever to those who paid for it. A pure case of *sic vos non vobis!*

I think, too, that to leave this supreme example, it will be found that wherever and whenever the "grand manner" has become generally noticeable in the great of this earth —for the rank and file of humanity have seldom had much of it—the social structure has been considerably rotten at its base. The necessary conditions for the development of the "grand manner" are such that the one can hardly go without the other. I have said that without the French court and the whole structure of French society as they were in Louis's day he himself would have been nothing. I maintain that wherever you find the "grand manner" to be the rule, not the exception, in what are called the upper strata of society, you will find a corresponding rottenness in the lower.

Here is another significant example. Probably some of the finest and most striking exemplars of the "grand manner" to-day are to be found among the Arabs. Egypt and Arabia itself I do not know; but I think anyone who has looked through Tunisia and Algeria with an observing eye will agree with me. I certainly have never seen human beings more completely sublime in look, carriage, and general bearing than Arabs of the better class in the last-named two countries. No doubt, their wondrous flowing drapery contributes to the impression they produce; but it does not take very keen observation to see that their majesty is really singularly independent of outside accessories. It can hold its own amid what would be to others exceedingly damaging conditions. When you see a superb six-footer, in by no means particularly fine raiment, seated carelessly crosswise on the hind quarters of a very small and scrubby ambling donkey, and looking positively like Solomon in all his glory, you begin to feel how much this impressive majesty is inherent in the man himself. Simplicity is doubtless an important factor; the Arab is perfectly simple, and exhibits no trace of self-consciousness. It is only in the Bedouin of the desert, who is more than half savage, that you find any show of contemptuous haughtiness, of feeling his oats as one of the faithful. The town-bred Arab is not only majestic, but exquisitely and unforcedly courteous to boot. His gracious, beautifully simple civility to us foreigners seems to me the finest practical application of the *noblesse oblige* principle I know of; for, considering his real utter contempt for us uncircumcised giaours, one would expect him to be about as courteous to us as an antebellum Southern planter to a "nigger." Yet his civility betrays no effort, neither is there a visible trace of condescension in it. In short, the Tunisian and Algerian Arab is the finest and most complete incarnation I know of to-day of the "grand manner" in its best estate—in a phase far higher than was ever dreamt of in Louis XIV's philosophy.

And of what is the Arab's "grand manner" the blossom? Unquestionably of El Islam. And in what coin is it paid for, where is the "corresponding rottenness"? It is paid for in the rather poor theoretical creed and the infinitely poorer and meaner actual life of the Mussulman; the rottenness is in the civilization that has resulted from both, a civilization so poor, so terribly limited in intellectual and ethical horizon, that to us Occidentals it seems more like barbarism. Truly the price the Arab pays for his "grand manner" is no light one; though it must be conceded to him that he pays the better part of it himself. In this he is surely superior to Louis XIV, who personally paid nothing.

When we think what this so bitterly regretted "grand manner" has cost the world from first to last—in tyranny, class inequality, oppression, stunted growth, infamy, wretchedness, and blood—we may well be consoled for its "fast disappearing from the face of the earth." Beautiful blossom, so fair, so stately, so gracious, but reared and brought to perfection by what awful gardening!

THE FIELD OF ART

ARTISTS WITH THEORIES, CONVICTIONS, AND PRINCIPLES

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S extraordinary autobiography gives the first official, and from one point of view, trustworthy* account of the Pre-Raphaelite movement—that of 1847-48. The book is intended to give such an account; for its title is "Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood." There is no attempt made here to criticise that book in any way; but its strongly personal character will be clear to every person who reads this or any other series of thoughts drawn from its pages. The preface and the text of the volumes read as if the writer had addressed only a little group of persons who would understand him at a word, and would believe him without the necessity of proof or even demonstration; and who take his point of view in everything.

I

SOME words of the preface are worth quoting, because they immediately introduce the subject of this paper, and tell us in the briefest and most positive way what is to be noted in the first place in any record of Pre-Raphaelite theories and Pre-Raphaelite aims. There has been, in that preface, allusion to the great and long-continued labor required to make a thorough painter, and Burne-Jones has been quoted as having said that "at least three hundred years" are needed to attain maturity in art. Then follow these sentences:

"The Greeks, the Romans, and the Italians eked out their short span of personal observation and experience by handing on their acquired wisdom to their pupils, and so extended individual life, and thus more surely reached the goal of their ambition. I hope to convince my readers that every student of art in the past was loyal to his own nationality, and that in these days men of British blood, whether of insular birth or of the homes beyond the seas, should not subject themselves to the influence of masters alien to the sentiments and principles of the great English poets and thinkers.

"It was matter for caution even in the days when the sober high purposes of Continental masters insured the cultivation of correctness and respect for questions of common sense; but now that these qualities are ridiculed and put aside, there is greater reason for regarding foreign training as most pernicious and altogether to be shunned by students of the race to which Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and the great fathers of our own art belonged."

We have, then, to begin with, this point established: the ambition of at least this one Pre-Raphaelite (and he speaks for his associates as well) was to shut up England and English art within its own bounds; and he was still of that mind when he was putting this book into final shape. He believed in being as English as possible; and as in 1847 he disbelieved in the then contemporary art of the Continent, so when he wrote his preface (very recently, for his book is dated 1905) he was of the same mind, confirming and restating his views of sixty years before, and applying them to the art of the Continent as we have known it from 1870 to 1905. Now, when we think of what was in 1847 the contemporary art of the Continent, and that he was looking at it from the island kingdom without unusually strong perspective glasses of foresight and insight, we can see that he was partly in the right. Let us suppose that we are in England in 1847—"the Continent" must have seemed asleep; or that we are in 1848, and all is revolution, violence, political and social unrest; or that we are in 1849, the French Revolution of the previous year having resulted in a tentative republic, and the feeble revolts in other states all crushed. We have to look at, in our English cities, now and then a picture by Horace Vernet, or one by Rosa Bonheur, or perhaps by Paul Delaroche. Pictures by Ingres, by Couture, by Delacroix are hardly known. Ary Scheffer, indeed, exhibits in London; but his pictures would hardly take captive the imagination, or bid Englishmen follow him. There is no daily practice of photography ready to furnish monochromatic reproductions of paintings, no annual volumes of *Le Salon*, full of photogravures; there are only rare and very brief runs to Paris for the poor young

* I do not ignore Mr. Harry Quilter's sketch in "Preferences," nor Mr. Bate's rather careful study in "The English Pre-Raphaelite Painters," nor the several papers of Mr. W. M. Rossetti.

artists who have grown up despising the Continental art. Let us try to imagine how it would be, even to-day, if we were to take as the successor of Horace Vernet either Édouard Detaille or Alphonse de Neuville; if we should take as the successor of Paul Delaroche, perhaps, J. P. Laurens; if we take, to stand for Scheffer, the famous Bouguereau. Those suggestions are not unfair, for though the military painters named are certainly far superior to Horace Vernet in artistic importance, they are not the more adequately the representatives of a contemporary art. As for Laurens—if he is not the equal of Delaroche in moral purpose, he is his superior in knowledge and in the variety of subjects drawn from the archives of the past. Whom to name as the equivalent of Rosa Bonheur it is not easy and not important to decide. The point is that the Continental painters shown to the English would be of the technically efficient but hardly spirit-stirring class, and that those uninspired painters would not commend themselves to young Englishmen of the purist school, of the nationalist school, of the exclusive spirit which would set severe limitations to art. Or, suppose that one of Gérôme's pictures of 1848 came to London in the following year; what would young Englishmen of very earnest purpose think of "Innocence," or of "Jeunes Grecs excitant des Coqs à combattre"? What a hateful picture, in subject and in technic, would it have been to them!

There was, indeed, the tremendous power and tragedy of Géricault, who had died twenty years before—but then Géricault dealt with painful subjects, which to this day the English critic holds up to the horror of the English reader. Couture's "Les Romains de la décadence" is passed upon by Hunt, who saw it in Paris in 1849-50, as the work of a man "without the breath of life in his nostrils." We have also Hunt's recollections of Ingres and Delacroix, as counting little with him, though his companion, Rossetti, was pleased with Delacroix. And behind these men—very new men in 1847—who was there? There was Baron Gros; there was David, with the dull classicality shown in his more grandiose pictures, and a horror equal to that of Géricault's choice in his more personal conceptions—the death of Marat, for instance.

Let us not once suppose that this English shrinking from Continental subjects of thought and Continental pictures is at all peculiar to half a century ago. It is not so very long since the *Spectator* quoted from a Paris journal, which had sent its correspondent to the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy; the correspondent had looked with amazement at the placid English pictures with their absence of historical verity when disagreeable, and their absence of modern allusion when either cynical or sad. And his comment was to the effect, that the English pictures represented only *La Reine—Le Lor Maire—Le Sunday-school—Monsieur, Madame et Bébé.* The *Spectator* quoted those words and then made its own remark upon them, that "somehow or other they seemed to us like praise." Well, to say that that comment sounded like praise was to accept—was it not?—the suggestion that these and others like them were the proper subjects for modern art. Tranquil English royalty living at Windsor and walking on "the slopes," perfunctory English officials embodied in the highly decorative and traditional lord mayor, innocent English people, described by the French phrase then newly launched by Gustav Droz; those were the fitting subjects of art, rather than what Hunt found in Paris and described in these terms (vol. i, p. 186): "Nothing to make intelligible the axiom that 'art is love.' The startling antithesis proclaimed that art is hatred, war, murder, lust, pride, and egoism." That very "axiom," "Art is love" seems to involve denial of the possible assertion that art is life; but it is closely related to the primal assumption that art is local patriotism.

II

THERE was another influence which told as strongly for the Pre-Raphaelite line of thought as did that shrinking of the untravelled middle-class Englishman from foreign ways and foreign views. It was the worship of fifteenth-century Italy as seen in its art and as inferred from its art. Fifteenth-century Italy was to these enthusiastic students of early, even of archaic methods of painting, a kind of half-made paradise. Ruskin had printed, or was about to print (it is indifferent) those phrases of his about the mediæval life of Pisa, in which the ladies and the knights are glorified, are treated as living an ideal human life, are held up with reproachful comparisons to the inhabitants of the ugly nineteenth-century cities. And there are

words to this effect, that the pleasures of the Middle Ages were stained with blood, indeed, but that "ours" were gray with dust: a spirited comparison, not without a truth concealed in it. But this idealized Middle Age had led up to the fifteenth century, and the painters Lippi, Botticelli, Filippino, Paolo Uccello, Cosmo Rosselli, and Benozzi Gozzoli gave to the young English students such a foretaste of religious joys, angelic purity, and heavenly peace that the whole epoch in which those men had painted seemed half divine, and the men of the epoch prophets and apostles of a nobler society than the one they knew. In a way, then, the nineteenth-century Englishman of puritan habit of mind accepted the Florentine religious painter of the fifteenth century as his master in artistic thought, and in all such religious belief and religious aspiration as could be expressed in art. When Mr. Hunt in his preface goes on to say that he "regards the character of a nation's art as immeasurably more important than it is ordinarily thought to be, both for its own people and for the whole world," he is thinking—you can see that he is thinking—of an English art which should be based upon early Italian example. So much is clear also from almost every page of his two large volumes.

III

As a third influence in the building up of Pre-Raphaelitism we find the love of the Middle Ages; their architecture, their picturesque forms of decorative art, and the possible expression of their thought in modern painting and drawing. How far this strongly marked tendency came of the study of Gothic architecture, as a primary cause, and how far that architectural movement itself, the "Gothic revival" of those very years, was but a part of the same new-born desire to study the thirteenth century and the years which followed it, it would take too much space to consider. A sincere love of the English cathedrals and parish churches, and of the ruined abbeys of the north with their picturesque decay; the rejection of dull eighteenth-century street architecture, as seen in the stuccoed houses of London; a longing for vigorous colors and strongly outlined patterns; the growing idea that the unequalled logic and rationality of Gothic architecture were in some way virtuous—even religious; all these processes of thought taken together were needed to make up the strong mediævalism shown by the earlier compositions of Hunt, Rossetti, Millais, Collinson, Lawless, Hughes, Jones—pictures mentioned in another connection—by Rossetti's very early poems, "The Blessed Damozel" and "The Staff and Scrip," and by such poetry of William Morris as was published afterward, in 1858, in the volume called "The Defence of Guenevere."

IV

Closely connected at once with mediævalism and with the worship of the Italian painters of the fifteenth century there is to be noted a constant reference to ecclesiology. Thus the incidents of the Bible and some scenes of legendary church history appealed to the minds of Rossetti, Holman Hunt and Millais, in their youth, with a living intensity, only to be expressed by giving to their designs the concentrated force which they could put into new versions of the familiar ecclesiastical treatment. "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin," the Annunciation picture known as "Ecce Ancilla Domini," the powerful drawing of Mary Magdalen at the house of Simon, are pictures in which are reflected the sentiment as well as the emblems and attributes of the Roman Catholic Church, as seen in the Italian pictures on the one hand, and as seen in the English Church windows on the other hand. One would not deny to Rossetti his white lily springing from a vase in "The Girlhood of Mary" or embroidered on the silk which the handmaid of the Lord has hung over the screen at the bed's foot; that flower is emblematic of the mother of Christ, and the love of significant allusion, always prominent among English artists from Hogarth's time down, must be allowed its way in this and other such incidents. So in the celebrated "Christ in the House of His Parents," by Millais, and "The Shadow of the Cross," by Hunt, the canvas is crowded with allusion to the Scripture narrative, and also to the emblems accepted by the early Church. The ecclesiological look may not exist in the picture, it may not remind you of a mediæval window, it may be, as the two pictures last above named are, a real-seeming narrative painting, and yet the church feeling is seen throughout. If you look into the details, the objects which are put into the picture, and are placed and grouped as they are placed and grouped, you see that all is done

with most deliberate purpose, to produce an emblematical design. The chief of these pictures is, I think, "The Light of the World," and in this is seen intense religious fervor, mediæval feeling, or the desire to have and to express such feeling, and the evident reference of the artistic conception to Italian work of the fifteenth century.

V

THERE was, moreover, the desire for realistic drawing of the figure, for natural pose, natural gesture—natural action, in short, in all figure subjects. This desire was modified by the early Italian influence already mentioned, and also by the influence of mediævalism, as explained above; but it remains evident in all Pre-Raphaelite work. Now it is curious to think that this desire for realistic verity in drawing would have been gratified by those French painters of the day whom the Pre-Raphaelites despised without knowing them. There is a difference between the realism of the Paris-taught Frenchman, with all his examples classical in their character, with all his traditions bound up with Raphael and the followers of Raphael, and the Pre-Raphaelite idea of it founded upon the more perfect of the Gothic sculptures in cathedral porches, together with some hints taken from paintings in manuscripts. And yet it would seem clear that the same artist who turned from Géricault, offended by the violence and misery seen in "Le Radeau de la Méduse" in the Louvre, would have found in that master and in Couture, and even in Delaroche—even in the contemned Vernet—as much reality of gesture and truth of pose as pictorial art will allow.

This search for natural-seeming attitudes and for the appearance of movement in a picture has a larger significance than at first appears. The scores of Pre-Raphaelite pictures given in photographic plates in P. H. Bate's book and Harry Quilter's book named in the footnote above, in W. M. Rossetti's "Ruskin and Rossetti" papers brought together in 1899, in McColl's "Nineteenth Century Art," and in Mr. Hunt's two volumes, all agree in pointing to a love and longing for intensity, for strenuous emphasis, even if it should lead to violence. In the Tennyson of 1859 (the most accessible collection of Pre-Raphaelite work, because, though the original is rare, there is a good reissue) Millais' illustrations to "The Miller's Daughter," the designs for "The Talking Oak," and, still better, his "Mariana" are even more clumsily managed than is necessary for truth. In the effort to avoid affectation grace of line has been rejected. What is good in the striving for verity is, then, the carefully imagined action. "Imagined" is the word, for the situation has been pictured in the artist's imagination before it was drawn on the block. And in this matter of verity got by imaginative treatment, Millais' designs in this book are to be compared to those, also in this book, by J. C. Horsley, and by those of Maclise, who was certainly, of all famous and admired painters, the most feeble in his way of telling a story, presenting an incident, displaying a scene. Now, Millais' directness of insight and readiness of expression, his frank way of telling what he has to tell, were not by themselves technically Pre-Raphaelite, as is shown by his retaining them while he left the peculiarities of the clique behind him. In the hands of Holman Hunt realism of movement, of action, is a different thing. To him comes that strong desire to mingle realism with mediævalism which we have many occasions to notice as we look through the designs of the Pre-Raphaelites. Thus in the Tennyson the two illustrations to "Oriana" are worked out with great care, the very strange scale-coat of armor, winged helmet, and short bow as of a horseman, and the action of the lover, and in the first the action of the lady, are taken from life as accurately and even as imaginatively as anything in the work of Millais; while yet the whole picture is, in each case, steeped in an atmosphere of quaintness, of remoteness, of an undated epoch, and of manners made up of the traditions of different races of men. Let all these works be compared with the Maclise illustration to the "Morte D'Arthur," with its feeble drawing and still more feeble conception: and the contrast will be made out very much as if the publishers had wished to favor the Pre-Raphaelites at the expense of their fellow-draughtsmen of the older school.

VI

THE question of fidelity to nature remains, and must be left for another occasion. There are many kinds of "truth in art," and it is interesting to test one kind by the others.

RUSSELL STURGIS.



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

HE WAS CONSCIOUS OF HER POINTS OF DIFFERENCE FROM THE OTHERS.

—"Madame de Treymes," page 177.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XL AUGUST, 1906 NO. 2

JACK-O'-LANTERN

By Kate Douglas Wiggin

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

I

MISS MIRANDA SAWYER'S old-fashioned garden was the pleasantest spot in Riverboro on a sunny July morning. The rich color of the brick house gleamed and glowed through the shade of the elm and maples. Luxuriant hop-vines clambered up the lightning-rods and water-spouts, hanging their delicate clusters here and there in graceful profusion. Woodbine transformed the old sheds and tool-houses to things of beauty, and the flower-beds themselves were the prettiest and most fragrant in all the countryside. A row of dahlias ran directly around the garden spot, dahlias scarlet, gold, and variegated. In the very centre was a round plot where the up-turned faces of a thousand pansies smiled amid their leaves, and in the four corners were triangular blocks of sweet phlox over which the butterflies fluttered unceasingly. In the spaces between ran a riot of portulaca and nasturtiums, while in the more regular, shell-bordered beds grew spirea and gilly-flowers, mignonette, marigolds and clove pinks. Back of the barn and encroaching on the edge of the hay-field was a grove of sweet clover whose white feathery tips fairly bent under the assaults of the bees, while banks of aromatic mint and thyme drank in the sunshine and sent it out again into the summer air warm and deliciously odorous.

The hollyhocks were Miss Sawyer's pride, and they grew in a stately line beneath the four kitchen windows, their tapering tips set thickly with gay satin rosettes of pink or lavender or crimson.

"They look something like steeples," thought little Rebecca Randall, who was weeding the bed, "and the flat round flowers are like rosettes, but steeples wouldn't be studded with rosettes, so if you were writing about them you'd have to give up one or the other, and I guess I'll give up the steeples:

"Gay little hollyhock
Lifting your head,
Sweetly rosetted
Out from your bed.

It's a pity the hollyhock isn't really little, instead of being up to the window top, but I can't say, 'Gay *tall* hollyhock.' I might have it 'Lines to a Hollyhock in May,' for then it would be small; but oh, no! I forgot; in May it wouldn't be blooming and it's so pretty to say that its head is 'sweetly rosetted.' I wish Miss Dearborn wasn't away; she would like 'sweetly rosetted,' and she would like to hear me recite 'Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!' that I learned out of Aunt Jane's Byron; the rolls come booming out of it just like the waves at the beach."

Rebecca, the little niece of the brick house ladies, and at present sojourning there for purposes of board, lodging, and education, had a passion for the rhyme and rhythm of poetry. From her earliest childhood words had always been to her what dolls and toys are to other children, and now at twelve or thirteen she amused herself with phrases and sentences and images as her schoolmates played with the pieces of their dissected puzzles. If the heroine of a story took a "cursory glance" about her "apartment" Rebecca would shortly ask her Aunt Jane to take a "cursory glance"

Copyright, 1906, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.



"You'll have to bury her and take care of Jacky."—Page 134.

at her oversewing or hemming; if the villain "aided and abetted" someone in committing a crime, she would before long request the pleasure of aiding and abetting in dishwashing or bedmaking. Sometimes she used the borrowed phrases unconsciously; sometimes she brought them into the conversation with an intense sense of pleasure in their beauty and appropriateness.

"How are you gettin' on, Rebecca Rowena?" called a peremptory voice from within.

"Pretty good, Aunt Miranda; only I wish flowers would ever come up as thick as this pigweed and plantain and sorrel. I just happened to be stopping to think a minute when you looked out."

"You think considerable more than you weed, I guess, by appearances. How many times have you peeked into that hummingbird's nest? Why don't you work all to once and play all to once, like other folks?"

"I don't know," the child answered, confounded by the question, and still more by the apparent logic back of it. "I don't know; but when I'm working outdoors such a Saturday morning as this, the whole creation just screams to me to come and play."

"Well, you needn't go if it does!" responded her aunt sharply. "It don't scream to me when I'm rollin' out these doughnuts."

Rebecca's little brown hands flew in and out among the weeds as she thought rebelliously; "Creation *wouldn't* scream to Aunt Miranda; it would know she wouldn't come.

"Scream on, thou bright and gay creation, scream!
'Tis not Miranda that will hear thy cry!

Oh, such funny nice things come into my head out here by myself, I do wish I could run up and put them down in my thought-

book for school, but Aunt Miranda wouldn't like me to leave off weeding:

"Rebecca was weeding the hollyhock bed
When wonderful thoughts came into her head.
Her aunt was occupied with the rolling-pin
And the thoughts of her mind were common and thin.

That wouldn't do because it's mean to Aunt Miranda, and anyway it isn't good. I *must* crawl under the syringa shade a minute, it's so hot, and anybody has to stop working once in a while, just to get their breath:

"Rebecca was weeding the hollyhock bed
When wonderful thoughts came into her head.
Miranda was wielding the rolling-pin
And thoughts, at such times, seemed to her as a sin.

How pretty the hollyhock rosettes look from down here on the ground! *Rosetting, aiding and abetting, petting, hen-setting, fretting;* 'fretting' will do!

"Cheered by Rowena's petting,
The flowers are rosetting,
But Aunt Miranda's fretting
Doth somewhat cloud the day."

Suddenly the sound of wagon wheels broke the silence and then a voice called out—a voice that couldn't wait until the feet that belonged to it reached the spot: "Miss Sawyer! Father's got to drive over to North Riverboro on an errand, and please can Rebecca go, too, as it's Saturday morning and vacation besides?"



"Come straight to me!" and she stretched out her arms.—Page 138.

Rebecca sprang out from under the syringa-bush, eyes flashing with delight as only Rebecca's eyes *could* flash, her face one luminous circle of joyous anticipation. She clapped her grubby hands, and dancing up and down, cried: "Can I, Aunt Miranda—can I, Aunt Jane—can I, Aunt Miranda-Jane? I'm more than half through the bed."

"If you finish your weeding to-night before sundown I s'pose you can go, so long as Mr. Perkins has been good enough to ask you," responded Miss Sawyer reluctantly. "Take off that gingham apron and wash your hands clean at the pump. You ain't be'n out o' bed but two hours an' your hair looks as rough as if you'd slep' in it. Smooth it down with your hands an' p'raps Emma Jane can braid it as you go along the road. Get your second-best hair ribbon out o' your upper drawer and put on your shade-hat. No, you can't wear your coral chain—it ain't appropriate in the morning. How long do you cal'late to be gone, Emma Jane?"

"I don't know. Father's just been sent for to see about a sick woman over to North Riverboro. She's got to go to the poor-farm."

This fragment of news speedily brought Miss Sawyer, and her sister Jane as well, to the door which commanded a view of Mr. Perkins and his wagon. Mr. Perkins, the father of Rebecca's bosom friend, was primarily a blacksmith, and secondarily a "selectman" and an "overseer of the poor," a man therefore possessed of wide and varied information.

"Who is it that's sick?" inquired Miranda.

"A woman over to North Riverboro."

"What's the trouble?"

"Can't say."

"Stranger?"

"Yes, and no; she's that wild daughter of old Nate Perry that used to live up towards Moderation. You remember she ran away to work in the factory at Milltown and married a do-nothin' fellow by the name o' John Winslow?"

"Yes; well, where is he? Why don't he take care of her?"

"They ain't worked well in double harness. They've been rovin' round the country livin' a month here and a month there wherever they could get work and house-room. They quarrelled a couple o' weeks ago and he left her. She and the little boy kind o' camped out in an old loggin' cabin back in the woods and she took in washin' for a spell; then she got terrible sick and ain't expected to live."

"Who's been nursing her?" inquired Miss Jane.

"Lizy Ann Dennett, that lives nearest neighbor to the cabin, but I guess she's tired out bein' good Samaritan. Anyways, she sent word this mornin' that nobody can't seem to find John Winslow; that there ain't no relations, and the town's got to be responsible; so I'm goin' over to see how the land lays. Climb in, Rebecca. You an' Emmy Jane crowd back on the cushion an' I'll set forrard. That's the trick! Now we're off!"

"Dear, dear!" sighed Jane Sawyer as the sisters walked back into the brick house. "I remember once seeing Sally Perry at meeting. She was a handsome girl and I'm sorry she's come to grief."

"If she'd kept on goin' to meetin' an' hadn't looked at the men folks she might 'a' be'n earnin' an honest livin' this minute," said Miranda. "Men folks are at the bottom of everything wrong in this world," she continued, unconsciously reversing the verdict of history.

"Then we ought to be a happy and contented community here in Riverboro," replied Jane, "as there's six women to one man."

"If 'twas sixteen to one we'd be all the safer," responded Miranda grimly, putting the doughnuts in a brown crock in the cellar-way and slamming the door.

II

THE Perkins horse and wagon rumbled along over the dusty country road and after a discreet silence maintained as long as human flesh could endure Rebecca remarked sedately:

"It's a sad errand for such a shiny morning, isn't it, Mr. Perkins?"

"Plenty o' trouble in the world, Rebecky, shiny mornin's an' all," that good man replied. "If you want a bed to lay on, a roof over your head, an' food to eat, you've got to work for 'em. If I hadn't 'a' worked early an' late, learned my trade, an' denied myself when I was young I might 'a' be'n a pauper layin' sick in a loggin'



"I think he looks like a Jack-o'-lantern."—Page 139.

cabin 'stead o' bein' an overseer o' the poor an' selectman drivin' along to take the pauper to the poor-farm."

"People that are mortgaged don't have to go to the poor-farm, do they, Mr. Perkins?" asked Rebecca with a shiver of fear as she remembered Sunnybrook Farm and the debt upon it.

"Bless your soul, no; not unless they fail to pay up; but Sal Perry an' her husband hadn't got fur enough along in life to *be* mortgaged. You have to own something before you can mortgage it."

Rebecca's heart bounded as she learned that a mortgage represented a certain stage in worldly prosperity.

"Well," she said, sniffing in the fragrance of the new-mown hay and growing

hopeful as she did so, "maybe the woman will be better such a beautiful day, and maybe the husband will come back to make it up and say he's sorry, and sweet content will reign in the humble habitation that was once the scene of poverty, grief, and despair. That's how it came out in a story I'm reading."

"I hain't noticed that life comes out like stories very much," responded the pessimistic blacksmith, who, as Rebecca privately thought, had read less than half a dozen books in his long and prosperous career.

A drive of three or four miles brought the party to a patch of woodland where many of the tall pines had been hewn the previous winter. The roof of a ramshackle hut was outlined against a background of young birches, and a rough path made in hauling the logs to the main road led directly to its door.

As they drew near the figure of a woman approached—Lizy Ann Dennett in a gingham dress and a calico apron over her head.

"Good-morning, Mr. Perkins. I'm real glad you come right over, for she's dead."

Dead! The word struck heavily and mysteriously on the children's ears. Dead! and their young lives, just begun, stretched on and on, all decked, like hope, in living green. Dead! and all the rest of the world revelling in strength. Dead! with all the daisies and buttercups waving in the fields and the men heaping the mown grass into fragrant cocks or tossing it into heavily laden carts. Dead! with the brooks tinkling after the summer showers, with the potatoes and corn blossoming, the birds singing for joy and every little insect humming and chirping, adding its note to the blithe chorus of warm, throbbing life.

"I was all alone with her. She passed away suddenly just about break o' day," said Lizy Ann Dennett.

"Her soul passed upward to its God
Just at the break of day."

These words came suddenly into Rebecca's mind from a tiny chamber in her head where such things were wont to lie quietly until something brought them to the surface. She was so thrilled with the idea of dying just as the dawn was breaking that she scarcely heard Mrs. Dennett's conversation.

"I sent for the undertaker, an' he's be'n here an' laid her out," continued that long-suffering lady. "She ain't got any folks, an' John Winslow ain't never had any as far back as I can remember. She belongs to your town and you'll have to bury her and take care of Jacky—that's the boy. He's seventeen months old, a bright little feller, the image o' John, but I can't keep him another day. I'm all wore out; my own baby's sick, mother's rheumatiz is extry bad, and my husband's comin' home to-night from his week's work. If he finds a child o' John Winslow's under his roof I can't say what would happen; you'll have to take him back with you to the poor-farm."

"I can't get him up there this afternoon," objected Mr. Perkins.

"Well, then, keep him over Sunday yourself; he's good as a kitten. John Winslow 'll hear o' Sal's death sooner or later, unless he's gone out o' the State altogether, an' when he knows the boy's at the poor-farm I kind o' think he'll come and claim him. Could you drive me over to the village to see about the coffin, and would you children be afraid to stay here alone for a spell?" she asked, turning to the girls.

"Afraid?" they both echoed, uncomprehendingly.

Lizy Ann and Mr. Perkins perceiving that the fear of a dead presence had not entered the minds of Rebecca or Emma Jane, said nothing, but drove off together, counselling them not to stray far away from the cabin and promising to be back in an hour.

There was not a house within sight, either looking up or down the shady road, and the two girls stood hand in hand, watching the wagon out of sight; then they sat down quietly under a tree, feeling all at once a nameless depression hanging over their gay summer-morning spirits.

It was very still in the woods; just the chirp of a grasshopper now and then, or the note of a bird, of the click of a far-distant mowing-machine.

"We're '*watching*'!" whispered Emma Jane. "They 'watched' with Gran'pa Perkins, and there was a great funeral and two ministers."

"They watched with my little sister Mira, too," said Rebecca. "You remember when she died, and I went home to Sunnybrook Farm? It was winter time, but she was covered with evergreen and white pinks, and there was singing."



Great, though friendly, was the rivalry between them.—Page 141.

"There won't be any funeral or ministers or singing here, will there? Isn't that awful?"

"I s'pose not; and oh, Emma Jane, no flowers either. We might get those for her if there's nobody else to do it."

"Would you dare put them on to her?" asked Emma Jane, in a hushed voice.

"I don't know; I can't tell; it makes me shiver, but, of course, we *could* do it if we were the only friends she had. Let's look into the cabin first and be perfectly sure that there aren't any. Are you afraid?"

"N-no; I guess not. I looked at Gran'pa Perkins, and he was just the same as ever."

At the door of the hut Emma Jane's courage suddenly departed. She held back shuddering and refused either to enter or look in. Rebecca shuddered too, but kept on, drawn by an insatiable curiosity about



"O Aunt Sarah, where shall we get another Jack-o'-lantern?"—Page 141.

life and death, an overmastering desire to know, and feel, and understand the mysteries of existence, a hunger for knowledge and experience at all hazards and at any cost.

Emma Jane hurried softly away from the felt terrors of the cabin, and after two or three minutes of utter silence Rebecca issued from the open door, her sensitive face pale and woe-begone, the ever-ready tears raining down her cheeks. She ran toward the edge of the wood, sinking down by Emma Jane's side, and covering her eyes, sobbed with excitement:

"O Emma Jane, she hasn't got a flower, and she's so tired and sad looking, as if she'd been hurt and hurt and never had any good times, and there's a weeny, weeny baby 'side of her. Oh, I wish I hadn't gone in!"

Emma Jane blenched for an instant. "Mrs. Dennett never said *there was two.*

Isn't that dreadful? But," she continued, her practical common sense coming to the rescue, "you've been in once and it's all over; it won't be so bad when you take in the flowers because you'll be used to it. The golden-rod hasn't begun to bud, so there's nothing to pick but daisies. Shall I make a long rope of them as I did for the school-room?"

"Yes," said Rebecca, wiping her eyes and still sobbing. "Yes, that's the prettiest, and if we put it all round her like a frame they couldn't be so cruel as to throw it away, even if she is a pauper, because it will look so beautiful. From what the Sunday-school lessons say, she's only asleep now, and when she wakes up she'll be in heaven."

"There's another place," said Emma Jane in a sepulchral whisper, as she took her ever-present ball of crochet cotton from her pocket and began to twine the white-weed blossoms into a rope.

"Oh, well!" Rebecca replied with the easy theology that belonged to her temperament. "They simply couldn't send her *down there* with that little weeny baby. Who'd take care of it? You know page 6 of the catechism says the only companions of the wicked after death are their father the devil and all the other evil angels; it's no place to bring up a baby."

"When she wakes up I hope she won't know that the big baby is going to the poor-farm. I wonder where he is?"

"Perhaps over to Mrs. Dennett's house. She didn't seem sorry a bit, did she?"

"No, but I suppose she's tired sitting up and nursing a stranger. Mother wasn't sorry when Grandpa Perkins died; she couldn't be, for he was cross all the time and had to be fed like a child. Why *are* you crying again, Rebecca?"

"Oh, I don't know, I can't tell, Emma Jane! Only I don't want to die and have no funeral or singing and nobody sorry for me! I just couldn't bear it!"

"Neither could I," Emma Jane responded, "but p'r'aps if we're real good and die young before we have to be fed, they will be sorry. I do wish you could write some poetry for her as you did for Alice Robinson's canary-bird, only still better, of course."

"I could, easy enough," exclaimed Rebecca, somewhat consoled by the idea that her rhyming faculty could be of any use in such an emergency. "I don't know but it would be kind of bold to do it. I'm all puzzled about how people get to heaven after they're buried. I cannot understand it a bit; but if the poetry is on her, what if that should go, too? And how could I write anything good enough to be read out loud in heaven?"

"A little piece of paper couldn't get to heaven; it just couldn't," asserted Emma Jane decisively. "It would be all blown to pieces and dried up. And nobody knows that the angels can read writing, anyway."

"They must be as 'smart' as we are, and smarter," argued Rebecca. "They must be more than just dead people, or else why should they have wings? But I'll go off and write something while you finish the rope; it's lucky you brought your crochet cotton and I my lead-pencil."

In fifteen or twenty minutes she returned with some lines written on a scrap of brown wrapping paper. Standing soberly by Emma Jane, she said, preparing to read them aloud: "They're not good; I was afraid your father'd come back before I finished, and the first verse sounds exactly like the funeral hymns in the church book. I couldn't call her Sally Winslow, it didn't seem nice, so I thought if I said 'friend' it would show she had somebody to be sorry.

"This friend of ours has died and gone
From us to heaven to live.
If she has sinned against Thee, Lord,
We pray Thee, Lord, forgive.

"Her husband runneth far away
And knoweth not she's dead.
Oh, bring him back—ere 'tis too late—
To mourn beside her bed.

"And if perchance it can't be so,
Be to the children kind;
The weeny one that goes with her,
The other left behind."

"I think that's perfectly elegant!" exclaimed Emma Jane, kissing Rebecca fervently. "You are the smartest girl in the whole State of Maine, and it sounds like a minister's prayer. Shall you sign it like we do our school compositions?"

"No," said Rebecca soberly. "I certainly sha'n't sign it; not knowing where it's going or who'll read it. I shall just hide it in the flowers, and whoever finds it will

guess that there wasn't any minister or singing, or gravestone or anything, so somebody just did the best they could."

III

The tired mother with the "weeny baby" on her arm lay on a long carpenter's bench, her earthly journey over, and when Rebecca stole in and placed the flowery garland all along the edge of the rude bier, death suddenly took on a more gracious and benign aspect. It was only a child's sympathy and intuition that softened the rigors of the sad moment, but poor Sal Winslow, in her frame of daisies, looked as if she were missed a little by an unfriendly world; while the weeny baby, whose heart had fallen asleep almost as soon as it had learned to beat, the weeny baby with Emma Jane's nosegay of buttercups in its tiny hand, smiled as if it might have been loved and longed for and mourned.

"We've done all we can now without a minister," whispered Rebecca. "We could sing 'God is ever good' out of the Sunday-school song-book, but I'm afraid somebody would hear us and think we were gay and happy.—What's that?"

A strange sound broke the stillness: a gurgle, a yawn, a merry little cry. The two girls ran in the direction from which it came, and there, on an old coat, in a clump of golden-rod bushes, lay a child just waking from a refreshing nap.

"It's the other baby!" cried Emma Jane.

"Isn't he beautiful!" exclaimed Rebecca. "Come straight to me!" and she stretched out her arms.

The child struggled to its feet and tottered waveringly toward the warm welcome of the voice and eyes. Rebecca was all mother and her maternal instincts had been well developed in the large family in which she was next to the eldest. She had always confessed that there were perhaps a trifle too many babies at Sunnybrook Farm, but, nevertheless, had she ever heard it, she would have stood loyally by the Japanese proverb: "Whether brought forth upon the mountain or in the field it matters nothing; more than a treasure of one thousand ryō a baby precious is."

"You darling thing!" she crooned, as she caught and lifted the child. "You look just like a Jack-o'-lantern."

The boy was clad in a yellow cotton dress, very full and stiff. His hair was of such a bright gold, and so sleek and shiny that he looked like a fair, smooth little pumpkin. He had wide blue eyes full of laughter, a neat little vertical nose, a neat little horizontal mouth with his few neat little teeth showing very plainly, and on the whole Rebecca's figure of speech was not so wide of the mark.

"O Emma Jane! Isn't he too lovely to go to the poor-farm? If only we were married we could keep him and say nothing and nobody would know the difference! Now that the Simpsons have gone there isn't a single baby in Riverboro, and only one in Edgewood. It's a perfect shame, but I can't do anything; you remember Aunt Miranda wouldn't let me have the Simpson baby when I wanted to borrow her just for one rainy Sunday."

"My mother won't keep him, so it's no use to ask her; she says 'most every day she's glad we're grown up, and she thanks the Lord there wasn't but two of us."

"And Mrs. Peter Meserve is too nervous," Rebecca went on, taking the village houses in turn, "and Mrs. Robinson is too neat."

"People don't seem to like any but their own babies," observed Emma Jane.

"Well, I can't understand it," Rebecca answered. "A baby's a baby, I should think, whose ever it is! Miss Dearborn is coming back Monday. I wonder if she'd like it? She has nothing to do out of school and we could borrow it all the time!"

"I don't think it would seem very genteel for a young lady like Miss Dearborn, who 'boards round,' to take a baby from place to place," objected Emma Jane.

"Perhaps not," agreed Rebecca despondently, "but I think if we haven't got any—any—*private* babies in Riverboro we ought to have one for the town, and all have a share in it. We've got a town hall and a town lamp-post and a town watering-trough. Things are so uneven! One house like mine at Sunnybrook, *brim full* of children and the very next one empty! The only way to fix them right would be to let all the babies that ever are belong to all the grown-up people that ever are—just divide them up, you know, if they'd go round. Oh, I have a thought! Don't you believe Aunt Sarah Cobb would

keep him? She carries flowers to the graveyard every little while, and once she took me with her. There's a marble cross and it says: '*Sacred to the memory of Sarah Ellen, beloved child of Sarah and Jeremiah Cobb, aged 17 months.*' Why, that's another reason; Mrs. Dennett says this one is seventeen months. There's five of us left at the farm without me, but if we were only nearer to Riverboro how quick mother would let in one more!"

"We might see what father thinks," said Emma Jane. "If we don't bother him, and find a place ourselves, perhaps he'll be willing. He's coming now; I hear the wheels."

Lizy Ann Dennett volunteered to stay and perform the last rites with the undertaker, and Jack-o'-lantern, with his wardrobe tied in a bandanna handkerchief, was lifted into the wagon by the reluctant Mr. Perkins and jubilantly held by Rebecca in her lap. Mr. Perkins drove off as speedily as possible, being heartily sick of the whole affair, and thinking wisely that the little girls had already seen and heard more than enough of the seamy side of life that morning.

Discussion concerning Jack-o'-lantern's future was prudently deferred for a quarter of an hour, and then Mr. Perkins was mercilessly pelted with arguments against the choice of the poor-farm as a place of residence for a baby.

"His father is sure to come back sometime, Mr. Perkins," urged Rebecca. "He couldn't leave this beautiful thing forever; and if Emma Jane and I can persuade Mrs. Cobb to keep him a little while, would you care?"

No; on reflection Mr. Perkins did not care. He merely wanted a quiet life and enough time left over from the public service to attend to his blacksmith's shop; so instead of going home over the same road by which they came he crossed the bridge into Edgewood and dropped the children at the long lane which led to the Cobb house.

Mrs. Cobb, "Aunt Sarah" to the whole village, sat by the window looking for Uncle Jerry, who would soon be seen driving the noon stage to the post-office over the hill. She always had an eye out for Rebecca, too, for ever since the child had been a passenger on Mr. Cobb's stage-coach, making the eventful trip from her home farm to the brick house in Riverboro in his company, she had been a constant visitor and the joy of the quiet household. Emma Jane, too, was a well-known figure in the lane, but the strange baby was in the nature of a surprise; a surprise somewhat modified by the fact that Rebecca was a dramatic personage and more liable to appear in conjunction with curious outriders, comrades, and retainers than the ordinary Riverboro child.

The little party toiled up to the hospitable door and Mrs. Cobb came out to meet them.

Rebecca was spokesman. Emma Jane's talent did not lie in eloquent speech, but it would have been a valiant and a fluent child indeed who could have usurped Rebecca's privileges and tendencies in this direction, language being her native element, and words of assorted sizes springing spontaneously to her lips.

"Aunt Sarah, dear," she said, plumping Jack-o'-lantern down on the grass as she pulled his dress over his feet and smoothed his hair becomingly. "Will you please not say a word till I get through—as it's very important you should know everything before you answer yes or no? This is a baby named Jacky Winslow, and I think he looks like a Jack-o'-lantern. His mother has just died over to North Riverboro, all alone excepting for Mrs. Lizy Ann Dennett, and there was another little weeny baby that died with her, and Emma Jane and I put flowers round them and did the best we could. The father—that's John Winslow—quarrelled with the mother—that was Sal Perry on the Moderation road—and ran away and left her. So he doesn't know his wife and the weeny baby are dead. And the town has got to bury them because they can't find the father right off quick and Jacky has got to go to the poor-farm this afternoon. And it seems an awful shame to take him up to that lonesome place with those old people that can't amuse him, and if Emma Jane and Alice Robinson and I take most all the care of him we thought perhaps you and Uncle Jerry would keep him just for a little while. You've got a cow and a turn-up bedstead, you know," she hurried on insinuatingly, "and there's hardly any pleasure as cheap as more babies where there's ever been any before, for baby carriages and trundle beds and cradles don't wear out, and there's al-

ways clothes left over from the old baby to begin the new one on. Of course, we can collect enough things to start Jacky, so he won't be much trouble or expense, and anyway, he's past the most troublesome age and you won't have to be up nights with him and he isn't afraid of anybody or anything, as you can see by his just sitting there laughing and sucking his thumb, though he doesn't know what's going to become of him. And he's just seventeen months old and we thought we ought to give you the refusal of him before he goes to the poor-farm, and what do you think about it? Because it's near my dinner-time and Aunt Miranda will keep me in the whole afternoon if I'm late and I've got to finish weeding the hollyhock bed before sundown."

IV

Mrs. Cobb had enjoyed a considerable period of reflection during this monologue and Jacky had not used the time unwisely, offering several unconscious arguments and suggestions to the matter under discussion —lurching over on the greensward and righting himself with a chuckle, kicking his bare feet about in delight at the sunshine and groping for his toes with arms too short to reach them, the movement involving an entire upsetting of equilibrium followed by more chuckles.

Coming down the last of the stone steps, she regarded the baby with interest and sympathy.

"Poor little mite!" she said; "that doesn't know he's lost his mother this very day! Seems to me we might keep him a spell till we're sure his father's deserted him for good. Will you come and see me, baby?"

Jack-o'-lantern turned from Rebecca and Emma Jane and regarded the kind face gravely, then he held out both his hands, and Mrs. Cobb, stooping, gathered him like a harvest. Being lifted into her arms, he at once tore her spectacles from her nose and laughed aloud. Taking them from him gently, she put them on again and set him in the cushioned rocking-chair under the lilac-bushes beside the steps. Then she took one of his soft hands in hers and patted it, and fluttered her fingers like birds before his eyes, and snapped them like castanets, remembering all the arts she had lavished upon "Sarah Ellen, aged seventeen months" years and years ago.

> Motherless baby and babyless mother,
> Bring them together to love one another.

Rebecca knew nothing of this couplet, but she saw clearly enough that her case was won.

"The boy must be hungry; when was he fed last?" asked Mrs. Cobb. "Just stay a second longer while I get him some morning's milk; then you run home to your dinners and I'll speak to Mr. Cobb this afternoon. Of course, we can keep the baby for a week or two till we see what happens. Land! he ain't goin' to be any more trouble than a wax doll! I guess he ain't been used to much attention, and that kind's always the easiest to take care of."

At six o'clock that evening Rebecca and Emma Jane flew up the hill and down the lane again, waving their hands to the dear old couple who were waiting for them in the usual place, the back piazza where they had sat so many summers in a blessed companionship never marred by an unloving word.

"Where's Jacky?" called Rebecca breathlessly, her voice always outrunning her feet.

"Go up to my chamber, both of you, if you want to see," smiled Mrs. Cobb, "only don't wake him up."

The girls went softly up the stairs into Aunt Sarah's room. There in the turn-up bedstead that had been so long empty, slept Jack-o'-lantern, in blissful unconsciousness of the doom he had so lately escaped. His nightgown and pillow-case were clean and fragrant with lavender, but they were both as yellow as saffron, for they had belonged to Sarah Ellen.

"I wish his mother could see him!" whispered Emma Jane.

"You can't tell; it's all puzzly about heaven, and perhaps she does," said Rebecca, as they turned reluctantly from the fascinating scene and stole down to the piazza.

It was a beautiful and a happy summer that year, and every day of it was filled with blissful plays and still more blissful duties. On the Monday after Jack-o'-lantern's arrival in Edgewood Rebecca founded the Riverboro Aunts Association. The Aunts were Rebecca, Emma Jane, Alice Robinson, and Minnie Smellie, and each of the first three promised to labor for and amuse

the visiting baby for two days a week, Minnie Smellie, who lived at some distance from the Cobbs, making herself responsible for Saturday afternoons.

Minnie Smellie was not a general favorite among the Riverboro girls, and it was only in an unprecedented burst of magnanimity that they admitted her into the rites of fellowship, Rebecca hugging herself secretly at the thought, that as Minnie gave only the leisure time of one day a week she could not be called a "full" Aunt. There had been long and bitter feuds between the two children during Rebecca's first summer in Riverboro, but since Mrs. Smellie had told her daughter that one more quarrel would invite a punishment so terrible that it could only be hinted at vaguely, and Miss Miranda Sawyer had remarked that any niece of hers who couldn't get along peaceably with the neighbors had better go back to the seclusion of a farm where there weren't any—hostilities had been veiled, and a suave and diplomatic relationship had replaced the former one, which had been wholly primitive, direct, and barbaric.

A shaky perambulator was found in Mrs. Perkins's wonderful attic; shoes and stockings were furnished by Mrs. Robinson; Miss Jane Sawyer knitted a blanket and some shirts; Thirza Meserve, though too young for an Aunt, coaxed from her mother some dresses and nightgowns, and was presented with a green paper certificate allowing her to wheel Jacky up and down the road for an hour under the superintendence of a full Aunt. Each girl, under the constitution of the association, could call Jacky "hers" for two days in the week, and great, though friendly, was the rivalry between them, as they washed, ironed and sewed for their adored nephew.

If Mrs. Cobb had not been the most amiable woman in the world she might have had difficulty in managing the Aunts, but she always had Jacky to herself the earlier part of the day and after dusk at night.

Meanwhile Jack-o'-lantern grew healthier and heartier and jollier as the weeks slipped away. Uncle Jerry joined the little company of worshippers and slaves, and one fear only stirred in all their hearts; not, as a sensible and practical person might imagine, the fear that the recreant father might never return to claim his child, but, on the contrary, that he *might* do so!

October came at length with its cheery days and frosty nights, its glory of crimson leaves and its golden harvest of pumpkins and ripened corn. Rebecca had been down by the Edgewood side of the river and had come up across the pastures for a good-night play with Jacky.

Mrs. Cobb stood behind the screen door with her face pressed against the wire netting, and Rebecca could see that she was wiping her eyes.

All at once the child's heart gave one prophetic throb and then stood still. She was like a harp that vibrated with every wind of emotion, whether from another's grief or her own.

She looked down the lane, around the curve of the stone wall red with woodbine, the lane that would meet the stage road to the station. There, just mounting the crown of the hill and about to disappear on the other side, strode a stranger man, big and tall, with a crop of reddish curly hair showing from under his straw hat. A woman walked by his side, and perched on his shoulder, wearing his most radiant and triumphant mien, as joyous in leaving Edgewood as he had been during every hour of his sojourn there—rode Jack-o'-lantern!

Rebecca gave a cry in which maternal longing and helpless, hopeless jealousy strove for supremacy. Then, with an impetuous movement she started to run.

Mrs. Cobb opened the door hastily, calling: "Rebecca, Rebecca, come back here! You mustn't follow where you haven't any right to go. If there'd been anything to say or do I'd 'a' done it."

"He's mine! he's mine!" stormed Rebecca. "I mean he's yours and mine!"

"He's his father's first of all," faltered Mrs. Cobb; "don't let's forget that. Come in, and we'll put things away all neat before your Uncle Jerry gets home."

Rebecca sank in a pitiful little heap on Mrs. Cobb's bedroom floor and sobbed her heart out. "O Aunt Sarah, where shall we get another Jack-o'-lantern, and how shall I break it to Emma Jane? What if his father doesn't love him, and what if he forgets to strain the milk or lets him go without his nap? That's the worst of babies that aren't private—you have to part with them sooner or later!"

"Sometimes you have to part with your

own, too," said Mrs. Cobb sadly, as she folded up the sides of the turn-up bedstead preparatory to banishing it a second time to the attic. "I shall miss Sarah Ellen now more'n ever. Still, Rebecca, we mustn't feel to complain. It's the Lord that gives and the Lord that takes away: Blessed be the name of the Lord."

TO A LADY AT A SPRING

By Thomas Nelson Page

Long æons since, in leafy woodlands sweet,
Diana, weary with the eager chase,
Was wont to seek full oft some trysting-place
Well-loved of all her train; some cool retreat
Of crystal springs, deep-bowered from the heat
Of sultry noon, wherein each subtle grace
Of snowy form and radiant flower face,
Narcissus-like, goddess and nymph might greet.
Diana long hath fleeted 'yond the main;
The founts which erst she loved are all bereft;
No more on violet banks her feet are set;
Silent her silvern bugle, fled her train;
One spot alone of all she loved is left:
This poplar-shaded spring is goddess-haunted yet.

THE MOUNTAIN GOAT AND THE CAMERA*

By William T. Hornaday and John M. Phillips

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN M. PHILLIPS

AT last the camera has fully and fairly captured the elusive, crag-defying Rocky Mountain goat. *Oreamnos* has stood for his picture at short range, looking pleasant and otherwise, and the pictures call for neither an "if" nor an apology. They are all that the most ambitious wild-animal photographer could reasonably desire.

In photographing rare wild animals in their haunts the camera always begins at long range and reduces the focal distance by slow, and sometimes painful, degrees.

So far as I know, the first photographs ever made of *Oreamnos* in his native haunts were taken by the late E. A. Stanfield, on the rock walls of the Stickine River, northern British Columbia, in 1898, not far from where he afterward lost his life in that dangerous stream. This was a single negative showing one goat in the middle distance, and three others, far away, sticking against the side of what appeared to be a perfectly smooth wall of rock several hundred feet high.

After that came three or four pictures of goats taken in timber, on level ground and amid surroundings that seemed more suitable for white-tailed deer than crag-climbing goats. The distance was so great that it was only when the negatives were much enlarged that the goats became interesting.

On both sides of our ideally beautiful camp in the head of Avalanche Valley the mountains rose steeply and far. First came the roof slopes, a mile from bottom to top, their faces seamed with parallel "slides" and ribbed with the ridges of rock and points of moss-green timber that climbed up between them. Above all that rose the long stretches of crag and rock wall, crowned by peak, "dome," and "saddle."

From bottom to top we scanned the slideways for grizzly bears feeding on berries or digging roots. We watched the grassy belt just below the cliff-foot for mountain sheep. Goats we saw up there, daily, in little groups of three to five; but we had resolutely drawn our firing-line at three goats each.

But there was one old billy who fascinated us all. When we looked out of our tents on our first morning in that camp, he was calmly lying upon a ledge at the foot of the cliff, immediately above us, near a bank of perpetual snow. For two days he remained there, at the same elevation, moving neither north nor south more than three hundred yards. When hungry, he came down to the foot of the cliff and fed on the tender plants that grew at timber-line, then climbed back to his favorite contour line, to lie and doze away the hours.

That goat seemed so sociable that finally we began to regard him as one of us, and we scrutinized him and apostrophized him to our heart's content. On the fourth morning the beautifully clear sky and faultless atmosphere revealed a rare opportunity. While the cook was putting the finishing touches to an inspiring breakfast of fried mule-deer steaks and other luxuries, those of us who had most quickly succeeded in finding the clean spots on the camp towels took our usual early morning gaze at "that old goat." (Ye gods! How glorious was the crisp air, the spruce-woods odor, the crackle and snap of the camp-fire, and the golden glow of sunrise on the western peaks and precipices. *That* was life—without a flaw!)

As we gathered around our standing lunch-breakfast table I remarked to Mr. Phillips that it would be a glorious feat to secure some really fine photographs of that billy-goat in his natural environment. Turning to his side-partner, Mr. Phillips said very positively.

"Mack, it is up to the unscientific section to get those pictures!"

"I dunno about them environments," answered Mack slowly, while he steered a long line of condensed cream into his coffee-cup, "but we can shore git a boxful of scenery up thar. We never yet shot a full-grown billy with a camery; and they're mighty on-

* Copyright, 1906, by W. T. Hornaday

sartin critters. If we corral him too close, he'll like as not go vicious, and knock us clean off the mountain."

We soon saw that an attempt would be made to round up that goat somewhere, somehow, and take a picture of him at short range. In a few minutes we invented a wigwag code of signals by which the cook was to signal at intervals, with a clean towel on the end of a fossil teepee-pole, the position of the goat. Mr. Phillips and Mack Norboe made ready for the event, and with Kaiser to assist in manipulating the goat, presently set out.

Mr. Phillips dislikes writing about his adventures, but in view of the fact that he alone is able to relate the occurrences of that day, I prevailed upon him to write out the following account of that daring and dangerous episode. Had I known on that morning the risks that he would run on those cliffs, hanging by one hand on a knife-edge of rotten rock, with an angry goat at a nearness of six feet and threatening to knock him off into mid-air, I would not for any number of photographs have encouraged the enterprise. It was only the merciful providence which sometimes guards insane camera enthusiasts which prevented a frightful tragedy; for it is well known throughout the goat country that an old male goat, cornered on a ledge, will fight dog or man.

In order to assist the photographers to the utmost, Charlie Smith and I considerately went bear-hunting; and this is Mr. Phillips's account of how the goat pictures were obtained:

"Shortly after twelve o'clock Mack and I started for the goat that had been hanging out above our camp. We took my stereoscopic camera, Charlie Smith's four by five camera, the dog, and my big gun, in order to kill the goat if he attacked me.

"After crossing the narrow flat of Avalanche Creek, we struck up the long, grassy slide directly opposite our camp. At first its slope was about twenty degrees, but this gradually increased until, finally, where it struck the slide rock it almost stood on end. We reached the slide rock about 2 P. M., after which the going was harder than ever. Gradually we worked our way out of the slide on to a high, rocky point which rose toward the south.

"Although lightly clad, we were by that time very warm. I had taken off my hunting-shirt, and hung it upon my back, and opened the sides of my knickerbockers. Inside and out, we needed all the air we could get. I wore that day a pair of light golf shoes with rubber soles, tipped at the toes and heels with leather, in which were fixed some small steel nails. These soles were very flexible and adjusted themselves so well to the inequalities of the rocks that I could jump and stick where I lit. Mack said, 'With them foot-riggin's, you shore kin go whar a bar kin!' Mack was not so well equipped as to foot-gear, having on an old pair of shoes with turned-up toes set with nails that were much worn. This handicapped him on the bare rocks.

"'It's about time Cookie wiggled that rag to show us whar that goat is,' said Mack, as we seated ourselves to rest and took out our glasses.

"Sure enough. In a few minutes we saw Huddleston out on the green flat in front of the tents, waving vigorously; and from his signals we knew that the goat was still there, toward the south and above us. We decided that the director's semaphore system was a good thing.

"We knew that our best chance for success lay in getting above the goat, to prevent his escape to the peaks, then in cornering him somewhere. After a long diagonal climb we found ourselves under the wall of the snow-capped mountain, which rose sheer up two hundred feet or more, then rounded off into a dome going about three hundred feet higher. Now, just here we found a very strange feature of mountain work. A great rock buttress stretched along the foot of the mountain wall, originally continuous, and several hundred feet long. But somehow, a big section had been riven out of the middle of that ridge, going quite down to the general face of that mountainside, like a railway cut standing almost on end. This central cut-out section is now the head of a big slide five hundred feet wide at the cliff, from which it descends at a fearful pitch.

"This slide is now bounded at the top by two ridges of rock, each with a steep wall facing the gap. The space lying between these walls is filled with masses of frost-riven rock, from the peak above, varying in size from dust to rocks the size of a freight-car. The weight and momentum of the larger rocks had carried them well down



From a photograph, copyright 1905, by John M. Phillips.

The best goat picture.
Taken at eight feet.

the mountain, and some of them were so evenly balanced that it seemed as if a touch would be sufficient to send them thundering on.

"We stood on the top of the northern ridge, close under the foot of the cliff, and looked down the rock wall, which dropped almost perpendicularly to the slide-way far below. On the south side of the slide rose a ridge very similar to the one on which we stood.

"From the signals Huddleston made at that time, we knew that the goat was below us. 'Thar he is now!' exclaimed Mack, pointing down our ridge, and looking, as he pointed, I saw the animal about one hundred and fifty yards below us on a point of rock overhanging the slide. He was staring down toward our camp, as if he saw Huddleston and his signals, but I doubt if he did see our cook, for without glasses, the distance was too great.

"Up to that moment our dog Kaiser had been obediently following at our heels. Then we showed him the goat, and explained to him what we desired. He seemed to quite understand what we wished him to do. Leaving us at once, he silently worked his way down over the rocks, and in three or four minutes jumped the goat. And then pandemonium broke loose. Kaiser barked excitedly, Mack rolled stones, and I yelled.

"The goat was very much surprised by all this noise and the sudden assault of the dog. Seeing that his retreat to the upper sanctuary of the cliffs was effectually cut off, he bounded like a great ball of cotton down the almost perpendicular wall of the cliff, into the slide-way, two hundred feet below. To get down safely after his game, Kaiser had to hunt for stairs, and before he reached the bottom the goat was well across the slide.

"In the meantime I had scrambled down the rocks into the head of the slide, and found that although it pitched at a frightful angle, I could get footing close under the sheer mountain wall, so I ran and scrambled across, jumping over some water-worn fissures. When I reached the opposite wall I saw the goat below me, coming up the ridge. Owing to the shape of the slide, I had travelled only one-third the distance covered by the goat.

"Seeing me above him, the goat thought he was again cut off from the mountain, and so sought safety on the face of the wall that overhung the slide. He did not realize that he could easily have passed me by going up the ridge before I could head him off.

"Seeing that the goat was safe for the moment, I thought of Mack, and fearing that he had fallen, went back. I found him at the bottom of one of the water-worn fissures. It was too wide for him to jump, so he had gone down into the rock crevasse, and when I found him he was on his hands and knees. And no wonder. The bottom was worn quite smooth, and pitched down at an angle of about sixty degrees. When he heard me he looked up and said: 'I wisht I had some of them legs them octopuses had that the professor was tellin' us about! I'd shore rope myself over this ditch!'

"When finally Mack crawled out of his trouble we went over and looked at the goat. I took a picture of it from the slide, then leaving Mack in the slide with my gun, I worked my way with the cameras out upon the ridge and finally secured a position above the goat.

"I found him standing on a ledge about eighteen inches wide, backed against a slight projection on the face of the cliff, which cut the ledge off. The ledge raised at rather a steep incline for about twenty feet up to the level on which I stood. The goat was about eight feet below me, while below him was a sheer drop of one hundred and fifty feet or more, down to the slide rock.

"He was a very large goat, weighing, I should say, fully three hundred pounds. He had a magnificent pair of horns, fully ten inches long. I was surprised to note that he did not show the least sign of panic, or even fear. He looked up at me quite calmly, and then, ignoring me entirely, solemnly and serenely gazed out over the crags below.

"After a few trials from above I found it impossible to get a good picture of him without getting much nearer; so I yelled down to Mack: 'I'm going down to him. If he charges me, you must kill him in a hurry.'

"Setting the focus of my stereo-camera for six feet, and placing the bulb in my mouth, I gradually worked my way down the ledge, carrying my camera in one hand and holding to the wall with the other. When I was within about twelve feet of the goat Mack yelled to me: 'Look out, thar! He's a-raisin' his tail, like a buffalo bull! He's goin' to knock you off!'



The haunt of the camera goat.

The goat was photographed on the steepest rocks shown on the left near the summit of the peak.
Taken at a distance of two miles across Avalanche Valley.

"Mack was raised in Texas, with the buffalo, and diagnosed the case correctly. The very next instant, so it seemed to me, the goat came at me head and tail up, ears drooped forward, and eyes blazing green. He came with a bouncing rush, hammering the stones with his front feet so that the loose ones flew like broken ice. I was taken completely by surprise, for I did not think that on a ledge so narrow an animal could or would charge me.

"I was perfectly helpless, for I could not step aside, and it was impossible for me to back quickly up that steep and narrow shelf. The goat was too quick for Mack, for I heard him yell, in great alarm:

"'I can't shoot, or I'll hit ye both!'

"Mack told me afterward that he dared not shoot from where he was, for fear the heavy ball would go through the goat, glance against the rock, and either kill me or throw me off the ledge. I was terribly frightened, but mechanically snapped the camera when the goat was about six feet away. There was really nothing that I could do except to hold the camera at him, and snap it.

"He charged up to within a yard of me, but with his eyes fixed on the two lenses. Then he appeared to conclude that any animal that could stand that much without winking was too much for him, so shaking his head and gritting his teeth, he stopped, and, to my great relief, slowly backed into his niche.



The goat climbing down and away.

"Believing that he would not charge the camera, I again followed him down, and secured a picture of him at six feet. Then Mack began to see more symptoms of trouble, and since I had exposed my last film, I backed out. Then I remembered the four-by-five camera, and started down with it, but Mack yelled angrily: 'Hold on, thar!



Phillips's Peak from the summit of Bird Mountain.

Elevation about 11,000 feet. Our camp on Goat Pass was under the right shoulder of the sitting figure

That goat's plumb dangerous, and if you start down thar again, I'll shorely kill him! What's the use o' bein' locoed an' gittin' killed fer a few picters?'

"Mack was so wrought up that to save the goat I abandoned my intention; and when he finally joined me we slipped another roll of films into the stereo-camera.

So we slid off the crags into the head of the slide, and running across at some risk to our necks, finally turned the goat on to a small pinnacle, about where we first jumped him.

"It was here that I secured some of my best pictures. Mack, perched on the top of the crag, attracted the goat's attention,



Clouds in the valley of Bull River.

"Just as we finished our reloading operation, Kaiser took a look down at the goat at very close range, when all of a sudden, like a Jack-in-the-box, the old billy was up from the ledge and after him. Kaiser ran to us for protection, the goat charging after him most determinedly. Mack and I yelled and waved our arms, and finally turned the goat down over the point, this time with Kaiser chasing him.

"They were soon out of our sight, but we could hear the rocks rolling below, and knew that they were going back across the slide. and tantalized him by waving his hat while I made pictures as fast as possible. We had to keep Kaiser in the background, for apparently the goat blamed him for all his troubles, and I believe billy was mad enough at that time to have charged the dog through fire.

"My footing was very insecure, and being obliged to hold on with one hand and watch the goat in fear that he would charge me, I could not use the finder of my camera. Once as the goat charged up the rock at Mack I got in close to him, when suddenly



The face of the precipice from below, with goat *in situ*.

he turned on me, gritting his teeth as he did so. His lip protruded like the lower lip of a charging bear, and with his front feet he stamped on the rocks until the small, loose fragments flew in every direction.

"It was just then that I got my best snapshot [see page 145], although the picture fails to show his ugly temper as I saw it. As I rolled in another film he charged me. Unfortunately, I was so scared that I did not have presence of mind to press the bulb at the right distance. He bounced up to within four feet of me, when again the two big, glaring eyes of the camera fascinated and checked him. Just as he turned his head from the unwinking eyes of my stereo I snapped it, but he was inside the focus.



An esteemed friend: Kaiser Smith looking for goats.

"At that instant Kaiser, who had escaped from Mack's surveillance, appeared below me, and the goat immediately charged down upon him. Kaiser cleverly eluded him, and then the goat went on down into the slide, running diagonally across it to a rocky point beyond, where we again rounded him up. And then I discovered that my stereo-camera was out of films!

"Regardless of the severity of the climb down to camp and back again, Mack insisted upon making the trip and bringing me more films, and immediately started.

"It was my duty to hold the goat at bay as best I could during the two hours' interval that I knew must elapse. The animal was then standing on the side of what seemed to me a sheer cliff, and when I slowly climbed down to look at him he quite ignored me. Finding a sheltered niche in the cliff a hundred feet above him, I donned my hunting-shirt and sat down to watch and wait.

"It was then about 3 P. M., and there followed a long, cold interval. Once Kaiser created a diversion by zigzagging down and taking another peep at his enemy, who immediately scrambled up the rocks at him as fast as he could come. Kaiser retreated in good order, but soon turned and barked defiantly at the goat. After this futile charge the goat backed away until his hind quarters hung over the cliff; then he charged a second time. Apparently he was determined to kill the dog, and rushed after him again and again. The goat would raise his tail, throw his ears forward, and without lowering his head go bounding stiff-legged after the dog like a bucking bronco. At times it seemed as if his object was to trample the dog rather than horn him, but Kaiser was quick enough, and easily dodged his rushes. Then the old goat would stand and glare at him, gritting his teeth and sometimes sticking his tongue out, the personification of anger. It was a most interesting performance, and in spite of being very cold I was fascinated by it.

"About six o'clock I heard rocks rolling in the slide far below me, and knew that

Mack was coming. Then I decided to get a better view of the trouble between the goat and the dog, and crawled down to the point on which the fight was taking place. I worked down within twenty feet of the goat, when suddenly he whirled and came at me. I pointed my rifle at him and yelled, hoping to frighten him. He came within six feet of me, and I was about to fire when Kaiser barked close behind him. The goat turned so quickly he almost trampled the dog, who dodged under him and ran to me!

"Fortunately I was above the goat, and finding that the odds were against him, he bounded off the point, and once more fled for the slide. This was the maddest race of all, for it called for quick work to get across the top of the slide in time to head off the goat. On that frightful pitch every jump I made loosened stones which dislodged others, and they went rolling and rumbling down the slide. The dog and goat also started their full quota of rocks, and for a time it seemed as if the whole mountain-side were moving. But I succeeded in heading off the goat, and clambered up on the wall above him.

"A few minutes later Mack joined me, and as he wiped the beads of perspiration from his shiny bald head, I said to him, 'Did you see the beautiful race we had across the slide?' 'Didn't see nothin',' he answered with an air of irritation. 'I thought everything had broken loose up here, and I was too busy dodgin' rocks to care who won any race. You-alls shore tore up the scenery!'

"After placing a new roll in the camera I crawled around on the hanging wall and secured a very good picture of the goat. [See page 148.] As I closed in he started to retreat, but by following him up I secured a picture as he was getting away. Then Mack headed him once more, on the farther side of the cliff, when he took refuge in a niche near the top of the wall.

"As we approached him from above he again got his eyes on Kaiser and charged up through the group which we three made. Fortunately Kaiser engaged his attention, which enabled Mack and me to head him and drive him back. For a time we lost him on the crags below. Presently, however, I found him standing on a wall which jutted out of the cliff on the north side of the great slide. At that point the cliff towered up perpendicularly a hundred feet above the slide, and the goat was about twenty feet from the top, standing on a small projecting edge of rock that looked like a peg driven in the wall.

"At first it seemed utterly impossible to get a picture there, but on studying the rocks a little, I thought I saw a way. Leaving Mack above to watch, I crawled down to a point almost over the goat, where I found that the mountain-side pitched down at an angle of at least thirty degrees, increasing to sixty, and ending in a sheer drop of a hundred feet or more. The rock was stratified, dipping toward the valley like the slates on a roof. The layers varied from the thickness of ordinary roof slates to three or four inches. Much of this was loose, and had to be removed before I could get a footing.

"As I worked down, I started quite an avalanche of stone, and held my breath while I heard it go rumbling into the depths below. Just as I was thinking of going back Mack called out loudly and anxiously: 'Say, Jack, is that you?' 'No,' I said, 'it's only rock.' 'I thought you had shore ruined the mountain that time.' He tried to appear unconcerned, but by his voice I could tell how he felt.

"At last I succeeded in working over to the edge of the cliff, and found myself on a level with the goat, and only eight feet away. It was as if he stood on the window-sill on the gable-end of a house, while I hung upon the corner of the slate roof. By reaching far down with my left foot I succeeded in getting one good foothold, but I had to double my other leg under me and lean forward upon my knee. After considerable work I broke off pieces of rotten rock, and built up a fair sort of camera rest, supporting half of it upon my knee. The top slab of my stone pile projected beyond the face of the cliff, so that between goat and camera there was no obstruction whatever.

"To my amazement and joy, during all this time the goat paid no attention to me, but stood there as calm and cool as an icicle. He really seemed to be enjoying his view of the scenery.

"After I had my camera set, I took a picture of him with his head slightly turned away, then I began to talk to him in a soothing voice, calling to him, 'Hey, billy!' when he deigned to turn his head and look at me.

Mack heard me talking to him, and called down, as evidence that he was near: 'He don't know his name! You might as well call him Mike!'

"This was the best chance I had with that animal; but by that time it was late and the light was not very favorable. However, I gave him time exposures, and got some very fair results. Every now and then the old fellow would stick out his tongue at me, and once I took a snap-shot expressly to show that, but the result was not very good.

"After using up the six films in the camera, I swung it on my back and attempted to edge back from the face of the precipice. Then to my dismay I discovered that the bent knee on which I had been resting was as dead as if permanently paralyzed. It was stiff, and worse than useless. I had been frightened two or three times during that afternoon, but this was the climax. I called to Mack, and told him of the fix I was in, but owing to his bad shoes he could not come down to help me. Then I was sorry we had not brought a rope.

"Seeing that I must work out my own salvation, I began to punch and beat my leg, and kept it up until at last the circulation started and feeling returned. Finally I managed to crawl back very slowly to where Mack could reach me, and he soon landed me safely upon a level spot.

"While this was going on the goat got tired of inaction, jumped up over the wall, and started for the peak. For some reason, however, he changed his course and climbed down into the slide, with the dog after him. Expecting to see a good race, we stopped to watch it; but poor Kaiser's feet were now very sore and the goat outran him. And now a queer thing happened.

"The goat stopped on the farther edge of the slide, and finding that his human tormentors were nowhere near, he decided to get square with that dog! When Kaiser reached him the goat charged furiously. Seeing his danger, the dog turned and started back the way he came, with the goat in hot pursuit. The goat pursued by a series of short rushes, and not by the steady, straight-away run that a bear makes. He followed the dog almost to the ridge on which we were, but finally desisted, and retreated southward.

"It was then so late that we started at once for camp in order to get off the crags before dark. It grew dark before we reached camp, but at last we guided in by the camp-fire, thoroughly exhausted, and half famished for water. I never knew Kaiser to drink so long as then, and his feet were so raw and sore that he scarcely could bear to have them doctored."

Mr. Phillips's narrative, as he records it, does not half adequately portray the frightful risks that he ran on that memorable afternoon. That night, I think, he was awake all night, save once. Then he thrashed around in his sleeping-bag and clutched wildly at the silk tent-wall over his head.

"Hey, John!" I called out sharply, to waken him. "What's the matter? Are you having a nightmare?"

"Oh!" he groaned. "I thought I was falling off those rocks—clear down to the tents!"

Just before breakfast the next morning Mr. Phillips said to Mack in a quiet aside, "How did you sleep, Mack?"

"I didn't sleep none!" said Mack solemnly. "Whenever I dozed off I dreamt that old Oramus was buttin' us off them rocks. Every time I lit I shore made it lively for Charlie."

They were not the first men whose sleep had been destroyed by the recrudescence of the horrors of the rocks.

The next day men and dog rested quietly in camp, too tired and sore to move out.

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

By Arthur Cosslett Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

SINCE a recent unfortunate incident has taken so much space in the newspapers of the city, making our club the subject of heated declamation in the Bowery and of superheated gossip in the Avenue, it has seemed best that the exact truth be told. To grasp the truth, however, one must know something of our club.

Our club is not a large one, and we rather pride ourselves that it is not. Our club is on a side-street, and we rather pride ourselves that we are not upon the Avenue. There is an active but small minority that claims that we hug ourselves because we are not as other men are, that we have not what some other clubs have—a mortgaged house, a stock ticker, a keen man at the door who can get you a box in the horseshoe at the opera, or next the ropes at a prize-fight; a card-room where men may play for stakes they cannot afford to lose, and, which, if they lose, they pay, if they pay at all, when next they win, thus making a clearing-house with no governors.

It will be seen that we are, perhaps, a trifle old-fashioned, but the fact remains that when one of us has a male child born to him the father takes a cab—not an electric, we are still a bit skittish about self-propelled vehicles—and drives to the club. Arrived, he marches to the big book on the table and enters for membership the little, lobster-hued, blinking, whining bit of protoplasm that he calls "my son." Then he looks about him for a seconder. If it is the late afternoon, the bishop may be there. If not, there is the little card-room on the first floor, just off the reading-room, where our prize members play their daily rubber, and where no young member ventures until half-past six, when the game ends. Between the deals the father beckons to the admiral, the general, the banker, or the judge (the quartet of the little room) and says, "Will you second my son?" "God bless me!" says the admiral; "of course I will; much honored, Simpson. We've been waiting for this a long while—had come to the conclusion that Mrs. Simpson was, perhaps, unnecessarily alarmed What is your son, Simpson, a boy or a girl? I'll second anything of yours.—Your deal, judge."

It will be seen that the admiral, although on the retired list, has retained a bit of his sea talk. He went past the forts with Farragut, and caught a bullet in his arm, which he carried for thirty years, tortured beyond reason, but uncomplaining.

Then, one day, something happened. Whether it was his friends at the club, or the surgeons, or his wife, who heard him moaning in the small hours, when he thought her asleep, no one knows, but one day he walked to the hospital, his wife on his good arm, was ushered in, went upstairs to a private room, heard the whispered conversation of the surgeons—only a word or two—bared his arm, kissed his wife and whispered to her, whispered to the surgeon-general of the navy, who happened to be there: "Is it right, old man—must it come off—can I never more sign my name—can I never more place my two arms about my wife's neck?"

"No," whispered the surgeon-general, "you must lose your arm, your right arm."

"Well," said the admiral, "I've lugged it about since Farragut sailed up Mobile Bay. I've suffered with it beyond speech—let it go." Then he turned to his wife. "Lucy," he said, "this is the surgeon-general of the navy. He tells me that it is nothing—the bullet must be extracted. Shall we have it out?"

His wife stood, the fingers of one hand plucking at the fingers of the other. She was as pale as unspoiled paper. A young surgeon said, "She's fainting," and sprang to help her.

"Hush!" said the surgeon-general; "she is the wife of one of our fighting admirals—she's used to trouble, she won't faint," and

he opened the door for her, and she, with her eyes on her husband, made a half curtsy, being Southern born, and went out, and the surgeons stood and made obeisance to her.

"Now, Bob," said the admiral to the surgeon-general, "what the devil brought *you* here?"

"Your wife's telegram," said the surgeon-general.

"All right," said the admiral. "She's the boss; I'm on the retired list."

Then someone, softly shod, clad in white, came with a great paper cone—there was a sense of vapor in the air, sweet and cloying. "Bob," said the admiral, "you see that butterfly tattooed on my arm? Iayado, of Tokyo, did that when I was a midshipman on the China station, near sixty years ago. I paid him five pounds, and saved it out of my mess. Are you going to throw it away, or can you skin it off and make a 'baccy pouch of it? Bob," he continued, as the cone came over his face, "did my old missus telegraph for you?"

"Yes, old friend," said the surgeon-general, bending low, his fingers on the admiral's pulse—"breathe deep."

"She's a good sort, God bless her!" whispered the admiral; "give—her—my—love——" and he passed.

They took the paper cone away and wheeled the tumbrel into the operating-room.

In five weeks the admiral was back at the whist-table, a club servant behind him to deal, shuffle, and sort the cards, for the admiral's right sleeve was empty.

We are rather proud of the admiral in our club.

The general is a little man with a closely cut white beard. He was just tall enough to enter West Point when he was sixteen, and he never added a cubit to his stature. He is a bachelor.

He was hazed unmercifully because he was a silent boy and a small one. The men who do the hazing at West Point and Annapolis are not the gentlemen; they are the muckers and the cowards, who are appointed by their congressman by the permission of their saloon-keeper.

The general graduated too high in his class to be popular. He knew mathematics, European languages, tactics, and he could draw. These accomplishments excited the envy of many of his classmates, for, mind you, the graduating rank in our national schools determines the rank of the scholars through life, unless favoritism intervenes.

Our general had one accomplishment that went far to condone his scholarship—he was the best rider in his class. Of course, there were some heavy men who said that if they could make his weight, they might ride as well as he; but, on the whole, he was admitted to be the crack rider, with saddle, blanket, or bare-back. It is strange how much scholarship our young gentlemen of to-day are willing to forgive and forget if with it is coupled the ability to run a hundred yards better than ten seconds; to slide a base, and incidentally spike the baseman, or to stand, an immovable mountain of flesh on the football gridiron. The general never forgave Nature for making him so short. He was prone to speak of Alexander, Napoleon, and Nelson, and he never failed to remark that each of these great captains was under five foot five. One day, when he had sat silent through two rubbers, he suddenly asked, apropos of nothing, "Who was the better man, David or Goliath?"

"General," said the judge, with some impatience, "the shortest military man that I can bring to mind is General Tom Thumb. Cut the cards, please."

There was a little laugh at this, and the general's pale cheeks flushed. He half rose, but caught himself and resumed his seat; "Judge," he said "your '*obiter*' remarks always carry more weight than your written opinions. I've cut the cards; deal."

Then there was another little laugh, because all remembered that the judge had written a dissenting opinion in the "greenback legal-tender case," away back in the sixties, and they used to remind him of it.

"Judge," said the banker, "if your opinion in the greenback case had prevailed, none of us would be here; we should be wild things, running about the woods, with the remnants of the clothing we had acquired when judges were rational, and we should be snarling over a chestnut or a berry, and fighting to the death over an edible fungus.

"Sir," said the judge, "the greenback was a war measure. Its legality was brought before the courts in time of stress, sir—great stress, sir. There were men on the bench at that time who had such an overwhelming sense of expediency that they



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Where our prize members play their daily rubber.—Page 155.

forgot their law, sir. I did not forget my law, sir, and you will find it in my opinion, sir, if you choose to examine the reports. May I ask you not to delay the game by unprofitable remarks, sir?"

"That's enough of the greenback case for one day," said the admiral, who was the peace-maker. "The judge brought it on himself by his wipe at the general about Tom Thumb. What's a man's height got to do with it, anyway? Can he, by taking thought add a cubit to his stature?"

"Not his physical stature, I admit," said the judge; "but if he takes sufficient thought he can add immensely to his mental stature, and," he continued, looking about the table, "there are those of my acquaintance who should lose no opportunity for immediate meditation."

"There you go again," said the admiral. "I gave you a scriptural quotation, and back you come with one of your cynical witticisms. Suppose none of us knew you—really knew you; suppose our only line on you was what you said with that bitter tongue of yours, not what you have done impelled by that kind heart of yours? Why, if I caught you aboard my ship, not knowing you, I'd keel-haul you, and go about while you were under. If the general found you in his camp, he'd have a file out and shoot you, on one excuse or another; and if the banker could entice you into his office he'd shear your fleece to the quick and hang it on his sign. But we know you, don't we?" and he looked at the general.

"Yes," said the general, "we know him, or we would have had him out—early some morning—before this."

"Is it as bad as that?" asked the judge.

"Yes," said the admiral, "it's as bad as that—your public conduct is scandalous. What were you doing last Monday?"

The judge flushed and fidgeted.

"I decline to answer," he said at length.

"Because it will tend to degrade you?" asked the admiral. "I've been reading the papers. I know what the corporation officers say when they're pressed."

"No," said the judge, after mature deliberation, "I don't interpose that plea; I simply decline to answer."

"I have no power to commit for contempt," said the admiral, "so I will answer the question myself."

"I object!" exclaimed the judge.

"Objection overruled," said the admiral; "take your appeal, and meanwhile I'll answer that you were up at poor old Tom Mason's flat, arranging for the funeral. The general and I caught you red-handed."

"Is Tom Mason dead?" exclaimed the banker.

"Man, man," said the judge, "don't you read the bulletin board?"

"No," said the banker. "After I have read the tape all day and the morning papers after closing time, my only thought is to get out of the country."

"Why don't you reform and stay at home?" said the judge. "Sell all that thou hast and give it to the poor, and stay with us. This land is still habitable, despite the newspapers and the corporations."

"Hush, hush," said the admiral, "it's too late to start a new question It's cocktail time. Press the button. You may go, William," he said to the club servant who had stood behind him to deal and sort his cards, "you have been as attentive to-day as you have always been. I thank you. Good-night," and William bowed low and started for the door, "Hi, William!" said the admiral, "How's the little girl?"

"Thank you, admiral," said William, "she's all right again, thanks to you, sir, and she's going to school on Monday?"

"That's good, that's good," said the admiral; "give her my love."

And the servant went out.

The banker made up the whist account. It was quarter-day and settling day. The banker had an income of half a million, but he went over his figures three times.

"It balances to a cent," he said finally.

The general is plus $2.48, the admiral is minus $1.02, the judge is minus 97 cents, and I am minus 49 cents."

With some difficulty in making change they paid the general his $2.48. He kept his fortune in his hand, "gloating" over it, the judge said. They went out of the club, turned east to the avenue, and then they separated, the banker and the judge turning north, toward luxury and the palaces, and the admiral and the general turning south, toward economy and the boarding-houses, the abiding places of those who have served the nation rather than themselves. At the first corner was a Salvation Army kettle, and a fanatic, in a spring overcoat, a red hat-band, and an ecstasy of zeal, was



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"We were married in the second cabin."—Page 160.

stamping on the pavement to warm his ill-shod feet, was blowing on his poor, blue swollen knuckles, was tinkling a little bell, and claiming alms to feed God's poor.

The general paused and dropped his winnings in the kettle. "My friend," he said, "for a quarter of an hour I have been embarrassed because this sum was so great; now I am embarrassed because it is so small."

The man with the red hat-band and the blue knuckles gazed at the general silently. He did not know that God's poor were to be fed by the rakings of the gaming-table, but he did know that two bills and some coins had been dropped into his kettle. He drew himself up, his heels clicked, and he saluted.

"God bless you, comrade," he said.

The general's hand went up to his hat-brim.

"And you, also, comrade," he said; and the two old warriors went on, down the avenue.

II

HERE'S a lot of gossip and nothing said about the scandal. This won't do.

Three weeks ago our hall porter sent one of his under-men to Bob Willing, the chairman of the house committee asking for a few minutes' speech in the directors' room. Bob groaned. "There's the best man," he said, "that we've ever had in the club, and he's going to strike."

"Who is it?" someone asked.

"It's Mortimer, the hall porter," said Bob; and took the elevator for the committee room on the third floor. He was scarcely seated when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Bob, and the hall porter entered.

"You wished to see me, Mortimer," said Bob. "What is it?"

"Sir," said the hall porter, "I 'ope I've served the gentlemen well, sir."

"No fault to find," said Bob. "What's up?"

"Nothing, sir," said the hall porter; "I wish, sir, that something were up."

"What?" said Bob.

"My 'art—beg pardon, sir, my heart," said the hall porter.

"None of that," said Bob, who, being born rich, did not have to be polite; "that sounds like a missionary. Speak up, Mortimer. What is it—wages?"

"Sir," said Mortimer, "when I came to this club I *was* a missionary. Before me, sir, the hall man used to let the members in grudgin' like, as tho' they were messenger boys with a bouquet for the stage entrance. I've changed all that, sir, and now there's scarce a member comin' in who fails to say, 'Ah, Mortimer.' I brought a letter, sir, from the head hall porter of Lambeth Palace. He's my uncle, sir. I was his second, sir."

"Well," said Bob, "I'm delighted to learn all this, but what's up? Why did you quit the Archbishop of Canterbury?"

"Sir," said Mortimer, "I left his Grace to marry the wife of my deceased sister—beg pardon, sir—to marry my deceased wife's sister."

"Mustn't do that in England, eh?" said Bob.

"Quite so, sir," said Mortimer, "and especially, sir, if you're living in Lambeth Palace, sir."

"Well," said Bob, "this is the land of freedom. Did you marry her?"

"Yes, sir," said Mortimer, "and I 'ope that God will forgive me——" And he caught himself and added: "I 'ope, sir, you'll excuse my mentionin' His name, sir, I forgot myself. I never mention names in the club, sir."

"No harm," said Bob; "go on."

"Sir," said Mortimer, "I brought her over, and we were married in the second cabin of the *Kinetic*, and Captain White gave away the bride, and Bishop Williamson of Porto Rico married us, and the ladies in the first cabin sent flowers, and we had champagne and *omelette soufflé* for dinner, and everything proper, sir. That evening a gentleman in the first cabin came to me to give him a lucky number on the ship's run. He was a great pool buyer, sir, and he was dressed, sir, more like a head keeper than a gentleman. You understand, sir; big checks, knickers, hand-knit stockings from the islands, and three fox teeth on the end of his leather watch-guard. He was the one, sir, that set up the champagne for our dinner. I didn't know what to say, sir, but he kept at me, sir; so I adds my age, which was thirty-three, to Mrs. Mortimer's age, which was nineteen, and that made fifty-two, and I adds a naught for luck and says, 'Try 520, sir.' 'I will,' says he, 'and thank you for the tip.' The next day, sir, just after eight bells, a steward tapped on my door



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"If I throttle you," said the hall porter, "that will ruin you, won't it?"—Page 163.

and said I was wanted in the second cabin. There he was, sir, and he says: 'Mr. Mortimer, I won the pool, and I wish to make the bride a little gift. She can buy something for her housekeepin',' and, sir, he handed me fifty-two pound."

"Very handsome," said Bob. "But what is it, Mortimer—wages?"

"No, sir," said Mortimer; "it's worse than wages, sir. A year ago, sir, my wife left me. She went away with the man who won the pool, sir. He was in the stock-jobbing line, sir, in Wall Street. When he tired of her, sir, he struck her, and she left him. Last night, sir, when I went home to my lodgings, I stumbled over her, sir, lying before my door. I got her to the 'ospital, sir, and there she lies, crying 'Will ye take me back, John? Will ye take me——" And he choked.

"And will you take her back?" asked Bob.

"Take her back?" said Mortimer. "I never sent her away! I promised her 'for better or worse.' Ask Bishop Williamson, sir; he married us. That means a lot, sir—'for better or worse'—when a man has given his word, sir."

"I suppose it does," said Bob. "I never make any promises, and so I never break any."

"Then, sir," said Mortimer, "you never know the joy of keepin' one. May I go, sir, and stay away—a week, perhaps—the doctors tell me she won't last longer, sir?"

"Call a cab, and charge it to me," said Bob.

"And who will take my place on the door, sir?" asked Mortimer.

"I will, if necessary," said Bob. "If you need any money, let me know. I've got money if I haven't anything else. Change your clothes and call a cab."

Mortimer choked again, and went.

The club saw him no more for a week. Then he came, dressed in mourning, and asked for Mr. Willing. Bob met him in the committee room and noticed the mourning.

"Ah, Mortimer," he said, "I see it is all over."

"Yes, sir," said Mortimer, "she only lived three days. I buried her yesterday, sir. Just before she died she seemed to come back a little nearer life, sir. She put her arms about me, sir, and said, ''Ave you taken me back, John?' 'No, Mary,' said I, 'I 'ad no call to take you back; you've never been away. 'Tis all a bad dream.' She looked at me as no one will ever look at me, sir, unless I make 'eaven and meet her there, and then there was a flutter—her 'and in mine—a sort of grayness crept into her cheeks such as comes, sir, to the silver of a salmon when he dies; she gasped, she whispered, my ear to her lips, 'He's taken me back'—and then, sir, I crossed her poor tired 'ands upon her breast," and he bowed his head, forgot his servitude, and did not end his sentence with a "sir."

III

THE hall porter resumed his livery. A servant *must* wear mourning for his master's wife—he may *not* for his own. During the hall porter's absence from the club three new members had been elected. The hall porter had not heard their names. It was four o'clock and members were arriving rapidly. Presently the judge came in. "Ah, Mortimer," he said, "glad to see you back; been ill?"

"Thank you, sir," said the hall porter; "I've been away on vacation, sir."

The bishop came in. "Ah, Mortimer," he said, "glad to see you back; been ill?"

"Thank you, my lord," said the hall porter; "I've been away on vacation."

"I, also," said the bishop. "I only returned a week ago. I have been resting for eight months. By the bye, Mortimer, in London I dined several times at Lambeth Palace. I sent for your uncle, the hall porter. I found him a most respectable person; and I told him how satisfying your service is here, Mortimer."

"Thank you, my lord."

"I am starting for Palm Beach to-morrow," said the bishop, "to rest after my vacation, then I return to my flock. Hold any mail that comes for me, don't forward it. And, I say, Mortimer, you should not address me as 'my lord,' except, perhaps, once in an evening, when someone of importance is with me—we have no lords in this country, temporal or spiritual; try to remember this, Mortimer;" and the bishop went into the front room, seated himself, took the *Evening Post*, turned first to the editorial page, glanced about, saw that no one was watching, turned quickly to the financial page, glanced down the columns,

saw that "Amalgamated" had dropped three points, thought a moment, sighed, and went out to the hall.

"Mortimer," he said, "I've changed my mind; I sha'n't go to Palm Beach; I find I can't afford it. I shall finish my rest at Lakewood or Atlantic City; I'll let you know to-morrow."

"Very good, my lord," said the hall porter.

Just then the storm-door whirled and a man came in, paused and began to take off his gloves; they were white buckskin gloves, such as the Austrian officers wear. He wore a long coat, with Russian sable collar and cuffs. His buttoned patent-leather boots had brown cloth tops. He had a cape jessamine in the fur of his lapel, and as he stood the scent of it crept through the warm air of the vestibule.

"I'm a new member," he said to the under porter, who turned the storm-door. "I've just been elected; my name is——"

"Don't speak it here," said the hall porter in a voice that was strangely low and level; "this is a *gentlemen's* club."

The new member turned and saw the hall porter, and his face went white.

"You cur!" said the hall porter in the same level voice. "I'd kill you where you stand if it wouldn't make extra work for the scrubbers in the morning, and wouldn't make talk about the woman I buried yesterday."

"Is she dead?" gasped the new member; "is she dead?"

"Go into the strangers' room," said the hall porter, pointing toward a door. The new member went. "Sit down at that desk and write your resignation," said the hall porter.

"Mr. Mortimer," said the new member, "this will ruin me."

"If I throttle you," said the hall porter in the same level voice, "that will ruin you, won't it? Take your choice."

The new member looked at the hall porter, who was trembling and whose fingers were twitching, and then turned to the desk and wrote.

"Will that do?" he asked when he had signed.

The hall porter took the paper and read it.

"Yes," he said; "put it in an envelope and address it to the governors."

The new member did as he was bid. The hall porter went to the door. "William," he said to his understudy, "put this letter in the governors' box, and you needn't hurry back. Come," he said to the late member. They went into the hall.

"Mr. Mortimer," said the late member, "I fully appreciate your position and my own. I have wronged you deeply, and I regret it deeply. I can make no amends, and I am at your mercy; but would a check for a substantial sum, say ten thousand——"

"My God!" said the hall porter; "you *will* have it!" and he struck the late member fair between the eyes. The late member went down in a heap, his head hit the wainscot, and he lay still, one foot doubled under him, his face covered with blood, and presently a scarlet thread crept from under his shoulders out on to the white marble floor.

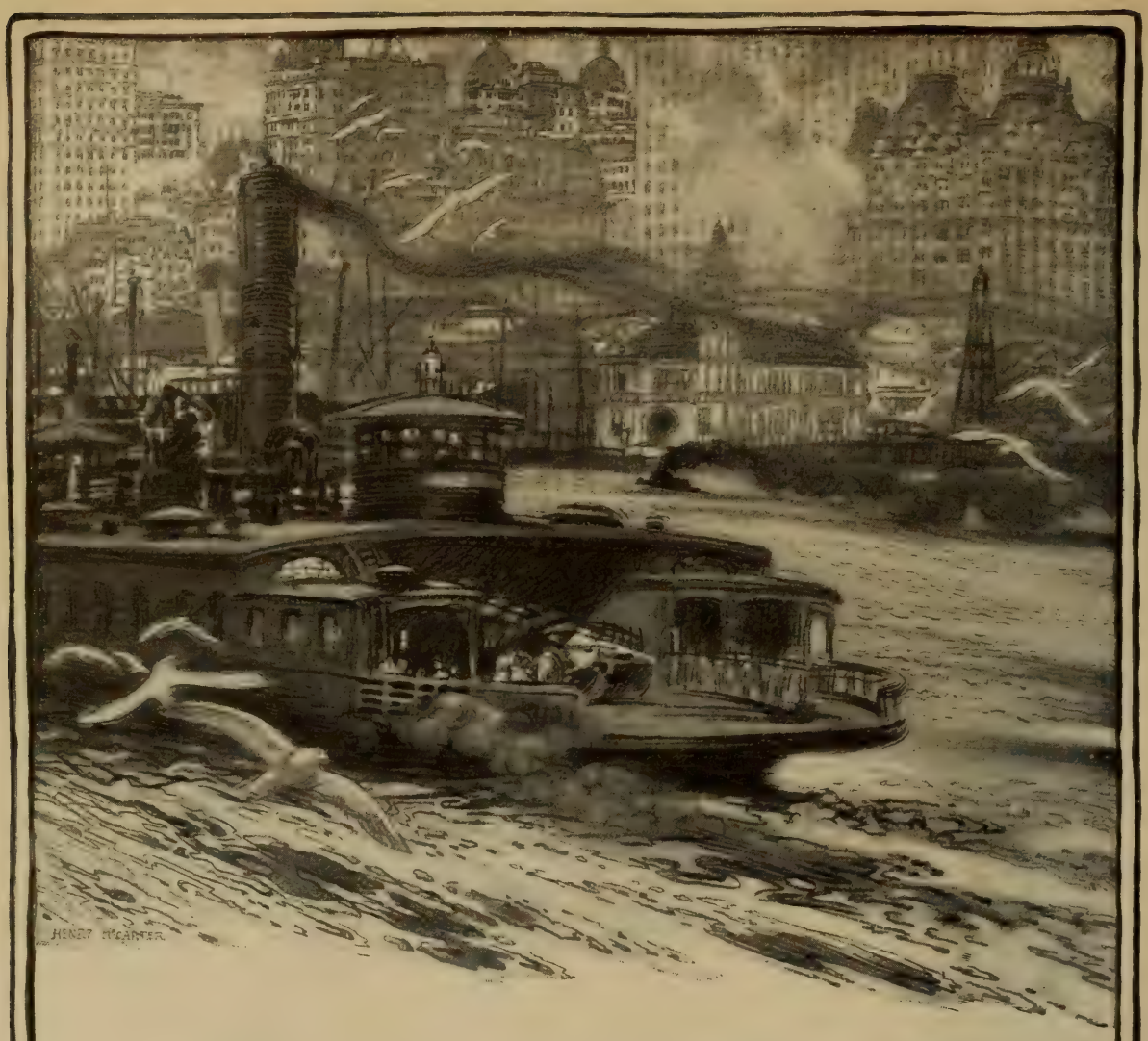
The under porter and one or two hall-boys came running, and then the storm-door turned and Bob Willing came in.

He saw the head porter with parted lips, glittering eyes, and clenched fists. He saw in the centre of the floor a tall hat and walking-stick, which lay where they had fallen, and in the corner he saw the late member and the creeping scarlet thread.

"What does this mean?" he asked. No one answered. He went over to the corner and looked at the face of the late member.

"Who is this?" he asked.

"Sir," said Mortimer, "that's the man who won the pool, sir."



SEA-GULLS OF MANHATTAN

By Henry van Dyke

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY MCCARTER

CHILDREN of the elemental mother,
  Born upon some lonely island shore
Where the sunlit ripples run and whisper,
  Where the storm-lashed billows plunge and roar;
Long-winged, tireless roamers and adventurers,
  Fearless breasters of the wind and sea,
In the far-off solitary places
  I have seen you floating wild and free!

Here the high-built cities rise around you;
  Here the cliffs that tower east and west,
Honeycombed with human habitations,
  Have no hiding for the sea-bird's nest:
Here the river is begrimed and troubled;
  Here the hurrying, panting vessels fume,
Restless, up and down the watery highway,
  While a thousand chimneys vomit gloom.

Toil and tumult, conflict and confusion,
  Clank and clamor of the vast machine
Human hands have built for human bondage—
  Yet amid it all you float serene;
Circling, soaring, sailing, swooping lightly
  Down to glean your harvest from the wave,
Drifting at your ease across the harbor,—
  You have kept the freedom Nature gave.

Even so the wild-woods of Manhattan
  Saw your wheeling flocks of white and gray;
Even so you circled, sailed, and floated
  Round the *Half-Moon* creeping up the bay;
Even so your beaded eyes were glistening,
  While you fluttered o'er the tidal rips,
Screaming with your thin and tremulous voices
  Round the sullen British prison-ships.

Children of the elemental mother,
  Fearless floaters 'mid the double blue,
From the crowded boats that cross the ferries
  Many a longing heart goes out to you.
Though the cities climb and close around us,
  Something tells us that our souls are free,
While the sea-gulls fly above the harbor,
  While the river flows to meet the sea!





Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"You poor, good woman!" he said gravely.—Page 192.

MADAME DE TREYMES

By Edith Wharton

Illustrations by Alonzo Kimball

I

JOHN DURHAM, while he waited for Madame de Malrive to draw on her gloves, stood in the hotel doorway looking out across the Rue de Rivoli at the afternoon brightness of the Tuileries gardens.

His European visits were infrequent enough to have kept unimpaired the freshness of his eye, and he was always struck anew by the vast and consummately ordered spectacle of Paris: by its look of having been boldly and deliberately planned as a background for the enjoyment of life, instead of being forced into grudging concessions to the festive instincts, or barricading itself against them in unenlightened ugliness, like his own lamentable New York.

But to-day, if the scene had never presented itself more alluringly, in that moist spring bloom between showers, when the horse-chestnuts dome themselves in unreal green against a gauzy sky, and the very dust of the pavement seems the fragrance of lilac made visible—to-day for the first time the sense of a personal stake in it all, of having to reckon individually with its effects and influences, kept Durham from an unrestrained yielding to the spell. Paris might still be—to the unimplicated it doubtless still was—the most beautiful city in the world; but whether it were the most lovable or the most detestable depended for him, in the last analysis, on the buttoning of the white glove over which Fanny de Malrive still lingered.

The mere fact of her having forgotten to draw on her gloves as they were descending in the hotel lift from his mother's drawing-room was, in this connection, charged with significance to Durham. She was the kind of woman who always presents herself to the mind's eye as completely equipped, as made up of exquisitely cared for and finely-related details; and that the heat of her parting with his family should have left her unconscious that she was emerging gloveless into Paris, seemed, on the whole, to speak hopefully for Durham's future opinion of the city.

Even now, he could detect a certain confusion, a desire to draw breath and catch up with life, in the way she dawdled over the last buttons in the dimness of the porte-cochère, while her footman, outside, hung on her retarded signal.

When at length they emerged, it was to learn from that functionary that Madame la Marquise's carriage had been obliged to yield its place at the door, but was at the moment in the act of regaining it. Madame de Malrive cut the explanation short. "I shall walk home. The carriage this evening at eight."

As the footman turned away, she raised her eyes for the first time to Durham's.

"Will you walk with me? Let us cross the Tuileries. I should like to sit a moment on the terrace."

She spoke quite easily and naturally, as if it were the most commonplace thing in the world for them to be straying afoot together over Paris; but even his vague knowledge of the world she lived in—a knowledge mainly acquired through the perusal of yellow-backed fiction—gave a thrilling significance to her naturalness. Durham, indeed, was beginning to find that one of the charms of a sophisticated society is that it lends point and perspective to the slightest contact between the sexes. If, in the old unrestricted New York days, Fanny Frisbee, from a brown stone door-step, had proposed that they should take a walk in the Park, the idea would have presented itself to her companion as agreeable but unimportant; whereas Fanny de Malrive's suggestion that they should stroll across the Tuileries was obviously fraught with unspecified possibilities.

He was so throbbing with the sense of these possibilities that he walked beside her without speaking down the length of the wide alley which follows the line of the Rue

de Rivoli, suffering her even, when they reached its farthest end, to direct him in silence up the steps to the terrace of the Feuillants. For, after all, the possibilities were double-faced, and her bold departure from custom might simply mean that what she had to say was so dreadful that it needed all the tenderest mitigation of circumstance.

There was apparently nothing embarrassing to her in his silence: it was a part of her long European discipline that she had learned to manage pauses with ease. In her Frisbee days she might have packed this one with a random fluency; now she was content to let it widen slowly before them like the spacious prospect opening at their feet. The complicated beauty of this prospect, as they moved toward it between the symmetrically clipped limes of the lateral terrace, touched him anew through her nearness, as with the hint of some vast impersonal power, controlling and regulating her life in ways he could not guess, putting between himself and her the whole width of the civilization into which her marriage had absorbed her. And there was such fear in the thought—he read such derision of what he had to offer in the splendour of the great avenues tapering upward to the sunset glories of the Arch—that all he had meant to say when he finally spoke compressed itself at last into an abrupt unmitigated: "Well?"

She answered at once—as though she had only awaited the call of the national interrogation—"I don't know when I have been so happy."

"So happy?" The suddenness of his joy flushed up through his fair skin.

"As I was just now—taking tea with your mother and sisters."

Durham's "Oh!" of surprise betrayed also a note of disillusionment, which she met only by the reconciling murmur: "Shall we sit down?"

He found two of the springy yellow chairs indigenous to the spot, and placed them under the tree near which they had paused, saying reluctantly, as he did so: "Of course it was an immense pleasure to *them* to see you again."

"Oh, not in the same way. I mean—" she paused, sinking into the chair, and betraying, for the first time, a momentary inability to deal becomingly with the situation. "I mean," she resumed smiling, "that it was not an event for them, as it was for me."

"An event?" he caught her up again, eagerly; for what, in the language of any civilization, could that word mean but just the one thing he most wished it to?

"To be with dear, good, sweet, simple, real Americans again!" she burst out, heaping up her epithets with reckless prodigality.

Durham's smile once more faded to impersonality, as he rejoined, just a shade on the defensive: "If it's merely our Americanism you enjoyed—I've no doubt we can give you all you want in that line."

"Yes, it's just that! But if you knew what the word means to me! It means—it means—" she paused as if to assure herself that they were sufficiently isolated from the desultory groups beneath the other trees—"it means that I'm *safe* with them: as safe as in a bank!"

Durham felt a sudden warmth behind his eyes and in his throat. "I think I do know——"

"No, you don't, really; you can't know how dear and strange and familiar it all sounded: the old New York names that kept coming up in your mother's talk, and her charming quaint ideas about Europe—their all regarding it as a great big innocent pleasure ground and shop for Americans; and your mother's missing the home-made bread and preferring the American asparagus—I'm so tired of Americans who despise even their own asparagus! And then your married sister's spending her summers at—where is it?—the Kittawittany House on Lake Pohunk——"

A vision of earnest women in Shetland shawls, with spectacles and thin knobs of hair, eating blueberry pie at unwholesome hours in a shingled dining-room on a bare New England hill-top, rose pallidly between Durham and the verdant brightness of the Champs Elysées, and he protested with a slight smile: "Oh, but my married sister is the black sheep of the family—the rest of us never sank as low as that."

"Low? I think it's beautiful—fresh and innocent and simple. I remember going to such a place once. They have early dinner—rather late—and go off in buckboards over terrible roads, and bring back golden rod and autumn leaves, and read nature books aloud on the piazza; and there is always one shy young man in flannels—only one—who has come to see the prettiest girl (though how he can choose among so

many!) and who takes her off in a buggy for hours and hours——" She paused and summed up with a long sigh: "It is fifteen years since I was in America."

"And you're still so good an American."

"Oh, a better and better one every day!"

He hesitated. "Then why did you never come back?"

Her face altered instantly, exchanging its retrospective light for the look of slightly shadowed watchfulness which he had known as most habitual to it.

"It was impossible—it has always been so. My husband would not go; and since—since our separation—there have been family reasons."

Durham sighed impatiently. "Why do you talk of reasons? The truth is, you have made your life here. You could never give all this up!" He made a discouraged gesture in the direction of the Place de la Concorde.

"Give it up! I would go tomorrow! But it could never, now, be for more than a visit. I must live in France on account of my boy."

Durham's heart gave a quick beat. At last the talk had neared the point toward which his whole mind was straining, and he began to feel a personal application in her words. But that made him all the more cautious about choosing his own.

"It is an agreement—about the boy?" he ventured.

"I gave my word. They knew that was enough," she said proudly; adding, as if to put him in full possession of her reasons: "It would have been much more difficult for me to obtain complete control of my son if it had not been understood that I was to live in France."

"That seems fair," Durham assented after a moment's reflection: it was his instinct, even in the heat of personal endeavour, to pause a moment on the question of "fairness." The personal claim reasserted itself as he added tentatively: "But when he *is* brought up—when he's grown up: then you would feel freer?"

She received this with a start, as a possibility too remote to have entered into her view of the future. "He is only eight years old!" she objected.

"Ah, of course it would be a long way off?"

"A long way off, thank heaven! French mothers part late with their sons, and in that one respect I mean to be a French mother."

"Of course—naturally—since he has only you," Durham again assented.

He was eager to show how fully he took her point of view, if only to dispose her to the reciprocal fairness of taking his when the time came to present it. And he began to think that the time had now come; that their walk would not have thus resolved itself, without excuse or pretext, into a tranquil session beneath the trees, for any purpose less important than that of giving him his opportunity.

He took it, characteristically, without seeking a transition. "When I spoke to you, the other day, about myself—about what I felt for you—I said nothing of the future, because, for the moment, my mind refused to travel beyond its immediate hope of happiness. But I felt, of course, even then, that the hope involved various difficulties—that we can't, as we might once have done, come together without any thought but for ourselves; and whatever your answer is to be, I want to tell you now that I am ready to accept my share of the difficulties." He paused, and then added explicitly: "If there's the least chance of your listening to me, I'm willing to live over here as long as you can keep your boy with you."

II

WHATEVER Madame de Malrive's answer was to be, there could be no doubt as to her readiness to listen. She received Durham's words without sign of resistance, and took time to ponder them gently before she answered, in a voice touched by emotion: "You are very generous—very unselfish; but when you fix a limit—no matter how remote—to my remaining here, I see how wrong it is to let myself consider for a moment such possibilities as we have been talking of."

"Wrong? Why should it be wrong?"

"Because I shall want to keep my boy always! Not, of course, in the sense of living with him, or even forming an important part of his life; I am not deluded enough to think that possible. But I do believe it possible never to pass wholly out of his life; and while there is a hope of that, how can I leave him?" She paused, and turned on

him a new face, a face in which the past of which he was still so ignorant showed itself like a shadow suddenly darkening a clear pane. "How can I make you understand?" she went on urgently. "It is not only because of my love for him—not only, I mean, because of my own happiness in being with him; that I can't, in imagination, surrender even the remotest hour of his future; it is because, the moment he passes out of my influence, he passes under that other—the influence I have been fighting against every hour since he was born!—I don't mean, you know," she added, as Durham, with bent head, continued to offer her the silent fixity of his attention, "I don't mean the special personal influence—except inasmuch as it represents something wider, more general, something that encloses and circulates through the whole world in which he belongs. That is what I meant when I said you could never understand! There is nothing in your experience—in any American experience—to correspond with that far-reaching family organization, which is itself a part of the larger system, and which encloses a young man of my son's position in a network of accepted prejudices and opinions. Everything is prepared in advance—his political and religious convictions, his judgments of people, his sense of honour, his ideas of women, his whole view of life. He is taught to see vileness and corruption in every one not of his own way of thinking, and in every idea that does not directly serve the religious and political purposes of his class. The truth isn't a fixed thing: it's not used to test actions by, it's tested by them, and made to fit in with them. And this forming of the mind begins with the child's first consciousness; it's in his nursery stories, his baby prayers, his very games with his playmates! Already he is only half mine, because the Church has the other half, and will be reaching out for my share as soon as his education begins. But that other half is still mine, and I mean to make it the strongest and most living half of the two, so that, when the inevitable conflict begins, the energy and the truth and the endurance shall be on my side and not on theirs!"

She paused, flushing with the repressed fervour of her utterance, though her voice had not been raised beyond its usual discreet modulations; and Durham felt himself tingling with the transmitted force of her resolve. Whatever shock her words brought to his personal hope, he was grateful to her for speaking them so clearly, for having so sure a grasp of her purpose.

Her decision strengthened his own, and after a pause of deliberation he said quietly: "There might be a good deal to urge on the other side—the ineffectualness of your sacrifice, the probability that when your son marries he will inevitably be absorbed back into the life of his class and his people; but I can't look at it in that way, because if I were in your place I believe I should feel just as you do about it. As long as there was a fighting chance I should want to keep hold of my half, no matter how much the struggle cost me. And one reason why I understand your feeling about your boy is that I have the same feeling about *you:* as long as there's a fighting chance of keeping my half of you—the half he is willing to spare me—I don't see how I can ever give it up." He waited again, and then brought out firmly: "If you'll marry me, I'll agree to live out here as long as you want, and we'll be two instead of one to keep hold of your half of him."

He raised his eyes as he ended, and saw that hers met them through a quick clouding of tears.

"Ah, I am glad to have had this said to me! But I could never accept such an offer."

He caught instantly at the distinction. "That doesn't mean that you could never accept *me?*"

"Under such conditions——"

"But if I am satisfied with the conditions? Don't think I am speaking rashly, under the influence of the moment. I have expected something of this sort, and I have thought out my side of the case. As far as material circumstances go, I have worked long enough and successfully enough to take my ease and take it where I choose. I mention that because the life I offer you is offered to your boy as well." He let this sink into her mind before summing up gravely: "The offer I make is made deliberately, and at least I have a right to a direct answer."

She was silent again, and then lifted a cleared gaze to his. "My direct answer then is: if I were still Fanny Frisbee I would marry you."

He bent toward her persuasively. "But you will be—when the divorce is pronounced."

"Ah, the divorce——" She flushed deeply, with an instinctive shrinking back of her whole person which made him straighten himself in his chair.

"Do you so dislike the idea?"

"The idea of divorce? No—not in my case. I should like anything that would do away with the past—obliterate it all—make everything new in my life!"

"Then what——?" he began again, waiting with the patience of a wooer on the uneasy circling of her tormented mind.

"Oh, don't ask me; I don't know; I am frightened."

Durham gave a deep sigh of discouragement. "I thought your coming here with me today—and above all your going with me just now to see my mother—was a sign that you were *not* frightened!"

"Well, I was not when I was with your mother. She made everything seem easy and natural. She took me back into that clear American air where there are no obscurities, no mysteries——"

"What obscurities, what mysteries, are you afraid of?"

She looked about her with a faint shiver. "I am afraid of everything!" she said.

"That's because you are alone; because you've no one to turn to. I'll clear the air for you fast enough if you'll let me."

He looked forth defiantly, as if flinging his challenge at the great city which had come to typify the powers contending with him for her possession.

"You say that so easily! But you don't know; none of you know."

"Know what?"

"The difficulties——"

"I told you I was ready to take my share of the difficulties—and my share naturally includes yours. You know Americans are great hands at getting over difficulties." He drew himself up confidently. "Just leave that to me—only tell me exactly what you're afraid of."

She paused again, and then said: "The divorce, to begin with—they will never consent to it."

He noticed that she spoke as though the interests of the whole clan, rather than her husband's individual claim, were to be considered; and the use of the plural pronoun shocked his free individualism like a glimpse of some dark feudal survival.

"But you are absolutely certain of your divorce! I've consulted—of course without mentioning names——"

She interrupted him, with a melancholy smile: "Ah, so have I. The divorce would be easy enough to get, if they ever let it come into the courts."

"How on earth can they prevent that?"

"I don't know; my never knowing how they will do things is one of the secrets of their power."

"Their power? What power?" he broke in with irrepressible contempt. "Who are these bogeys whose machinations are going to arrest the course of justice in a—comparatively—civilized country? You've told me yourself that Monsieur de Malrive is the least likely to give you trouble; and the others are his uncle the abbé, his mother and sister. That kind of a syndicate doesn't scare me much. A priest and two women *contra mundum!*"

She shook her head. "Not *contra mundum*, but with it, their whole world is behind them. It's that mysterious solidarity that you can't understand. One doesn't know how far they may reach, or in how many directions. I have never known. They have always cropped up where I least expected them."

Before this persistency of negation Durham's buoyancy began to flag, but his determination grew the more fixed.

"Well, then, supposing them to possess these supernatural powers; do you think it's to people of that kind that I'll ever consent to give you up?"

She raised a half-smiling glance of protest. "Oh, they're not wantonly wicked. They'll leave me alone as long as——"

"As I do?" he interrupted. "Do you want me to leave you alone? Was that what you brought me here to tell me?"

The directness of the challenge seemed to gather up the scattered strands of her hesitation, and lifting her head she turned on him a look in which, but for its underlying shadow, he might have recovered the full free beam of Fanny Frisbee's gaze.

"I don't know why I brought you here," she said gently, "except from the wish to prolong a little the illusion of being once more an American among Americans. Just now, sitting there with your mother and Katy and Nannie, the difficulties seemed to vanish; the problems grew as trivial to me as they are to you. And I wanted them to

remain so a little longer; I wanted to put off going back to them. But it was of no use —they were waiting for me here. They are over there now in that house across the river. She indicated the grey sky-line of the Faubourg, shining in the splintered radiance of the sunset beyond the long sweep of the quays. "They are a part of me—I belong to them. I must go back to them!" she sighed.

She rose slowly to her feet, as though her metaphor had expressed an actual fact and she felt herself bodily drawn from his side by the influences of which she spoke.

Durham had risen too. "Then I go back with you!" he exclaimed energetically; and as she paused, wavering a little under the shock of his resolve: "I don't mean into your house—but into your life!" he said.

She suffered him, at any rate, to accompany her to the door of the house, and allowed their debate to prolong itself through the almost monastic quiet of the quarter which led thither. On the way, he succeeded in wresting from her the confession that, if it were possible to ascertain in advance that her husband's family would not oppose her action, she might decide to apply for a divorce. Short of a positive assurance on this point, she made it clear that she would never move in the matter; there must be no scandal, no *retentissement*, nothing which her boy, necessarily brought up in the French tradition of scrupulously preserved appearances, could afterward regard as the faintest blur on his much-quartered escutcheon. But even this partial concession again raised fresh obstacles; for there seemed to be no one to whom she could entrust so delicate an investigation, and to apply directly to the Marquis de Malrive or his relatives appeared, in the light of her past experience, the last way of learning their intentions.

"But," Durham objected, beginning to suspect a morbid fixity of idea in her perpetual attitude of distrust—"but surely you have told me that your husband's sister—what is her name? Madame de Treymes?—was the most powerful member of the group, and that she has always been on your side."

She hesitated. "Yes, Christiane has been on my side. She dislikes her brother. But it would not do to ask her."

"But could no one else ask her? Who are her friends?"

"She has a great many; and some, of course, are mine. But in a case like this they would be all hers; they wouldn't hesitate a moment between us."

"Why should it be necessary to hesitate between you? Suppose Madame de Treymes sees the reasonableness of what you ask; suppose, at any rate, she sees the hopelessness of opposing you? Why should she make a mystery of your opinion?"

"It's not that; it is that, if I went to her friends, I should never get her real opinion from them. At least I should never know if it is *was* her real opinion; and therefore I should be no farther advanced. Don't you see?"

Durham struggled between the sentimental impulse to soothe her, and the practical instinct that it was a moment for unmitigated frankness.

"I'm not sure that I do; but if you can't find out what Madame de Treymes thinks, I'll see what I can do myself."

"Oh—*you*!" broke from her in mingled terror and admiration; and pausing on her doorstep to lay her hand in his before she touched the bell, she added with a half-whimsical flash of regret: "Why didn't this happen to Fanny Frisbee?"

III

Why had it not happened to Fanny Frisbee?

Durham put the question to himself as he walked back along the quays, in a state of inner commotion which left him, for once, insensible to the ordered beauty of his surroundings. Propinquity had not been lacking: he had known Miss Frisbee since his college days. In unsophisticated circles, one family is apt to quote another; and the Durham ladies had always quoted the Frisbees. The Frisbees were bold, experienced, enterprising: they had what the novelists of the day called "dash." The beautiful Fanny was especially dashing; she had the showiest national attributes, tempered only by a native grace of softness, as the beam of her eyes was subdued by the length of their lashes. And yet young Durham, though not unsusceptible to such charms, had remained content to enjoy them from a safe distance of good fellowship. If he had been asked why, he could not have told; but the Durham of forty understood. It was because there were, with minor modifications, many other Fanny Frisbees; whereas never

before, within his ken, had there been a Fanny de Malrive.

He had felt it in a flash, when, the autumn before, he had run across her one evening in the dining-room of the Beaurivage at Ouchy; when, after a furtive exchange of glances, they had simultaneously arrived at recognition, followed by an eager pressure of hands, and a long evening of reminiscence on the starlit terrace. She was the same, but so mysteriously changed! And it was the mystery, the sense of unprobed depths of initiation, which drew him to her as her freshness had never drawn him. He had not hitherto attempted to define the nature of the change: it remained for his sister Nannie to do that when, on his return to the Rue de Rivoli, where the family were still sitting in conclave upon their recent visitor, Miss Durham summed up their groping comments in the phrase: "I never saw anything so French!"

Durham, understanding what his sister's use of the epithet implied, recognized it instantly as the explanation of his own feelings. Yes, it was the finish, the modelling, which Madame de Malrive's experience had given her that set her apart from the fresh uncomplicated personalities of which she had once been simply the most charming type. The influences that had lowered her voice, regulated her gestures, toned her down to harmony with the warm dim background of a long social past—these influences had lent to her natural fineness of perception a command of expression adapted to complex conditions. She had moved in surroundings through which one could hardly bounce and bang on the genial American plan without knocking the angles off a number of sacred institutions; and her acquired dexterity of movement seemed to Durham a crowning grace. It was a shock, now that he knew at what cost the dexterity had been acquired, to acknowledge this even to himself; he hated to think that she could owe anything to such conditions as she had been placed in. And it gave him a sense of the tremendous strength of the organization into which she had been absorbed, that in spite of her horror, her moral revolt, she had not reacted against its external forms. She might abhor her husband, her marriage, and the world to which it had introduced her, but she had become a product of that world in its outward expression, and no better proof of the fact was needed than her exotic enjoyment of Americanism.

The sense of the distance to which her American past had been removed was never more present to him than when, a day or two later, he went with his mother and sisters to return her visit. The region beyond the river existed, for the Durham ladies, only as the unmapped environment of the Bon Marchè; and Nannie Durham's exclamation on the pokiness of the streets and the dulness of the houses showed Durham, with a start, how far he had already travelled from the family point of view.

"Well, if this is all she got by marrying a Marquis!" the young lady summed up as they paused before the small sober hotel in its high-walled court; and Katy, following her mother through the stone-vaulted and stone-floored vestible, murmured: "It must be simply freezing in winter."

In the softly-faded drawing-room, with its old pastels in old frames, its windows looking on the damp green twilight of a garden sunk deep in blackened walls, the American ladies might have been even more conscious of the insufficiency of their friend's compensations, had not the warmth of her welcome precluded all other reflections. It was not till she had gathered them about her in the corner beside the tea-table, that Durham identified the slender dark lady loitering negligently in the background, and introduced in a comprehensive murmur to the American group, as the redoubtable sister-in-law to whom he had declared himself ready to throw down his challenge.

There was nothing very redoubtable about Madame de Treymes, except perhaps the kindly yet critical observation which she bestowed on her sister-in-law's visitors: the unblinking attention of a civilized spectator observing an encampment of aborigines. He had heard of her as a beauty, and was surprised to find her, as Nannie afterward put it, a mere stick to hang clothes on (but they *did* hang!), with a small brown glancing face, like that of a charming little inquisitive animal. Yet before she had addressed ten words to him—nibbling at the hard English consonants like nuts—he owned the justice of the epithet. She was a beauty, if beauty, instead of being restricted to the cast of the face, is a pervasive attribute informing the hands, the voice, the gestures, the very fall of a flounce and tilt of a feather.

In this impalpable *aura* of grace Madame de Treymes' dark meagre presence unmistakeably moved, like a thin flame in a wide quiver of light. And as he realized that she looked much handsomer than she was, so, while they talked, he felt that she understood a great deal more than she betrayed. It was not through the groping speech which formed their apparent medium of communication that she imbibed her information: she found it in the air, she extracted it from Durham's look and manner, she caught it in the turn of her sister-in-law's defenseless eyes—for in her presence Madame de Malrive became Fanny Frisbee again!—she put it together, in short, out of just such unconsidered indescribable trifles as differentiated the quiet felicity of her dress from Nannie and Katy's "handsome" haphazard clothes.

Her actual converse with Durham moved, meanwhile, strictly in the conventional ruts: had he been long in Paris, which of the new plays did he like best, was it true that American *jeunes filles* were sometimes taken to the Boulevard theatres? And she threw an interrogative glance at the young ladies beside the tea-table. To Durham's reply that it depended how much French they knew, she shrugged and smiled, replying that his compatriots all spoke French like Parisians, enquiring, after a moment's thought, if they learned it, *la bàs*, *des nègres*, and laughing heartily when Durham's astonishment revealed her blunder.

When at length she had taken leave—enveloping the Durham ladies in a last puzzled penetrating look—Madame de Malrive turned to Mrs. Durham with a faintly embarrassed smile.

"My sister-in-law was much interested; I believe you are the first Americans she has ever known."

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Nannie, as though such social darkness required immediate missionary action on some one's part.

"Well, she knows *us*," said Durham, catching, in Madame de Malrive's rapid glance, a startled assent to his point.

"After all," reflected the accurate Katy, as though seeking an excuse for Madame de Treymes' unenlightenment, "*we* don't know many French people, either."

To which Nannie promptly if obscurely retorted: "Ah but we couldn't and *she* could!"

IV

Madame de Treymes' friendly observation of her sister-in-law's visitors resulted in no expression on her part of a desire to renew her study of them. To all appearances, she passed out of their lives when Madame de Malrive's door closed on her; and Durham felt that the arduous task of making her acquaintance was still to be begun.

He felt also, more than ever, the necessity of attempting it; and in his determination to lose no time, and his perplexity how to set most speedily about the business, he bethought himself of applying to his cousin Mrs. Boykin.

Mrs. Elmer Boykin was a small plump woman, to whose vague prettiness the lines of middle-age had given no meaning: as though whatever had happened to her had merely added to the sum total of her inexperience. After a Parisian residence of twenty-five years, spent in a state of feverish servitude to the great artists of the rue de la Paix, her dress and hair still retained a certain rigidity in keeping with the directness of her gaze and the unmodulated candour of her voice. Her very drawing-room had the hard bright atmosphere of her native skies, and one felt that she was still true at heart to the national ideals in electric lighting and plumbing.

She and her husband had left America owing to the impossibility of living there with the finish and decorum which the Boykin standard demanded; but in the isolation of their exile they had created about them a kind of phantom America, where the national prejudices continued to flourish unchecked by the national progressiveness: a little world sparsely peopled by compatriots in the same attitude of chronic opposition toward a society chronically unaware of them. In this uncontaminated air Mr. and Mrs. Boykin had preserved the purity of simpler conditions, and Elmer Boykin, returning rakishly from a Sunday's racing at Chantilly, betrayed, under his "knowing" coat and the racing-glasses slung ostentatiously across his shoulder, the unmistakeable cut of the American business man coming "up town" after a long day in the office.

It was a part of the Boykins' uncomfortable but determined attitude—and per-

haps a last expression of their latent patriotism—to live in active disapproval of the world about them, fixing in memory with little stabs of reprobation innumerable instances of what the abominable foreigner was doing; so that they reminded Durham of persons peacefully following the course of a horrible war by pricking red pins in a map. To Mrs. Durham, with her gentle tourist's view of the European continent, as a vast Museum in which the human multitudes simply furnished the element of costume, the Boykins seemed abysmally instructed, and darkly expert in forbidden things; and her son, without sharing her simple faith in their omniscience, credited them with an ample supply of the kind of information of which he was in search.

Mrs. Boykin, from the corner of an intensely modern Gobelin sofa, studied her cousin as he bålanced himself insecurely on one of the small gilt chairs which always look surprised at being sat in.

"Fanny de Malrive? Oh, of course: I remember you were all very intimate with the Frisbees when they lived in West Thirty-third Street. But she has dropped all her American friends since her marriage. The excuse was that de Malrive didn't like them; but as she's been separated for five or six years, I can't see—. You say she's been very nice to your mother and the girls? Well, I daresay she is beginning to feel the need of friends she can really trust; for as for her French relations——! That Malrive set is the worst in the Faubourg. Of course you know what *he* is; even the family, for decency's sake, had to back her up, and urge her to get a separation. And Christiane de Treymes——"

Durham seized his opportunity. "Is she so very reprehensible too?"

Mrs. Boykin pursed up her small colourless mouth. "I can't speak from personal experience. I know Madame de Treymes slightly—I have met her at Fanny's—but she never remembers the fact except when she wants me to go to one of her *ventes de charité*. They all remember us then; and some American women are silly enough to ruin themselves at the smart bazaars, and fancy they will get invitations in return. They say Mrs. Addison G. Pack followed Madame d'Alglade around for a whole winter, and spent a hundred thousand francs at her stalls; and at the end of the season Madame d'Alglade asked her to tea, and when she got there she found *that* was for a charity too, and she had to pay a hundred francs to get in."

Mrs. Boykin paused with a smile of compassion. "That is not *my* way," she continued. "Personally I have no desire to thrust myself into French society—I can't see how any American woman can do so without loss of self-respect. But any one can tell you about Madame de Treymes."

"I wish you would, then," Durham suggested.

"Well, I think Elmer had better," said his wife mysteriously, as Mr. Boykin, at this point, advanced across the wide expanse of Aubusson on which his wife and Durham were islanded in a state of propinquity without privacy.

"What's that, Bessy? Hah, Durham, how are you? Didn't see you at Auteuil this afternoon. You don't race? Busy sight-seeing, I suppose? What was that my wife was telling you? Oh, about Madame de Treymes."

He stroked his pepper-and-salt moustache with a gesture intended rather to indicate than to conceal the smile of experience beneath it. "Well, Madame de Treymes has not been like a happy country—she's had a history: several of 'em. Some one said she constituted the *feuilleton* of the Faubourg daily news. *La suite au prochain numéro*—you see the point? Not that I speak from personal knowledge. Bessy and I have never cared to force our way——" He paused, reflecting that his wife had probably anticipated him in the expression of this familiar sentiment, and added with a significant nod: "Of course you know the Prince d'Armillac by sight? No? I'm surprised at that. Well, he's one of the choicest ornaments of the Jockey Club: very fascinating to the ladies, I believe, but the deuce and all at baccara. Ruined his mother and a couple of maiden aunts already — and now Madame de Treymes has put the family pearls up the spout, and is wearing imitation for love of him."

"I had that straight from my maid's cousin, who is employed by Madame d'Armillac's jeweller," said Mrs. Boykin with conscious pride.

"Oh, it's straight enough—more than *she* is!" retorted her husband, who was

slightly jealous of having his facts reinforced by any information not of his own gleaning.

"Be careful of what you say, Elmer," Mrs. Boykin interposed with archness. "I suspect John of being seriously smitten by the lady."

Durham let this pass unchallenged, submitting with a good grace to his host's low whistle of amusement, and the sardonic enquiry: "Ever do anything with the foils? D'Armillac is what they call over here a *fine lame*."

"Oh, I don't mean to resort to bloodshed unless it's absolutely necessary; but I mean to make the lady's acquaintance," said Durham, falling into his key.

Mrs. Boykin's lips tightened to the vanishing point. "I am afraid you must apply for an introduction to more fashionable people than *we* are. Elmer and I so thoroughly disapprove of French society that we have always declined to take any part in it. But why should not Fanny de Malrive arrange a meeting for you?"

Durham hesitated. "I don't think she is on very intimate terms with her husband's family——"

"You mean that she's not allowed to introduce *her* friends to them," Mrs. Boykin interjected sarcastically; while her husband added, with an air of portentous initiation: "Ah, my dear fellow, the way they treat the Americans over here—that's another chapter, you know."

"How some people can *stand* it!" Mrs. Boykin chimed in; and as the footman, entering at that moment, tendered her a large coronetted envelope, she held it up as if in illustration of the indignities to which her countrymen were subjected.

"Look at that, my dear John," she exclaimed—"another card to one of their everlasting bazaars! Why, it's at Madame d'Armillac's, the Prince's mother. Madame de Treymes must have sent it, of course. The brazen way in which they combine religion and immorality! Fifty francs admission—*rien que cela!*—to see some of the most disreputable people in Europe. And if you're an American, you're expected to leave at least a thousand behind you. Their own people naturally get off cheaper." She tossed over the card to her cousin. "There's your opportunity to see Madame de Treymes."

"Make it two thousand, and she'll ask you to tea," Mr. Boykin scathingly added.

V

In the monumental drawing-room of the Hôtel de Malrive—it had been a surprise to the American to read the name of the house emblazoned on black marble over its still more monumental gateway—Durham found himself surrounded by a buzz of feminine tea-sipping oddly out of keeping with the wigged and cuirassed portraits frowning high on the walls, the majestic attitude of the furniture, the rigidity of great gilt consoles drawn up like lords-in-waiting against the tarnished panels.

It was the old Marquise de Malrive's "day," and Madame de Treymes, who lived with her mother, had admitted Durham to the heart of the enemy's country by inviting him, after his prodigal disbursements at the charity bazaar, to come in to tea on a Thursday. Whether, in thus fulfilling Mr. Boykin's prediction, she had been aware of Durham's purpose, and had her own reasons for falling in with it; or whether she simply wished to reward his lavishness at the fair, and permit herself another glimpse of an American so picturesquely embodying the type familiar to French fiction —on these points Durham was still in doubt.

Meanwhile, Madame de Treymes being engaged with a venerable Duchess in a black shawl—all the older ladies present had the sloping shoulders of a generation of shawl-wearers—her American visitor, left in the isolation of his unimportance, was using it as a shelter for a rapid survey of the scene.

He had begun his study of Fanny de Malrive's situation without any real understanding of her fears. He knew the repugnance to divorce existing in the French Catholic world, but since the French laws sanctioned it, and in a case so flagrant as his injured friend's, would inevitably accord it with the least possible delay and exposure, he could not take seriously any risk of opposition on the part of the husband's family. Madame de Malrive had not become a Catholic, and since her religious scruples could not be played on, the only weapon remaining to the enemy—the threat of fighting the divorce—was one they could not wield without self-injury. Certainly, if the chief object were to avoid scandal, common

sense must counsel Monsieur de Malrive and his friends not to give the courts an opportunity of exploring his past; and since the echo of such explorations, and their ultimate transmission to her son, were what Madame de Malrive most dreaded, the opposing parties seemed to have a common ground for agreement, and Durham could not but regard his friend's fears as the result of over-taxed sensibilities. All this had seemed evident enough to him as he entered the austere portals of the Hôtel de Malrive and passed, between the faded liveries of old family servants, to the presence of the dreaded dowager above. But he had not been ten minutes in that presence before he had arrived at a faint intuition of what poor Fanny meant. It was not in the exquisite mildness of the old Marquise, a little gray-haired bunch of a woman in dowdy mourning, or in the small neat presence of the priestly uncle, the Abbé who had so obviously just stepped down from one of the picture-frames overhead: it was not in the aspect of these chief protagonists, so outwardly unformidable, that Durham read an occult danger to his friend. It was rather in their setting, their surroundings, the little company of elderly and dowdy persons—so uniformly clad in weeping blacks and purples that they might have been assembled for some mortuary anniversary—it was in the remoteness and the solidarity of this little group that Durham had his first glimpse of the social force of which Fanny de Malrive had spoken. All these amiably chatting visitors, who mostly bore the stamp of personal insignificance on their mildly sloping or aristocratically beaked faces, hung together in a visible closeness of tradition, dress, attitude and manner, as different as possible from the loose aggregation of a roomful of his own countrymen. Durham felt, as he observed them, that he had never before known what "society" meant; nor understood that, in an organized and inherited system, it exists full-fledged where two or three of its members are assembled.

Upon this state of bewilderment, this sense of having entered a room in which the lights had suddenly been turned out, even Madame de Treymes' intensely modern presence threw no illumination. He was conscious, as she smilingly rejoined him, not of her points of difference from the others, but of the myriad invisible threads by which she held to them; he even recognized the audacious slant of her little brown profile in the portrait of a powdered ancestress beneath which she had paused a moment in advancing. She was simply one particular facet of the solid, glittering, impenetrable body which he had thought to turn in his hands and look through like a crystal; and when she said, in her clear staccato English, "Perhaps you will like to see the other rooms," he felt like crying out in his blindness: "If I could only be sure of seeing *anything* here!" Was she conscious of his blindness, and was he as remote and unintelligible to her as she was to him? This possibility, as he followed her through the nobly-unfolding rooms of the great house, gave him his first hope of recoverable advantage. For, after all, he had some vague traditional lights on her world and its antecedents; whereas to her he was a wholly new phenomenon, as unexplained as a fragment of meteorite dropped at her feet on the smooth gravel of the garden-path they were pacing.

She had led him down into the garden, in response to his admiring exclamation, and perhaps also because she was sure that, in the chill spring afternoon, they would have its embowered privacies to themselves. The garden was small, but intensely rich and deep—one of those wells of verdure and fragrance which everywhere sweeten the air of Paris by wafts blown above old walls on quiet streets; and as Madame de Treymes paused against the ivy bank masking its farther boundary, Durham felt more than ever removed from the normal bearings of life.

His sense of strangeness was increased by the suprise of his companion's next speech.

"You wish to marry my sister-in-law?" she asked abruptly; and Durham's start of wonder was followed by an immediate feeling of relief. He had expected the preliminaries of their interview to be as complicated as the bargaining in an Eastern bazaar, and had feared to lose himself at the first turn in a labyrinth of "foreign" intrigue.

"Yes, I do," he said with equal directness; and they smiled together at the sharp report of question and answer.

The smile put Durham more completely at his ease, and after waiting for her to speak, he added with deliberation: "So far, however, the wishing is entirely on my side."

His scrupulous conscience felt itself justified in this reserve by the conditional nature of Madame de Malrive's consent.

"I understand; but you have been given reason to hope——"

"Every man in my position gives himself his own reasons for hoping," he interposed with a smile.

"I understand that too," Madame de Treymes assented. "But still—you spent a great deal of money the other day at our bazaar."

"Yes: I wanted to have a talk with you, and it was the readiest—if not the most distinguished—means of attracting your attention."

"I understand," she once more reiterated, with a gleam of amusement.

"It is because I suspect you of understanding everything that I have been so anxious for this opportunity."

She bowed her acknowledgement, and said: "Shall we sit a moment?" adding, as he drew their chairs under a tree: "You permit me, then, to say that I believe I understand also a little of our good Fanny's mind?"

"On that point I have no authority to speak. I am here only to listen."

"Listen, then: you have persuaded her that there would be no harm in divorcing my brother—since I believe your religion does not forbid divorce?"

"Madame de Malrive's religion sanctions divorce in such a case as——"

"As my brother has furnished? Yes, I have heard that your race is stricter in judging such *écarts*. But you must not think," she added, "that I defend my brother. Fanny must have told you that we have always given her our sympathy."

"She has let me infer it from her way of speaking of you."

Madame de Treymes arched her dramatic eyebrows. "How cautious you are! I am so straightforward that I shall have no chance with you."

"You will be quite safe, unless you are so straightforward that you put me on my guard."

She met this with a low note of amusement.

"At this rate we shall never get any farther; and in two minutes I must go back to my mother's visitors. Why should we go on fencing? The situation is really quite simple. Tell me just what you wish to know. I have always been Fanny's friend, and that disposes me to be yours."

Durham, during this appeal, had had time to steady his thoughts; and the result of his deliberation was that he said, with a return to his former directness: "Well, then, what I wish to know is, what position your family would take if Madame de Malrive should sue for a divorce." He added, without giving her time to reply: "I naturally wish to be clear on this point before urging my cause with your sister-in-law."

Madame de Treymes seemed in no haste to answer; but after a pause of reflection she said, not unkindly: "My poor Fanny might have asked me that herself."

"I beg you to believe that I am not acting as her spokesman," Durham hastily interposed. "I merely wish to clear up the situation before speaking to her in my own behalf."

"You are the most delicate of suitors! But I understand your feeling. Fanny also is extremely delicate: it was a great surprise to us at first. Still, in this case——" Madame de Treymes paused—"since she has no religious scruples, and she had no difficulty in obtaining a separation, why should she fear any in demanding a divorce?"

"I don't know that she does: but the mere fact of possible opposition might be enough to alarm the delicacy you have observed in her."

"Ah—yes: on her boy's account."

"Partly, doubtless, on her boy's account."

"So that, if my brother objects to a divorce, all he has to do is to announce his objection? But, my dear sir, you are giving your case into my hands!" She flashed an amused smile on him.

"Since you say you are Madame de Malrive's friend, could there be a better place for it?"

As she turned her eyes on him he seemed to see, under the flitting lightness of her glance, the sudden concentrated expression of the ancestral will. "I am Fanny's friend, certainly. But with us family considerations are paramount. And our religion forbids divorce."

"So that, inevitably, your brother will oppose it?"

She rose from her seat, and stood fretting with her slender boot-tip the minute red pebbles of the path.

"I must really go in: my mother will never forgive me for deserting her."

"But surely you owe me an answer?" Durham protested, rising also.

"In return for your purchases at my stall?"

"No: in return for the trust I have placed in you."

She mused on this, moving slowly a step or two toward the house.

"Certainly I wish to see you again; you interest me," she said smiling. "But it is so difficult to arrange. If I were to ask you to come here again, my mother and uncle would be surprised. And at Fanny's——"

"Oh, not there!" he exclaimed.

"Where then? Is there any other house where we are likely to meet?"

Durham hesitated; but he was goaded by the flight of the precious minutes. "Not unless you'll come and dine with me," he said boldly.

"Dine with you? *Au cabaret?* Ah, that would be diverting—but impossible!"

"Well, dine with my cousin, then—I have a cousin, an American lady, who lives here," said Durham, with suddenly-soaring audacity.

She paused with puzzled brows. "An American lady whom I know?"

"By name, at any rate. You send her cards for all your charity bazaars."

She received the thrust with a laugh. "We do exploit your compatriots."

"Oh, I don't think she has ever gone to the bazaars."

"But she might if I dined with her?"

"Still less, I imagine."

She reflected on this, and then said with acuteness: "I like that, and I accept—but what is the lady's name?"

VI

On the way home, in the first drop of his exaltation, Durham had said to himself: "But why on earth should Bessy invite her?"

He had, naturally, no very cogent reasons to give Mrs. Boykin in support of his astonishing request, and could only, marvelling at his own growth in duplicity, suffer her to infer that he was really, shamelessly "smitten" with the lady he thus proposed to thrust upon her hospitality. But, to his surprise, Mrs. Boykin hardly gave herself time to pause upon his reasons. They were swallowed up in the fact that Madame de Treymes wished to dine with her, as the lesser luminaries vanish in the blaze of the sun.

"I am not surprised," she declared, with a faint smile intended to check her husband's unruly wonder. "I wonder *you* are, Elmer. Didn't you tell me that Armillac went out of his way to speak to you the other day at the races? And at Madame d'Alglade's sale—yes, I went there after all, just for a minute, because I found Katy and Nannie were so anxious to be taken—well, that day I noticed that Madame de Treymes was quite *empressée* when we went up to her stall. Oh, I didn't buy anything: I merely waited while the girls chose some lampshades. They thought it would be interesting to take home something painted by a real Marquise, and of course I didn't tell them that those women *never* make the things they sell at their stalls. But I repeat I'm not surprised: I suspected that Madame de Treymes had heard of our little dinners. You know they're really horribly bored in that poky old Faubourg. My poor John, I see now why she's been making up to you! But on one point I am quite determined, Elmer; whatever you say, I shall *not* invite the Prince d'Armillac."

Elmer, as far as Durham could observe, did not say much; but, like his wife, he continued in a state of pleasantly agitated activity till the momentous evening of the dinner.

The festivity in question was restricted in numbers, either owing to the difficulty of securing suitable guests, or from a desire not to have it appear that Madame de Treymes' hosts attached any special importance to her presence; but the smallness of the company was counterbalanced by the multiplicity of the courses.

The national determination not to be "downed" by the despised foreigner, to show a wealth of material resource obscurely felt to compensate for the possible lack of other distinctions—this resolve had taken, in Mrs. Boykin's case, the shape—or rather the multiple shapes—of a series of culinary feats, of gastronomic combinations, which would have commanded her deep respect had she seen them on any other table, and which she naturally relied on to produce the same effect on her guest. Whether or not the desired result was achieved, Madame de Treymes' manner did not specifically

declare; but it showed a general complaisance, a charming willingness to be amused, which made Mr. Boykin, for months afterward, allude to her among his compatriots as "an old friend of my wife's—takes pot-luck with us, you know. Of course there's not a word of truth in any of those ridiculous stories."

It was only when, to Durham's intense surprise, Mr. Boykin hazarded to his neighbour the regret that they had not been so lucky as to "secure the Prince"—it was then only that the lady showed, not indeed anything so simple and unprepared as embarrassment, but a faint play of wonder, an under-flicker of amusement, as though recognizing that, by some odd law of social compensation, the crudity of the talk might account for the complexity of the dishes.

But Mr. Boykin was tremulously alive to hints, and the conversation at once slid to safer topics, easy generalizations which left Madame de Treymes ample time to explore the table, to use her narrowed gaze like a knife slitting open the unsuspicious personalities about her. Nannie and Katy Durham, who, after much discussion (to which their hostess candidly admitted them), had been included in the feast, were the special objects of Madame de Treymes' observation. During dinner she ignored in their favour the other carefully-selected guests—the fashionable art-critic, the old Legitimist general, the beauty from the English Embassy, the whole impressive marshalling of Mrs. Boykin's social resources—and when the men returned to the drawing-room, Durham found her still fanning in his sisters the flame of an easily kindled enthusiasm. Since she could hardly have been held by the intrinsic interest of their converse, the sight gave him another swift intuition of the working of those hidden forces with which Fanny de Malrive felt herself encompassed. But when Madame de Treymes, at his approach, let him see that it was for him she had been reserving herself, he felt that so graceful an impulse needed no special explanation. She had the art of making it seem quite natural that they should move away together to the remotest of Mrs. Boykin's far-drawn salons, and that there, in a glaring privacy of brocade and ormolu, she should turn to him with a smile which avowed her intentional quest of seclusion.

"Confess that I have done a great deal for you!" she exclaimed, making room for him on a sofa judiciously screened from the observation of the other rooms.

"In coming to dine with my cousin?" he enquired, answering her smile.

"Let us say, in giving you this half hour."

"For that I am duly grateful—and shall be still more so when I know what it contains for me."

"Ah, I am not sure. You will not like what I am going to say."

"Shall I not?" he rejoined, changing colour.

She raised her eyes from the thoughtful contemplation of her painted fan. "You appear to have no idea of the difficulties."

"Should I have asked your help if I had not had an idea of them?"

"But you are still confident that with my help you can surmount them?"

"I can't believe you have come here to take that confidence from me?"

She leaned back, smiling at him through her lashes. "And all this I am to do for your *beaux yeux?*"

"No—for your own: that you may see with them what happiness you are conferring."

"You are extremely clever, and I like you." She paused, and then brought out with lingering emphasis: "But my family will not hear of a divorce."

She threw into her voice such an accent of finality that Durham, for the moment, felt himself brought up against an insurmountable barrier; but, almost at once, his fear was mitigated by the conviction that she would not have put herself out so much to say so little.

"When you speak of your family, do you include yourself?" he suggested.

She threw a surprised glance at him. "I thought you understood that I am simply their mouthpiece."

At this he rose quietly to his feet with a gesture of acceptance. "I have only to thank you, then, for not keeping me longer in suspense."

His air of wishing to put an immediate end to the conversation seemed to surprise her. "Sit down a moment longer," she commanded him kindly; and as he leaned against the back of his chair, without appearing to hear her request, she added in a low voice: "I am very sorry for you and Fanny—but you are not the only persons to be pitied."

"The only persons?"

"In our unhappy family." She touched her breast with a sudden tragic gesture. "I, for instance, whose help you ask—if you could guess how I need help myself!"

She had dropped her light manner as she might have tossed aside her fan, and he was startled at the intimacy of misery to which her look and movement abruptly admitted him. Perhaps no Anglo-Saxon fully understands the fluency in self-revelation which centuries of the confessional have given to the Latin races, and to Durham, at any rate, Madame de Treymes' sudden avowal gave the shock of a physical abandonment.

"I am so sorry," he stammered—"is there any way in which I can be of use to you?"

She sat before him with her hands clasped, her eyes fixed on his in a terrible intensity of appeal. "If you would—if you would! Oh, there is nothing I would not do for you. I have still a great deal of influence with my mother, and what my mother commands we all do. I could help you—I am sure I could help you; but not if my own situation were known. And if nothing can be done it must be known in a few days."

Durham had reseated himself at her side. "Tell me what I can do," he said in a low tone, forgetting his own preoccupations in his genuine concern for her distress.

She looked up at him through tears. "How dare I? Your race is so cautious, so self-controlled—you have so little indulgence for the extravagances of the heart. And my folly has been incredible—and unrewarded." She paused, and as Durham waited in a silence which she guessed to be compassionate, she brought out below her breath: "I have lent money—my husband's, my brother's—money that was not mine, and now I have nothing to repay it with."

Durham gazed at her in genuine astonishment. The turn the conversation had taken led quite beyond his uncomplicated experiences with the other sex. She saw his surprise, and extended her hands in deprecation and entreaty. "Alas, what must you think of me? How can I explain my humiliating myself before a stranger? Only by telling you the whole truth—the fact that I am not alone in this disaster, that I could not confess my situation to my family without ruining myself, and involving in my ruin some one who, however undeservedly, has been as dear to me as—as you are to——"

Durham pushed his chair back with a sharp exclamation.

"Ah, even that does not move you!" she said.

The cry restored him to his senses by the long shaft of light it sent down the dark windings of the situation. He seemed suddenly to know Madame de Treymes as if he had been brought up with her in the inscrutable shades of the Hôtel de Malrive.

She, on her side, appeared to have a startled but uncomprehending sense of the fact that his silence was no longer completely sympathetic, that her touch called forth no answering vibration; and she made a desperate clutch at the one chord she could be certain of sounding.

"You have asked a great deal of me—much more than you can guess. Do you mean to give me nothing—not even your sympathy—in return? Is it because you have heard horrors of me? When are they not said of a woman who is married unhappily? Perhaps not in your fortunate country, where she may seek liberation without dishonour. But here—! You who have seen the consequences of our disastrous marriages—you who may yet be the victim of our cruel and abominable system; have you no pity for one who has suffered in the same way, and without the possibility of release?" She paused, laying her hand on his arm with a smile of deprecating irony. "It is not because you are not rich. At such times the crudest way is the shortest, and I don't pretend to deny that I know I am asking you a trifle. You Americans, when you want a thing, always pay ten times what it is worth, and I am giving you the wonderful chance to get what you most want at a bargain."

Durham sat silent, her little gloved hand burning his coat-sleeve as if it had been a hot iron. His brain was tingling with the shock of her confession. She wanted money, a great deal of money: that was clear, but it was not the point. She was ready to sell her influence, and he fancied she could be counted on to fulfil her side of the bargain. The fact that he could so trust her seemed only to make her more terrible to him—more supernaturally dauntless and baleful. For what was it that she exacted of him? She had said she must have money to pay her debts; but he knew that was only a pre-

text which she scarcely expected him to believe. She wanted the money for some one else; that was what her allusion to a fellow-victim meant. She wanted it to pay the Prince's gambling debts—it was at that price that Durham was to buy the right to marry Fanny de Malrive.

Once the situation had worked itself out in his mind, he found himself unexpectedly relieved of the necessity of weighing the arguments for and against it. All the traditional forces of his blood were in revolt, and he could only surrender himself to their pressure, without thought of compromise or parley.

He stood up in silence, and the abruptness of his movement caused Madame de Treymes' hand to slip from his arm.

"You refuse?" she exclaimed; and he answered with a bow: "Only because of the return you propose to make me."

She stood staring at him, in a perplexity so genuine and profound that he could almost have smiled at it through his disgust.

"Ah, you are all incredible," she murmured at last, stooping to repossess herself of her fan; and as she moved past him to rejoin the group in the farther room, she added in an incisive undertone: "You are quite at liberty to repeat our conversation to your friend!"

VII

Durham did not take advantage of the permission thus strangely flung at him: of his talk with her sister-in-law he gave to Madame de Malrive only that part which concerned her.

Presenting himself for this purpose, the day after Mrs. Boykin's dinner, he found his friend alone with her son; and the sight of the child had the effect of dispelling whatever illusive hopes had attended him to the threshold. Even after the governess's descent upon the scene had left Madame de Malrive and her visitor alone, the little boy's presence seemed to hover admonishingly between them, reducing to a bare statement of fact Durham's confession of the total failure of his errand.

Madame de Malrive heard the confession calmly; she had been too prepared for it not to have prepared a countenance to receive it. Her first comment was: "I have never known them to declare themselves so plainly——" and Durham's baffled hopes fastened themselves eagerly on the words. Had she not always warned him that there was nothing so misleading as their plainness? And might it not be that, in spite of his advisedness, he had suffered too easy a rebuff? But second thoughts reminded him that the refusal had not been as unconditional as his necessary reservations made it seem in the repetition; and that, furthermore, it was his own act, and not that of his opponents, which had determined it. The impossibility of revealing this to Madame de Malrive only made the difficulty shut in more darkly around him, and in the completeness of his discouragement he scarcely needed her reminder of his promise to regard the subject as closed when once the other side had defined its position.

He was secretly confirmed in this acceptance of his fate by the knowledge that it was really he who had defined the position. Even now that he was alone with Madame de Malrive, and subtly aware of the struggle under her composure, he felt no temptation to abate his stand by a jot. He had not yet formulated a reason for his resistance: he simply went on feeling, more and more strongly with every precious sign of her participation in his unhappiness, that he could neither owe his escape from it to such a transaction, nor suffer her, innocently, to owe hers.

The only mitigating effect of his determination was in an increase of helpless tenderness toward her; so that, when she exclaimed, in answer to his announcement that he meant to leave Paris the next night: "Oh, give me a day or two longer!" he at once resigned himself to saying: "If I can be of the least use, I'll give you a hundred."

She answered sadly that all he could do would be to let her feel that he was there—just for a day or two, till she had readjusted herself to the idea of going on in the old way; and on this note of renunciation they parted.

But Durham, however pledged to the passive part, could not long sustain it without rebellion. To "hang round" the shut door of his hopes seemed, after two long days, more than even his passion required of him; and on the third he despatched a note of goodbye to his friend. He was going off for a few weeks, he explained—his mother and sisters wished to be taken to the Italian lakes: but he would return to

Paris, and say his real farewell to her, before sailing for America in July.

He had not intended his note to act as an ultimatum: he had no wish to surprise Madame de Malrive into unconsidered surrender. When, almost immediately, his own messenger returned with a reply from her, he even felt a pang of disappointment, a momentary fear lest she should have stooped a little from the high place where his passion had preferred to leave her; but her first words turned his fear into rejoicing.

"Let me see you before you go: something extraordinary has happened," she wrote.

What had happened, as he heard from her a few hours later—finding her in a tremor of frightened gladness, with her door boldly closed to all the world but himself—was nothing less extraordinary than a visit from Madame de Treymes, who had come, officially delegated by the family, to announce that Monsieur de Malrive had decided not to oppose his wife's suit for divorce. Durham, at the news, was almost afraid to show himself too amazed; but his small signs of alarm and wonder were swallowed up in the flush of Madame de Malrive's incredulous joy.

"It's the long habit, you know, of not believing them—of looking for the truth always in what they *don't* say. It took me hours and hours to convince myself that there's no trick under it, that there can't be any," she explained.

"Then you *are* convinced now?" escaped from Durham; but the shadow of his question lingered no more than the flit of a wing across her face.

"I am convinced because the facts are there to reassure me. Christiane tells me that Monsieur de Malrive has consulted his lawyers, and that they have advised him to free me. Maître Enguerrand has been instructed to see my lawyer whenever I wish it. They quite understand that I never should have taken the step in face of any opposition on their part—I am so thankful to you for making that perfectly clear to them!—and I suppose this is the return their pride makes to mine. For they *can* be proud collectively——" She broke off, and added, with happy hands outstretched: "And I owe it all to you—Christiane said it was your talk with her that had convinced them."

Durham, at this statement, had to repress a fresh sound of amazement; but with her hands in his, and, a moment after, her whole self drawn to him in the first yielding of her lips, doubt perforce gave way to the lover's happy conviction that such love was after all too strong for the powers of darkness.

It was only when they sat again in the blissful after-calm of their understanding, that he felt the pricking of an unappeased distrust.

"Did Madame de Treymes give you any reason for this change of front?" he risked asking, when he found the distrust was not otherwise to be quelled.

"Oh, yes: just what I've said. It was really her admiration of *you*—of your attitude—your delicacy. She said that at first she hadn't believed in it: they're always looking for a hidden motive. And when she found that yours was staring at her in the actual words you said: that you really respected my scruples, and would never, never try to coerce or entrap me—something in her—poor Christiane!—answered to it, she told me, and she wanted to prove to us that she was capable of understanding us too. If you knew her history you'd find it wonderful and pathetic that she can!"

Durham thought he knew enough of it to infer that Madame de Treymes had not been the object of many conscientious scruples on the part of the opposite sex; but this increased rather his sense of the strangeness than of the pathos of her action. Yet Madame de Malrive, whom he had once inwardly taxed with the morbid raising of obstacles, seemed to see none now; and he could only infer that her sister-in-law's actual words had carried more conviction than reached him in the repetition of them. The mere fact that he had so much to gain by leaving his friend's faith undisturbed was no doubt stirring his own suspicions to unnatural activity; and this sense gradually reasoned him back into acceptance of her view, as the most normal as well as the pleasantest he could take.

VIII

The uneasiness thus temporarily repressed slipped into the final disguise of hoping he should not again meet Madame

de Treymes; and in this wish he was seconded by the decision, in which Madame de Malrive concurred, that it would be well for him to leave Paris while the preliminary negotiations were going on. He committed her interests to the best professional care, and his mother, resigning her dream of the lakes, remained to fortify Madame de Malrive by her mild unimaginative view of the transaction, as an uncomfortable but commonplace necessity, like house-cleaning or dentistry. Mrs. Durham would doubtless have preferred that her only son, even with his hair turning gray, should have chosen a Fanny Frisbee rather than a Fanny de Malrive; but it was a part of her acceptance of life on a general basis of innocence and kindliness, that she entered generously into his dream of rescue and renewal, and devoted herself without after-thought to keeping up Fanny's courage with so little to spare for herself.

The process, the lawyers declared, would not be a long one, since Monsieur de Malrive's acquiescence reduced it to a formality; and when, at the end of June, Durham returned from Italy with Katy and Nannie, there seemed no reason why he should not stop in Paris long enough to learn what progress had been made.

But before he could learn this he was to hear, on entering Madame de Malrive's presence, news more immediate if less personal. He found her, in spite of her gladness in his return, so evidently preoccupied and distressed that his first thought was one of fear for their own future. But she read and dispelled this by saying, before he could put his question: "Poor Christiane is here. She is very unhappy. You have seen in the papers——?"

"I have seen no papers since we left Turin. What has happened?"

"The Prince d'Armillac has come to grief. There has been some terrible scandal about money and he has been obliged to leave France to escape arrest."

"And Madame de Treymes has left her husband?"

"Ah, no, poor creature: they don't leave their husbands—they can't. But de Treymes has gone down to their place in Brittany, and as my mother-in-law is with another daughter in Auvergne, Christiane came here for a few days. With me, you see, she need not pretend—she can cry her eyes out."

"And that is what she is doing?"

It was so unlike his conception of the way in which, under the most adverse circumstances, Madame de Treymes would be likely to occupy her time, that Durham was conscious of a note of scepticism in his query.

"Poor thing—if you saw her you would feel nothing but pity. She is suffering so horribly that I reproach myself for being happy under the same roof."

Durham met this with a tender pressure of her hand; then he said, after a pause of reflection: "I should like to see her."

He hardly knew what prompted him to utter the wish, unless it were a sudden stir of compunction at the memory of his own dealings with Madame de Treymes. Had he not sacrificed the poor creature to a purely fantastic conception of conduct? She had said that she knew she was asking a trifle of him; and the fact that, materially, it would have been a trifle, had seemed at the moment only an added reason for steeling himself in his moral resistance to it. But now that he had gained his point—and through her own generosity, as it still appeared—the largeness of her attitude made his own seem cramped and petty. Since conduct, in the last resort, must be judged by its enlarging or diminishing effect on character, might it not be that the zealous weighing of the moral anise and cummin was less important than the unconsidered lavishing of the precious ointment? At any rate, he could enjoy no peace of mind under the burden of Madame de Treymes' magnanimity, and when he had assured himself that his own affairs were progressing favourably, he once more, at the risk of surprising his betrothed, brought up the possibility of seeing her relative.

Madame de Malrive evinced no surprise. "It is natural, knowing what she has done for us, that you should want to show her your sympathy. The difficulty is that it is just the one thing you *can't* show her. You can thank her, of course, for ourselves, but even that at the moment——"

"Would seem brutal? Yes, I recognize that I should have to choose my words," he admitted, guiltily conscious that his capability of dealing with Madame de Treymes extended far beyond her sister-in-law's conjecture.

Madame de Malrive still hesitated. "I can tell her; and when you come back tomorrow——"

It had been decided that, in the interests

of discretion—the interests, in other words, of the poor little future Marquis de Malrive—Durham was to remain but two days in Paris, withdrawing then with his family till the conclusion of the divorce proceedings permitted him to return in the acknowledged character of Madame de Malrive's future husband. Even on this occasion, he had not come to her alone; Nannie Durham, in the adjoining room, was chatting conspicuously with the little Marquis, whom she could with difficulty be restrained from teaching to call her "Aunt Nannie." Durham thought her voice had risen unduly once or twice during his visit, and when, on taking leave, he went to summon her from the inner room, he found the higher note of ecstasy had been evoked by the appearance of Madame de Treymes, and that the little boy, himself absorbed in a new toy of Durham's bringing, was being bent over by an actual as well as a potential aunt.

Madame de Treymes raised herself with a slight start at Durham's approach: she had her hat on, and had evidently paused a moment on her way out to speak with Nannie, without expecting to be surprised by her sister-in-law's other visitor. But her surprises never wore the awkward form of embarrassment, and she smiled beautifully on Durham as he took her extended hand.

The smile was made the more appealing by the way in which it lit up the ruin of her small dark face, which looked seared and hollowed as by a flame that might have spread over it from her fevered eyes. Durham, accustomed to the pale inward grief of the inexpressive races, was positively startled by the way in which she seemed to have been openly stretched on the pyre; he almost felt an indelicacy in the ravages so tragically confessed.

The sight caused an involuntary readjustment of his whole view of the situation, and made him, as far as his own share in it went, more than ever inclined to extremities of self-disgust. With him such sensations required, for his own relief, some immediate penitential escape, and as Madame de Treymes turned toward the door he addressed a glance of entreaty to his betrothed.

Madame de Malrive, whose intelligence could be counted on at such moments, responded by laying a detaining hand on her sister-in-law's arm.

"Dear Christiane, may I leave Mr. Durham in your charge for two minutes? I have promised Nannie that she shall see the boy put to bed."

Madame de Treymes made no audible response to this request, but when the door had closed on the other ladies she said, looking quietly at Durham: "I don't think that, in this house, your time will hang so heavy that you need my help in supporting it."

Durham met her glance frankly. "It was not for that reason that Madame de Malrive asked you to remain with me."

"Why, then? Surely not in the interest of preserving appearances, since she is safely upstairs with your sister?"

"No; but simply because I asked her to. I told her I wanted to speak to you."

"How you arrange things! And what reason can you have for wanting to speak to me?"

He paused a moment. "Can't you imagine? The desire to thank you for what you have done."

She stirred restlessly, turning to adjust her hat before the glass above the mantelpiece.

"Oh, as for what I have done——!"

"Don't speak as if you regretted it," he interposed.

She turned back to him with a flash of laughter lighting up the haggardness of her face. "Regret working for the happiness of two such excellent persons? Can't you fancy what a charming change it is for me to do something so innocent and beneficent?"

He moved across the room and went up to her, drawing down the hand which still flitted experimentally about her hat.

"Don't talk in that way, however much one of the persons of whom you speak may have deserved it."

"One of the persons? Do you mean me?"

He released her hand, but continued to face her resolutely. "I mean myself, as you know. You have been generous—extraordinarily generous."

"Ah, but I was doing good in a good cause. You have made me see that there is a distinction."

He flushed to the forehead. "I am here to let you say whatever you choose to me."

"Whatever I choose?" She made a slight gesture of deprecation. "Has it never occurred to you that I may conceivably choose to say nothing?"

Durham paused, conscious of the increasing difficulty of the advance. She met him, parried him, at every turn: he had to take his baffled purpose back to another point of attack.

"Quite conceivably," he said: "so much so that I am aware I must make the most of this opportunity, because I am not likely to get another."

"But what remains of your opportunity, if it isn't one to me?"

"It still remains, for me, an occasion to abase myself——" He broke off, conscious of a grossness of allusion that seemed, on a closer approach, the real obstacle to full expression. But the moments were flying, and for his self-esteem's sake he must find some way of making her share the burden of his repentance.

"There is only one thinkable pretext for detaining you: it is that I may still show my sense of what you have done for me."

Madame de Treymes, who had moved toward the door, paused at this and faced him, resting her thin brown hands on a slender sofa-back.

"How do you propose to show that sense?" she enquired.

Durham coloured still more deeply: he saw that she was determined to save her pride by making what he had to say of the utmost difficulty. Well! he would let his expiation take that form, then—it was as if her slender hands held out to him the fool's cap he was condemned to press down on his own ears.

"By offering in return—in any form, and to the utmost—any service you are forgiving enough to ask of me."

She received this with a low sound of laughter that scarcely rose to her lips. "You are princely. But, my dear sir, does it not occur to you that I may, meanwhile, have taken my own way of repaying myself for any service I have been fortunate enough to render you?"

Durham, at the question, or still more, perhaps, at the tone in which it was put, felt, through his compunction, a vague faint chill of apprehension. Was she threatening him or only mocking him? Or was this barbed swiftness of retort only the wounded creature's way of defending the privacy of her own pain? He looked at her again, and read his answer in the last conjecture.

"I don't know how you can have repaid yourself for anything so disinterested—but I am sure, at least, that you have given me no chance of recognizing, ever so slightly, what you have done."

She shook her head, with the flicker of a smile on her melancholy lips. "Don't be too sure! You have given me a chance and I have taken it—taken it to the full. So fully," she continued, keeping her eyes fixed on his, "that if I were to accept any farther service you might choose to offer, I should simply be robbing you—robbing you shamelessly." She paused, and added in an undefinable voice: "I was entitled, wasn't I, to take something in return for the service I had the happiness of doing you?"

Durham could not tell whether the irony of her tone was self-directed or addressed to himself — perhaps it comprehended them both. At any rate, he chose to overlook his own share in it in replying earnestly: "So much so, that I can't see how you can have left me nothing to add to what you say you have taken."

"Ah, but you don't know what that is!" She continued to smile, elusively, ambiguously. "And what's more, you wouldn't believe me if I told you."

"How do you know?" he rejoined.

"You didn't believe me once before; and this is so much more incredible."

He took the taunt full in the face. "I shall go away unhappy unless you tell me—but then perhaps I have deserved to," he confessed.

She shook her head again, advancing toward the door with the evident intention of bringing their conference to a close; but on the threshold she paused to launch her reply.

"I can't send you away unhappy, since it is in the contemplation of your happiness that I have found my reward."

IX

The next day Durham left with his family for England, with the intention of not returning till after the divorce should have been pronounced in September.

To say that he left with a quiet heart would be to overstate the case: the fact that he could not communicate to Madame de Malrive the substance of his talk with her sister-in-law still hung upon him uneasily. But of definite apprehensions the lapse of time gradually freed him, and Madame de Malrive's letters, addressed more frequently

to his mothers and sisters than to himself, reflected, in their reassuring serenity, the undisturbed course of events.

There was to Durham something peculiarly touching—as of an involuntary confession of almost unbearable loneliness—in the way she had regained, with her re-entry into the clear air of American associations, her own fresh trustfulness of view. Once she had accustomed herself to the surprise of finding her divorce unopposed, she had been, as it now seemed to Durham, in almost too great haste to renounce the habit of weighing motives and calculating chances. It was as though her coming liberation had already freed her from the garb of a mental slavery, as though she could not too soon or too conspicuously cast off the ugly badge of suspicion. The fact that Durham's cleverness had achieved so easy a victory over forces apparently impregnable, merely raised her estimate of that cleverness to the point of letting her feel that she could rest in it without farther demur. He had even noticed in her, during his few hours in Paris, a tendency to reproach herself for her lack of charity, and a desire, almost as fervent as his own, to expiate it by exaggerated recognition of the disinterestedness of her opponents—if opponents they could still be called. This sudden change in her attitude was peculiarly moving to Durham. He knew she would hazard herself lightly enough wherever her heart called her; but that, with the precious freight of her child's future weighing her down, she should commit herself so blindly to his hand stirred in him the depths of tenderness. Indeed, had the actual course of events been less auspiciously regular, Madame de Malrive's confidence would have gone far toward unsettling his own; but with the process of law going on unimpeded, and the other side making no sign of open or covert resistance, the fresh air of good faith gradually swept through the inmost recesses of his distrust.

It was expectedthat the decision in the suit would be reached by mid-September; and it was arranged that Durham and his family should remain in England till a decent interval after the conclusion of the proceedings. Early in the month, however, it became necessary for Durham to go to France to confer with a business associate who was in Paris for a few days, and on the point of sailing for Cherbourg. The most zealous observance of appearances could hardly forbid Durham's return for such a purpose; but it had been agreed between himself and Madame de Malrive—who had once more been left alone by Madame de Treymes' return to her family—that, so close to the fruition of their wishes, they would propitiate fate by a scrupulous adherence to usage, and communicate only, during his hasty visit, by a daily interchange of notes.

The ingenuity of Madame de Malrive's tenderness found, however, the day after his arrival, a means of tempering their privation. "Christiane," she wrote, "is passing through Paris on her way from Trouville, and has promised to see you for me if you will call on her today. She thinks there is no reason why you should not go to the Hôtel de Malrive, as you will find her there alone, the family having gone to Auvergne. She is really our friend and understands us."

In obedience to this request—though perhaps inwardly regretting that it should have been made—Durham that afternoon presented himself at the proud old house beyond the Seine. More than ever, in the semi-abandonment of the *morte saison*, with reduced service, and shutters closed to the silence of the high-walled court, did it strike the American as the incorruptible custodian of old prejudices and strange social survivals. The thought of what he must represent to the almost human consciousness which such old houses seem to possess, made him feel like a barbarian desecrating the silence of a temple of the earlier faith. Not that there was anything venerable in the attestations of the Hôtel de Malrive, except in so far as, to a sensitive imagination, every concrete embodiment of a past order of things tesifies to real convictions once suffered for. Durham, at any rate, always alive in practical issues to the view of the other side, had enough sympathy left over to spend it sometimes, whimsically, on such perceptions of difference. Today, especially, the assurance of success—the sense of entering like a victorious beleaguerer receiving the keys of the stronghold—disposed him to a sentimental perception of what the other side might have to say for itself, in the language of old portraits, old relics, old usages dumbly outraged by his mere presence.

On the appearance of Madame de Treymes, however, such considerations

gave way to the immediate act of wondering how she meant to carry off her share of the adventure. Durham had not forgotten the note on which their last conversation had closed: the lapse of time serving only to give more precision and perspective to the impression he had then received.

Madame de Treymes' first words implied a recognition of what was in his thoughts.

"It is extraordinary, my receiving you here; but *que voulez vous?* There was no other place, and I would do more than this for our dear Fanny."

Durham bowed. "It seems to me that you are also doing a great deal for me."

"Perhaps you will see later that I have my reasons," she returned smiling. "But before speaking for myself I must speak for Fanny."

She signed to him to take a chair near the sofa-corner in which she had installed herself, and he listened in silence while she delivered Madame de Malrive's message, and her own report of the progress of affairs.

"You have put me still more deeply in your debt," he said as she concluded; "I wish you would make the expression of this feeling a large part of the message I send back to Madame de Malrive."

She brushed this aside with one of her light gestures of deprecation. "Oh, I told you I had my reasons. And since you are here—and the mere sight of you assures me that you are as well as Fanny charged me to find you—with all these preliminaries disposed of, I am going to relieve you, in a small measure, of the weight of your obligation."

Durham raised his head quickly. "By letting me do something in return?"

She made an assenting motion. "By asking you to answer a question."

"That seems very little to do."

"Don't be so sure! It is never very little to your race." She leaned back, studying him through half-dropped lids.

"Well, try me," he protested.

She did not immediately respond; and when she spoke, her first words were explanatory rather than interrogative.

"I want to begin by saying that I believe I once did you an injustice, to the extent of misunderstanding your motive for a certain action."

Durham's uneasy flush confessed his recognition of her meaning. "Ah, if we must go back to *that*——"

"You withdraw your assent to my request?"

"By no means; but nothing consolatory you can find to say on that point can really make any difference."

"Will not the difference in my view of you perhaps make a difference in your own?"

She looked at him earnestly, without a trace of irony in her eyes or on her lips. "It is really I who have an *amende* to make, as I now understand the situation. I once turned to you for help in a painful extremity, and I have only now learned to understand your reasons for refusing to help me."

"Oh, my reasons——" groaned Durham.

"I have learned to understand them," she persisted, "by being so much, lately, with Fanny."

"But I never told her!" he broke in.

"Exactly. That was what told *me*. I understood you through her, and through your dealings with her. There she was—the woman you adored and longed to save; and you would not lift a finger to make her yours by means which would have seemed —I see it now—a desecration of your feeling for each other." She paused, as if to find the exact words for meanings she had never before had occasion to formulate. "It came to me first—a light on your attitude—when I found you had never breathed to her a word of our talk together. She had confidently commissioned you to find a way for her, as the mediæval lady sent a prayer to her knight to deliver her from captivity, and you came back, confessing you had failed, but never justifying yourself by so much as a hint of the reason why. And when I had lived a little in Fanny's intimacy—at a moment when circumstances helped to bring us extraordinarily close—I understood why you had done this; why you had let her take what view she pleased of your failure, your passive acceptance of defeat, rather than let her suspect the alternative offered you. You couldn't, even with my permission, betray to any one a hint of my miserable secret, and you couldn't, for your life's happiness, pay the particular price that I asked." She leaned toward him in the intense, almost childlike, effort at full expression. "Oh, we are of different races, with a different point of honour; but I understand, I see, that you are good people—just simply, courageously *good!*"

She paused, and then said slowly: "Have I understood you? Have I put my hand on your motive?"

Durham sat speechless, subdued by the rush of emotion which her words set free.

"That, you understand, is my question," she concluded with a faint smile; and he answered hesitatingly: "What can it matter, when the upshot is something I infinitely regret?"

"Having refused me? Don't!" She spoke with deep seriousness, bending her eyes full on his: "Ah, I have suffered—suffered! But I have learned also—my life has been enlarged. You see how I have understood you both. And that is something I should have been incapable of a few months ago."

Durham returned her look. "I can't think that you can ever have been incapable of any generous interpretation."

She uttered a slight exclamation, which resolved itself into a laugh of self-directed irony.

"If you knew into what language I have always translated life! But that," she broke off, "is not what you are here to learn."

"I think," he returned gravely, "that I am here to learn the measure of Christian charity."

She threw him a new, odd look. "Ah, no—but to show it!" she exclaimed.

"To show it? And to whom?"

She paused for a moment, and then rejoined, instead of answering: "Do you remember that day I talked with you at Fanny's? The day after you came back from Italy?"

He made a motion of assent, and she went on: "You asked me then what return I expected for my service to you, as you called it; and I answered, the contemplation of your happiness. Well, do you know what that meant in my old language—the language I was still speaking then? It meant that I knew there was horrible misery in store for you, and that I was waiting to feast my eyes on it: that's all!"

She had flung out the words with one of her quick bursts of self-abandonment, like a fevered sufferer stripping the bandage from a wound. Durham received them with a face blanching to the pallour of her own.

"What misery do you mean?" he exclaimed.

She leaned forward, laying her hand on his with just such a gesture as she had used to enforce her appeal in Mrs. Boykin's boudoir. The remembrance made him shrink slightly from her touch, and she drew back with a smile.

"Have you never asked yourself," she enquired, "why our family consented so readily to a divorce?"

"Yes, often," he replied, all his unformed fears gathering in a dark throng about him. "But Fanny was so reassured, so convinced that we owed it to your good offices——"

She broke into a laugh. "My good offices! Will you never, you Americans, learn that we do not act individually in such cases? That we are all obedient to a common principle of authority?"

"Then it was not you——?"

She made an impatient shrugging motion. "Oh, you are too confiding—it is the other side of your beautiful good faith!"

"The side you have taken advantage of, it appears?"

"I—we—all of us. I especially!" she confessed.

X

THERE was another pause, during which Durham tried to steady himself against the shock of the impending revelation. It was an odd circumstance of the case that, though Madame de Treymes' avowal of duplicity was fresh in his ears, he did not for a moment believe that she would deceive him again. Whatever passed between them now would go to the root of the matter.

The first thing that passed was the long look they exchanged: searching on his part, tender, sad, undefinable on hers. As the result of it he said: "Why, then, did you consent to the divorce?"

"To get the boy back," she answered instantly; and while he sat stunned by the unexpectedness of the retort, she went on: "Is it possible you never suspected? It has been our whole thought from the first. Everything was planned with that object."

He drew a sharp breath of alarm. "But the divorce—how could that give him back to you?"

"It was the only thing that could. We trembled lest the idea should occur to you. But we were reasonably safe, for there has only been one other case of the same kind before the courts." She leaned back, the

sight of his perplexity checking her quick rush of words. "You didn't know," she began again, "that in that case, on the remarriage of the mother, the courts instantly restored the child to the father, though he had—well, given as much cause for divorce as my unfortunate brother?"

Durham gave an ironic laugh. "Your French justice takes a grammar and dictionary to understand."

She smiled. "*We* understand it—and it isn't necessary that you should."

"So it would appear!" he exclaimed bitterly.

"Don't judge us too harshly—or not, at least, till you have taken the trouble to learn our point of view. You consider the individual—we think only of the family."

"Why don't you take care to preserve it, then?"

"Ah, that's what we do; in spite of every aberration of the individual. And so, when we saw it was impossible that my brother and his wife should live together, we simply transferred our allegiance to the child—we constituted *him* the family."

"A precious kindness you did him! If the result is to give him back to his father."

"That, I admit, is to be deplored; but his father is only a fraction of the whole. What we really do is to give him back to his race, his religion, his true place in the order of things."

"His mother never tried to deprive him of any of those inestimable advantages!"

Madame de Treymes unclasped her hands with a slight gesture of deprecation.

"Not consciously, perhaps; but silences and reserves can teach so much. His mother has another point of view——"

"Thank heaven!" Durham interjected.

"Thank heaven for *her*—yes—perhaps; but it would not have done for the boy."

Durham squared his shoulders with the sudden resolve of a man breaking through a throng of ugly phantoms.

"You haven't yet convinced me that it won't have to do for him. At the time of Madame de Malrive's separation, the court made no difficulty about giving her the custody of her son; and you must pardon me for reminding you that the father's unfitness was the reason alleged."

Madame de Treymes shrugged her shoulders. "And my poor brother, you would add, has not changed; but the circumstances have, and that proves precisely what I have been trying to show you: that, in such cases, the general course of events is considered, rather than the action of any one person."

"Then why is Madame de Malrive's action to be considered?"

"Because it breaks up the unity of the family."

"*Unity——!*" broke from Durham; and Madame de Treymes gently suffered his smile.

"Of the family tradition, I mean: it introduces new elements. You are a new element."

"Thank heaven!" said Durham again.

She looked at him singularly. "Yes—you may thank heaven. Why isn't it enough to satisfy Fanny?"

"Why isn't what enough?"

"Your being, as I say, a new element; taking her so completely into a better air. Why shouldn't she be content to begin a new life with you, without wanting to keep the boy too?"

Durham stared at her dumbly. "I don't know what you mean," he said at length.

"I mean that in her place——" she broke off, dropping her eyes. "She may have another son—the son of the man she adores."

Durham rose from his seat and took a quick turn through the room. She sat motionless, following his steps through her lowered lashes, which she raised again slowly as he stood before her.

"Your idea, then, is that I should tell her nothing?" he said.

"Tell her *now?* But, my poor friend, you would be ruined!"

"Exactly." He paused. "Then why have you told *me?*"

Under her dark skin he saw the faint colour stealing. "We see things so differently—but can't you conceive that, after all that has passed, I felt it a kind of loyalty not to leave you in ignorance?"

"And you feel no such loyalty to her?"

"Ah, I leave her to you," she murmured, looking down again.

Durham continued to stand before her, grappling slowly with his perplexity, which loomed larger and darker as it closed in on him.

"You don't leave her to me; you take her from me at a stroke! I suppose," he added painfully, "I ought to thank you for doing it before it's too late."

She stared. "I take her from you? I simply prevent your going to her unprepared. Knowing Fanny as I do, it seemed to me necessary that you should find a way in advance—a way of tiding over the first moment. That, of course, is what we had planned that you shouldn't have. We meant to let you marry, and then—. Oh, there is no question about the result: we are certain of our case—our measures have been taken *de loin.*" She broke off, as if oppressed by his stricken silence. "You will think me stupid, but my warning you of this is the only return I know how to make for your generosity. I could not bear to have you say afterward that I had deceived you twice."

"Twice?" He looked at her perplexedly, and her colour rose.

"I deceived you once—that night at your cousin's, when I tried to get you to bribe me. Even then we meant to consent to the divorce—it was decided the first day that I saw you." He was silent, and she added, with one of her mocking gestures: "You see from what a *milieu* you are taking her!"

Durham groaned. "She will never give up her son!"

"How can she help it? After you are married there will be no choice."

"No—but there is one now."

"*Now?*" She sprang to her feet, clasping her hands in dismay. "Haven't I made it clear to you? Haven't I shown you your course?" She paused, and then brought out with emphasis: "I love Fanny, and I am ready to trust her happiness to you."

"I shall have nothing to do with her happiness," he repeated doggedly.

She stood close to him, with a look intently fixed on his face. "Are you afraid?" she asked with one of her mocking flashes.

"Afraid?"

"Of not being able to make it up to her ——?"

Their eyes met, and he returned her look steadily.

"No; if I had the chance, I believe I could."

"I know you could!" she exclaimed.

"That's the worst of it," he said with a cheerless laugh.

"The worst——?"

"Don't you see that I can't deceive her? Can't trick her into marrying me now?"

Madame de Treymes continued to hold his eyes for a puzzled moment after he had spoken; then she broke out despairingly: "Is happiness never more to you, then, than this abstract standard of truth?"

Durham reflected. "I don't know—it's an instinct. There doesn't seem to be any choice."

"Then I am a miserable wretch for not holding my tongue!"

He shook his head sadly. "That would not have helped me; and it would have been a thousand times worse for her."

"Nothing can be as bad for her as losing you! Aren't you moved by seeing her need?"

"Horribly—are not *you?*" he said, lifting his eyes to hers suddenly.

She started under his look. "You mean, why don't I help you? Why don't I use my influence? Ah, if you knew how I have tried!"

"And you are sure that nothing can be done?"

"Nothing, nothing: what arguments can I use? We abhor divorce—we go against our religion in consenting to it—and nothing short of recovering the boy could possibly justify us."

Durham turned slowly away. "Then there is nothing to be done," he said, speaking more to himself than to her.

He felt her light touch on his arm. "Wait! There is one thing more——" She stood close to him, with entreaty written on her small passionate face. "There is one thing more," she repeated. "And that is, to believe that I am deceiving you again."

He stopped short with a bewildered stare. "That you are deceiving me—about the boy?"

"Yes—yes; why shouldn't I? You're so credulous—the temptation is irresistible."

"Ah, it would be too easy to find out——"

"Don't try, then! Go on as if nothing had happened. I have been lying to you," she declared with vehemence.

"Do you give me your word of honour?" he rejoined.

"A liar's? I haven't any! Take the logic of the facts instead. What reason have you to believe any good of me? And what reason have I to do any to you? Why on earth should I betray my family for your benefit? Ah, don't let yourself be deceived to the end!" She sparkled up at him, her eyes

suffused with mockery; but on the lashes he saw a tear.

He shook his head sadly: "I should first have to find a reason for your deceiving me."

"Why, I gave it to you long ago. I wanted to punish you—and now I've punished you enough."

"Yes, you've punished me enough," he conceded.

The tear gathered and fell down her thin cheek. "It's you who are punishing me now. I tell you I'm false to the core. Look back and see what I've done to you!"

He stood silent, with his eyes fixed on the ground. Then he took one of her hands and raised it to his lips.

"You poor, good woman!" he said gravely.

Her hand trembled as she drew it away. "You're going to her—straight from here?"

"Yes—straight from here."

"To tell her everything—to renounce your hope?"

"That is what it amounts to, I suppose."

She watched him cross the room and lay his hand on the door.

"Ah, you poor, good man!" she said with a sob.

IN THE DUSK

By Meredith Nicholson

ALONE she sits, merged in the gathering dusk,
As slow the unlit, loveless casement blurs;
Her listless hands clasp bits of her life's husk,
And oh, that brave, heart-broken smile of hers!

A cry inaudible lurks in her eyes,
That question now, where once was sweet belief;
Youth like a trampled vesture round her lies;
Hers are the gray robes of the nuns of grief.

Yet Death, who may bestow where Love refuse,
Passes her door; and sometimes flickering gleams
Tempt toward the faith that she again must lose
Among the bubbles of her girlhood dreams.

In hours when her grave children offer dole
Of love, awed by the need that she must hide,
The smothered flame requickens in her soul
Beneath the iron armor of her pride.

But her days pass with tramp of heavy years
Long worn with wars, home-seeking wanderers;
And oh, her eyes unvisited of tears!
And oh, that brave heart-broken smile of hers!



IN FOREIGN STREETS

By Royal Cortissoz

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE PAGES OF GEORGE WRIGHT'S SKETCH-BOOK



STREETS are commonly supposed to be made of bricks and mortar, but as a matter of fact these materials only go to supply the background. Streets are really made of human beings, and light and air—especially human beings. I remember prowling once at midnight in a Moorish town, and getting well lost for my pains. The deserted streets, which seemed to hate following a straight line for more than a couple of hundred feet, were picturesque enough with the moonlight breaking their darkness here and there; but they were really expressionless until, turning the corner, I nearly stumbled against a stalwart Moor who stood leaning motionless upon his musket. There was something about his dress and his attitude that seemed almost too good to be true; for a moment he wore the air of a theatrical episode, as though he had been deliberately "staged" there to give my Western eyes a new sensation. But how the pure human nature of







him transformed the dreary street! To a lost traveller he changed the whole face of things in an instant. A picture of that street without him would have been nothing more than a conventional picture of light and shade. My turbaned sentinel filled it with vitality and interest. The point needs no emphasis, yet it is interesting to consider how one is perpetually coming back to it, disregardful of that background of which we are all inclined, and not unreasonably inclined, to make so much.

I suppose no one was ever more disposed than was Balzac to get all that could be got out of the background. His novels are rich in passages—some of them so long that they fill a good part of the chapter—in which the characters of streets are established with a profound feeling for the individuality of inanimate things. He loved to ramble about the city, and wherever he went he made the very stones tell him tales of human life, and this not through what we might call their specific historical associations, but through the peculiar signs of wear and tear they showed, with such differences, in each locality. Balzac is unique in finding in a building, in some single edifice or in a group of houses, the personal atmosphere, the human atmosphere, that hangs, let us say, about an old garment. But he was the first to turn from the background to the figures. Listen to one of his confessions:



If I met a working man and his wife in the streets between eleven o'clock and midnight on their way home from the Ambigu Comique, I



Gare St. Lazare. Paris July 1. 1910.



used to amuse myself by following them from the Boulevard du Pont aux Choux to the Boulevard Beaumarchais. The good folk would begin by talking about the play; then from one thing to another they would come to their own affairs, and the mother would walk on and on, heedless of the complaints or question of the little one that dragged at her hand, while she and her husband reckoned up the wages to be paid on the morrow, and spent the money in a score of different ways. Then came domestic details, lamentations over the excessive dearness of potatoes, or the length of the winter and the high price of block fuel, together with forcible representations of amounts owing to the baker, ending in an acrimonious dispute, in the course of which such couples reveal their characters in picturesque language. As I listened, I could make their lives mine, I felt their rags on my back, I walked with their gaping shoes on my feet; their cravings, their needs, had all passed into my soul, or my soul had passed into theirs. It was the dream of a waking man. I waxed hot with them over the foreman's tyranny, or the bad customers that made them call again and again for payment.

Obviously, for this passionate collector of sensations, the charm of the street resided in none of the superficial things which attract the ordinary observer. For him the most brilliant pageant, passing in the sunshine





Paris July 11-1905





through rows of noble time-worn buildings, had far less to say than had some self-absorbed wayfarers in whose appearance and gait he could read fragments of social history.

We are done to death with pictures of travel. Every writing man who discovers Europe for himself is keen on telling the world how its "sights" struck him. We owe many good pages to this impulse. It is worth while to have a man like Gautier, for example, try to sketch merely the superficial aspects of the cities he has visited. But, for my own part, I believe that the most thrilling and most eloquent souvenirs of European travel are those in which real men and women occupy the centre of the stage. The odd thing is that this mode of treatment always ends by giving you the best possible sense of the character of the environment that is nominally left to take care of itself. I must quote another Parisian scene,





this time drawn by "Omar" Fitzgerald in one of his letters to Mrs. Kemble:

Now once more for French Songs. When I was in Paris in 1830, just before that Revolution, I stopped one Evening on the Boulevards by the Madeleine to listen to a Man who was singing to his Barrel-organ. Several passing "Blouses" had stopped also; not only to listen, but to join in the Songs, having bought little "Libretti" of the words from the Musician. I bought one too, for, I suppose, the smallest French Coin; and assisted in the Song which the Man called out beforehand (as they do Hymns at Church), and of which I enclose you the poor little Copy. "*Le Bon Pasteur*, s'il vous plait"—I suppose the Circumstances: the "beau temps," the pleasant Boulevards, the then so amiable People, all contributed to the effect this Song had upon me; anyhow, it has constantly revisited my memory, for these forty-three years; and I was thinking, the other day, touched me more than any of Béranger's most beautiful Things. This, however, may be only one of "Old Fitz's" Crotchets, as Tennyson and others would call them.



There is a testimony to the fascination of street life! For more than forty years the mark it has once casually left endures upon the imagination of a sensitive man, and all because that man was sympathetic to every-day human things.

In the sketch-books which have suggested these remarks I find something of the same sympathy. The chief merit of Mr. Wright's little drawings is, to my mind, their close representation of types which the illustrator too often puts before us as wearers of costumes which he has studied for their picturesque effect rather than for their truth as social documents. We exclaim over the charm of a humble Frenchman's blouse, we talk about the "note of color" that it introduces into the panorama of daily existence. But the interesting thing about that blue blouse, or about the



long streamers of the *bonne* who makes so engaging a figure in the sunny gardens of the Tuileries, or about the ill-fitting garb of the *gendarme*, is that they all mark so much more than the mere difference in dress between the French and ourselves. In one of his grim romances embodying speculations on the future state of society, Mr. Wells pictures a whole world of human creatures distinguished as to their relations to the dominating government by simple uniforms. The vision as he presents it is appalling, but with what an artless grace do the French, and, for that matter, the peoples of all Europe, wear their various uniforms! They wear them as they wear their hair, with no thought of artifice or of invidious class distinction. The blouse of the peasant, like the robe of the lawyer, is so part of his natural life that he cannot imagine himself without it; what is picturesque to us is an honorable commonplace to him. So Mr. Wright's drawings are not studies of costume; they are portraits of people.

They deserve to be described as such because, spontaneous and slight as they are, they nevertheless render a great deal, especially in carriage, in movement, that belong to the very essence of his subject. His soldiers sketched at Fontainebleau are French soldiers in every detail of their demeanor. When he sketches the German officer he shows the same aptitude in catching just the right gesture, just the right expression. So it is with his drawings of the idlers in the Boulevard café, of fishermen lounging on the banks of the Seine, of nuns and priests, of the shabby book-lover turning over the contents of the stall on the Quai, and so on through the long list of types he has observed. This sort of thing has been done over and over again by artists. Scores of them have delighted to sketch the crowded top of a Paris bus, the sleepy occupants of a Continental train, or the stolid travellers in a German tavern. Seldom, however, have they done the trick as Mr. Wright has done it, so tersely, so vivaciously, and with so much truth. His sketch-books are full of "local color," but that much abused quality is never overdone, and while he has rightly laid so much stress upon the human interest in his subject, he has not neglected the background. He has at once kept it in its place and used it legitimately to increase the French or the German atmosphere of his tiny pictures. Also he has remembered the light and air upon which, as I said at the outset, more even depends than depends upon the most picturesque buildings.

It is always nature that, after mankind, illuminates and vivifies the scene. The climax in the romantically conceived chateaux of Europe comes in the broken sky-line where roofs and turrets are lifted against the blue. Light is the great solvent, and it is curious to think of the different effects it produces in different parts of Europe. The light in Paris, where so many of Mr. Wright's sketches have been made, is a precious part of one's memories of that city. There is a beautiful touch of it in the opening lines of the late John Hay's "Sunrise in the Place de la Concorde":

> I stand at the break of day
> In the Champs Elysées.
> The tremulous shafts of dawning
> As they shoot o'er the Tuileries early,
> Strike Luxor's cold gray spire,
> And wild in the light of the morning
> With their marble manes on fire,
> Ramp the white Horses of Marly.

This has the true poetic quality, and so it is impossible to put a finger on just the element in it that makes it so clairvoyant a bit of impressionism. It has for me a suggestion of the Place de la Concorde which no amount of labored description could give. Perhaps it is because it makes one feel the light that is there, bringing back in a kind of vision the glory of that majestic space as it is filled and transfigured by the sun. I do not think it is mere whim that finds a city more distinctly individualized in certain moments than in others. Claude Monet's notion of painting one subject over and over again at different times of day yields brilliant schemes of color, but it has one drawback—it obscures the salient moment in which a given scene seems most itself, discloses the last depths of its essential character. Paris, for example, is no doubt very much herself amid the violent lights and shadows of Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame," and in the sombre tones of Méryon's extraordinary etchings, but she is in such works the Paris of a tragic past. The Paris that we know to-day and which seems somehow to express the very soul of the modern French people is the Paris of just such a vignette as Hay drew in the passage I have quoted. A vast gleaming place, mundane

to the core, lucid, alert, brimming over with the joy of life—and somehow a little cold. There are a thousand nooks and corners in the great metropolis, a thousand vistas, which come back into the mind at the mere mention of its name, but I wonder if any of them mean quite what is meant by the recollection of the Place de la Concorde, flaunting the pomp and pride of France with shimmering fountains, white statues, and all the brave masses of foliage, whelmed in dazzling light.

There is one mood, there is one picture, in which, as it seems to me, better than in all the rest is the physiognomy of Rome to be ideally contemplated. That is when twilight falls, and, from beneath the trees on the terrace of the Villa Medici, one looks across the sea of palace roofs, and the ancient militant grandeur of the city is softened by an indescribable peace. We hear much of "sunny" Spain. Grenada on a day in June explains and justifies the phrase, but the streets of Madrid are never more characteristic, even in the summertime, than when the cutting wind comes down from the mountains and makes the sunny day seem bleak. Holland is radiant when the tulips are in bloom, but to feel in your blood the influence of all that Holland signifies you must explore its cities, and especially its smaller towns, under leaden skies, or stand on one of its beaches with the rain and wind whipping across your face, and watch the fishermen shouldering their boats through the angry surf. One might go on indefinitely, recalling cycles of atmospheric effects in this or that country, successions of episodes, all beautiful, but one of them invariably possessing the subtle spiritual quality in which the genius of place is summed up.

The genius of place, we are assured, is threatened by the encroachments of modern progress. I wonder why it should be so. Old dwellers in Italy bemoan the losses that follow change, and in a measure they are right. The Piazza di San Marco can never be the same without its old Campanile. The architects may be never so faithful to the lines of the original tower in the construction of the new one, and still there will be a melancholy difference, which every traveller who has long known and loved his Venice will be bound to feel. The puffing steamboats on the Grand Canal scarcely atone by their usefulness for the incongruity of their presence in waters in which the gondola, or the sailing boat with its stained canvas, is as indispensable to the picture conceived by the poetical imagination as are the marble palace walls. The elevator which saves the tired, or the Philistine, from walking up the Scala di Spagna, is undoubtedly a trial to a certain order of temperament. Tramways everywhere in old Europe have a terribly disillusionizing effect. But let the rational being ask himself, with all honesty, how long that effect virtually lasts. It is gone almost as soon as it comes, and this, I believe, for the reason that, after all, it is humanity that counts. Not all the inventions in the world, not all the "modern improvements" that have proceeded from man's utilitarian ingenuity, can keep man from being to-day very like what he has always been. That is why the experienced traveller, fearful that if he does not make haste he will find picturesque Europe wiped out of existence, need not be in the least alarmed. You cannot change the social instincts that have had centuries in which to mature. You cannot change human nature and the light and air that have fixed, and will always fix, the character of the streets of the world.

ROMANCE

By Oliver Herford

The Red Rose mocked the Ivy Tree
  That wound about the western tower:
"Look you," she cried, "and learn of me
  To live and love and flower!"

"O Rose! O Red Rose, mock me not!"
  The Ivy answered. "Changeless Fate
Shapeth for everyone his lot,
  To love or toil or hate."

* * * * *

The Red Rose bloomed again, again,
  And year by year with secret power
The Ivy wrought its fateful chain
  About the western tower.

And now the crumbling battlement
  Is crowned with green, the casement pane
Is hidden, and its bars are bent
  Beneath the Ivy chain.

* * * * *

All night the Lady Hildegarde,
  Fair prisoner of her kinsman's hate,
At the west casement, iron-barr'd,
  Bemoans her evil fate.

When lo! from out the scented dark
  A lute's faint voice comes up to her;
She strains against the bars to hark—
  She feels the iron stir.

In her white hands, she knows not how
  (Again the lute! this time more plain),
The bars are loosed—oh, Ivy, now
  Your toil was not in vain!

The way is clear, the world is free,
  Love lights the twisted ivy stair
For Hildegarde. O Red Rose, see
  This Ivy blossom rare!

* * * * *

The Red Rose mocked the Ivy Tree;
  And now upon her withered stem
The dull red ashes smoulder—see
  How the wind scatters them.

THAT RUSSIAN

By Louise Betts Edwards

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"TWO vacancies, Maria?" Mrs. Wilks, matron of the Girls' Home, nodded, bobbing her slim silver curls, whose supersentimental effect was corrected by the exceeding fierceness of her octagonal gold-rimmed spectacles. "Annie Nickleson left to be married," she said.

The lady president, Mrs. Etheridge, slowly shook her head. "Without a word to *me*," she said, sadly. "When she knows I am so interested in all the girls' marriages. How often have I told them, 'I love each of you working-girls as I love my own sweet Elaine.' And Gertrude Carter——?"

"Said something I could not understand, about going where her hair would be her own."

"And I sat by Gertrude Carter when she was ill and talked to her for *two hours!* and even read her letters to her, though she said it wasn't necessary. And what I said about her hair was almost playful. 'Gertrude,' I said, 'just think, my son Ralph—partner of Mr. Winship, the great lawyer, you know—tells me that they have so much trouble in getting a good stenographer, because Mr. Winship positively refuses to engage a girl who wears one of those tremendous pompadours; and he tells me that so many business men feel just the same way.' I noticed she didn't take it nicely.—Well, it only remains to fill their places."

"Easy enough, with our waiting list," consoled Mrs. Wilks, rising in obedience to some domestic call, and so missing the president's reply, deep-toned, rebuking:

"Not easy to *me*, Maria! We cannot be too careful whom we admit to a place like this."

It was Mrs. Etheridge's weekly day of duty at the home. Her predecessor as president had only come there once a month, but Mrs. Etheridge had said firmly that that was not the way *she* looked after the souls and bodies of ninety working-girls, each one of whom was to her as a daughter. If into each Saturday's programme of answering correspondence, hearing complaints, and considering admissions and dismissals, some discussion with Mrs. Wilks crept in as to not merely the souls and bodies of the ninety, but their minutest personal affairs, it merely proves that Mrs. Wilks was human.

At this hour—eleven A. M.—the absolute in silence reigned in the deserted dovecote. The polished floors of the long, waxy-neat halls announced no footstep save of that of an occasional creeping, whispering servant. They crept and whispered a little more furtively on the lady president's day. Mrs. Etheridge had a way of catching them outside the door and taking an interest in them, her sense of responsibility for souls and bodies, and her capacity for loving others equally with her own sweet Elaine, being practically boundless. The only puncture in the stillness was the fierce and frequent buzz of the door-bell. At the third such intrusion Mrs. Etheridge rose and swept—she never walked—through the archway into the semi-darkened parlor to close the door leading into the hall. As she did so, a visitor walked very nearly into her.

"Parrdon," said a soft, foreign voice. "I sseek Mrs. Etterich."

Mrs. Etheridge liked foreigners—they were usually so respectful. "I am Mrs. Etheridge," she said, graciously, raising the incredibly dustless Venetian blind for the illumination of her caller. Ekaterina, small, square-built, arrayed in ankle-length gray skirt, clean but home-made-looking white shirt-waist, and a simple, almost ascetic sailor-hat of white straw jammed down on a brow both wide and high, had the eagerest eyes Mrs. Etheridge had ever seen. "I haf to you a letterr," she began, breathlessly. "From Mr. Horace Hoxton."

To Mrs. Etheridge her distinguished fellow-townsman, Horace Hoxton, was well known. As even a lady president has her unfulfilled social aspirations, to know him better would have been exceedingly to her taste. His note briefly introduced "My young

Russian friend, Miss Ekaterina Domboievsky," to whom the extension of any courtesies in Mrs. Etheridge's power would oblige the writer.

While she read it, Ekaterina in turn scrutinized her curiously. She saw a massive personage, handsomely upholstered in black, with eyes like polished anthracite, a towering gray pompadour, and an all but irremovable smile. Of such women it is a perpetual wonder that they can ever have been wistful little girls.

"So you know dear Mr. Hoxton?" she cooed. "*Of* course. How *ve*-ry nice!" In Mrs. Etheridge's bright lexicon these two phrases merely meant, "My dear man, woman, or child, I am simply spilling over with philanthropic and protective sentiments toward you." Ekaterina's voice, quaintly revelling in doubled consonants, added eager explanations:

"Yess, I met him in Peterssburg where I wass student. He gafe me many letterss before continuing his trafels to Egypt. You see, I have trafelled much in Europe, I spik many languages, but I desire ger-reatly to see Amerrica. I wish to see what iss ferree. In Rrussia," turning her intense, honest eyes on the other woman, "it iss not so ferree. So I come to Amerrica, lland in New Yorrk, and tere I study stenography and take a position, for I cannot afford to be idle. Ten I come here, for I wish to see ole cities. I haf been liffing at a hotel, but it iss too expensif——"

"Of *course!* My dear girl, we have just the thing for you here. This is a beautiful home for working-girls——"

"It iss ferree?" interrupted Ekaterina, blandly.

Mrs. Etheridge's eyes opened. "No, my child!"

"Oh, I can pay," reassured Ekaterina. "I only tought if it was ferree it would be very intersting."

While Mrs. Etheridge opened the big roll-book of inmates to enter her name, her frank, inquiring gaze swept the parlor: a fine, spacious, but glacial apartment, sparsely furnished with heavy antique pieces, everything not swathable in gray linen being shrouded in gray mosquito-netting. Forlornly clean, pitilessly neat, it glittered like a hospital, like a quarter-deck, like anything but a home with a small "h" The philosophic mind, recalling that ninety girls there assembled nightly for their decorous spinster recreations, and nightly dispersed, without leaving a trace of individuality, might be tempted to quote, "Ten thousand fleet sweep over thee in vain"; but to Mrs. Etheridge and her confrères it all appeared simply beautiful.

"What is your most *singular* name in English, Ekaterina?" queried Mrs. Etheridge, as she blotted it.

"What you call Kitty—Caterine. She was a famous empress of my country."

"Ah, yes—of course! How *ve*-ry—how very dreadful she was, wasn't she?"

"But so ger-reat!" cried Ekaterina with animation.

Mrs. Etheridge felt slightly jolted. She veered hastily. "Now, when you come——"

With her gentlest, least American of voices, Ekaterina broke in, "I a room to self should wish."

Mrs. Etheridge looked dubious. "The girls usually room two together. However," suddenly moved by the appeal, the humble softness of the Russian's face and manner, "I will try to arrange it. Now, as I said, when you come——"

Once more a quiet remark from Ekaterina again checked her course: "I must first see my room."

Mrs. Etheridge gasped. Never before had a Dove thus presumed. But this one in her innocence was firm. "It iss not my custom," she serenely said, "in any country, howefer ferree, to engache boartt without seeing my rroom." The upshot of it all was a scandalized Mrs. Wilks panting up three flights of stairs with Ekaterina, that the Russian might inspect her nun-like apartment, graciously announce herself satisfied, and then ask gently to see the dining-room.

"Altogether unprece——" began Mrs. Wilks in a strangled voice, but, in obedience to a gesture from Mrs. Etheridge, perforce yielded.

"And now, Ekaterina," bubbled her sponsor, "I can find you work at once. My son——"

"Oh, I haf alretty work. I wrote from New Yorrk to an agency here. It iss all arranched."

Mrs. Etheridge's face fell. Her desire to serve Carol Winship, the eminent lawyer, by furnishing him intelligent assistance in his office (not that she had any proof posi-

tive that Ekaterina was intelligent assistance) was very intense and very human, which is another way of saying that it was not purely altruistic. He—a distant relative of her dead husband—had unconsciously furthered one darling plan of her heart when, yielding to skilful pressure, he had consented to take her son Ralph into his firm as junior partner. Another even dearer project was—Elaine. Younger men had been heard to complain that socially and conversationally they found Elaine rather "soggy." All the more desirable, then, that this serious-minded, rather eccentric, but extremely well-to-do man in the late thirties should take to the dear child. To have the cup of his presumable gratitude thus rudely dashed from her lips was a blow.

"Oh, very well," she said reluctantly. "But I wish you had first asked my advice, dear child. My son's office is so *safe!*"

That evening the word was passed around the big, bare, immaculate dining-room, noisy with the clatter of ninety knives and forks, that Mrs. Etheridge had remained to supper.

"Who's that with her?" whispered a Dove.—"Her sweet Elaine?" For some occult reason, there was not a girl in the Home who did not consumedly hate Mrs. Etheridge's Elaine, which was highly unjust to that entirely harmless young person.

"Girls," issued forth the lady president's rich, self-caressing voice, "I wish to introduce to you a newcomer, Ekaterina Domboievsky, whose name will probably be too difficult for you. Love her, my dear girls, as I love you. Do not laugh at her mistakes in English. Remember, you yourselves make many; indeed, my son has often told me how difficult it is to get a stenographic——"

What arrested her was the transfixed faces of the row of girls ranged just opposite the seat into which she had affectionately pressed down the stranger. The convulsed countenance of Mrs. Wilks was thrust almost into Mrs. Etheridge's own, with the stifled whisper:

"Is she to do *that?* in a house *I* keep?"

Glancing down at Ekaterina's sleek head, she observed that young lady tranquilly wiping on the table-cloth, first her knife and fork, then her saucer-rim.

"My dear! what are you thinking of? Our dishes are all clean."

"Parrdon," said Ekaterina, cheerfully. "One habit it iss. Where I boartet in New Yorrk——" she shivered expressively.

"I *know* it's your kind *heart*, Mrs. Etheridge," sibilated Mrs. Wilks in her most corrosive accents; "but you'll see girls leaving this Home yet, on account of that Rooshan!"

But Mrs. Etheridge felt justified, especially when, within a few days, Ekaterina came to her and in her soft voice asked for assistance in obtaining another position. Mrs. Etheridge's spirit leaped; nevertheless, she conscientiously asked Ekaterina why she had been discharged.

"I wass not discharched," said Ekaterina in her gentle, placid manner. "I leaft. I haf seen ole I want of tat business."

"But you mustn't run away from Mr. Winship like that!" cried Mrs. Etheridge, aghast.

Ekaterina made no promise, but demurely submitted to be installed as an appanage of the firm of Winship, Henderson and Etheridge. Shortly after, its junior member propounded a question:

"Mother, did you say your Russian protégée was *shy?*"

"Why, yes," in some alarm. "You don't mean she is—*forward?*"—with that face? and, oh, with those clothes?

"Bosh, no! She doesn't know a man exists, except the office-boy. Him she talks to by the hour, whether there are clients around or not. She says she wants to know how the po-err of Amerrica lif." His imitation of Ekaterina's trill was excellent. His mother smiled at him as though he were ten thousand times ten thousand working-girls, and her sweet Elaine into the bargain. "Is her work satisfactory?" she demanded.

"Fine! and Winship says he just sits and gloats over her flat-topped head, after so many roll-top ones. But she is independence itself. Did you know she takes off two afternoons a week to visit local institutions?"

"I never heard of such a state of things," said Mrs. Etheridge. A month ago she would have added, "I will talk to her about it." But her keenness for what she called "motherly talks" with her Doves had actually become blunted upon Ekaterina, who, according to excited telephonic bulletins received almost daily from Mrs. Wilks, had already, in her naïve, tranquil, ignorant

way, broken nearly every rule in the Girls' Home, if not in the decalogue itself.

"Do you know what she's got in her room *now*, and all the girls talking about it, and saying they thought we only took Protestants?" shrilled the agitated matron one day. "An idol! Yes, Mrs. Etheridge, no more nor less than a red-and-blue picture in a frame, and her bowing down to it morn and eve, I presume, like the heathen in his blindness!"

"It's her religion, Maria," explained Mrs. Etheridge.

"So I supposed," dryly.

"But she's an Orthodox Greek, Maria, and they worship icons, and our bishops recognize it as a sister church. I will come over and make it clear to you." A world of benevolence toward Mrs. Wilks, Ekaterina, the Orthodox Greek Church, nay, the offending icon itself, beamed in Mrs. Etheridge's tones. That evening she walked, without the formality of knocking, into Ekaterina's little room and opened fire. "Ekaterina——"

"Ah, be seated," interrupted Ekaterina, amiably. "I dit not hear you knock. My hearing cannot be goot."

Mrs. Etheridge pointed majestically to the icon—a rather rude blue-and-red St. Vassili—which hung on the wall in a little shrine. "My sweetest child," she began with infinite tenderness, "that has startled some of our precious girls; and our dearest Mrs. Wilks——"

"Oh, iss tat ole?" interrupted Ekaterina, debonairly. She crossed the room and took down the criticised icon at once. "I can poot it away. I promised to my sister to poot it up on my walls. She iss very devout."

"My dear, don't apologize! I am very liberal in my religious views, and expressly for your sake I have discovered the location of the Orthodox Greek Church——"

The interruption this time was of an absolutely breath-taking order. It consisted of a hand—moist, white, but honestly large and bony—placed peremptorily over her lips.

"Do not tell me, said its owner, crisply. "If I know not where it iss, I cannot go. Me, I am liberal, too! I very nearly am what you cole acrostic, iss it nott?"

In the hall the dazed president was pounced on by Mrs. Wilks. "Did you tell her those Tolstoi classes must stop?" she demanded, her sixteen spectacle-corners scintillating. "Why, haven't I mentioned them? She's been gathering the girls for what she called studying the works of Tolstoi, and at first I was pleased, for it kept them at home evenings. But after I'd listened to her I was *horrified!* That Tolstoi must be an *appalling* man! I told her I considered his teachings atheistic and immoral, and, Mrs. Etheridge, she turned on me like a little spitfire. She began to talk about how Tolstoi was a great, persecuted genius and prophet, and how he represented the spirit of Russia (and I shouldn't be surprised), and ended by crying, and with nothing but rage. She said she wanted the girls to improve themselves; called them a set of tame cats, without a thought in their heads beyond purring when they were patronized and getting married. 'And never will they do that here,' she said. 'Besides, they are all too pale and old!' Oh, she talked *shockingly!*"

Under these continual assaults on her nerves and on the principles of "the institution," as Ekaterina insisted upon calling it, Mrs. Etheridge had two sources of support, not visible to the matron. One was the cordial note she had received from Horace Hoxton, thanking her for her kindness to Ekaterina. The other was the gratitude of Ekaterina's highly satisfied employer. The call he had made, for the especial purpose of expressing his thanks, had broken the ice for a pleasant acquaintance in which Mrs. Etheridge placed all the hopes of a pious and slightly desperate mother. He had commenced to call Miss Etheridge "Cousin Elaine," and to occasionally walk home with Ralph and drop in to dinner.

At ten o'clock each night the doors of the Home were locked. Tales of the theatre opening its doors late, or of a suburban street-car missed were received by the matron with ill-concealed suspicion. For the second late arrival, one "went before the managers." Anyone, that was, but Ekaterina. Upon the occasion of the first offence on her part, when the judicial question was asked, "Where were you, Ekaterina?" the Russian placidly replied, without a dream of impertinence, "Oh, you woultt not know te pipple!" The second time she calmly volunteered the information herself.

"I haf been to a socialist mitting," she said,

showing her fine teeth. "Very intersting. A Russian spoke until half-past ten."

It was upon the following day that Ekaterina entirely disappeared. After sedately walking out of the door of the Home as usual, she did not return overnight; neither had the office of Winship, Henderson and Etheridge beheld her. Mrs. Wilks, over the telephone, alternately moaned and gloated. The next day also produced no Ekaterina. Late in the evening, however, Mrs. Etheridge, sitting reading alone in her boudoir —Elaine, under the escort of Ralph, having gone to a box party at which Winship also was a guest—was informed that, at that unseasonable hour, a "young person" had called. It was, of course, the prodigal Russian, unruffled as ever, but with something bafflingly unfamiliar in her aspect.

"Ekaterina! here alone at twelve o'clock!"

"No, someone came with me."

"A man?" apprehensively.

"No, a girl. We missed te sooner train. Mrs. Wilks sent me to see you before she would take me back. I am sorry you worriett. I chust tripped to Washington."

The character of the elusive alteration in the girl's appearance had now dawned on Mrs. Etheridge. It was Clothes—new ones, entirely simple ones; but in a trig tailor-made suit of dark blue, with a large dark-blue beaver hat topping the smooth, still unpompadoured, flaxen head, Ekaterina unexpectedly struck one as an extremely fresh, pleasant-looking specimen of young girlhood. "What did you do in Washington?" her patroness demanded.

"Enjoyed myself," simply. "I want to see ole Amerrican institutions. I went to cole on te Russian ambassador."

"Now, if you only had *told* me!" Mrs. Etheridge's tone was rich in impressive reproach. "My cousin's husband has a brother who is a secretary in the State Department, and I would have been glad to arrange it for you." She followed the girl, who had risen to go, to the landing of the stairs, whence she did not see, in the dimly lighted hall below, a motionless figure on a carven seat.

A click sounded in the lock of the front door, and Mrs. Etheridge's Elaine, with her brother and Carol Winship following, fluttered in, a vision—not of beauty, perhaps, but, like the other, of wholesome, well-groomed femininity. Her gown of white net spangled with silver sequins caught the light prettily. Then, suddenly, as Ekaterina descended the stairway, the figure in the hall seat—at which the two men had been silently staring—rose.

A mere slip of a girl, in an inconspicuous gray rain-coat and the plainest of gray toques . . . but the poise of those shoulders, and of that gray-turbaned head . . . and when, directly beneath the light of the chandelier, the face of an houri, rich-colored, creamy-chinned, dimpled-cheeked, sloe-eyed, was turned backward, with a shy, foreign, charming, courteous salutation of farewell to the lady of the house, Elaine's sequins became poor dull things.

Ralph Etheridge stood transfixed at the door he had sprung to open for Ekaterina. But Carol Winship had been before him.

"Are you going out alone at this hour, Ekaterina Domboievsky?" he demanded. "No, I insist——" and the door closed upon the three of them.

"Who *is* she?" asked Elaine with, some sharpness.

It was Mrs. Wilks who, by telephone, awakened Mrs. Etheridge to the fact that Miss Domboievsky's all unknown and unvouched-for friend must have accompanied her back to the Home. The lady president at once demanded connection with Miss Domboievsky at her son's office. As usual, Ekaterina was full of surprise: "But I pay for her boartt!"—"Eh? why, she is ole Russian friend, I met unexpecting in Washington. You woultt not know her pipple."

"Do you know they don't come down to meals now?" next reported Mrs. Wilks.

"Who?" weakly temporizing.

"Those two. The Syllables, the girls call 'em. *I* couldn't pronounce those outlandish names of theirs if I didn't look over their mail pretty closely. The other one calls herself Tatiana Thingamavitch Something."

"But what do they do, if they don't come down to meals?"

"Go out and get 'em at restaurants, cool as you please! or cook 'em in their rooms. No, it *isn't* impossible; *I* know the smell of oysters frizzling in a chafing-dish!"

"It must be stopped, of course. N—no, Maria, do it yourself!"

That evening, peremptorily bidden to the repast by Mrs. Wilks, the two Russians

obediently took their seats at the table, the objects of all eyes. By this time all sorts of fantastic stories were afloat concerning Ekaterina: she was an authoress, a revolutionist, even a countess; while Tatiana's beauty would have attracted attention anywhere.

But to-night it was not her *beaux-yeux* which held the Doves fascinated. It was no more nor less than the spectacle of Ekaterina absently picking up her heavy plated knife and wiping it, as she had done on that first night, once, twice, thrice, on the table-cloth, leaving—oh, ye gods of housekeeping!—three black, greasy, damning marks, to cover the unfortunate Mrs. Wilks with the profoundest mortification of her matronly career.

"*Tere!*" she pleasantly remarked. "It iss not one bad habit, after all!"



"I chust tripped to Washington."—Page 208.

Monday morning's mail brought Mrs. Etheridge a letter:

"DEAR KIND-MEANING FRIEND:

"Mrs. Wilks will have told you that we that Institution have left. It was best for all. I have now seen all that was intersting there, and want to be free. I do not cross the ocean to be listened at doors.

"Tatiana and I have found a plain little place where we will be well. Do not anxious yourself about us.

"Devotedly your Russian friend,

"EKATERINA DOMBOIEVSKY."

"Without consulting *me!*" mourned Mrs. Etheridge.

Her son laughed. "No matter. She'd be all right anywhere. Did you know she is now teaching Winship the Russian language?"

"No!"

"Yes. I suppose he must want it to swear in. They stay at the office after hours and work at it"

"They should be chaperoned," said Mrs. Etheridge, frowning.

"They are. Miss Tatiana is present."

"What!" in swift maternal panic. "Ralph Etheridge, you don't *often* have such a—a striking-looking girl at your office!"

"Not often indeed," with deep feeling. He stared in uncomprehending surprise as the anguished mother of Elaine rapidly and feverishly represented to him that if matters ran their present scandalous course, the "Tatiana person" would be marrying the senior partner of the firm of Winship, Henderson and Etheridge before the potent but mysterious name of Jack Robinson could be invoked.

"The last thing in the world likely to happen, mother," he said, emphatically.

"Do you think so?" tremulously.

"Think? I know it. Why, he's half bald!" involuntarily raising a hand to his own crisp, waving curls. "I might," musingly, "join the class and keep an eye on matters. He also takes them around to visit representative institutions, I believe." Ralph avoided his mother's eye.

"*Them?*"

"Miss Tatiana goes too."

Then, his mother grimly told him, he went also, whenever possible, as a shield and buckler for Carol Winship against the seductions of the "Tatiana person." "He is your father's blood relation," she finished, "and an orphan; and although, I



The interruption was of an absolutely breath-taking order.—Page 207.



"Do not come near me," she sobbed. "I hate you."—Page 213.

know, not—er—young, or dependent, I yet feel responsible for his welfare."

Her indignant resolution to visit Ekaterina and remonstrate she was unable, through stress of social and other duties, to consummate until the following Saturday afternoon, nearly a week later. Ekaterina's new dwelling-place was located in the ancient and picturesquely decayed district of the city. The block itself was a fairly shabby-genteel one, the house, with its unhinged blinds and blistering paint, a little isle of respectability, faintly rising above the encroaching flood of slumdom. Yes, the slatternly janitress told her, Miss Domboievsky was at home, second-floor front; the door to which, in response to her imperious knock, was opened by a young man.

"Ralph!" she exclaimed, and dropped into the first chair, overcome at what seemed to her a scene out of the Latin Quarter.

Yet all that the setting lacked to make it as innocent as curious—the presence of a chaperon—her own advent supplied. The indescribable atmosphere of the student pervaded the room: books scattered everywhere; an evidently rented piano, covered with an Eastern scarf; an exquisitely appointed little tea-table, with steaming brass kettle, hobnobbing with plain, new, wooden chairs. A tall Russian girl, so beautiful that, like Desdemona, the sense ached at her, presided at the table. Another girl, short, flax-haired, childlike, not pretty, but piquant, stood near her; and, cup in hand, a tall, slight, blond, partially bald man, with kind yet keen brown eyes and an extreme spick-and-spanness of appearance, stood talking to them with an expression of evident enjoyment.

Ekaterina had fallen on her with eager hospitality. "You are wellcome! But how



Drawn by J. M. Flagg

"These Russian girls are so interesting, are they not?"—Page 214.

surprising! Tatiana, Mrs. Etterich some tea will have. Do you our new quarterrs like? We sleep in a funny little garrett, up so high! We wanted to see how the po-err lif. How do you like it?"

"I think it a miserable and dirty tenement," said Mrs. Etheridge, vehemently.

"But so ferree!" cried Ekaterina, blithely.

The door suddenly swung open, and a tiny, of course dirty, boy, appeared. "Wan' d' lady doctor," he piped. Tatiana sprang up, and the two men after her, protesting that she must not go anywhere alone in that neighborhood.

Catching Winship's arm, "Is she a doctor?" the bewildered Mrs. Etheridge demanded.

"A one-time medical student," curtly. "She does little services for her poorer neighbors." As he vanished, Mrs. Etheridge turned to Ekaterina. It might more accurately be said that she turned on Ekaterina. "Now," she said, cuttingly, "*explain!* Explain *everything*—who you are and what you are! If you are a princess, as the girls at the Home said, or an authoress, or a revolutionist"—Ekaterina, round-eyed, thrice shook her head disclaimingly—"say so. *If*" —with an emphasis which brought a slight pink to Ekaterina's face—"you are a respectable working-girl, you have no right to live in a hole like this. Least of all," her voice beginning to shake, "have you a right to invite *my* son—when I have been so kind to you!—and Mr. Winship, your employer, to visit you in this free-and-easy way, and expose them to the designs of that most unbecomingly beautiful adventuress——"

"Now you may stop," said Ekaterina. She spoke with composure, yet somehow Mrs. Etheridge did stop, and no sooner had she done so than the composure dissolved in a flood of furious words:

"What is there to explain? What foolish women you and your Mrs. Wilks are! Because we are working-girlss . . . At Institution iss as bad as Rrussia. Did you know Mrs. Wilks went trough my trunks and tried to read my diary? I had a right to leaf tat institution. I haf te right to gif afternoon tea to men, like your taughter. I haf te right to haf beautiful friends. Tatiana iss goot and beautiful beyont you nor me. She wished to see the city, and learn something of working life and te po-err. She will soon go back to her home. What does she or I, that you shoult in this way insultt us?" Ekaterina was crying!

"No, do not come near me," she sobbed. "I hate you. Ole your ole pale girlss in tat Home, whom you so lof as your sweet Elaine, hate you. You can go, Mrs. Etterich. You neet not any more be kind!"

Had Mrs. Etheridge's sensations, when she found power to analyze them, partaken of anything other than a consciousness of overwhelming outrage, she would have been unworthy of Ekaterina's steel. And at the very *moment*, as she afterward pathetically observed to Elaine, she was planning for that ingrate's pleasure. The Russian ambassador came to the city next week for a reception given in his honor by the Melvales; and Mrs. Etheridge, who was trying to get cards, had mentioned that she had a Russian friend——

"It might make it easier to get invitations," agreed the practical Elaine.

Mrs. Etheridge was to find, however, that nothing could make this easy. The invitation list was hopelessly filled. Vainly she plied her cousin's husband in the State Department at Washington. Then, suddenly, three life-giving cards of invitation fluttered down on her from the last imaginable source: an unexpected caller, in the trig blue suit and picture hat of before, but also in a mood of melting penitence.

"You forgif?" she cried breathlessly. "When I tought how you so much older were, and meant so goodly, I wass so ashamed! To show you how I am sorry, I bring you tree tickets for my ambassador's reception."

"Oh, thank you," faintly. "How did you——"

"Trough Mrs. Hoxton. Tey haf returnt, you know, and I am staying tere. Such lofely pipple! Goot-by, I am so glad you forgif,—and I am so in a hurry!"

Her face was the first which Mrs. Etheridge, awaiting on the upper landing a chance to descend the crowded stairway, recognized at the reception. In a gala gown of an acute and unusual shade of pink, her demure flaxen head still guiltless of a pompadour, the Russian stood in the hall below, talking and laughing with Mrs. Horace Hoxton and some strangers. An expression of unwonted and dazzling joyousness had witched her fresh face into positive beauty.

"Do you happen to have heard," inquired Ralph, with that dreadful lightness which be-

trays men to their women-folk, "whether that friend of hers, Miss—er—Tatiana——" He suddenly stopped, and with a swift, unchivalrous charge upon the crowded staircase, tore his way over trains and tunneled it around massive shoulders and sharp elbows. Little need to ask whom he had seen.

Mrs. Etheridge, looking after him, dropped giddily on a divan and forgot her sweet Elaine's existence. Her boy, her one boy—to save Winship, she herself had deliberately pushed him into the arms of the siren! Anyone but a mother would have known . . . Her punishment was greater than she could bear. Horace Hoxton, passing by, stopped at her side to warmly thank her for her kindness to his young guest. She merely smiled wanly. Her thoughts were upon her only son.

"Such a fascinating little creature, do you not think?" the genial Hoxton continued. "Her people were hospitality itself to me in St. Petersburg. She is the daughter of Domboievsky, the famous astronomer; and, simply as they lived, one really met at their house all Russians worth meeting. And do you know her delightful friend, Princess Velaselsky?"

"Princess ——" pathetically quavered Mrs. Etheridge, following his glance—and her son's impetuous progress—to the doorway of the gold-and-white salon below, through which, by a shifting of the crowd, she saw, stationed beside her host and hostess, the Ambassador, stately, silver-bearded, bestarred and bejewelled; and beside *him*, a dreamily lovely girl in pale-gold satin, pearls on her creamy neck, priceless diamonds on her ripply hair.

"The Ambassador's young sister, you know," went on Hoxton, mercilessly. "She and Ekaterina were fellow-students for a while, and when they met unexpectedly in Washington, where Princess Tatiana was making her brother a little visit, they returned together for what she designated as 'one lark.' These Russian girls are so interesting, are they not?"

It was Elaine who firmly piloted her mother downstairs and into the drawing-room to greet the hostess and the lion—but not the princess, who had suddenly disappeared; nor could she find her son Ralph anywhere. "Princess—*Princess*—Velaselsky!" was running through her stunned brain. Suddenly she came across Ralph, isolated among a group of strangers, at whom he unseeingly glowered with the fierce brow of disappointed masculinity. "Ready to go, are you?" he said, shortly. She had not said so. "That's good."

Before such a crowd of witnesses she did not dare to question him. New impressions in too rapid succession had left her mind in a well-nigh gelatinous state. But in the carriage, while the tedious wheels were bringing them home, she found voice—and a very deep, indignant voice it was—for the half-incredulous question:

"Oh, my boy, she hasn't *refused* you?"

"Oh, no, she hasn't refused me." Ralph's voice broke forlornly. He was still very young. "She's only married already, that's all. Husband in Russia—a councillor or something. I might have known that such a superb creature . . . Elaine, *don't* pat my hand like that!"

"It was all my fault, dear," said his mother, in an unwontedly low voice. The void in the place where she had used to keep her complacency hurt her. "I was so afraid she would attract Mr. Winship——"

"Winship!" contemptuously. "Winship, who from the very start of things has been head over ears in love with Ekaterina!"

"With—Ekaterina!" It was Elaine who echoed him. Her mother was beyond speech.

"Why, yes, head over ears! He says she is the one woman in the world who completely suits him. He's an oddity himself, you know. If you had spoken with him to-night he would surely have told you that they are to be married as soon as they can get the paternal blessing cabled over from Russia, for he's fairly effervescing with the news."

Still his stricken mother sat silent. David, suddenly confronted with a spectacle of the seed of the righteous begging his bread, might have worn some such expression. But as there passed before her burning vision a picture of Ekaterina, with her sleek head, her mild blue eyes, her square-shod feet, her wide, confident smile, and her absolute and tranquil invincibility, a brief and bitter defence escaped her:

"I have always *tried* to do right, I am sure! both as a lady manager and a—mother, and—a friend to Mr. Winship. It's none of my doing; and yet, Ralph"—with a sudden descent to a slight sob—"oh, yet, Elaine, it is!"

Every word of which was perfectly true.

THE FARMER'S SEASONS

FOUR PICTURES IN COLORS

BY A.B. FROST

THE ACCOMPANYING CALENDAR

BY E.S. MARTIN

WITH APOLOGIES TO THE OLD NEW ENGLAND ALMANACKS





Snow all gone now: ice is out of streams;
Up start the green things. Welcome, even weeds!
Fishing time is come again. My! how good it seems
To shift one's mind from ice and snow to dwell on bait and seeds.

Day of Month	Day of Week	Anniversaries, Aspects, Weather, Holidays, Etc.	
1	S	**5th Sunday in Lent.** ♂ ☿ ☾.	*Expect*
2	M.	1st. ☾ runs high. Low tides.	*eggs to*
3	Tu.	Rhodes' scholarships founded, 1902.	
4	W.	○ ☿ ○ inferior.	*cheapen now.*
5	Th.	A. Carnegie endowed hero	
6	Fr.	fund, April 15, 1904	
7	Sa.		*Baseball*
8	S	**Palm Sunday.**	*breaks out.*
9	M.	9th. A war ended at Appomattox, 1865.	
10	Tu.	☾ in Perigee. High tides.	
11	W.	Vesuvius erupted, 1906.	
12	Th.	♅ stationary.	*Now*
13	Fr.	Good Friday. ☾ runs low	*use*
14	Sa.	♂ ♅	*worms*
15	S	**Easter Sunday.**	*for bait.*
16	M.	San Francisco shaken and burned,	
17	Tu.	☿ stationary. [April 18, 1906.	
18	W.	Low tides.	
19	Th.	PATRIOT'S DAY. ♄ ☾.	
20	Fr.	War with Spain touched off, April 21, 1898.	
21	Sa.	♂ ☾. 29th. Coxey's army invaded Washington, 1894.	
22	S	**Low Sunday.**	*Fine*
23	M.	St. George. 24th. Medium tides	
24	Tu.	♀ in ♌. ♂ ☾. ☾ ☿ in Aph.	
25	W.	St. Mark. ☾ in Apogee.	*and warmer.*
26	Th.	♂ ☾.	*Change*
27	Fr.	Crapsey heresy trial in Batavia, N.Y., 1906.	
28	Sa.	♂ ♆ ☾ runs high.	*flannels*
29	S	**2d Sunday after Easter.**	
30	M.	30th. Strawberries grow plentiful in Florida and New York	*perhaps.*

Of Interest to Farmers.

So and so, you say, is worth five millions!

Is he? Or do you only mean he has got five millions? If so, *is* he worth it? Is he worth what five millions will do—the leisure it will give, the consideration it will procure, the service it will command? If he is, he must be a worthy man, valiant in battles worth fighting, faithful in true service.

But if it is only that he has got five millions—that is not very significant.

He may have robbed somebody. He may have bet on the right horse, or card, or turn of the market. He may have rack-rented poor tenants, have sweated sewing women, have over-reached the simple—and the cunning, too, for that matter. And he may have got his money honestly and handsomely and still not be worth it, for that often happens.

And sometimes it happens that men are worth five millions and never get the money. That kind usually don't get it. Eli Whitney was worth it, but never got it. Various inventors have been worth it and have got it and more. Divers American generals and statesmen have been worth it, none of them got it, nor did ever a poet get it.

No better crop can be raised on a farm than a boy or a girl that is worth five millions and upwards. Whether they get the money is not so important. If they are worth it they will usually get as much of it as they need. Many such have been raised on farms in time past, and there is still abundant virtue left in the soil.

For this crop the strongest soil is not too strong, but good results have been had on land not fit for much else. More depends on the quality of the plant than on cultivation. Raise according to judgment and market early.



A. B. Frost.

Spring.



Concerts by the blessed birds at rising of the sun;
Gardens full of fragrant bloom, riotous to see;
Hot! hot! Every pore takes its turn to run;
If only for its splendid thirst the summer's worth its fee.

Day of Month	Day of Week	Anniversaries, Aspects, Weather, Holidays, Etc.
1	S	**3d Sunday after Trinity.** *Summer*
2	M.	☉ ☉ ♆. 3d. Cervera's fleet destroyed, 1898. *boarders arrive*
3	Tu.	♂ in Aphelion. 3 h. A. M. *in force.*
4	W.	INDEPENDENCE DAY
5	Th.	♅ ♂ ☾. ☾ runs low. *Thunder-storms*
6	Fr.	High tides. 6th E. Root appointed Secretary of State, 1905. *in some*
7	Sa.	8th. Ancient and Hon. Artillery Company of Boston arrived in England, 1896. *places.*
8	S	**4th Sunday after Trinity.**
9	M.	9th. Bryan's "Cross of Gold" speech, July, 1896.
10	Tu.	☾ ♄ ♂. 11th. Andree started in balloon for North Pole, 1897.
11	W.	Medium tides. *Take a*
12	Th.	♉ in ☿. *swim now.*
13	Fr.	12th. Orangemen's Day.
14	Sa.	15th. ☿ gr. elong. E. ☉ ♂ ♂.
15	S	**5th Sunday after Trinity.** St. Swithin.
16	M.	☾ in Apogee. 16th Santiago surrendered, 1898.
17	Tu.	Low tides.
18	W.	☾ ♃ ♂. ☾ runs high.
19	Th.	☾ ♆ ♂. *Signs of circuses.*
20	Fr.	St. Margaret.
21	Sa.	☾ ♂ ♂. ☉ partly eclipsed. invisible.
22	S	**6th Sun. aft. Trin.** St. Mary Magdalene.
23	M.	☾ ☿ ♂. 22d. ☿ in Aphelion.
24	Tu.	♀ ♂ ☾.
25	W.	St. James. Dog Days begin.
26	Th.	St. Anne. Medium tides. *Crop scares*
27	Fr.	27th. War declared between Japan and China, 1894. *due in*
28	Sa.	☿ stationary. *Wall Street.*
29	S	**7th Sun. after Trinity.**
30	M.	29th. Carnegie Institution at Washington ($10,000,000) founded, 1902.
31	Tu.	

Of Interest to Farmers.

Don't leave stones in the road. If your horse doesn't stumble over them somebody else's horse may. When you see in the beaten track a loose stone fit to give a wheel a hard jolt or bring down a stumbling horse, stop and throw it to one side. It will pay you to take that trouble even on a strange road that you expect never to travel again. It is good for your character. It helps to justify your claim to be a civilized man, living in a civilized community. Every truly civilized community rests upon the theory that the care of all is the duty of each, and its civilization is high or low, according to the prevalence or scarcity of individual responsibility for the general welfare.

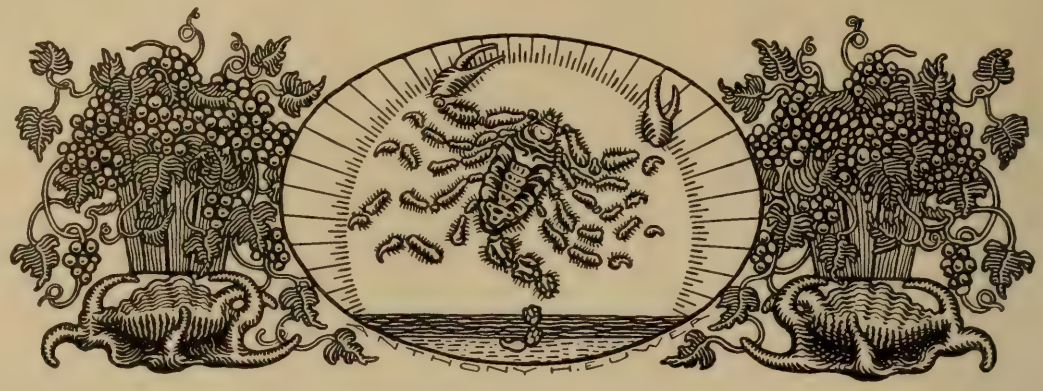
There are two large classes of folks in the world, those who go through life leaving messes behind them to be cleared up, and those who clear up the messes. If you clear up faithfully after yourself, that is much, but it is not quite enough. You must expect also to contribute part of your time and strength to clearing up after the weak and the shiftless. If everybody did his duty there would be little need of government. The purpose of government is to defend the weak, to constrain the lazy, to restrain the greedy, and to make the best sense of the wisest people available for the benefit of the general community. If we were all responsible and dutiful and picked out of the road the stones that we saw there, the work of government would be light.

Hard bargains, hard words, neglected chances to give help where help was needed, slanders, ill-natured gossip, misrepresentation—all such things are stones in the road. Don't leave them behind you, to plague you when you come that way again, or else to plague some other traveller. Clear up as you go along.



rawn by A B Frost

Summer.



Color, color everywhere: tonics in the air;
Magic in the atmosphere, magic in the light!
Gladden now the spirit with the horse-trot and the fair;
Good to be alive now! The world's all right!

Day of Month	Day of Week	Anniversaries, Aspects, Weather, Holidays, Etc.	
1	M.	McKinley Tariff bill signed, October 1, 1890.	*Taxes*
2	Tu.	Medium tides.	*due*
3	W.	□ ♃ ☉.	*now.*
4	Th.	8th. $46000 ransom paid for Miss	
5	Fr.	Ellen Stone, 1901.	*Considerable*
6	Sa.	⊓ ♆ ☉.	*sunshine.*
7	S	**17th Sunday after Trinity.**	☾ in Apogee
8	M.	☿ in ♉	
9	Tu.	St. Denis. ♃ ☾.	☾ runs high.
10	W.	♂ ♆ ♀ gr. hel.	Low tides.
11	Th.	12th. Transvaal war began, 1899.	
12	Fr.	13th. Union Pacific receiver-	*Shadows*
13	Sa.	ship began, 1893.	*lengthen.*
14	S	**18th Sunday after Trinity.**	*Favorable*
15	M.	☉ ☌ ☾. 18th. ♂ ☾.	*for golf in the*
16	Tu.	♆ stationary. 16th. Dowie invaded New York, 1903.	*morning.*
17	W.	☌ in Aphelion. Pres't Roosevelt appointed Coal Strike Commission, 1902.	
18	Th.	St. Luke, Evangelist. ☿ in Aphelion.	
19	Fr.	☾ in Perigee High tides.	*Leaves*
20	Sa.	♂ ♀	*fall*
21	S	**19th Sunday after Trinity.**	*some.*
22	M.	♂ H ☾ ☾ runs low.	*Get out*
23	Tu.	25th. Woodrow Wilson inaugurated President of Princeton University, 1902.	*furs*
24	W.		*for the automobile.*
25	Th.	St. Crispin. ☿ greatest brilliancy.	
26	Fr.	Low tides.	
27	Sa.	♂ ☾. 27th. Theodore Roosevelt born, 1858. New York Subway opened, 1904.	
28	S	**20th S. af. Trinity.** St. Simon & St. Jude.	
29	M.	♃ stationary.	*Signs of*
30	Tu.	29th. German Emperor visited Jerusalem, 1898.	*Indian*
31	W.	All Hallows Eve.	*summer.*

Of Interest to Farmers.

Keep a few unsatisfied wants.

We are apt to be not quite sensible about wants, and to regard them too much like coughs or stomach-aches, as uncomfortable ailments to be cured as promptly as possible. That attitude towards them is largely mistaken. There are wants and wants and some wants are pressing. When it is ploughing time and there can be no more postponement on account of the weather, and the old plough is hopelessly *hors de* furrow, the want of a new plough may fairly be considered pressing. Wants of tools to work with, of garments essential to propriety, comfort or health, of school privileges for children, of due shelter, food and fuel—all of those and their like are primitive wants the satisfaction of which a good counsellor would not advise his client to postpone any longer than he has to. But it is different with the great company of wants that are not indispensable to health and useful activity, which need not be satisfied as soon as they transpire, but can be held off without hurt till a convenient season. Wants of that sort are not ailments at all, but assets. It is more necessary to happiness and contentment that we should have them than that we should satisfy them. As soon as we do satisfy them we are constrained to lay in new wants to take their places. The essence of true thrift lies not in going without what we ought to have at the time we want it, but in deferring the gratification of the wants we can safely defer until we can afford to appease them. We must have a plough in time for the spring ploughing; we must educate the children while they are still of school age; but we needn't build a new house, or a new barn or buy an automobile till we get ready. Meanwhile we have the fun of wanting the house, the barn, the automobile, and escape the need of wanting something else, as we surely will when the wants we have in stock have been attained.



Drawn by A. B. Frost.

Autumn.



Tingling airs, glare ice, glitter of the snow;
Sparkle of the sunshine; wood and ice to haul;
Cornstalks in the barnyard and pleasant smell of cow;
Ring of skate and runners' creak, and Merry Christmas all!

Day of Month	Day of Week	Anniversaries, Aspects, Weather, Holidays, Etc.
1	M.	**New Year's Day.** *Weather continues*
2	Tu.	☿ in ♀. 1st. Dr. Jameson defeated, 1896. *unhealthy*
3	W.	☾ in Perihelion. *for*
4	Th.	⊕ in Apogee. ☿ gr. elong. W. *turkeys*
5	Fr.	♅ ♀ ☌. 4th. Low tides. *and*
6	Sa.	Epiphany. ♃ ☌ ☾. *young pigs.*
7	S	**1st Sunday after Epiphany.**
8	M.	2d. Port Arthur capitulated, Jan. 2, 1905.
9	Tu.	☾ ♆ ☌. ☾ runs high.
10	W.	11th. Arbitration treaty between United
11	Th.	States and Great Britain signed, 1897.
12	Fr.	High tides. *Some mixed weather*
13	Sa.	14th. Campanile fell in Venice, 1902.
14	S	**2d Sunday after Epiphany.**
15	M.	16th. Queen Liliuokalani dethroned, 1893. *followed*
16	Tu.	♈ ☿ ☿. Contract for New York *by*
17	W.	♅ in ☌. Subway awarded, 1900. *cold.*
18	Th.	17th. Weyler succeeds Campos in command in Cuba, 1896. Medium tides.
19	Fr.	
20	Sa.	☾ in Perigee.
21	S	**3d Sunday after Epiphany.** ♃ stat.
22	M.	☾ ♅ ☌. 21st. ☾ runs low
23	Tu.	☌ ☿ ☾. 22d. Panama Canal treaty signed, 1903.
24	W.	☾ ♀ ☌. 25th. Mrs. Maybrick released, 1904.
25	Th.	**Conversion of St. Paul.** High tides.
26	Fr.	☾ ♄ ☌. 25th. Battleship Maine arrived in Havana Harbor, 1898. *Snow*
27	Sa.	☿ in Aphelion. *with*
28	S	**4th Sunday after Epiphany.** ☾ ☍ ☌.
29	M.	27th. Rockefeller gives $7,000,000 to promote search for Tuberculosis Serum, 1903. *high*
30	Tu.	*winds*
31	W.	31st. Wilson Tariff Bill passed House, 1894. *and drifts.*

Of Interest to Farmers.

Winter is a good time to think, a good time to read, a good time to play a little. Get the most out of it. There are winter jobs—wood-cutting, ice-cutting, teaming—plenty of them, and there are the eternal chores indoors and out, tiresome sometimes but useful for the regulation of life. But the days are shorter in winter and farmwork does ease up while the frost is in the ground. Get the most, then, out of the winter vacation, such as it is. Cultivate the ground in spring and summer; gather the crops in the fall. In winter cultivate the man who cultivates the ground.

The most important thing that goes to the making of crops is the farmer's brains. Give them as much attention in the winter as their importance deserves. See that they get reading that is of some value, both agricultural and any other kind that can be had. The young brains in the family will be more or less occupied with school, but not so engrossed but that outside reading will get attention if it is accessible. And for the girls and women of the family there should be provided the best reading that will suit them.

And cultivate the heart, too. Have some fun even if you have to work for it. Time is the most valuable thing in the world, and one advantage the farmer has over most of the other workers, is that he has more time at his own disposal, especially in winter, than they do. It will do him no good if he wastes it, but it is no waste of time to get in friendly touch with one's neighbors, to take in new thoughts by eye or ear; to play a bit when the chance offers.

Due share of entertainment, especially social entertainment, is so good for most of us that it may fairly be considered essential to wholesome living. A farmer's life ought not to be dull. If it is, it deserves to be unpopular. Have all the fun you can then, in winter, and have the kind of fun that all the family can share.



Drawn by A. B. Frost.

Winter.



HER STORY

By Churchill Williams

Illustration by William Balfour Ker

PETTIT knit his brows over the card upon his desk. "Miss Elizabeth Beasley," he read, and shook his head.

The boy explained, "She came to see about publishing a book."

Pettit laid down his pen with a mental imprecation. Then, "All right; ask her to come in," he said.

The lady who took the chair by his desk looked somewhat disappointed as her nervous glance comprehended his youthful face. "I thought—that is, I hoped I would find the gentleman who talked with me when I was here before," she said apologetically.

"Yes," responded Pettit. "Perhaps you saw Mr. Cartwright?"

"That was not the name, I am sure," she answered. "It was some time ago, and——"

"Yes?"

"It was just twelve years ago last spring." Pettit started and involuntarily repeated,

"*Twelve* years!" But she went on with a faint smile, "And I suppose you have seen a good many people about books since then."

"Quite a number," he assented slowly. "In fact, I was not here myself at the time you mention. The firm has changed owners since then. The founder of the house, Mr. Crosby——"

"That was the name of the gentleman I saw," she interposed eagerly. "A tall man with glasses and a large beard." She laughed softly. "He frightened me so, I remember, when I came in answer to his letter. But he was kind, very kind. He was the first person to tell me that my story was good. Could I—might I see him?"

"Mr. Crosby has been dead for five years now," said Pettit. He laid down the letter which, with the suggestiveness of a stop-watch, was invariably held in his right hand during such interviews. A blankness had fallen upon his visitor's face, her figure seemed to shrink. All at once he was looking at a woman whose youthfulness, he understood, had vanished years before in a commonplace struggle for a living.

"Oh!" she said with softly indrawn breath. "Five years ago! I thought——"

"But you must tell me about your new book. You see I have great respect for Mr. Crosby's judgment," Pettit suggested. "If he liked your work I—that is, we may be able to do something."

Her fingers rubbed the handle of a small bag in her lap. "Yes, he liked it. It was not —I think he said—quite popular enough for him to publish the way some books are. But if I would pay for it—just the cost of printing and binding it, you know—he would publish it. He told me to bring it back."

Pettit's heart sank. "I do not think I understand," he said. "This book you brought to Mr. Crosby?"

She touched the bag in her lap. "I have it here." She extracted a roll of paper tied with a tape. Her head was bent. But as she laid the manuscript upon the desk she raised her face. There was a touch of pink in her cheeks. "Mr. Crosby told me it would cost five hundred dollars," she said in a low voice. "So I could not bring the story back until—now."

"You mean——" Pettit began.

She said "Yes" gently, and the flush deepened.

"Pardon me," said Pettit. "I mean, have you been waiting twelve years to have that book published?"

She nodded. "Waiting and—saving," she said cheerfully. Then, in a little burst of confidence, "Some people would think it very foolish to be as fond of a book as I am of this; but *you* know all about books, and you understand, don't you?"

"I think I do," said Pettit; but he knew that he did not. "And now you are going to leave it with me?" he added.

"Yes." She put her hand into the bag again and drew out a fat and very much worn wallet clasped in rubber bands. "You don't know how nervous it has made me to carry all this down here," she explained. "The Savings Fund wanted me to have a check, but I was afraid. I don't know much about checks, you see."

Her meaning slowly grew on Pettit. "But you don't quite comprehend," he began. "That is, *are* you speaking of the money to pay for the book?"

"Yes, the five hundred dollars." She had drawn out a roll of crisp bank-notes. "Will you count them for me? I counted them twice; the first time I was twelve dollars short. I will be very much obliged." Her fingers were shaking.

He did not reply at once. He was trying harder than he had ever tried before to frame an answer which should tell her all that was to be told and leave her with her faith unshaken. "Let me explain to you something about publishing books," he began. "To some people it seems a good deal like having made to order a chair or a table, or anything of that sort. These people bring in a drawing to the cabinet-maker and say, 'How much will it cost me to make a chair like that?' And the cabinet-maker looks at the drawing, and does some figuring, and estimates the cost. Then, if they agree, he makes the chair, delivers it to them, is paid, and the whole thing is done. But it's really very different with a book. Making a manuscript into a book is the easiest part. The real skill and the hard work come before a page of the manuscript is put into type, and all over again when the book is finally made—if it is. Do I make myself plain?"

"Yes—that is, I think so," she murmured. The fine lines on her forehead had deepened, a little bewilderment clouded her eyes.

He felt he was doing it rather badly, but he went on, picking his words: "Well, by all that I mean that the selection of a book—that is, choosing the manuscript which seems to be what people are most likely to want, and therefore buy, requires a great deal of care and thought. We make mistakes—many of them—but we do all we can not to make them, and so—so, of course, a great, great many manuscripts—some of them by writers who have written several books before—are—well, we cannot publish them."

She had been leaning forward, watching his face closely, but, as he neared the end her fingers were picking nervously at a fold of her gown; she had slipped back in the chair when he finished. The manuscript and money lay unheeded on the desk; her eyes, faded and wistful, had fallen upon the bag in her lap.

Pettit waited. There was no mercy in encouragement which should blind her to the facts. But if she would only help him a little. He shifted his position, and her glance was lifted with a start. "I am very ignorant, I suppose," she said. "But," with a wan smile, "it is my first time. Mr. Crosby——"

"Of course. I know," he put in quickly. "And it is not at all easy to understand. As for Mr. Crosby—when he was alive people read many books which they cannot appreciate to-day. Perhaps they have gone backward. But we can't help that, can we? We must give them what they want. But your book—I tell you what we will do. You give back your money to the Savings Fund people to keep—for the present—and leave your manuscript with me. I will read it soon. I will begin on it to-morrow, and we'll hope—we'll hope that it is just the sort of book that we can publish and sell a great many copies of."

All at once her lips quivered, a tear stole from her winking lashes and was brushed away by a cotton glove. "If that is the best way," she faltered. "And I *hope* you will like the story."

"I will try to very hard," he answered. He rose hastily. "I will have a receipt made out for your manuscript," he said, and went into the adjoining room.

When he returned she was replacing the wallet in her bag and a tight little ball of handkerchief showed between the fingers of a clenched hand. She smiled at him bravely. "My," she said, "but the Savings Fund will be surprised! I will have to get a new pass-book—that is, I will have to start my account all over again." Then quickly, "Oh—I forgot. You have to give them two weeks notice when you want to draw it *all* out. Do you think——?"

"No, I am sure we will not need the money before two weeks, in any event," he interposed instantly. "Put it back into the Savings Fund, by all means. I have your address, and I will write to you."

"When you have read the story? And then I can come to talk to you about it, can't I? I could change it, you know, if you thought it would help any."

He could not discourage her then. "Wait, anyhow, until I have had time to think it all over," he said. "And here is your receipt."

She tucked it into the bag and held out her hand. "You will try to like the story?" she said. "It means—so much." There her voice broke, and abruptly her hand slipped out of his and she was gone.

He read the manuscript that night and, when he had turned the last page, laid it down with a sigh and got into bed. It was no better, no worse than he had anticipated—without proportion, without literary grace, a sentimental outpouring in which the fancies of a commonplace existence found expression in words and deeds romantic almost to absurdity. It was not possible to put this into print. But how to tell her so? Cartwright would have returned the manuscript with one of those stereotyped notes, or, if an interview was unavoidable, have remarked "The story is very grammatical, but quite outside the line of the company's publications."

Pettit knew that he could do neither of these things, and so he lay on his back and stared at the blackness and anathematized the weakness which had persuaded him to see Miss Beasley and doubly damned himself for allowing pity to sway him now. Reading manuscripts was a cold business proposition, the encouragement of those who could not write and thought they could a crime against the confidence of the reading public. Moreover, it was a positive act of cruelty to the deluded scribbler, who should be forced to see the truth, and so helped to do something for which he or she was fitted. Here was this woman for twelve years bending every energy to hoard enough

money to put into print a scrawl upon which she labored for probably a year or two—the manuscript bore marks of it. And, with what result? During all that time she had been living—how? At this point in his disgusted reflections he paused and repeated to himself, "What *was* the manner of her life?" And with that question asking itself, he lay quite still, and to him a plain little woman told her own story. Not quite from the beginning, but from where, in person quite unlike her own, Pettit had first come upon her in the manuscript on his table. And so through those extraordinary episodes and declamations by which she had conceived that life must unfold itself in books. Reft of these trappings it was a simple enough story, yet lacking what made Pettit review it again and again. What she had left untold was what was needed to tie it all together, to give it reason for being told, and reason for coming to an end. What was her great hope? her great wish? Why, in the name of her perverted vision, had she left unwritten the chapter which was essential to the story?

It was then that, out of the darkness, her figure grew, and he saw her again as she had sat by his desk the day before, a hand in a cotton glove nervously clasping the manuscript, her head craned forward, bewilderment in her eyes. And he believed that now he understood. She had never known how completely she was writing herself into the book, and so she had set down the truth. The truth of her experience, the truth in motley, but still the truth. What for her was in the land of wishes and that only she kept as her own secret. And so she had lost her way, and of end there was none which had a beginning.

For four days thereafter Pettit read manuscripts mechanically, and tried to persuade himself that he was doing his whole duty by them. But always he was thinking of one manuscript and of its writer. This state of things, he told himself again and again, was improper, and, what was worse in a seasoned reader for a publishing house, it savored of personal bias. Once he went so far as to order the mailing clerk to wrap up Miss Beasley's story and return it to her, and as promptly called in a stenographer to write the note to her which was to be polite and friendly, but definite in its declination. Then his determination weakened, and he recalled his order to the mailing desk and tore the note into pieces. After all, the thing was not to be reduced to writing. He knew that he would not forget, even if he never saw again either Miss Beasley or what she had left with him. So, as the short cut to the relief which his work demanded, he decided to call upon her that evening. He would tell her just why it was that, in her own interests, she should put the manuscript away. This was how he expressed it to himself when, in evening clothes—for he was going to a smoker of the Pegasus Club afterward—he repaired by electric car to within a block of Miss Beasley's residence.

It was a small house at the door of which he presently found himself standing. Through a window he saw Miss Beasley herself, seated in a rocking-chair. She was smiling, and Pettit guessed that someone was speaking to her. A man's voice, ponderous and monotonous, came dully to him. A caller, especially if a man, was more than Pettit had bargained for. With his hand outstretched he paused irresolutely. Then he rang the bell. There was an instant's silence, a little scurrying within, and Miss Beasley disappeared from his field of vision. The next instant she stood in the doorway.

She recognized him immediately, and the sheer delight in her face swept from him every trace of resentment. But as he stepped across the sill she laid a hand upon his arm. "Would you mind not saying anything about *it?*" she whispered. "You see my sister is in there, and it is a secret just yet."

"About the book, you mean? Of course I shall say nothing. But what shall be my errand? I have it. I will be looking for a room. Will that do?"

With a guilty little smile she nodded, and he followed her into the parlor.

On a sofa in one corner sat Miss Beasley's counterfeit in all but dress, and Pettit knew that this was her sister before he had taken her outstretched fingers. But he was given no chance to do more. Behind him a heavy, lazy tread and Miss Beasley's voice announcing, "Our friend, Mr. Steiner, Mr. Pettit," made him turn to face a tall man of florid countenance and thick, curling mustaches. A big, soft hand enveloped Pettit's and immediately withdrew to play with a seal dangling from the watch-chain looped across a generous expanse of waistcoat. Pettit's evening clothes came in for

an inclusive glance from blue eyes which would have been handsome if they had been a little more definite in expression. Then Mr. Steiner pushed forward a chair, and Pettit with the two ladies on the sofa before him, their hands crossed in their laps, and Mr. Steiner filling the arms of a big rocker between him and the door, for ten minutes did his best to carry off those polite preliminaries which the circumstances of his arrival thrust upon him. It was no easy task, and he became conscious that conversation revolving in a narrowing circle must inevitably result in a mental giddiness which would render him speechless. But it was the poorly concealed curiosity of Mr. Steiner quite as much as alarm at his own position which finally drove him to the point of saying: "And now, Miss Beasley, if I may be pardoned, I should like to look at that room."

She flushed and arose with a flutter of skirts and an involuntary side-look at Mr. Steiner. That gentleman raised his eyebrows, but made no remark. After a trip to the second story back for the sake of appearances, Pettit presently found himself introduced into the tiny dining-room, where he was seated facing Miss Beasley, across the table. It was even more difficult then than he had imagined to make the start which should be at once frank and friendly. But when he had told her the worst and was well into the explanation of why the manuscript would never do as it was written, the way was easier. She sat with folded hands, looking down at the table, her brows a little drawn. He perceived that she was trying to understand, but that withal it was not clear to her. A curious feeling came over him—a feeling not of compassion, but of sympathy, and of sympathy not so much for her as for what she had written. So from criticism he passed to defence. If the story was not what it should be in certain aspects, it was not in those aspects that it should be considered. They must be regarded as eliminated from the start. There was so much which was good in the manuscript—so much which must not be missed—that it were a pity to give anyone the chance to find what was not so good. Did she not see this? He was sure she must. Then she would help him. They would work together. It would not be hard.

There he paused. She had raised her eyes and was looking into his gently and steadily. The fine little lines in her face were smoothed out. About her lips was a faint smile. "I understand now," she said. "You have been very kind. But the story—I could not change that. Once I thought that I could. Now I know better. I have written it out—all that is in me is in it, and, perhaps, some things are there that were—outside. But to go on—to change it—I would not know how to do that."

His impulse—the impulse of pity—was to deny this, to assure her that she had only to try in order to learn she was wrong. But he checked himself with the first word, for he knew she had told the simple truth. For a moment he was silent. Then he said slowly: "There is another way. If you are willing, I want to try it. I like the story; I have told you why. I think a great deal might be done with it—if—if those changes were made. You believe me, don't you?"

"I believe you want to help me," she said.

"Then let me," he went on. "Let me see what I can do with the story—by myself."

"Oh!" she breathed, and her eyes were shining. "If you would!" Abruptly she paused, then cried, "No, no! I couldn't do that. It is my story now. If you should write it over again, it wouldn't be mine any longer. You won't think me ungrateful, will you? You are kind—very kind to me—but I wouldn't like to have you do that."

"Why not?" he argued. "Let me explain. Many stories when printed are not as they were when first written. Many of them are changed very much, written over and over again, and often the author does not do all the writing. There are men and women who make a profession of doing that sort of thing. There is nothing dishonest about it, nothing wrong. They, the men and women who do it, are trained to the work. They cannot originate stories themselves; they can help the author very much in putting stories into shape. Let me try to do as much for you. It is your story—it will still be yours when I have done my part. And I believe you will not be ashamed of it. May I try?"

As he saw in her face the struggle which went on he felt a little ashamed that he should have told her what he had told her, and not have told her more. For he feared that when he finished his work upon the manuscript she would not know it for her

own, and then he would have to persuade her all over again against what her candid mind would reveal to her. But that was in the future. He put the thought aside. He would persuade her when the time came. She should be made to believe that the story and its triumph—for the conclusion was strong within him that it would be a triumph—were her own. And the greatest part of his reward would be to witness her joy. Twelve years of waiting! Surely something was due her for those years!

In the end she yielded. But as he rose to go she came to his side. "Please remember to say nothing to them—to anyone."

"I promise you," he answered, and they passed into the hall. While he was putting on his coat and thinking that a quick retreat would extricate him from the awkwardness of questions in the parlor, Mr. Steiner came out into the hall. "Going down town?" he asked.

"Only to the corner. I will take a car there," Pettit replied.

"Then I will walk with you that far," said Mr. Steiner, and with no word to the little woman who held out his hat to him, he followed Pettit into the street. "Thinking of joining the family?" he asked jocosely.

Pettit's answer was discouraging in its brevity, but his companion was not rebuffed. "Queer pair of little old maids," he remarked. "And really the place isn't very comfortable. But I've been there quite a while, about fifteen years, and I haven't the courage to break away. Too soft-hearted, I suppose."

Pettit mumbled something non-commital, and just then a car came along, which he boarded with Mr. Steiner's shout of "good-night" ringing in his ears.

The book was published. But first came many long evenings under the lamp in Pettit's room, the original manuscript beside him, a steadily growing pile of sheets of closely written note-paper in front of him. These were hours of tearing apart and of putting together again, of fierce enthusiasm and again of utter disgust. One thing baffled him to the end. Do what he might, her secret remained her own. In desperation he gave up the attempt to learn it, invented a motive, and worked the thing out along his own lines as best he might. It was a plausible motive, such a one as might well be the spring of a commonplace, colorless existence like hers. But he knew that her inspiration had been something else. If only he could have found it—this key-stone to her House of Dreams. As it was, he gave himself up to the writing of the story without reserve. The printers' proofs he read in person. It was a task, he explained to Miss Beasley, which he could perform to better advantage at the office. And she never suspected his design. When what was done was irrevocable and he laid before her the first copy of a slender volume bound in cool gray he had his reward.

She sat by his desk at the time, and for a minute afterward she did not stir or speak. Her eyes, bathed in a light which somehow was faintly reminiscent to Pettit, rested on the book, a little smile played about her mouth. But she seemed filled with a strange awe, and when she laid a hand upon the book, passing her finger-tips over its covers, it was timidly done—almost as if she believed the book impalpable, ready to dissolve at the touch. As it grew upon her that it was tangible, a real book—*her own*—her fingers closed upon it convulsively. Joy flooded her face. The next moment she had carried the book to her breast. Her head was bent over it, her lips were moving. No sound came from them, but Pettit understood that she was repeating to herself the title of the book and her own name—over and over again.

When at last she realized that she was not alone, still hugging the book, she held out a hand to him. Her eyes were shining through a mist of tears. She tried to say something to him; it ended in a quick little sob and a clutch at the book against her breast.

A month later book reviewers were asking, "Who is Elizabeth Beasley?" There was not much to tell them. But that made small difference. The book sold. It was not a literary sensation; it made no great stir. But people began to speak of it to one another, and it steadily gained readers. At the end of four months it had achieved a success which enabled Pettit to send a check of fair size to its author. With this went a personal note of congratulation. It was but the second time he had written to her since the book was published, and he had not seen or heard from her since that day. He believed he knew the reason. She had

read the book, and it was to her as a house empty of a child—the child her own. This thought put Pettit in an ill humor—an ill humor with himself.

The same day that he despatched his note to her Pettit had a caller—a caller who followed so quickly the announcement of his name that there was no chance to escape him. He trod in heavily at the heels of the office boy, his hand outstretched, Pettit's name without the "Mr." before it on his lips.

"Suppose you've been wondering why I didn't show up sooner," he began, dropping into a chair and stretching out his legs. "I've been meaning to come ever since that night we met. But the fact is you fooled me for a while. I'll acknowledge it. Thought you really were hunting for a room—yes, I did, until I picked up a copy of the book yesterday and learned from Lizzie that selling books was your game. Had to worm it out of her—that's the truth, though you wouldn't think it. Once I found it out, I put two and two together—and here I am."

Pettit said that he saw as much, and neither his words nor his voice expressed any delight at the fact. While restraining the impluse to add that he was just then too busy to prolong the interview he was wondering what could be the immediate reason for this visit. Something besides the familiarity in his caller's manner irritated him inexpressibly.

Mr. Steiner for several minutes was content to indulge himself in reminiscent remarks upon the slight circumstances of their first meeting, and appeared to be disturbed not at all by the curt replies which he got. Finally, he came back to the explanation with which he had introduced himself, and then, after a pause which Pettit thought premonitory of withdrawal, he suddenly drew up his legs, and plumped out the question, "Look here, Pettit, about that book. How much do you figure it's going to bring in—in cold hard dollars—to Lizzie?"

Pettit was sharply aroused. "If you will pardon me," he replied, "that is a matter upon which I would prefer not to express an opinion. If I did, it would certainly be only to the two parties most interested in the question."

Mr. Steiner laughed boisterously. "Now that's what I call right funny," he declared. "Of course you have to be careful; I'm on to that. But it's funny that you should make such a remark to *me*. Who do you think are the parties most interested in this book?"

"I had supposed until this time," said Pettit with acid precision, "that those two parties were Miss Beasley and this company."

Again Mr. Steiner laughed. "Say, Pettit," he returned, "I've got a little surprise for you. You're a great fellow. Can't you imagine that somebody else might be just as much interested as you and Lizzie are? You can't? Well, someone else is."

"May I ask the name of this third party?" inquired Pettit, with difficulty contriving an even voice.

"You certainly can," Mr. Steiner answered. "And I'm the very fellow to tell you. For it's me. Yes, *me*. And the reason I'm interested is just this: I'm thinking of marrying the lady."

He threw himself back in the chair, shot out his legs at full length, and laughed louder than ever. Pettit's stare was one of complete amazement. And for an instant nothing but astonishment possessed him. Then, as the significance of the announcement grew upon him, his wrath blazed out in an oath.

Mr. Steiner's laughter died away, and he had opened his mouth to make a retort when Pettit began to speak. "Look here," he asked, "what did you mean when you said just now that you were thinking of marrying Miss Beasley?"

"Just what I said. We're engaged. Only got to fix the day. And that won't be put off long—now that Lizzie's book——"

He checked himself abruptly, but Pettit mentally supplied the words unspoken, and the reply on his own lips was not uttered. In a flash had come to him what he had sought for in vain for many weeks—the inspiration of a little woman's story of herself. The man before him was the hero of the unwritten chapter of her life. She loved him; Pettit was sure of that. And this had been her secret. Now it was a secret no longer; for she had stepped upon the threshold of her House of Dreams. And soon she would pass its portals to live in it and to find —what? The joys which she had hungered for and fed upon in fancy for so long? Or an empty shell, comfortless, roofless, falling about her ears?

Looking at the ungainly length lolling before him, the eyes dully fixed on Pettit's face, the mouth loosely opened in a grin,

Pettit saw the House of Dreams already in ruins. This filled him with a great anger. It should not be. He would prevent it. But how?

Suddenly, he leaned forward in his chair and brought his hands smartly together. It was in his power to save her. He had only to tell the truth. To show the man before him, as he knew he could show him, that this book was not her book, that its success was much less than it seemed to be, that no other book could come from her to earn the dollars which were all that drew him to her. Once Steiner was convinced of this, he would never do what he was about to do, and she—would be saved. Saved? There Pettit's racing thoughts were brought to an abrupt halt. Saved for what? he asked himself. To recognize the danger she had escaped? To be content with that much? No. Only to realize that she would never know her dream fulfilled. And more cruel even than this, to realize that her happiness had been snatched from her at the very moment when she had begun to taste its sweetness.

Pettit's hands fell apart, his pose relaxed, and he looked away from Steiner and out across the green platform of the square. There, beneath the elms, children were playing, and down one of the walks toward him came a little woman, her figure drawn primly within the folds of a shawl, a gloved hand swinging a bag at her side. It might almost have been she. No, no, he could not deny her the one hour of joy which was surely hers. And so he waited until he felt that the wrath had passed from his face, then turned about.

"I've been thinking over what you asked me just now, Mr. Steiner," he said. "And in view of what you have told me, I don't feel justified in refusing the information. Miss Beasley's book is selling, as you know. I can see no reason why it should not continue to sell for some time to come. In the end, it should bring her a considerable amount in royalties."

THE TIDES OF BARNEGAT

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

XX—(*Continued*)

THE beach began filling up. The news of a shipwreck had spread with the rapidity of a thunder-shower. One crowd, denser in spots where the stronger men were breasting the wind, which was now happily on the wane, were moving from the village along the beach; others were stumbling on through the marshes. From the back country, along the road leading from the hospital, rattled a gig, the horse doing his utmost. In this were Doctor John and Jane. She had, contrary to his advice, remained at the hospital. The doctor had been awakened by the shouts of a fisherman, and had driven with all speed to the hospital to get his remedies and instruments. Jane had insisted upon accompanying him, although she had been up half the night with one of the sailors rescued the week before by the crew of No. 14. The early morning air—it was now seven o'clock—would do her good, she pleaded, and she might be of use if any one of the poor fellows needed a woman's care.

Farther down toward Beach Haven the sand was dotted with wagons and buggies; some filled with summer boarders anxious to see the crew at work. One used as the depot omnibus contained Max Feilding, Mrs. Wharton Boggs, and Lucy—anything to divert her mind—and half a dozen others. She had passed a sleepless night, and having been roused by the cries of those hurrying by, had thrown a heavy cloak around her and opening wide the piazza door, had caught sight of the doomed vessel fighting for its life.

With the change of wind and tide predicted by Captain Holt, the wreckage from

the grounded schooner began to come ashore —crates of vegetables, barrels of groceries, and boxes filled with canned goods. Some of these were smashed into splinters by end-on collisions with cord-wood; others had dodged the floatage and were landed high on the beach.

During the enforced idleness Tod occupied himself in rolling away from the back-suck of the surf the drift that came ashore. Being nearest a stranded crate he dragged it clear and stood bending over it, reading the inscription. With a start he beckoned to Parks, the nearest man to him, tore the card from the wooden slat, and held it before the surfman's face.

"What's this? Read! That's the *Polly Walters* out there, I tell ye; and the captain's son's aboard! I've been suspicionin' it all the mornin'. That's him with the slouch hat. I knowed he warn't no sailor from the way he acted. Don't say nothin' till we're sure."

Parks dodged a stick of cord-wood that drove straight at him like a battering-ram and, watching his chance, dragged a floating keg from the smother, rolled it clear of the surf, turned it on end, and took a similar card from its head. Then he shouted with all his might:

"It's the *Polly*, men! It's the *Polly* —the *Polly Walters!* O, God, ain't that too bad! Captain Ambrose's drownded, or we'd a-seen him! That feller in the slouch hat is Bart Holt! Gimme that line!" He was stripping off his waterproofs ready for a plunge into the sea.

As the words fell from his lips Captain Holt made a spring from the dune and came running toward Parks, who was now knotting the shot-line about his waist. He had heard the shouts of the crowd repeating Parks's cry.

"What do you say she is?" the captain shouted, straining his eyes toward the wreckage.

"The *Polly*—the *Polly Walters!*"

"My God! How do ye know? She ain't left Amboy, I tell ye!"

"She has! That's her—see them kerds! They come off that stuff behind ye. Archie got one and I got t'other!" and he held the bits of cardboard under the rim of the captain's sou'-wester.

Captain Holt snatched the cards from Parks's hand, read them at a glance, and a dazed, horror-stricken expression crossed his face. Then his eye fell upon Parks knotting the shot-line about his waist.

"Take that off! Stay where ye are, Parks—don't ye move, I tell ye."

As the words dropped from the captain's lips a horrified shout went up from the bystanders. The wreck with a crunching sound, was being lifted from the sand. She rose steadily, staggered for an instant, and dropped out of sight; she had broken amidships. With the recoil two ragged bunches showed above the white wash of the water. On one fragment—a splintered mast—crouched the man with the slouch hat; to the other clung the two sailors. The next instant a great roller, gathering strength as it came, threw itself full length on both fragments and swept on. Only wreckage was left now, and one head.

The captain ripped a line from the drum of the cart, and with a cry to the men to stand by and catch the slack, dragged off his high boots, knotted the bight around his waist, and started on a run for the surf.

As his stockinged feet reached the edge of the foam, Archie darted after him, seized the captain around the waist and held him with a grip of steel.

"You sha'n't do it!" he cried, his eyes blazing. "Hold him, men—I'll get him!" and with the bound of a cat he landed in the middle of the floatage, dived under the logs, rose on the boiling surf, worked himself clear of the inshore wreckage, and struck out in the direction of the man clinging to the shattered mast, and who was now nearing the beach, whirled on by the in-rushing seas.

Strong men held their breath, tears brimming their eyes. Captain Holt stood irresolute, dazed for the moment by Archie's danger. The beach-women—Mrs. Fogarty among them—were wringing their hands. They knew the risk better than the others.

Jane, at Archie's plunge, had run down to the edge of the surf and stood with tight-clenched fingers, her gaze fixed on the lad's head as he breasted the breakers—her face white as death, the tears running from her eyes. Fear for the boy she loved, pride in his pluck and courage, agony over the result of the rescue, all swept through her as she strained her eyes seaward.

Lucy, Max, and Mrs. Boggs were huddled together under the lee of the dune.



Drawn by George Wright.

The Captain started up the dune with the bedraggled body of the unconscious man.

—"The Tides of Barnegat."

Lucy's eyes were staring straight ahead of her; her teeth chattering with fear and cold. She had heard the shouts of Parks and the captain, and knew whose life was at stake. There was no hope left; Archie would win and pull him out alive, and her end would come.

The crowd watched the lad until his hand touched the mast, saw him pull himself hand over hand along its slippery surface and reach out his arms. Then a cheer went up from a hundred throats, and as instantly died away in a moan of terror. Behind, towering over them like a huge wall, came a wave of black water, solemn, merciless, uncrested, as if bent on deadly revenge. Under its impact the shattered end of the mast rose clear of the water, tossed about as if in agony, veered suddenly with the movement of a derrick boom, and with its living freight dashed headlong into the boil of cord-wood.

As it ploughed through the outer drift and reached the inner line of wreckage, Tod, whose eyes had never left Archie since his leap into the surf, made a running jump from the sand, landed on a tangle of drift, and sprang straight at the section of the mast to which Archie clung. The next instant the surf rolled over the three, submerging them in the tumble.

Another ringing order now rose above the roar of the waters, and a chain of rescuing surfmen—the last resort—with Captain Nat at the head dashed into the turmoil.

It was a hand-to-hand fight now with death. At the first onslaught of the battery of wreckage Polhemus was knocked breathless by a blow in the stomach and rescued by the bystanders just as a log was curling over him. Green was hit by a surging crate and Mulligan only saved from the crush of the cord-wood by the quickness of a fisherman. Morgan, watching his chance, sprang clear of a tangle of barrels and cord-wood, dashed into the narrow gap of open water, and grappling Tod as he whirled past, twisted his fingers in Archie's waistband. Here the three were pounced upon by a relay of fishermen led by Tod's father and dragged from under the crunch and surge of the smother. Both Tod and Morgan were unhurt and scrambled to their feet as soon as they gained the hard sand, but Archie lay insensible where the men had dropped him, his body limp, his feet crumpled under him.

All this time the man in the slouch hat was being swirled in the hell of wreckage, the captain meanwhile holding to the human chain with one hand and fighting with the other until he reached the half drowned man, whose grip had slipped from the crate to which he clung. As the two were shot in toward the beach, Green, who had recovered his breath, dodged the recoil, sprang straight for them, threw the captain a line, which he caught, dashed back and dragged the two high up on the beach, the captain's arm still tightly locked about the rescued man.

A dozen hands were held out to relieve the captain of his burden, but he only waved them away.

"I'll take care of him!" he gasped in a voice almost gone from buffeting the waves, as the body slipped from his arms to the wet sand. "Git out of the way, all of you!"

Once on his feet, he stood for an instant to catch his breath, wrung the grime from his ears with his stiff fingers, and then shaking the water from his shoulders as a dog would after a plunge, passed his great arms once more under the bedraggled body of the unconscious man and started up the dune, the water dripping from both their wet bodies. Only once did he pause, and then only to shout:

"Green,—Mulligan! Go back, some o' ye, and git Archie. He's hurt bad. Quick, now! And one o' ye bust in them doors. And Polhemus,—pull some coats off that crowd and a shawl or two from them women if they can spare 'em, and find Doctor John, some o' ye! D'ye hear! *Doctor John!*"

A dozen coats were stripped from as many backs, a shawl of Mrs. Fogarty's handed to Polhemus, the doors burst in and Uncle Isaac lunging in, tumbled the garments on the floor. On these the captain, with the assistance of the surfmen, laid the body of the rescued man.

While this was being done another procession was approaching the house. Tod and Parks were carrying Archie's unconscious form, the water dripping from his clothing. Tod had his hands under the boy's armpits and Parks carried his feet. Behind the three walked Jane, half supported by the doctor.

"Dead!" she moaned. "Oh, no—no—no, John; it cannot be! Not my Archie! my brave Archie!"

The captain heard the tramp of the men's feet on the board floor of the runway outside and rose to his feet. He had been kneeling beside the form of the rescued man. His face was knotted with the agony he had passed through, his voice still thick and hoarse from battling with the sea.

"What's that she says?" he cried, straining his ears to catch Jane's words. "What's that? Archie dead! No! T'ain't so, is it, doctor?"

Doctor John, his arm still supporting Jane, shook his head gravely and pointed to his own forehead:

"It's all over, captain," he said in a broken voice. "Skull fractured."

"Hit with them logs! Archie! Oh, my God! And this man ain't much better off—he ain't hardly breathin'. See for yerself, doctor. Here, Tod, lay Archie on these coats. Move back that boat, men, to give 'em room, and push them stools out of the way. Oh Miss Jane, maybe it ain't true, maybe he'll come round! I've seen 'em this way more'n a dozen times. Here, let's get these wet clo'es off 'em." He dropped between the two limp, soggy bodies and began tearing open the shirt from the man's chest. Jane, who had thrown herself in a passion of grief on the water-soaked floor beside Archie, commenced wiping the dead boy's face with her handkerchief, smoothing the short wet curls from his forehead as she wept.

The man's shirt and collar loosened, Captain Holt pulled the slouch hat from his head, wrenched the wet shoes loose, wrapped the cold feet in the dry shawl, and began tucking the pile of coats closer about the man's shoulders that he might rest the easier. For a moment he looked intently at the pallid face smeared with ooze and grime, and then stepped to where Archie lay stretched on the floor, Tod now crouched beside him. The young surfman's strong body was shaking with the sobs he could no longer restrain.

"It's rough, Tod," said the captain, in a choking voice, which grew clearer as he talked on. "Almighty rough on ye and on all of us. You did what you could—ye risked yer life for him, and there ain't nobody kin do more. I wouldn't send ye out again, but there's work to do. Them two men of Cap'n Ambrose's is drownded, and they'll come ashore some'er's near the inlet, and you and Parks better hunt 'em up. They live up to Barnegat, ye know, and their folks'll be wantin' 'em." It was strange how calm he was. His sense of duty was now controlling him.

Tod had raised himself to his feet when the captain had begun to speak and stood with his wet sou'-wester in his hand.

"Been like a brother to me," was all he said, as he brushed the tears from his eyes and went to join Parks.

The captain watched Tod's retreating figure for a moment, and bending again over Archie's corpse, stood gazing at the dead face, his hands folded across his girth—as one does when watching a body being slowly lowered into a grave.

"I loved ye, boy," Jane heard him say between her sobs, "I loved ye! You knowed it, boy. I hoped to tell ye so out loud so everybody could hear. Now they'll never know."

Straightening himself up, he walked firmly to the open door about which the people pressed, held back by the line of surfmen headed by Polhemus, and calmly surveyed the crowd. Close to the opening, trying to press her way in to Jane, was Lucy. Behind her stood Max Feilding and Mrs. Wharton Boggs.

"Friends," said the captain, in a low, restrained voice, every trace of his grief and excitement gone, "I've got to ask ye to git considerable way back and keep still. We got Doctor John here and Miss Jane, and there ain't nothin' ye kin do. When there is I'll call ye. Polhemus, you and Green see this order is obeyed."

Again he hesitated, then raising his eye over the group nearest the door, he beckoned to Lucy, pushed her in ahead of him, caught the swinging doors in his hands, and shut them tight. This done, he again dropped on his knees beside the now breathing man.

XXI

THE CLAW OF THE SEA-PUSS

WITH the closing of the doors the murmur of the crowd, the dull glare of the gray sky, and the thrash of the wind were shut out. The only light in the House of Refuge now came from the two small windows, one above the form of the suffering man and the other behind the dead body of Archie.

Jane's head was close to the boy's chest, her sobs coming from between her hands, held before her face. The shock of Archie's death had robbed her of all her strength. Lucy knelt beside her, her shoulder resting against a pile of cordage. Every now and then she would steal a furtive glance around the room—at the boat, at the rafters overhead, at the stove with its pile of kindling—and a slight shudder would pass through her. She had forgotten nothing of the past, nor of the room in which she crouched. Every scar and stain stood out as clear and naked as those on some long-buried wreck dug from shifting sands by a change of tide.

A few feet away the doctor was stripping the wet clothes from the rescued man and piling the dry coats over him to warm him back to life. His emergency bag, handed in by Polhemus through the crack of the closed doors, had been opened, a bottle selected, and some spoonfuls of brandy forced down the sufferer's throat. He saw that the sea-water had not harmed him; it was the cord-wood and wreckage that had crushed the breath out of him. In confirmation he pointed to a thin streak of blood oozing from one ear. The captain nodded, and continued chafing the man's hands—working with the skill of a surfman over the water-soaked body. Once he remarked in a half-whisper—so low that Jane could not hear him:

"I ain't sure yet, doctor. I thought it was Bart when I grabbed him fust, but he looks kind o' different from what I expected to see him. If it's him he'll know me when he comes to. I ain't changed so much maybe. I'll rub his feet now," and he kept on with his work of resuscitation.

Lucy's straining ears had caught the captain's words of doubt, but they gave her no hope. She had recognized at the first glance the man of all others in the world she feared most. His small ears, the way the hair grew on the temples, the bend of the neck and slope from the chin to the throat. No—she had no misgivings. These features had been part of her life—had been constantly before her since the hour Jane had told her of Bart's expected return. Her time had come; nothing could save her. He would regain consciousness, just as the captain had said, and would open those awful hollow eyes and would look at her, and then that dreadful mouth, with its thin, ashen lips, would speak to her, and she could deny nothing. She had not told Max—not even that the captain's son was expected home; it would all come as a shock to him, and when he asked her if it was true she could only bow her head.

She dared not look at Archie—she could not. All her injustice to him and to Jane: her abandonment of him when a baby; her neglect of him since, her selfish life of pleasure; her triumph over Max—all came into review, one picture after another, like the unrolling of a chart. Even while her hand was on Jane's shoulder, and while comforting words fell from her lips, her mind and eyes were fixed on the face of the man whom the doctor was slowly bringing back to life.

Not that her sympathy was withheld from Archie and Jane. It was her terror that dominated her—a terror that froze her blood and clogged her veins and dulled every sensibility and emotion. She was like one lowered into a grave beside a corpse upon which every moment the earth would fall, entombing the living with the dead.

The man groaned and turned his head, as if in pain. A convulsive movement of the lips and face followed, and then the eyes partly opened.

Lucy clutched at the coil of rope, staggered to her feet, and braced herself for the shock. He would rise now, and begin staring about, and then he would recognize her. The captain knew what was coming; he was even now planning in his mind the details of the horrible plot of which Jane had told her!

Captain Holt stooped closer and peered under the half-closed lids.

"Brown eyes," she heard him mutter to himself, "just 's the Swede told me." She knew their color; they had looked into her own too often.

Doctor John felt about with his hand and drew a small package of letters from inside the man's shirt. They were tied with a string and soaked with salt water. This he handed to the captain.

The captain pulled them apart and examined them carefully.

"It's him," he said with a start, "it's Bart! It's all plain now. Here's my letter," and he held it up. "See the printing at the top—'Life Saving Service'? And here's some more—they're all stuck together.

Wait! here's one—fine writing." Then his voice dropped so that only the doctor could hear: "Ain't that signed 'Lucy'? Yes—'Lucy'—and it's an old one."

The doctor waved the letters away and again laid his hand on the sufferer's chest, keeping it close to his heart. The captain bent nearer. Jane, who, crazed with grief, had been caressing Archie's cold cheeks, lifted her head as if aware of the approach of some crisis, and turned to where the doctor knelt beside the rescued man. Lucy leaned forward with straining eyes and ears.

The stillness of death fell upon the small room. Outside could be heard the pound and thrash of the surf and the moan of the gale; no human voice—men and women were talking in whispers. One soul had gone to God and another life hung by a thread.

The doctor raised his finger.

The man's face twitched convulsively, the lids opened wider, there came a short, inward gasp, and the jaw dropped.

"He's dead," said the doctor, and rose to his feet. Then he took his handkerchief from his pocket and laid it over the dead man's face.

As the words fell from his lips Lucy caught at the wall and with an almost hysterical cry of joy, threw herself into Jane's arms.

The captain leaned back against the lifeboat and for some moments his eyes were fixed on the body of his dead son.

"I ain't never loved nothin' all my life, doctor," he said, his voice choking, "that it didn't go that way."

Doctor John made no reply except with his eyes. Silence is ofttimes more sympathetic than the spoken word. He was putting his remedies back into his bag so that he might join Jane again. The captain continued:

"All I've got is gone now—the wife, Archie, and now Bart. I counted on these two. Bad day's work, doctor—bad day's work." Then in a firm tone, "I'll open the doors now and call in the men; we got to git these two bodies up to the station, and then we'll get 'em home somehow."

Instantly all Lucy's terror returned. An unaccountable, unreasoning panic took possession of her. All her past again rose before her. She feared the captain now more than she had Bart. Crazed over the loss of his son he would blurt out everything. Max would hear and know—know about Archie and Bart and all her life!

Springing to her feet, maddened with an undefinable terror, she caught the captain's hand as he reached out for the fastenings of the door.

"Don't—don't tell them who he is! Promise me you won't tell them anything! Say it's a stranger! You are not sure it's he—I heard you say so!"

"Not say it's my own son! Why?" He was entirely unconscious of what was in her mind.

Jane had risen to her feet at the note of agony in Lucy's voice and had stepped to her side as if to protect her. The doctor stood listening in amazement to Lucy's outbreak. He knew her reasons, and was appalled at her rashness.

"No! Don't—*don't!*" Lucy was looking up into the captain's face now, all her terror in her eyes.

"Why, I can't see what good that'll do!" For the moment he thought that the excitement had turned her head. "Isaac Polhemus 'll know him," he continued, "soon's he sets his eyes on him. And even if I was mean enough to do it, which I ain't, these letters would tell. They've got to go to the Superintendent 'long with everything else found on bodies. Your name's on some o' 'em and mine's on some others. We'll git 'em ag'in, but not till Gov'ment sees 'em."

These were the letters which had haunted her!

"They're mine! Give them to me!" she cried, seizing the captain's fingers and trying to twist the letters from his grasp.

A frown gathered on the captain's brow and his voice had an ugly ring in it:

"But I tell ye the Superintendent's got to have 'em for a while. That's regulations, and that's what we carry out. They ain't goin' to be lost—you'll git 'em ag'in."

"He sha'n't have them, I tell you!" Her voice rang with something of her old imperious tone. "Nobody shall have them. They're mine—not yours—nor his. Give them——"

"And break my oath!" interrupted the captain. For the first time he realized what her outburst meant and what inspired it.

"What difference does that make in a matter like this? Give them to me! You dare not keep them," she cried, tightening her fingers in the effort to wrench the letters



Drawn by George Wright.

"Come in, men!" he shouted.

—"The Tides of Barnegat."

from his hand. "Sister—doctor—speak to him! Make him give them to me—I will have them!"

The captain released his brawny hand as easily as a child would brush aside a flower. His lips were tight shut, his eyes flashing.

"You want me to lie to the department?"

"Yes!" She was now beside herself with fear and rage. "I don't care who you lie to! You brute—you coward— I want them! I will have them!" and again she made a spring for the letters.

"See here, you she-devil. Look at me!" the words came in cold, cutting tones. "You're the only thing, livin' or dead, that ever dared ask Nathaniel Holt to do a thing like that. And you think I'd do it to oblige ye? You're rotten as punk—that's what ye are! Rotten from yer keel to yer top-gallant! and allus have been since I knowed ye!"

Jane started forward and faced the now enraged man.

"You must not, captain—you *shall* not speak to my sister that way!" she commanded.

The doctor stepped between them: "You forget that she is a woman. I forbid you to——"

"I will, I tell ye! It's true, and you know it, doctor." The captain's voice now dominated the room.

"That's no reason why you should abuse her, captain. You're too much of a man to act as you do."

"It's because I'm a man that I do act this way. She's done nothin' but bring trouble to this town ever since she landed in it from school nigh twenty year ago. Druv out that dead boy of mine lyin' there, and made a tramp of him; throwed Archie off on Miss Jane; lied to the man who married her, and been livin' a lie ever since. And now she wants me to break my oath! Damn her!"

The doctor laid his hand over the captain's mouth. "Stop! And I mean it!" His own calm eyes were flashing now. "This is not the place for a talk of this kind. We are in the presence of death, and——"

The captain caught the doctor's wrist and held it like a vice.

"I won't stop. I'll have it out— I've lived all the lies I'm goin' to live! I told you fifteen year ago when I thought Bart was dead, and you wanted me to keep shut, and I did, and you did too, and you ain't never opened your mouth since. That's because you're a man—all four square sides of ye. You didn't want to hurt Miss Jane, and no more did I. That's why I passed Archie there in the street; that's why I turned round and looked after him when I couldn't see sometimes for the tears in my eyes; and all to save that *thing* there that ain't worth savin'! By God, when I think of it I want to tear my tongue out for keepin' still as long as I have!"

Lucy, who had shrunk back against the wall, now raised her head:

"Coward! Coward!" she muttered.

The captain turned and faced her, his eyes blazing, his rage uncontrollable;

"Yes, you're a *thing*, I tell ye!—and I'll say it ag'in. I used to think it was Bart's fault. Now I know it warn't. It was yours. You tricked him, damn ye! Do ye hear? Ye tricked him with yer lies and yer ways. Now they're over—there'll be no more lies—not while I live! I'm goin' to strip ye to bare poles so's folks 'round here kin see. Git out of my way—all of ye! Out of my way, I tell ye!"

The doctor had stepped in front of the infuriated man, his back to the closed door, his open palm upraised.

"I will not, and you shall not!" he cried. "What you are about to do is ruin—for Lucy, for Jane, and for little Ellen. You cannot—you shall not put such a stain upon that child. You love her, you——"

"Yes—too well to let that woman touch her ag'in if I kin help it!" The fury of the merciless sea was in him now—the roar and pound of the surf in his voice. "She'll be a curse to the child all her days; she'll go back on her when she's a mind to just as she did on Archie. There ain't a dog that runs the streets that would 'a' done that. She didn't keer then, and she don't keer now, with him a-lyin' dead there. She ain't looked at him once nor shed a tear. It's too late. Out of my way, I tell ye, doctor, or I'll hurt ye! All hell can't stop me!"

With a wrench he swung back the doors and flung himself into the light.

"Come in, men!" he shouted. "Isaac, Green—all of ye—and you over there! I got something to say, and I don't want ye to miss a word of it! You too, Mr. Feilding, and that lady with ye—and everybody else that kin hear!

"That's my son, Barton Holt, lyin' there

dead! The one I druv out o' here nigh twenty years ago. It warn't for playin' cards, but on account of a woman; and there she stands—Lucy Cobden! That boy beside him is their child—my own grandson, Archie! Out of respect to the best woman that ever lived, Miss Jane Cobden, I've kep' still. If anybody ain't satisfied all they got to do is to look over these letters"— and he held them up—"and after the Superintendent gits through with 'em and they come back to me anybody that's got a right to kin read 'em! That's all!"

Lucy, with a wild, despairing look at Max, had sunk to the floor and lay cowering beneath the life-boat, her face hidden in the folds of her cloak.

Jane had shrunk back behind one of the big folding doors and stood concealed from the gaze of the astonished crowd, many of whom were pressing into the entrance. Her head was on the doctor's shoulder, her fingers tight hold of his sleeve. Doctor John's arms were about her frail figure, his lips close to her cheek.

"Don't, dear—don't," he said softly. "You have nothing to reproach yourself with. Your life has been one long sacrifice."

"Oh, but Archie, John! Think of my boy being gone! Oh, I loved him so, John!"

"You made a man of him, Jane. All he was he owed to you." He was holding her to him—comforting her as a father would a child.

"And my poor Lucy," Jane moaned on, "and the awful, awful disgrace!" Her face was still hidden in his shoulder, her frame shaking with the agony of her grief, the words coming slowly, as if wrung one by one out of her breaking heart.

"You did your duty, dear—all of it." His lips were close to her ear. No one else heard.

"And you knew it all these years, John—and you did not tell me?"

"It was your secret, dear; not mine."

"Yes, I know—but I have been so blind—so foolish. I have hurt you so often, and you have been so true through it all. O, John, please—please forgive me! My heart has been so sore at times—I have suffered so!"

Then, with a quick lifting of her head, as if the thought alarmed her, she asked in sudden haste:

"And you love me, John, just the same? Say you love me, John!"

He gathered her closer, and his lips touched her cheek:

"I never remember, my darling, when I did not love you. Have you ever doubted me?"

"No, John no! Never, never! Kiss me again, my beloved. You are all I have in the world!"

THE END.



MUSIC AT TWILIGHT

By Richard Watson Gilder

I

Oh, give me music in the twilight hour!
Then, skilled musician, thou of the magic power,
Summon the souls of masters long since gone
Who through thine art live on!

As the day dies I would once more respire
The passion of that spirit whose keen fire
Flashes and flames in yearning and unrest
And never-ending quest.

Or listen to the quick, electric tones,
Or moods of majesty, of him who owns
The secret of the thrill that shakes the earth
And moves the stars in mirth.

And I would walk the shore of sound with him
Whose voice was as the voice of cherubim:
Musician most authentic and sublime
Of all the sons of time.

Bring their deep joys, the breath of solitudes,
Dear dreams and longings, and high, hero-moods;
Aye, bring me their melodious despairs
To die in twilight airs.

For, given a rhythmic voice, re-uttered so,
Sorrow itself is lost in the large flow
Of nature, and of life is made such part
As doth enrich the heart.

And on the tide of music, to my soul
Shall enter beauty's solace—life be whole,
Not broken by chords discordant, but most sweet,
In sequent tones complete.

II

Great is the true interpreter, for like
No other art, two sentient souls must strike
The spark of music that in blackness lies
'Mid silent harmonies,

Till, at a cunning touch, the long-lost theme,
Newly imagined, and new-born in dream,
Clothed gloriously in garment of sweet sound,
Wakes from its darkened swound.

So would I ask, musician, of thy grace
That thou wouldst bless and sanctify the place
With august harmonies, well-loved of old;
But from thy manifold

Miraculous memory fail not of thine own
Imaginings enraptured of pure tone;
That I may nearer draw to music's shrine
And mystery divine.

CARMELINA'S CARABINIERE

By Julian Street

Illustrations by S. Ivanowski

ADELAIDE was a trifle shaky about keeping house in Capri, chiefly owing to our ignorance of Italian, but I promised not to be critical, and agreed that if the worst came to the worst we could get American canned things from Morgano's—we call it J. P. Morgano's—and live on them.

However, we secured the services of an Italian teacher, and in a few weeks Adelaide felt that we knew enough to scrape along.

"But I wish he'd teach us more about knives and forks and meats and vegetables," she said, "instead of words like 'honor,' and 'truth,' and 'honesty,' and 'pope.' I'm sure we will use knives and forks more than honor and truth and honesty."

How little we know when the odd bits of knowledge we acquire are to serve us in good stead. We were to need 'honor,' 'truth,' and 'honesty' much sooner than we thought. 'Pope,' I will admit, we have not yet had a chance to utilize, yet who can say when we may be called upon?

The house was a gem set in the green hillside on the way to the ruins of Tiberius's Villa Jovis. Its garden is famed in Capri, and is pictured on postal cards which Donna Lucia sells to the tourists who come daily from Naples and Sorrento, on the little steamer, and go away again in the afternoon, fondly imagining they've seen the island.

Four servants went with the villa, making us feel very grand. In New York we have managed it with one; never have we had more than two. Besides, the New York servants haven't such impressive names. Instead of the conventional Annie or Delia or Maggie, we now found ourselves being ministered to by Jovenina, Carmelina, and Teresina. We never had a man-servant before, but in New York the janitor's name was Gus. Now, lo and behold! we had a chef wearing white apron, coat, and cap, and rejoicing in the name of Archangelo. The wages of all four came to one dollar more per month than we had paid our cook at home.

Jovenina was intelligent. She understood a little English, when she wanted to, and she knew that Americans liked fires in their rooms and hot-water bottles in their beds. She made beds wonderfully, so that they stayed made, and she went about her work in soft-soled slippers and kept things neat and trim.

Carmelina's duties were principally downstairs. She was quite as neat as Jovenina, though not so clever, we thought. Of all the servants she was most pleasing to the eye. Indeed, Adelaide and I used to watch her at her work for the sheer joy of seeing her. As she went about, dust-cloth in hand, she suggested a gazelle putting its forest home to rights. We used to argue about Carmelina, Adelaide averring that she would look best singing in a tree-top, whereas I fancied her a nymph or dryad on whom a huntsman might come suddenly in some deep, mysterious wood. Even Adelaide admitted that clothes had no proper place on Carmelina.



Carmelina.

One could not call our Teresina beautiful, but what she lacked in looks she made up in strength. Hers was the heavy work. She carried monstrous baskets full of wood up to the rooms upon her head, juggling them with astounding ease. In the same manner she brought huge flasks of wine from the piazza to the villa. Her movements were ungraceful, excepting when she had some such impedimenta on her head. Then there came an easy swing that gave her charm and dignity.

As for Archangelo, I saw him little, but I ate his dishes much, dreading the day when I should have to leave them. It seemed incredible that a boy of his years could have mastered so completely the culinary art.

Kind American friends, more experienced than Adelaide in the ways of the Italian servant, gave her freely from their store

of wisdom, saving her no end of trouble. Thus she learned how much things cost, so that Archangelo could not deceive her with his marketing accounts—the national pastime of Italian chefs who work for foreigners. She also knew the wisdom of keeping candles, matches, tea, and sweets locked up when not in use, to prevent their taking wing mysteriously.

Money, jewelry, and the like were usually quite safe, we were told, the peculations of Italian servants not running in the direction of large stealings, but only toward petty thefts—unimportant and almost laughable. True, we did not like the idea of their stealing from us at all, but this, we were assured, could not be entirely prevented. So we settled down to a comfortable life of not worrying over what we did not know about, and at the end of the first week Adelaide admitted that she found housekeeping far easier in Italy than in New York. So little was she occupied with her duties of superintendence that she found time to interest herself at once in the sights of Capri and in quiet observation of the natives—especially our servants. Soon she began to give me interesting bits of gossip concerning them. Archangelo had been assistant chef at the Hotel Quisisana. His father was a fine old man who had been to South America, but who was devoting his old age to acting as the works of the clock in the piazza. It was he who rang those many, many bells we heard and puzzled over. Some forty rapid, high-pitched bells at eighteen minutes before one; seven bells of deeper tone at six minutes after three, and so on. Adelaide had asked Archangelo to explain these seeming irregularities, and had learned that the bells were only intended to approximate the hour; that his father was old and occasionally forgot, and rang too little or too much; also, that he was but a man, and that hunger sometimes came gnawing at his vitals at, say, quarter before twelve, whereupon he rang for twelve o'clock and wandered home to his spaghetti. His appetite also accounted for occasional delays in the bell for one o'clock. Suppose Archangelo's mother was late in the cooking of the midday meal? Could his father return to the piazza without his luncheon? And what does a quarter of an hour matter, after all? In Capri it is truly *dolce far niente.*

Adelaide also discovered that Carmelina was betrothed. The idea of seeing a pretty Capri love story enacted here before our eyes engaged us both immensely. It seems that upon entering the kitchen one evening my wife had come upon a dashing carabiniere whom we had seen in the piazza—gay uniform, cocked hat, revolver, sword, and all. Later she had found him there again, and on inquiring had learned that he was a favored suitor for Carmelina's hand. Carmelina said his name was Luigi; that he was a great and good man—the terror of all evildoers in Capri—and that she had been smiled on by the Virgin on the day when Luigi first observed her, for it was not every girl who could hope to become the bride of a carabiniere. We were so fascinated by this frank avowal that we spent the evening planning things to do for Carmelina when she married.

One Sunday I met them coming together from mass, Carmelina decked in her best silk scarf, and looking radiantly happy; Luigi spectacular in his uniform. I was proud indeed to be saluted by this being of black mustache and flashing eye, for no field-marshal could have been more splendid.

Another time I chanced upon them in the evening. It was in the little stone-walled via—the short cut from the piazza. I heard voices coming toward me singing the aria from "La Boheme," and when I met the singers, just around the corner, I discovered them to be Carmelina and Luigi strolling gayly home. Fancy Annie or Maggie coming through West Eightieth Street of a summer's night, hand and hand with her policeman, and singing "La Boheme"!

When I told Adelaide of this she became more than ever fond of Carmelina, and a few days later she informed me that Carmelina knew "I Pagliacci," too, and had hummed it sweetly at her work, while upstairs Jovenina had given a snatch of "Tosca," as she made the beds. Ah! if Katie could have hummed Italian opera! But Katie never hummed. She sang occasionally in raucous tones when I was trying hard to concentrate upon my work. That I remember. On Mondays she would sometimes accompany herself upon the wash-board with "Tam-manee!" and while getting dinner she occasionally rendered "Every morn I bring thee viluts." She learned both these gems through the wall,

where, in the next apartment, lived a large and—if you like that sort—rather handsome widow and her mechanical piano-player. But I digress.

Things went on nicely at our villa, even though my safety-matches vanished faster than they should, and the tea was sometimes weak, suggesting that not all that Adelaide doled out had found its way into the pot. Likewise, my cigars and cigarettes made off, and the jam and honey that we had for breakfast evaporated strangely.

It was difficult for Adelaide to bring herself to the point of intruding such vulgar matters upon the minds of these soft-eyed souls surrounding us. When one has picturesque Italian servants who sing grand-opera arias one should not be too finicky, she told me. But at last she mustered her Italian and her courage, and spoke to the four of honor and truth and honesty, very nearly saying "pope," as well, so pleased she was with finding uses for her pent-up knowledge.



Hers was the heavy work.—Page 241.

Adelaide assured me that the peculations abated after this, and when I began surmising which of our four had taken things she declined to discuss the question—I think she feared I might cast doubt on the integrity of her two song-birds. Could Carmelina sing "I Pagliacci" while, with the other hand, so to speak, she pocketed a box of matches? Could Jovenina put our honey into the mouth that chanted "Tosca"? He must be an ugly pessimist, indeed, who could harbor such suspicions.

One night the soup was weak, and Adelaide, upon investigation, found that the father of Archangelo, ignoring the bell for six o'clock, had called and naïvely eaten up the soup-meat. This, coupled with the fact that we had never heard Archangelo sing Italian opera, brought doubt upon him, and anything that disappeared thereafter added, in my wife's eyes, to the blackness of his character. A chef whose father would gobble up our soup-meat would not stop at anything, she told me. Knowing full well that Adelaide revelled in his productions no less than I did, I felt safe in suggesting that we immediately dismiss the offender.

"Oh, I don't think we'd better do that," she hastened to reply. "You see we might get another who was worse, and besides that compote he makes is so good; and the timbale; and umm! the zabiaone!"

"No doubt you're right," I said. After all, Adelaide is the housekeeper, not I.

An American dish dear to my heart was served at luncheon the next day. Adelaide had shown Archangelo how to make it. I shall not tell you what it really was, but he called it "corna beef lash." After partaking of it I told Adelaide that I was sure she was right in retaining Archangelo.

We had been keeping house two months when the first serious annoyance came. Adelaide missed a sum of money amounting to some sixty lira. She was sure she had put it in the trunk, but Adelaide sometimes forgets, and I was loath to believe that any of our four would deliberately unlock and steal. The removal of tea, matches, sweets, and the like is only "taking," in the eyes of most Italian servants, but to filch more valuable things is stealing, just as it is in other countries. The disappearance of money was a serious matter—so serious that we chose to believe that the mistake had been with us. So we did not put it to the servants as a theft, but rather as a loss. They helped us hunt, seeming excited at the largeness of the sum. No trace of it was found, however.

A few days later came another discord; one which affected Adelaide's tender heart, disturbing her far more than the matter of the money had. The course of Carmelina's love affair did not run smooth. When Adelaide broke this news to me there was a fire in her eye which would have overawed the resplendent Luigi had he seen it. She had the story in part from Carmelina herself, in part from Jovenina, and the rest from her own observations.

It seems that Luigi, in natural pride of such a conquest, had brought his friend Mariano, another carabiniere, to the house one evening to meet the lovely Carmelina.

Was it unnatural that she should have tried to make herself agreeable to Luigi's friend? Did she not wish all his friends to be her friends as well? She chatted and laughed the evening through with Mariano, leaving her sweetheart to the tender mercies of Jovenina and Teresina. But though Luigi appeared satisfied with this arrangement he was consumed with jealousy as he watched his sweetheart and his friend. Mariano was an Iago thus to engage the attentions of the girl! Carmelina did not love him, after all; she was as fickle as the winds!

Luigi said nothing till it came time to go. Then he called Carmelina aside and reproached her cruelly for the very thing that she had done to please him.

Did Luigi think that she had made herself agreeable to Mariano for her own amusement? Was it likely that, from preference, she would talk with anyone but Luigi? If he was made jealous of his friend so easily, why had he brought him here at all? Mariano, indeed! She would never look at him again! He was neither as handsome nor as sympathetic as her Luigi!

But her explanations were of no avail. She was double-faced, said Luigi, like the marble statues that adorn the Quisisana. It was the carabiniere's uniform she loved, and not the man within it.

Now Carmelina's pride revolted. Very well! If Luigi thought these things of her it was fortunate that he had found them out in time. She did not wish to have a husband who would make her miserable with silly jealousies—perhaps even shame her publicly in the piazza, as some Capri husbands have a way of doing.

Adelaide and I imagined that beautiful dark head tossed back proudly and those big black eyes, no longer soft, but flashing. I wished I might have seen it, but when I said so, Adelaide pronounced me cruel and wicked. My mind, she told me, was like a clinic—a vivisectionist's clinic, too, if you please!—where human emotions were picked to pieces gleefully. Then she kissed me on what she's pleased to term my "bald spot."

Carmelina no longer sang Italian opera as she dusted. Adelaide said that now she dropped big tears upon the furniture, and I admit that I was annoyed with Luigi when I noticed that her gorgeous eyes were often red. Such eyes were never made for tears.

Adelaide raged anew soon after this. They had thought that Luigi would never come again, but they had not reckoned the Machiavellian scheming of his evil mind. He came to the villa regularly as before, but—fiend in human form—it was Jovenina now!

I demurred when Adelaide demanded that I go below and send him home. It would be too much like trying to eject a Julius Cæsar in full armor from one's kitchen. Why should I interfere in these Capri love affairs? I managed to persuade the dear creature I was right. Then she turned her thoughts to Jovenina. What a little serpent the girl was, to accept the homage of Carmelina's carabiniere! Had I noticed how differently she dressed? She was spending every cent she earned on finery. She wore her best regalia every night at dinner now, so that if Luigi came, she would attract him. Had she not better



In lame Italian I told my tale.—Page 246.

dismiss Jovenina from the house? Carmelina was worth two of Jovenina, anyway.

When I counselled caution, Adelaide again alluded to me as a vivisectionist; likewise, after her usual custom when she calls me names, she kissed my "bald spot." But she agreed, at last, to let things take their course, for a time, at least.

Soon after this, our minds were diverted unpleasantly, from Carmelina's love affair.

Lembo, the commissionaire who brings one everything from Naples, came with another instalment of our money from the bank. Next day, when Adelaide went to the trunk, a considerable sum was missing. Twenty-three dollars may not seem much to you, but it is one hundred and fifteen lira over here, and that's a lot of money.

I consulted an Italian gentleman who befriends Americans in Capri. He advised me to say nothing of the loss, but to mark some notes and leave them in the trunk as bait, looking every day to see if they had disappeared. When finally they went, I was to hurry at once to the Maresciallo—no, it is not at all like maraschino—hurry, at once, I say, to the Maresciallo, who is the local head of the carabinieri, and place the matter in his hands.

I did not expect further pilfering until the next money came from Naples, but two days later six of the marked five-lira notes took wing.

Adelaide discovered the loss while I was at the Torre Quattro Venti having tea. She hastened to send word, so that I might get the carabinieri quickly, before the thief disposed of the marked notes.

In the gathering dusk I found my way to the headquarters of this band of military police. It was not an easy place to find, for it was tucked away in one of the narrow jointed little alleys which empty into the Via del Castello, beneath the arches of old Santa Teresa.

At last I rapped upon the massive door with a monumental knocker that sent the echoes flying. Presently I heard footsteps inside; then an iron-latticed peep-hole opened cautiously, and someone asked me what my errand was. My answer seemed satisfactory. After an unbarring and unlocking that made me think what Capri must have been in mediæval days, when Saracen pirates occasionally called, I was admitted.

A shadowy carabiniere showed me through dark rooms and up a stairway, to

the Maresciallo's office. While I sat and waited, a lamp was brought.

The room was absolutely bare of furniture excepting for a rickety desk, three wobbly chairs, and a set of shelves marked with the impressive word "archivio." On the wall was a board with hooks, such as one sees in the offices of rustic hostelries at home, but the keys which hung upon these hooks were huge and ancient weapons—keys I imagined knights producing at their castle doors on coming home from the crusades. Besides some printed notices, the only adornment of the chamber was a target, marked upon the whitewashed wall, suggesting that when not engaged with his "archivio" the Maresciallo practised marksmanship, from his desk chair.

A carabiniere knocked at a door beside the target, while several others watched, as though a revelation were expected.

It flew open, and the Maresciallo's head appeared, as Punch's head pops out between curtains in the pulcinella.

I am sure that this is the only occasion on which the Maresciallo has been seen by human eyes looking anything but grand. He was not in his gorgeous uniform, but was dressed like a soldier in a battle painting. His fatigue coat was half unbuttoned, showing the gray shirt underneath, and his cap was like those worn by Italian workmen who have recently completed their military service.

They told the Maresciallo that I wished to see him. He entered the room and seated himself at his desk. I stood before him, and carabinieri ranged themselves about. Even the wobbly desk seemed to try to straighten up in the great man's presence.

In the unpleasantness of my errand I had quite forgotten Luigi. Now, suddenly, I caught sight of him, and it dawned upon me, horridly, that in speaking of the theft, I cast suspicion upon both girls toward whom his flashing eye had glanced with favor. The awkwardness of the situation staggered me, and I rejoiced that, though we were known to one another, I had not the honor of actual acquaintance with him. I wondered which of the others might be Mariano, but above all I speculated as to how Luigi would accept the news I brought. Would he chase me about the island with his sword and slay me, or would he only scorn me for a "pazzo" foreigner.

The Maresciallo fixed me with a shiny eye as in lame Italian I told my tale.

Did I suspect anyone?

I hastened to aver that I did not.

Were my servants honest?

They seemed so, but one of them had surely robbed us.

Ah, but which one?

I depended upon the Maresciallo, with his superior facilities, to discover that.

I was uneasy as we talked, for Luigi stood behind me. Should I hear his sword as it came from its scabbard or would my first notice be the prick of its sharp point between my shoulder-blades?

The Maresciallo moralized. Had I only lost jewelry the case would be more simple, but money—ah, money was hard indeed to trace!

Again I pointed out that the last bills stolen had been marked.

But how could I prove the marks?

In the Maresciallo's presence I now marked a note as I had marked the others.

But suppose the servants said the mark was theirs?

I had two witnesses.

Ah, that was well. Now was I certain that I had no direct suspicion?

Indeed I was.

Then how was he, the Maresciallo, to know where to begin?

That was beyond me. I had hoped that he might hasten to the villa and try to ferret out the thief ere the marked money had changed hands.

This sort of conversation proceeded for an hour—a very valuable hour, I felt, for each minute wasted rendered slighter our chances of success. I grew impatient, heartily wishing myself in police headquarters in New York.

At last the Maresciallo said that he would come up in the morning to investigate.

When I pointed out that the marked bills would almost certainly have vanished by that time, he winked a knowing eye and advised me to leave the case with him.

Dissatisfied, I started home. Fortunately, however, I had not gone far when I met the Italian friend who had advised the marked-note trap. I told him of the failure of my efforts with the Maresciallo, and he insisted upon returning with me to the stronghold of the carabinieri. When, for the second time, I reached the Maresciallo's



Drawn by S. Ivanowski.

"She has quarrelled with her lover. She is most unhappy."—Page 250.

office, I noticed a change in the manner of that dignitary. You see my friend was one of Capri's "city fathers." What a great thing is influence!

Everything that my Italian friend explained threw new light upon the subject of the theft. Within five minutes activities commenced. The Maresciallo would accompany me at once to the villa, where he would sift the matter to the bottom. It was an outrage that foreigners should be robbed! It would give Capri a bad name!

He disappeared behind the doors whence I had seen him emerge at first, and stayed there half an hour. But ah, the transformation when he reappeared! Now he was the real Maresciallo—the being I had seen in the piazza; him whom the Capriotes held in awe, and called "the Brigand."

Have you ever been escorted home by three policemen? If so, you know how people turn and look, and wonder what you've done. My progress through the piazza and past Morgano's and the stores was most conspicuous. Even the darkness did not shield me, for the swords of my three attendants clanked constantly, and our eight feet, keeping step, sounded hideously loud in the narrow stone-paved streets, attracting much attention. So great was my embarrassment I did not notice for a time that the Maresciallo had picked Luigi as one of his assistants, and even when I did discover it, I cared but little, so far gone I was with shame at being thus brought home.

Never had the flight of steps that leads up to our villa seemed so long. The nasty business must be gone through with, but I wished to have it over soon. It is not hard to decide to have an aching tooth removed, but the journey to the dentist preys upon one's nerves.

The Maresciallo told me not to ring, but to admit him directly to the kitchen. So we entered the garden gate and I rapped loudly on the kitchen door.

I had the feeling of a Judas as I heard Archangelo's footsteps coming blithely. Then the door was opened, and our proficient chef discovered me standing in the garden with my army. All care and sorrow left me at sight of the ludicrous, dismayed expression of that face. I should have laughed aloud but for my fear of Luigi and the Maresciallo.

All the servants were in the kitchen when we entered. As the Maresciallo explained his errand, I tried to detect some sign of perturbation in one or the other of them.

Archangelo was nervous and full of protestations; Carmelina was plainly astonished beyond measure; Jovenina assumed an air of nonchalant *ennui;* Teresina's black eyes popped out.

Until I saw him talking with the servants I had not realized the powers of the Maresciallo, and the aptness of his soubriquet, "the Brigand."

His mustaches were long and inky black, his features were large and good, and his deep-set eyes seemed to pierce the things they looked at and come through upon the other side. I have seldom seen a man of more impressive manner. He was self-contained, keen, and commanding, and his expressions of face and voice had surprising range and force. I became fascinated in observation of his methods. There was a seeming deep significance to every word he uttered, as though one more question would bring forth the money, show us who the culprit was, and settle the entire matter.

He had a way of throwing back his head, looking at his victim through half-closed eyes, and speaking very slowly. This seemed to drive the servants wild; there would at once begin arm-waving and expostulation that reminded me of panicky days on the New York Stock Exchange. He would change suddenly from this cold deliberate style to one of fire and rapidity. His head shot forward, his eyes blazed, and his question snapped out sharp as the click of a steel trap.

His gestures, too, were marvellous. He would pop his hand quite suddenly before his face, peering at Archangelo between the outstretched fingers, his pantomime irresistibly suggesting a prisoner looking from behind the bars.

If the answers to his questions did not suit him he raised his eyebrows and his shoulders, giving a look of derisive contempt which was beyond description.

Perhaps the finest accomplishment of this many-sided "Brigand" was his sinister laugh. He used it to denote the full extreme of scorn and disbelief, and it rang out cold and blood-curdling as the mirthless laughter of Mephisto.

Throughout his questioning I was pleased to observe the calm demeanor of our

Carmelina. She looked the Maresciallo in the eye and answered him with a directness that was disarming.

Archangelo was the first to fall into the "Brigand's" toils, for, on examination, it developed that he had been to several of the shops that afternoon and had paid bills amounting to about two hundred lira. They were our household bills, he said. Now, it is a Capri custom to pay daily, and I knew well that Adelaide was scrupulous upon this point. Archangelo admitted that he accounted to her every morning, and that before he went to market she always gave him money to pay for what he bought.

Why, then, had he not done so?

He became confused. It was bothersome he said. Instead of paying day by day, he put the money in the post-office—which, in Italy, is a sort of bank as well—and left it there until considerable accounts accumulated, when he drew it out and settled them as he had done this very afternoon.

The Maresciallo's irony was biting. Ah, so Archangelo was not the chef for the signore, but the keeper of the privy purse? The signore, not feeling competent to manage his own funds, gave them to Archangelo so they might be safe? Perhaps Archangelo bought tickets in the government lottery? Yes? And had he seen fit to invest some of the signore's money in the lottery as well?

Suddenly the "Brigand" pointed his long finger at the end of Archangelo's nose, and tossing his head back gave vent to his frost-bitten "Ha, ha!" When our chef expostulated wildly he was met with the imitation of the face behind the prison bars. This fell like a blight upon Archangelo. He then received a lecture and a warning on the subject of other people's money that I was sure he would heed.

At this point Carmelina proposed that all be searched. I was glad that the suggestion came from her, for I had liked her manner throughout this trying time. Not once had she looked at Luigi; not that her eyes had been cast down in embarrassment, but rather that they had looked past him and about him, and even through him. Of the two I was sure that Luigi was the more uneasy.

The other servants could not well object, so the search began at once with our fallen Archangelo. No marked money was discovered, but as the Maresciallo had suggested, there were tickets in the lottery, and alas! he had cigars and cigarettes of the brands I used. These he stoutly averred he bought, but the fact that they were of kinds not to be had on Capri seemed to disprove his statement. Besides, my initials were on the cigarettes.

Now a woman who had been sent for arrived to superintend the searching of the other three. Carmelina asked that Adelaide be present during the ceremonies, and Adelaide, when urged, reluctantly consented. The five entered one of the bedrooms and for most of what happened there I must depend on Adelaide's account as given me later.

Jovenina waved the other two aside with the manner of a queen. She must be searched first. After the removal of her waist, she produced from somewhere a handkerchief, which she placed upon the dresser, saying nonchalantly, "A little tea." I may mention here that Adelaide's opinion of Jovenina's assumed indifference was identical with mine. Of all the servants we were least sure of her.

Next came Teresina. In a dirty pocket with bits of string and other things were several lumps of sugar. Teresina hastened to explain that she had bought them. But with them was a box of safety-matches bearing a number marked in ink. I had recently begun numbering the boxes in the hope of keeping better track of them, so Teresina laid it on the table with a sickly grin that owned her guilt.

Next came Carmelina's turn. There had been some reserve in the disrobing of the others. Not so with Carmelina. Before they knew it, she had—as Adelaide put it—"popped out of her clothes," and stood there, well—let us say a forest nymph in bronze.

Nothing was found on Carmelina with the exception of her pretty figure, and I was standing outside in the hall with the three carabinieri when that was found. I know because I heard the exclamations.

"O Carmelina, What a pretty thing you are!" cried Adelaide, and the woman who had come to search remained to pray, for I heard her laugh, and exclaim, "O *Mamma mia!* Yes, yes, yes!"

Luigi was there beside me, so I suppose he heard it, too.

They came out presently, and when the "Brigand" found that Carmelina was the only one on whom no contraband had been discovered he smiled and nodded to her, saying, "Good!" For the other two he had no word.

Now the searching of the rooms began. It is needless to go into details; even the painted figure of the Madonna on Archangelo's wall was searched. Drawers, shelves, bureaus, boxes—all were investigated without result. As the hunt progressed things became less strained. There were smiles, and even little jests at the awkwardness with which the carabinieri handled some of the feminine apparel.

But even when Luigi and the other carabiniere were searching Carmelina's room, under the supervision of the "Brigand," the girl failed to give the slightest notice to her former admirer. When questions were put to her by Luigi or the other, she answered to the Maresciallo as though he had addressed her. I fondly fancied Luigi squirming beneath his gorgeous uniform.

The search was almost finished when Luigi, in a desultory hunt through the pockets of a coat that hung upon a hook in the girl's room, found a letter bearing no address. It had a big red seal, and I remembered her having come that morning to ask me for a piece of wax.

"What is this?" asked Luigi, holding it up for her inspection.

"A letter to my sister in Sorrento," said Carmelina, turning to the "Brigand."

"Does it contain anything?"

"Only the letter."

"Then you won't object to its being opened?"

"But I have no more wax," she protested.

"Perhaps the signore will let you have a little?" smiled the "Brigand."

I nodded.

"But it's only a letter to my sister," objected Carmelina.

I must own that I was surprised at the girl's attitude. It seemed to me that, for the first time, she was nervous. The "Brigand" shot her a quick glance beneath his eyebrows.

"Open it," he said to Luigi.

Luigi ripped the envelope. I sighed with relief, for there was no money. Somehow, Carmelina's seeming anxiousness about the letter had momentarily shaken my faith in her.

She had turned away as Luigi opened it. Her face was red. "Don't let him read it!" she begged the Maresciallo.

He looked at her again beneath his bushy brows.

"Read!" he commanded Luigi.

Luigi began perusing the epistle. It seemed as though the room had suddenly grown hot, for as he read he mopped his brow.

"Well?" asked the Maresciallo sternly.

Luigi looked beseechingly at Carmelina's back and hesitated for an instant. "Nothing," he said, addressing his superior.

"What does it say?"

"It concerns her personal affairs," said the now crimson carabiniere. "She has quarrelled with her lover. She is most unhappy——"

Here Jovenina tittered.

A choking sob burst from our Carmelina. With her face in her hands, she rushed from the room.

"Enough! enough!" cried the Maresciallo, glaring savagely at Jovenina, who instantly subsided.

The search was over. The money was not found. The Maresciallo left, saying he would see me in the morning.

I talked the matter over with Adelaide before going on my nightly rounds to see that doors and windows were secured.

"The money's gone forever," she said. "But there's one thing we know about it."

"What's that?" I asked.

"That Carmelina didn't take it."

"Yes," I agreed; "and whatever has become of it, I think it's well invested."

"Vivisection?"

"Well, if that's what you choose to call it, yes. It was surely odd, and Italian and dramatic."

"Forty dollars' worth," reflected Adelaide. Then suddenly: "I tell you! Write about it and get the money back that way."

"Perhaps," I answered, as I started on my door and window locking tour.

The sharp Italian moonlight was streaming in through the French windows leading to the garden. As my hand found the bolt I paused; outside I saw a figure. It was a carabiniere. He stood quite motionless. Then I discovered that he was not alone. His big blue cape sheltered someone else as well—someone whose dark head lay peacefully upon the carabiniere's shoulder.

THE POINT OF VIEW

NOWADAYS, as is often remarked, we do not grow old. The chimney-corner sees us no more; knitting is a lost art and an old lady's cap an obsolete headgear. The modern grandmother does not renounce a personal interest in pomps and vanities and the modern grandfather plays golf. The old-fashioned grandmother was perhaps not less worldly-minded, in spite of the tradition which makes a saint of her, but hers was a vicarious worldliness. It was for her granddaughters that she desired frivolities. Plenty of good clothes, plenty of beaux, and in the end to marry plenty of money; that was her ideal; and she set much store by good looks. She was a trifle cynical as to the duration of early attachments. One old lady, who had eloped with the man of her heart, was asked by a granddaughter whether, if she had it to do over again, she would still make a runaway marriage. With the appalling frankness which belongs alike to childhood and old age, she replied: "Yes, but not with Mr. A."

Age *versus* Youth

With increasing enlightenment in matters of hygiene the period of old age is deferred, and the tides of life now flow strongly at a time when our forefathers and, still more, our foremothers were laid on the shelf; and yet, put it off as we may, it is bound to catch up with us, unless we be of those whom the gods love. To the earlier period of meek acceptance belongs the assertion, so often repeated as to be sometimes carelessly taken for truth, that contact with youth more than anything else makes old people forget their age. Never was a more mistaken statement. In a way, it is true that the society of young persons does keep their elders young, by stimulating their pride and preventing them from giving way to certain foibles incident to their time of life. It is in the nature of a salutary discipline; and those persons who are brought in contact with the little segregated communities of old men and old women who are collected in "Homes" will probably agree that it is a discipline which is most desirable. For of all the pitfalls which lie in wait for old age, the most distressing is that lack of self-control which lays bare the weaknesses hitherto kept under cover by a normally strong will. The constant presence of the younger generation is at the same time a moral goad and a support. The very instinct of self-preservation leads one to adapt oneself to their standards. If you would not be unpleasant to look at, you must cultivate the niceties of the toilet. Not for you, madam, any "sweet neglect." At your age, "robes loosely flowing, hair as free" are not as befitting as a well-preserved figure and a trim coiffure. Not for you, sir, an overindulgence in slippered ease. Beware the trousers that bag at the knees and the wrinkled waistcoat. If you would not be an unwelcome companion you must constantly bear in mind that "brevity is the soul of wit." You must be sympathetic, but discreet; wise, but not too wise; modern enough to be companionable, but old-fashioned enough to be suitable. And you must not expect to be understood. Youth believes itself to be misunderstood, age knows itself to be so. But for your comfort you may know that the vigorous discipline to which you subject yourself undoubtedly retards the progress of senile decay.

As for your children and grandchildren, they are charming creatures; so handsome and gay and clever, so affectionate and so full of pretty ways with you, and as sympathetic as their limited experience of life will permit. You love their very inexperience and in your secret heart you think them a great improvement on what you were at their age. But as for feeling young in their presence, that is another matter. For that you must seek the society of someone older than yourself; someone who calls you by your first name, or, better still, by a nickname; who gives you advice and thinks your clothes are too old for you—someone, in short, who from the vantage-ground of superior years bullies you a little. And when the last person is gone to whom you were always young, then, indeed, you know the loneliness of age,—model grandparent though you may be, adoring your descendants and adored by them.

THE voice of the Spelling Reformer is once more heard in the land after so considerable a lapse that we thought he had forgotten all about us. This time he comes re-enforced by the Captain of Industry, who announces that he is going to "finance spelling reform." Decidedly we must now mind our Ps and Qs.

We have been growing careless of late. Once upon a time we took shame to ourselves if we made errors in spelling and we were in haste to devise excuses for our shortcomings. It was a slip of the pen, we said; or if we acknowledged our weakness we maintained that good spellers were born, not made, and tried to brazen it out in that way. Nowadays, when a high priest of spelling reform tells us that the student is no longer obliged to sit "with a dictionary at his elbow" and that the traveller need no longer "pack one with his linen and his Bible," we feel that we are not called upon to be slaves to the vagaries of twenty-six letters; that it is of no consequence whether we spell the English language correctly or not; and that, in fact, so irregular and illogical a language does not deserve any consideration at our hands—to such ease of conscience have we arrived. True, we are still cowardly enough to anticipate criticism by saying in a casual way to whomever it may concern, "You know I don't pretend to know how to spell"; for nothing so disarms criticism as to confess one's sins before committing them.

Some Advantages of Unreformed Spelling

It is doubtless a fine thing not to be obliged to worry over a vowel put in or a consonant left out, but we seem to be coming to the end of this happy, care-free period, for now we are to be brought up with a sharp turn. Ironclad rules are to be laid down which, if we follow them, will give to our most serious and eloquent pages an appearance at once barbarous and would-be funny, reminding us of the methods of the early school of American humorists. Perhaps the only thing necessary is to get used to these changes; but shall we of the present generation ever succeed in getting used to them? Shall we ever be able to take the literature of the future seriously? Protests come from those who treasure that "nice and delicate sense for visual symbols which has been built up through centuries"; but what chance have we old fogies if Capital is to finance spelling? And not only is it proposed to give us a changed spelling, but we are even offered a new alphabet, so dotted over with cabalistic signs that it may be warranted to ruin the strongest eyesight!

It really is not wise to subject even youth to a too sudden shock to its "delicate sense for visual symbols." One would not willingly arouse laughter when one is in dead earnest. Take, for instance, the case of my friend Justus, who felt obliged, the other day, to write a letter of admonition to his graceless nephew. Now my friend is not a spelling reformer, but, although a man of education, he has always been an indifferent speller, and he does by no means sit with the dictionary at his elbow. The double consonant is his stumbling-block. When he sat down to write his letter he was in a severe frame of mind, and as he wrote his indignation grew—a righteous and well-justified indignation too; and since he does not lack a command of concise and forcible language he did not fail to make his opinion of the boy's behavior clear. The boy, who is by no means irreclaimable, found himself very unhappy upon the receipt of this letter. He knew quite well that he had made a fool of himself and his uncle's scorn cut deep. As he read, he had a despairing sense that nothing was very much worth while any more, that no efforts could make up for the past, and that "foolishness" (how much more contemptuous a word than folly!) was more irremediable than sin. And then suddenly, as his eyes followed the lines, the tension was relieved and he burst out laughing. For my friend Justus, at the climax of his scorn, had written "apetites" for appetites. "Apetites!" chuckled the boy, and after that could bear to be told that his debts were "appaling." Of course you and I, who have a sneaking kindness for the boy, are glad that the sting was drawn; but the effect was not what my friend Justus intended.

Our friends the spelling reformers intend, I understand, to make their spelling conform to our pronunciation; but there seems to be some danger that it will be the other way about, and that long before we have got used to their indicatory dots and lines our pronunciation will have become hopelessly vitiated. Who that has heard *program* pronounced *progrum* can be free from this apprehension? Can even the ingenious suggestion that the silent letters should be made to do their duty and that we should sound the final *ugh* avail to save us?

THE FIELD OF ART

EASTMAN JOHNSON—HIS LIFE AND WORKS

HOLLAND, the country above all others to which art owes gratitude for the creation and maintenance of sane traditions of painting, rendered a signal service to American art some half century ago in the solid technical training which it gave to Eastman Johnson. The education of our earlier painters had been various. When the nineteenth century was nearing its middle period there was a general exodus of students to Düsseldorf, and it was to pursue his studies there that in 1849 Eastman Johnson took ship for Europe. The vessel on which Johnson sailed, bound for Antwerp, was detained at Flushing; and it is to be regretted that no written record has been made of the story which Johnson delighted to tell, and told so well, of how he and his comrade, George Henry Hall, who survives him—impatient young pilgrims desiring to plunge at once into the promised land of art—left the vessel and, ignorant of the language and customs of the country, trudged on foot along the River Scheldt toward their goal. On their way each step revealed to their New-World eyes some detail filled with romance and promise, until after nightfall they found themselves before the closed gates of the city of Antwerp, which was then a walled town obedient to the old custom of curfew.

After an amusing parley in conflicting tongues the capital of Flemish art received them kindly, and henceforward the art of Flanders and Holland made so direct and sympathetic an appeal to Johnson that his sojourn in Düsseldorf was comparatively brief and its lessons had little or no visible effect on his life-work. His earlier student stage passed, he settled at the Hague, where his success was so marked that when after an absence of long duration he determined to return to the United States, his patriotic purpose was carried out in the face of a temptation to accept the formal proffer of the position of court painter at the Hague. It may be said in passing that a singular good fortune has rewarded the efforts of many of our painters abroad, a good fortune made the more conspicuous, perhaps, by our lack of appreciation of many of the same men at home. Stuart's renunciation of a position hardly second to Reynolds' in order that he might transmit to posterity the features of Washington, Vanderlyn's success in Paris, Allston's deliberate return in the face of a strong probability that he might inherit the position and influence which Benjamin West had so long held in London, and Morse's turning from his brilliant *début* abroad to found at home the National Academy of Design, are all instances of Americans taking a position in the art of the Old World that proves the trite axiom that our prophets are not without honor save in their own country.

This may be deliberately written even in view of what we deem here to have been the successful career of Eastman Johnson, and may be enregistered without bitterness as a necessary sacrifice on the part of all those honorable men who have laid the foundation of our present and future art. If we had to-day an institution possessing the authority of the Institute of France, addressing a public sufficiently enlightened to accept the life-work of a sincere and gifted artist as an important part of the accrued intellectual wealth of our country, an exhibition might be had of the work of Eastman Johnson like those which in the year following their death gather together a comprehensive and representative showing of the life-work of the greater artists of France within the galleries of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris. This summer sees such exhibitions there of the work of Fantin-Latour and J. J. Henner; good painters both, but no more important to the art of their country than is Eastman Johnson to ours.

Such an exhibition would show that returning home shortly before the Civil War Johnson was, as Aaron Burr wrote of Vanderlyn at his return (I quote from memory), "the best trained painter that is or has been born upon our shores." Chronologically, the most important evidence of a higher de-

gree of technical skill in drawing, painting, and composition that any of our men at that time possessed may be found in the "Old Kentucky Home," now in the Lenox Library in New York, though a number of smaller pictures, notably a "Prisoner of State," may have preceded this. At about the same period must be noted some very remarkable studies and drawings made among the Indians in the Northwest.

As he was thirty years ago so Eastman Johnson remained to the last. He was seventy-five years of age when, returning from the decorous revels by which the Century Club of New York at long intervals celebrates the Twelfth Night, he caught sight of himself in a mirror. He was dressed in the costume of a Dutch burgomaster, his ruddy face emerging from a "cartwheel" ruff. It was three o'clock in the morning, but as he himself told the story, the effect of light under the gas tempted him, and procuring a canvas, he then and there painted from his reflection in the glass until dawn, producing a spirited portrait that many of his younger contemporaries could well envy, and that more than one of the old Dutch masters could regard with an approving eye. A full-blooded, honest painter, close kin to a great and virile race, when the time comes that present accomplishment shall have triumphed over false and temporary fashion, and it is recognized that we must honor our own men, his place will be assured.

WILL H. LOW.

THE example set by Eastman Johnson, both as a man and an artist, is one worthy of the consideration of all artists.

As a painter he has for many years stood among us, acknowledged both by the men of the older and the younger schools as an able technician and as a worthy exponent of the art we have developed on this side of the ocean. Mr. Johnson began his career as a draughtsman, doing his first portraits in crayon, and his work was throughout characterized by recognition of form. It is a matter of interest to note that in the history of painting, with but very few exceptions, every producer of work emphasizing drawing and a knowledge of form has scored, even though color was not a dominant or even strikingly perceptible accompaniment. In the case of Mr. Johnson, however, color was an accompaniment of no mean proportion and was handled in a manner which, technically, commanded the respect of those of us who had come from the schools of Paris, where the *pâte* and the *coup-de-brosse* were held in the highest esteem. His method of work was one known to our predecessors and esteemed by us, though differing from that which I had myself been taught in the *atelier* of Carolus Duran. It was one of the warm, transparent shadows sustaining lights and half-tones painted with vigor and *impasto*. Thomas Couture was perhaps the best exponent of this method in France during the period preceding my study there. Eastman Johnson practised this formula of painting with extreme dexterity, using both warm and cool lights in delicate contrast to half-tones of pearl and cool gray, the whole backed by warm, rich, luminous shadow painted transparently. This method of painting, in the hands of a man who was a practised draughtsman, gave a means of expression which only required to have back of it a mind in touch with humanity and of high ideals to produce works of art above the average, and such were the works of this artist. In telling the stories of our American people, both in New England and the South, he never descended into the trivial, he was never simply anecdotic. The art conveyed to the canvas always prevailed over the simple story. The work of the *painter* was dominant. Be it in "The Glass with the Squire" or in the "Corn Husking," one felt the merit of the man who handled the brush above the sentiment of the subject, and it is this quality in Eastman Johnson's work that makes me glad to write of him as an artist. He tells his story in a strong and forceful manner, unheeding the clamor for detail and triviality. Such have been the characteristics of men like Jean François Millet and Winslow Homer, who being men absorbed by and devoted to their art, have felt that its superiority must be maintained over the theme presented, thereby making their canvases of that lasting quality which the mere recital of an incident in paint never attains.

In portraiture Mr. Johnson was both forceful and sympathetic. Some of his heads of men are as strong as any that have been produced in our time. I recall with the greatest pleasure a head of Dr. McCosh which was in the collection of his work exhibited at the Century Club a few years ago. Laid in with great skill, this canvas both in

color and value was a masterpiece, portraying the refined intellectuality of a sitter in a direct manner without overelaboration. The planes of the brow and face were declared with the surety which comes from long training and artistic judgment. There was no juggling with the brush or forcing of the pigment, no avoidance of a form or a feature to bring into prominence the author's skill in keying up a high light. The whole was a conscientious representation of the personality of the subject, reminding one of the dignity and charm of certain portraits by Titian and the early Italians. Our later school of painters are interpreting things in a somewhat different way. Is it a better way? I seriously doubt it. The paint and the execution are playing the rôle of importance and occupying too much the centre of the stage. Mr. Johnson represented sincerity and a knowledge based on training and coupled with natural gifts of a high order. His work will be always valuable both intrinsically and as an example to followers of his art.

CARROLL BECKWITH.

EASTMAN JOHNSON was eighty-two years old when he died and the beginnings of his art went back to a time when painting in this country was at its lowest point. The culture of England and of Europe in general, which was reflected in our colonial life, had about died out, and in its place was growing up a crude and trivial art to satisfy a public for the most part uncultivated and busy with other things. This public, however, had at least the advantage of being homogeneous and democratic. The artists belonged to it and were understood and honored by it, and when they advanced they lifted the public with them.

It was for this public that Johnson catered both in his early efforts before he went abroad in 1849 and after his return in 1860. He never lost touch with it as did the great body of the "younger men" who in the 80's came back from Europe with new ideas of what constituted a picture.

Johnson was by that time one of the "older men," and though well disposed toward the new movements and respected by its followers he remained true to the earlier traditions. He never lacked public comprehension and patronage as the "younger men" did. His training was different. He had begun with Düsseldorf, but soon went to Holland, where the sound and thorough technique taught suited him perfectly. This technique, with its careful drawing, warm transparent shadows and solid, opaque lights, had nothing revolutionary in it, but represented the academic tradition of the country. Johnson mastered it thoroughly, and having mastered it, thought no more about it, but centred his mind upon his subject.

This is where he differed from the "younger men" trained in Munich or Paris. They had cast in their lot with the innovators. They brought from Munich felicities of dashing brushwork and from Paris effects of open-air lighting unattempted before. The subjects on which they displayed these novelties were matters of indifference to them. Paradoxically, the very fact that they had not lived so long abroad as Johnson made them more removed from our native taste. They had not painted pictures in Europe, but studies, and they still had a student's pride in the skill of the student, with no experience of the completeness and seriousness of finished work. They did things "amusing" to themselves and which were "amusing" largely from technical reasons which their public was not in a position to understand.

Eastman Johnson was the direct contrary to all this. To him his subject was as paramount as it was to the early Italian or Flemish painters. He had a story to tell, and he appealed not to a restricted circle, but to the great public; and his pictures displayed incidents of common life, mostly that country life which nearly everyone of that earlier day had known in youth. This story-telling intent was general in America at the time and produced much work that was trivial and inartistic, but Johnson's was neither. His nature was strong and deep and he chose from the life around him what was human and permanent, discarding instinctively the petty and insignificant. His world of plain folk, farmers, peddlers, housewives, or country boys is seen with sympathetic insight. More important still, it is seen from a painter's standpoint and rendered with something of that "style" which escapes the commonplace.

The work is full of artistic qualities added unconsciously in the desire to express the subject. The draughtsmanship is admirable, not only correct, but strong and full of character; the composition is well arranged, the lights and darks spot well, and the color, while rich and warm, according to the school traditions, is not perfunctory, but

shows real feeling. No impatience or change of mood leaves any part incomplete, yet labor does not wear out inspiration. There are felicities of handling not aggressive but as skilful and interesting as ever came out of Munich, and atmospheric effects rendered with a delicate accuracy that Paris training has not surpassed. It is the combining of artistic and popular elements that is Eastman Johnson's characteristic merit. For a generation he stood almost alone in offering to the uncultured public pictures which they could thoroughly enjoy and which at the same time increased and educated their artistic perceptions. Even now there seems to be no one who fully replaces him in that office. SAMUEL ISHAM.

THE death of Eastman Johnson removes almost the last link which unites us with that past of our art which was, in a certain sense, analogous to the period of our literature of which Bryant, Longfellow, Prescott, Motley, Whittier, and Lowell were representatives. It was characteristic of both fields of effort that in the output of each there was a distinct national flavor. The sympathies of both writer and painter were of the soil of their native land.

Romance invested the institution of slavery; and later the Civil War provided subjects, and farm life suggested topics to the healthy-minded and not too complex painter of the day which appealed to a public equally simple and receptive in its attitude toward painted themes. Hence we still recall by this painter "The Old Kentucky Home," "The Pension Agent," "The Tramp," "The Old Stage-coach," "Nantucket Whalers," and "The Cranberry Pickers," which reveal a past, or fast-vanishing, phase of our civilization.

This fact, of itself, would not make them memorable; but Johnson had a fine sense of color and a wholesome appreciation of the intimate and homely subjects of the Dutch school. Beautiful grays were to be found in his interior scenes, a rich *impasto*, and a kind of looseness in the touch which removed them far from much of the practice that was going on at the time of his return from abroad. These pictures are veritable contributions as records of vanishing phases of the national life. But as he had begun by making portraits, so he returned to them; and his reputation was that of a portrait-painter. To consider these is to go into a subject that is more or less technical. It would not be wise, however, to measure Johnson's art by the practice of to-day; but for the time he worked and the environment in which he worked, his accomplishment was remarkable. He had indeed many attributes that well fitted him for his work. A genial, robust, and wholesome personality—one that by no idiosyncrasy or affectation would be likely to repel a sitter—and this sometimes counts for much.

When a painter puts before us personalities so strongly marked as some of Johnson's most telling presentations, one is rather indisposed to find fault because of the lack of those qualities of the virtuoso which much of the work of to-day displays, not always so successfully united with the human side. It is perfectly true, however, that the painter we are considering made use of conventions in painting which the worker of the present seeks to avoid. In spite of this there was in his work a breadth of aspect, a merging into the background of certain uninteresting passages of form, a care in the selection of accessories, that testified to the presence of a controlling judgment in the conception of the canvas, which stamped it as the production of one possessed of the essentials of portrait art. Our painter's method was, after all, a rather full-blooded one—his touch was, as opposed to that of his contemporaries, free and loose—a reminder, perhaps, of that vigorous manipulator of pigment, Couture; while Johnson's color seemed to come from his very veins, so rich and ruddy was its glow.

If he had been possessed of a surer and more certain sense of planes, if he had builded, with his strong color, the constructive forms of the human head with the competency say, of Raeburn, we should have had still greater pleasure in the canvases he has left. Still, vigor and character were the distinguishing marks of Johnson's work above, perhaps, that of any of his contemporaries, and he outlived many of them in his working years. FRANK FOWLER.



THE FIFERS.

From the painting by Eastman Johnson.

—"Eastman Johnson, Painter," page 263.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XL SEPTEMBER, 1906 NO. 3

A KNIGHT OF THE CUMBERLAND

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

THE BLIGHT IN THE HILLS

I

HIGH noon of a crisp October day, sunshine flooding the earth with the warmth and light of old wine and, going single-file up through the jagged gap that the dripping of water has worn down through the Cumberland Mountains from crest to valley-level, a gray horse and two big mules, a man and two young girls. On the gray horse, I led the tortuous way. After me came my small sister—and after her and like her, mule-back, rode the Blight—dressed as she would be for a gallop in Central Park or to ride a hunter in a horse show.

I was taking them, according to promise, where the feet of other women than mountaineers had never trod—beyond the crest of the Big Black—to the waters of the Cumberland—the lair of moonshiner and feudsman, where is yet pocketed a civilization that, elsewhere, is long ago gone. This had been a pet dream of the Blight's for a long time, and now the dream was coming true. The Blight was in the hills.

Nobody ever went to her mother's house without asking to see her even when she was a little thing with black hair, merry face and black eyes. Both men and women, with children of their own, have told me that she was, perhaps, the most fascinating child that ever lived. There be some who claim that she has never changed—and I am among them. She began early, regardless of age, sex or previous condition of servitude—she continues recklessly as she began—and none makes complaint. Thus was it in her own world—thus it was when she came to mine. On the way down from the North, the conductor's voice changed from a command to a request when he asked for her ticket. The jacketed lord of the dining car saw her from afar and advanced to show her to a seat—that she might ride forward, sit next to a shaded window and be free from the glare of the sun on the other side. Two porters made a rush for her bag when she got off the car and the proprietor of the little hotel in the little town where we had to wait several hours for the train into the mountains, gave her the bridal chamber for an afternoon nap. From this little town to "The Gap" is the worst sixty-mile ride, perhaps, in the world. She sat in a dirty day-coach; the smoke rolled in at the windows and doors; the cars shook and swayed and lumbered around curves and down and up gorges; there were about her rough men, crying children, slatternly women, tobacco juice, peanuts, popcorn and apple cores, but dainty, serene and as merry as ever, she sat through that ride with a radiant smile, her keen black eyes noting everything unlovely within and the glory of hill, tree and chasm without. Next morning at home, where we rise early, no one was allowed to waken her and she had breakfast in bed—for the Blight's gentle tyranny was established on sight and varied not at the Gap.

When she went down the street that day everybody stared surreptitiously and with

Copyright, 1906, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

perfect respect, as her dainty black-plumed figure passed; the Post-office clerk could barely bring himself to say that there was no letter for her. The soda-fountain boy nearly filled her glass with syrup before he saw that he was not strictly minding his own business; the clerk, when I bought chocolate for her, unblushingly added extra weight and, as we went back, she met them both—Marston, the young engineer from the North, crossing the street and, at the same moment, a drunken young tough with an infuriated face reeling in a run around the corner ahead of us as though he were being pursued. Now we have a volunteer police guard some forty strong at the Gap—and from habit, I started for him, but the Blight caught my arm tight. The young engineer in three strides had reached the curb-stone and all he sternly said was:

"Here! Here!"

The drunken youth wheeled and his right hand shot towards his hip pocket. The engineer was belted with a pistol, but with one lightning movement and an incredibly long reach, his right fist caught the fellow's jaw so that he pitched backward and collapsed like an empty bag. Then the engineer caught sight of the Blight's bewildered face, flushed, gripped his hands in front of him and simply stared. At last he saw me:

"Oh," he said, "how do you do?" and he turned to his prisoner, but the panting sergeant and another policeman—also a volunteer—were already lifting him to his feet. I introduced the boy and the Blight then, and for the first time in my life I saw the Blight—shaken. Round-eyed, she merely gazed at him.

"That was pretty well done," I said.

"Oh, he was drunk and I knew he would be slow." Now something curious happened. The dazed prisoner was on his feet, and his captors were starting with him to the calaboose when he seemed suddenly to come to his senses.

"Jes wait a minute, will ye?" he said quietly, and his captors, thinking perhaps that he wanted to say something to me, stopped. The mountain youth turned a strangely sobered face and fixed his blue eyes on the engineer as though he were searing every feature of that imperturbable young man in his brain forever. It was not a bad face, but the avenging hatred in it was fearful. Then he, too, saw the Blight, his face calmed magically and he, too, stared at her, and turned away with an oath checked at his lips. We went on—the Blight thrilled, for she had heard much of our volunteer force at the Gap and had seen something already. Presently I looked back. Prisoner and captors were climbing the little hill towards the calaboose and the mountain boy just then turned his head and I could swear that his eyes sought not the engineer, whom we left at the corner, but, like the engineer, he was looking at the Blight. Whereat I did not wonder—particularly as to the engineer. He had been in the mountains for a long time and I knew what this vision from home meant to him. He turned up at the house quite early that night.

"I'm not on duty until eleven," he said hesitantly, "and I thought I'd——"

"Come right in."

I asked him a few questions about business and then I left him and the Blight alone. When I came back she had a Gatling gun of eager questions ranged on him and—happy withal—he was squirming no little. I followed him to the gate.

"Are you really going over into those God-forsaken mountains?" he asked.

"I thought I would."

"And you are going to take *her?*"

"And my sister."

"Oh, I beg your pardon." He strode away.

"Coming up by the mines?" he called back.

"Perhaps—will you show us around?"

"I guess I will," he said emphatically, and he went on to risk his neck on a ten-mile ride along a mountain road in the dark.

"I *like* a man," said the Blight. "I like a *man.*"

Of course the Blight must see everything, so she insisted on going to the police court next morning for the trial of the mountain boy. The boy was in the witness chair when we got there, and the Hon. Samuel Budd was his counsel. He had volunteered to defend the prisoner, I was soon told, and then I understood. The November election was not far off and the Hon. Samuel Budd was candidate for legislature. More even, the boy's father was a warm supporter of Mr. Budd and the boy himself might perhaps render good service in the cause when the time came—as indeed he did. On one of the front chairs sat the

young engineer and it was a question whether he or the prisoner saw the Blight's black plumes first. The eyes of both flashed towards her simultaneously, the engineer colored perceptibly and the mountain boy stopped short in speech and his pallid face flushed with unmistakable shame. Then he went on: "He had liquered up," he said, "and had got tight afore he knowed it and he didn't mean no harm and had never been arrested afore in his whole life."

"Have you ever been drunk before?" asked the prosecuting attorney severely. The lad looked surprised.

"Cos'e I have, but I ain't goin' to agin—leastwise not in this here town." There was a general laugh at this and the aged mayor rapped loudly.

"That will do," said the attorney.

The lad stepped down, hitched his chair slightly so that his back was to the Blight, sank down in it until his head rested on the back of the chair and crossed his legs. The Hon. Samuel Budd arose and the Blight looked at him with wonder. His long yellow hair was parted in the middle and brushed with plaster-like precision behind two enormous ears, he wore spectacles, gold-rimmed and with great staring lenses, and his face was smooth and ageless. He caressed his chin ruminatingly and rolled his lips until they settled into a fine resultant of wisdom, patience, toleration and firmness. His manner was profound and his voice oily and soothing.

"May it please your Honor—my young friend frankly pleads guilty," he paused as though the majesty of the law could ask no more. "He is a young man of naturally high and somewhat—naturally, too, no doubt—bibulous spirits. Homeopathically—if inversely—the result was logical. In the untrammelled life of the liberty-breathing mountains, where the stern spirit of law and order, of which your Honor is the august symbol, does not prevail as it does here—thanks to your Honor's wise and just dispensations—the lad has, I may say, naturally acquired a certain recklessness of mood—indulgence which, however easily condoned there, must here be sternly rebuked. At the same time, he knew not the conditions here, he became exhilarated without malice, prepensey or even, I may say, consciousness. He would not have done as he has, if he had known what he knows now, and, knowing, he will not repeat the offence. I need say no more. I plead simply that your Honor will temper the justice that is only yours with the mercy that is yours—only."

His Honor was visibly affected and to cover it—his methods being informal—he said with sharp irrelevancy:

"Who bailed this young feller out last night?" The sergeant spoke:

"Why Mr. Marston thar"—with outstretched finger towards the young engineer. The Blight's black eyes leaped with exultant appreciation and the engineer turned crimson. His Honor rolled his quid around in his mouth once, and peered over his glasses:

"I fine this young feller two dollars and costs." The young fellow had turned slowly in his chair and his blue eyes blazed at the engineer with unappeasable hatred. I doubt if he had heard his Honor's voice.

"I want ye to know that I'm obleeged to ye an' I ain't a-goin' to fergit it: but if I'd a' known hit was you I'd a stayed in jail an' seen you in hell afore I'd a been bounden to ye."

"Ten dollars fer contempt of couht." The boy was hot now.

"Oh, fine and be——," the Hon. Samuel Budd had him by the shoulder, the boy swallowed his voice and his starting tears of rage, and after a whisper to his Honor, the Hon. Samuel led him out. Outside, the engineer laughed to the Blight:

"Pretty peppery, isn't he?" but the Blight said nothing, and later we saw the youth on a gray horse crossing the bridge and conducted by the Hon. Samuel Budd, who stopped and waved him towards the mountains. The boy went on and across the plateau, the gray Gap swallowed him.

That night, at the post-office, the Hon. Sam plucked me aside by the sleeve.

"I know Marston is agin me in this race—but I'll do him a good turn just the same. You tell him to watch out for that young fellow. He's all right when he's sober, but when he's drunk—well, over in Kentucky, they call him the Wild Dog."

Several days later we started out through that same Gap. The glum stableman looked at the Blight's girths three times, and with my own eyes starting and my heart in my mouth, I saw her pass behind her sixteen-

hand-high mule and give him a friendly tap on the rump as she went by. The beast gave an appreciative flop of one ear and that was all. Had I done that, any further benefit to me or mine would be incorporated in the terms of an insurance policy. So, stating this, I believe I state the limit and can now go on to say at last that it was because she seemed to be loved by man and brute alike that a big man of her own town, whose body, big as it was, was yet too small for his heart and from whose brain things went off at queer angles always christened her perversely as—"The Blight."

II

SO up we went past Bee Rock, Preacher's Creek and Little Looney, past the mines where high on a "tipple" stood the young engineer looking down at us, and looking after the Blight as we passed on into a dim rocky avenue walled on each side with rhododendrons. I waved at him and shook my head—we would see him coming back. Beyond a deserted log-cabin we turned up a spur of the mountain. Around a clump of bushes we came on a gray-bearded mountaineer holding his horse by the bridle and from a covert high above two more men appeared with Winchesters. The Blight breathed forth an awed whisper:

"Are they moonshiners?"

I nodded sagely, "Most likely," and the Blight was thrilled. They might have been squirrel-hunters most innocent, but the Blight had heard much talk of moonshine stills and mountain feuds and the men who run them and I took the risk of denying her nothing. Up and up we went, those two mules swaying from side to side with a motion little short of elephantine and, by and by, the Blight called out:

"You ride ahead and don't you *dare* look back."

Accustomed to obeying the Blight's orders, I rode ahead with eyes to the front. Presently, a shriek made me turn suddenly. It was nothing—my little sister's mule had gone near a steep cliff—perilously near, as its rider thought, but I saw why I must not look back; those two little girls were riding astride on side-saddles, the booted little right foot of each dangling stirrupless—a posture quite decorous but ludicrous.

"Let us know if anybody comes," they cried. A mountaineer descended into sight around a loop of the path above.

"Change cars," I shouted.

They changed and, passing, were grave, demure—then they changed again, and thus we climbed.

Such a glory as was below, around and above us; the air like champagne; the sunlight rich and pouring like a flood on the gold that the beeches had strewn in the path, on the gold that the poplars still shook high above and shimmering on the royal scarlet of the maple and the sombre russet of the oak. From far below us to far above us a deep curving ravine was slashed into the mountain side as by one stroke of a gigantic scimitar. The darkness deep down was lighted up with cool green, interfused with liquid gold. Russet and yellow splashed the mountain sides beyond and high up the maples were in a shaking blaze. The Blight's swift eyes took all in and with indrawn breath she drank it deep down.

An hour by sun we were near the top, which was bared of trees and turned into rich farm-land covered with blue-grass. Along these upland pastures, dotted with grazing cattle, and across them we rode towards the mountain wildernesses on the other side, down into which a zigzag path wriggles along the steep front of Benham's spur. At the edge of the steep was a cabin and a bushy bearded mountaineer, who looked like a brigand, answered my hail. He "mought" keep us all night, but he'd ruther not, as we could git a place to stay down the spur." Could we get down before dark? The mountaineer lifted his eyes to where the sun was breaking the horizon of the west into streaks and splashes of yellow and crimson.

"Oh, yes, you can git thar afore dark."

Now I knew that the mountaineer's idea of distance is vague—but he knows how long it takes to get from one place to another. So we started down—dropping at once into thick dark woods, and as we went looping down, the deeper was the gloom. That sun had suddenly severed all connection with the laws of gravity and sunk, and it was all the darker because the stars were not out. The path was steep and coiled downward like a wounded snake. In one



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"If I'd a' known hit was you I'd a stayed in jail."—Page 259.

place a tree had fallen across it, and to reach the next coil of the path below was dangerous. So I had the girls dismount and I led the gray horse down on his haunches. The mules refused to follow, which was rather unusual. I went back and from a safe distance in the rear I belabored them down. They cared neither for gray horse nor crooked path, but turned of their own devilish wills along the bushy mountain side. As I ran after them the gray horse started calmly on down and those two girls shrieked with laughter—they knew no better. First one way and then the other down the mountain went those mules, with me after them, through thick bushes, over logs, stumps and bowlders and holes-crossing the path a dozen times. What that path was there for never occurred to those long-eared half asses, whole fools, and by and by, when the girls tried to shoo them down they clambered around and above them and struck the path back up the mountain. The horse had gone down one way, the mules up the other, and there was no health in anything. The girls could not go up—so there was nothing to do but go down, which, hard as it was, was easier than going up. The path was not visible now. Once in a while I would stumble from it and crash through the bushes to the next coil below. Finally I went down, sliding one foot ahead all the time—knowing that when leaves rustled under that foot I was on the point of going astray. Sometimes I had to light a match to make sure of the way, and thus the ridiculous descent was made with those girls in high spirits behind. Indeed, the darker, rockier, steeper it got, the more they shrieked from pure joy—but I was any thing than happy. It was dangerous. I didn't know the cliffs and high rocks we might skirt and an unlucky guidance might land us in the creek-bed far down. But the blessed stars came out, the moon peered over a further mountain and on the last spur there was the gray horse browsing in the path—and the sound of running water not far below. Fortunately on the gray horse were the saddle-bags of the chattering infants who thought the whole thing a mighty lark. We reached the running water, struck a flock of geese and knew, in consequence, that humanity was somewhere near. A few turns of the creek and a beacon light shone below. The pales of a picket fence, the cheering outlines of a log-cabin came in view and at a peaked gate I shouted:

"Hello!"

You enter no mountaineer's yard without that announcing cry. It was mediæval, the Blight said, positively—two lorn damsels, a benighted knight partially stripped of his armor by bush and sharp-edged rock, a gray palfrey (she didn't mention the impatient asses that had turned homeward) and she wished I had a horn to wind. I wanted a "horn" badly enough—but it was not the kind men wind. By and by we got a response:

"Hello!" was the answer, as an opened door let out into the yard a broad band of light. Could we stay all night? The voice replied that the owner would see "Pap." "Pap" seemed willing, and the boy opened the gate and into the house went the Blight and the little sister. Shortly, I followed.

There, all in one room, lighted by a huge wood-fire, rafters above, puncheon floor beneath—cane-bottomed chairs and two beds the only furniture—"pap," barefooted, the old mother in the chimney-corner with a pipe, strings of red pepper-pods, beans and herbs hanging around and above, a married daughter with a child at her breast, two or three children with yellow hair and bare feet—all looking with all their eyes at the two visitors who had dropped upon them from another world. The Blight's eyes were brighter than usual—that was the only sign she gave that she was not in her own drawing-room. Apparently she saw nothing strange or unusual even, but there was really nothing that she did not see or hear and absorb, as few others than the Blight can.

Straightway, the old woman knocked the ashes out of her pipe.

"I reckon you hain't had nothin' to eat," she said and disappeared. The old man asked questions, the young mother rocked her baby on her knees, the children got less shy and drew near the fire-place, the Blight and the little sister exchanged a furtive smile and the contrast of the extremes in American civilization, as shown in that little cabin, interested me mightily.

"Yer snack's ready," said the old woman. The old man carried the chairs into the kitchen, and when I followed the girls were seated. The chairs were so low that their

chins came barely over their plates and demure and serious as they were they surely looked most comical. There was the usual bacon and corn-bread and potatoes and sour milk, and the two girls struggled with the rude fare nobly.

After supper I joined the old man and the old woman with a pipe—exchanging my tobacco for their long green with more satisfaction probably to me than to them, for the long green was good, and strong and fragrant.

The old woman asked the Blight and the little sister many questions and they, in turn showed great interest in the baby in arms, whereat the eighteen-year old mother blushed and looked greatly pleased.

"You got mighty purty black eyes," said the old woman to the Blight, and not to slight the little sister she added, "An' you got mighty purty teeth."

The Blight showed hers in a radiant smile and the old woman turned back to her.

"Oh, you've got both," she said and she shook her head, as though she were thinking of the damage they had done. It was my time now—to ask questions.

They didn't have many amusements on that creek, I discovered—and no dances. Sometimes the boys went coon-hunting and there were corn-shuckings, house-raisings and quilting-parties.

"Does anybody round here play the banjo?"

"None o' my boys," said the old woman, "but Tom Green's son down the creek—he follers pickin' the banjo a leetle." "Follows pickin'"—the Blight did not miss that phrase.

"What do you foller fer a livin'?" the old man asked me suddenly.

"I write for a living." He thought a while.

"Well, it must be purty fine to have a good handwrite." This nearly dissolved the Blight and the little sister, but they held on heroically.

"Is there much fighting around here?" I asked presently.

"Not much 'cept when one young feller up the river gets to tearin' up things. I heerd as how he was over to the Gap last week—raisin' hell. He comes by here on his way home." The Blight's eyes opened wide—apparently we were on his trail. It is not wise for a member of the police guard at the Gap to show too much curiosity about the lawless ones of the hills, and I asked no questions.

"They calls him the Wild Dog over here," he added, and then he yawned cavernously.

I looked around with divining eye for the sleeping arrangements soon to come, which sometimes are embarrassing to "furriners" who are unable to grasp at once the primitive unconsciousness of the mountaineers and, in consequence, accept a point of view natural to them because enforced by architectural limitations and a hospitality that turns no one seeking shelter from any door. They were, however, better prepared than I had hoped for. They had a spare room on the porch and just outside the door, and when the old woman led the two girls to it, I followed with their saddle-bags. The room was about seven feet by six and was windowless.

"You'd better leave your door open a little," I said, "or you'll smother in there."

"Well," said the old woman, "hit's all right to leave the door open. Nothin's goin' ter bother ye, but one o' my sons is out a coon-huntin' and he mought come in, not knowin' you're thar. But you jes' holler an' he'll move on." She meant precisely what she said and saw no humor at all in such a possibility—but when the door closed, I could hear those girls stifling shrieks of laughter.

Literally, that night, I was a member of the family. I had a bed to myself—(the following night I was not so fortunate)—in one corner; behind the head of mine the old woman, the daughter-in-law and the baby had another in the other corner, and the old man with the two boys spread a pallet on the floor. That is the invariable rule of courtesy with the mountaineer, to give his bed to the stranger and take to the floor himself, and, in passing, let me say that never, in a long experience, have I seen the slightest consciousness—much less immodesty—in a mountain cabin in my life. The same attitude on the part of the visitors is taken for granted—any other indeed holds mortal possibilities of offence—so that if the visitor has common sense, all embarrassment passes at once. The door was closed, the fire blazed on uncovered, the smothered talk and laughter of the two

girls ceased, the coon-hunter came not and the night passed in peace.

It must have been near daybreak that I was aroused by the old man leaving the cabin and I heard voices and the sound of horses' feet outside. When he came back he was grinning.

"Hit's your mules."

"Who found them?"

"The Wild Dog had 'em," he said.

(To be continued.)

EASTMAN JOHNSON, PAINTER

By William Walton

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM MR. JOHNSON'S PAINTINGS BY PERMISSION OF MRS. EASTMAN JOHNSON

IN this professional career seem to have been exemplified the natural results of the combination of an innate talent so positive that it scarcely had need of the usual training in the schools and of a singleness of purpose which was almost equally out of the common. All the talent that a man may have is required to make him an artist, Mr. Johnson was in the habit of declaring, "and *all* his time." In the fulfilment of this last hard condition he was aided by an admirable constitution, unfailing good health, a very sound digestion, and a physical strength given to but few. Till within the last few years of his life, notwithstanding his advanced age and the fact that he was a somewhat heavy man, it was his custom to ascend each morning to his studio in the top of his residence in West Fifty-fifth Street (and he would not have an elevator installed), and paint steadily, standing, from nine or ten in the morning till dusk. Not even for his frugal luncheon, as his family testify, would he always interrupt his work. When brought up to him, he took it while still on his feet. George Inness is said to have painted fifteen hours a day when sufficiently absorbed in his work, and also to have generally worked standing, even on small canvases. To paint continuously for more than a few hours, in the most comfortable of circumstances, without losing freshness of judgment and sureness of eye, is difficult enough, as the painters know. In the early summer, when the household arrangements were being made for the annual removal to Nantucket, Mr. Johnson would work till the last day and begin again immediately when in his island studio. From his first sitter, the family cook—portrayed surreptitiously by escaping from the church organ loft Sunday morning during service and hastening homeward—to the last, in the winter of the present year, he accomplished a prodigious amount of work.

The cook's portrait was so evidently a likeness that the paternal wrath was disarmed; and, for once, the pathway of art was made smooth. It is pleasant to record the adventures of fairy princes and the lives of successful artists which may be said to approach them in joy of achievement and freedom from sordid details—privations, failures, and despairs. The father of this painter, Philip Carrigan Johnson—who seems to have recognized his son's talent with commendable promptness—was a distinguished citizen of Maine, having held the office of Secretary of State for thirty years, under succeeding administrations. There had been an uncle, Major Johnson, in the Continental Army. Of the eight children of Philip Carrigan and Mary Chandler Johnson, two of the three sons attained eminence, the youngest, Philip C., Jr., rising to the rank of rear-admiral in the United States navy. Eastman first saw the light in the small town of Lovell, near Fryeburg, in the western part of Maine, in the summer of 1824. His earliest recollections, as he records in his notes, were of the family's removal to Fryeburg, and when he was nine, they again moved, to Augusta, the capital. He does not appear to have particularly distinguished himself at school, and at the age of fifteen was placed in a country store.

Becoming convinced in the course of a twelvemonth that, in his own words, he was "not going to be any credit to his master," and having so informed him, he abandoned commerce and all its ways.

His father accordingly secured him a situation in a lithographic establishment in Boston, where he soon made himself valuable in designing titles for books, music, etc. Of this, also, he wearied at the end of a year, went back to Augusta, took a room in his father's house and began his portrait work, his sitters including members of the Legislature and other prominent citizens. These portraits were crayon drawings, the general demand for which had not yet been diminished by the introduction of photography. He visited Newport, and spent a season in Portland, Me., where he executed the portraits of Longfellow's parents and of his sister, Mrs. Pierce, there resident. But the capital of the nation, with its official character, its foreign residents and changing population, seemed to offer the most promising field for his art, and to Washington he accordingly went, some little time before his family followed him. Governor Fairfield of Maine, having become Senator from that State, wished to obtain for Mr. Johnson, Sr., the post of chief clerk in the Department of the Navy, this post being that afterward known as that of Assistant Secretary. But "the pressure of politics" prevented his appointment, and Mr. Johnson became, instead, chief clerk in the Bureau of Construction and Repairs. This office he held during the rest of his life; in his later years he took for his second wife Mrs. Mary James, *née* Washington, a sister of Richard Washington and one of the nearest relatives then living of the Father of his Country. In 1845 Eastman was established in a successful practice; one of the Senate committee rooms in the Capitol was given him for a studio, and it was in this august atelier that he executed the portrait of the widow of Alexander Hamilton in 1846. That of Mrs. Dorothea Payne Madison, relict of "the great little Madison," as she herself qualified him, was done in her own residence, this sprightly lady being still in the flower of her popularity. "Mrs. Madison is a particular pet," wrote Mr. James M. Mason to Miss Chew, "being only fourscore years." Mr. Johnson drew her, as we may still see, in the then somewhat old-fashioned turban and "short-waisted, puff-sleeved, gored, velvet gown" to which she still clung, and to which she lent such a grace that not even "critical young girls" would have had her change.

It is related that Daniel Webster was so pleased with this portrait that he wished to possess it, and the artist executed a replica for him. On a commission from Governor R. C. Winthrop of Massachusetts, Johnson drew a portrait of Webster, at the same sittings which the statesman was giving Healy, the painter, for the collection of Louis Philippe of some of the most distinguished Americans for the galleries of Versailles (1845). In 1886 Governor Winthrop presented the Massachusetts Historical Society with a photograph of this crayon portrait, "which has been hanging on my walls for forty years," and which, he said, had also been lithographed. The original drawings of the portraits of Dolly Madison and Mrs. Hamilton, as well as a small one of Webster, are still in the possession of Mrs. Eastman Johnson, as are, indeed, very many others—drawings and paintings, portraits and genre—"the original is the best, and that you cannot have," being the artist's usual formula.

John Quincy Adams also sat for him, as did General Sewell, an old Revolutionary officer, Judges Story and McLean of the Supreme Court, some of the foreign ministers, members of Congress, etc. Professor Morse, who was "still esteemed as a painter," came to see him, and as he was leaving said: "Well, you can reach the top of the ladder if you wish to." The Washington sojourn was broken by summer excursions to Augusta, and terminated by a return to Boston, where Longfellow gave him commissions for portraits of himself and of his friends Emerson, Hawthorne, Charles Sumner and President Felton of Harvard. The first of these made a great impression upon the artist; in later life he was wont to describe with much enthusiasm the geniality, the amiability, the great personal charm of the Sage of Concord. In Boston he established his studio first in Amory Hall, and later in Tremont Temple, on the site of the old Tremont Theatre, opened in 1827. His friend, George Henry Hall, still living, had also a studio in this building; and among his fellow-practitioners was Samuel W. Rowse, one of the most successful of these "crayon-limners," but who had been an



Eastman Johnson in the costume worn by him at the Twelfth Night celebration at the Century Club, 1899.—Page 274.

Painted by himself.



Eastman Johnson in his studio.

actor for a brief period, his only appearance on the stage, the story ran, having been one evening in the rôle of Richard III. The usual price for these crayon portraits at this period seems to have been twenty-five dollars each, though it afterward rose rapidly, Rowse declaring in later life that he sometimes received as much as four hundred dollars for a head. These drawings were usually sketched in with charcoal and finished with hard crayons, the modelling put in with a "stump." Mr. Hall remembers that in Johnson's case they were usually executed in two or three sittings, but not infrequently there would be two sittings a day. He worked with a certain sureness of eye and hand, his attack was prompt and effective, and there were very few erasures and recommencements.

But the painter's color sense was stirring within him, and the need for wider fields. In Boston he commenced to draw in colored crayons; "but I never had a master," he testifies. It is Mr. Hall's recollection that his first *painted* portrait was that of Whittredge, the landscape painter; and this portrait is still in Mr. Whittredge's possession. In these first pastel heads, dated 1846 and 1847, may be seen his rapidly developing technical skill in the use of color; a little thin, and bluish in the shadows at first, they very soon became fuller, richer in tone and modelling and in warm, broken color. So successful had he been that when, at the age of twenty-five, he decided to go abroad, he had acquired a capital sufficient not only for the trip but also to provide a fund for the completion of the education of his sisters. In a letter still preserved his father expresses his appreciation of this fund, which, however, he states he will keep intact. July 15, 1849, Messrs. Johnson and Hall set sail for Europe in the good ship *William Shakespeare*, with a full-length presentation of the bard, carved in wood, for a figure-head at her bow. This somewhat unusual nautical appellation was owing to the fact that the vessel had been formerly one of the Dramatic line of ships, all of which bore appropriate names, *Roscius*, *Garrick*, etc. The voyage lasted some sixty days, to the mouth of the Scheldt; when the ship came to anchor for the third time in the river, before reaching Antwerp, the two artists de-



The Cradle Song.

cided to get out and walk. Under the walls of the city, then standing, they encountered a cheerful gathering of youths and maidens celebrating some kind of a kermess, and were hospitably welcomed as strangers, invited to stay and help the rejoicing. It is even reported that they were informed by the ruddy-cheeked damsels that the current rates for kisses were half a franc apiece. In Antwerp they remained for eight days, and then proceeded to Düsseldorf, where they enrolled themselves in the Academy schools, but at the end of the first two or three weeks Johnson was notified that in his case the customary two years in drawing would be dispensed with, and that he could enter the painting classes at once.

The Düsseldorf Academy, founded in 1767, was then under the divided sway of Lessing and Schadow, the latter having been director since 1826, but the former—at this time in the midst of the *Kulturkampf* as an "apologist" for the Kaiser-might and the heroes of the Reformation, Huss and Luther—being the more popular. Schadow's religious zeal as a convert to the Catholic Church had even led to a temporary estrangement between him and his former pupil, though it is said to have been his influence which had won Lessing away from his early romantic-elegiac manner, both in figures and landscape. Mr. Hall states his opinion that "the Düsseldorf school was excellent in all the preliminary art studies, drawing from the nude, anatomy, perspective, and composition; but in color it was very deficient; not one of the many artists living there was a colorist." Here they were joined by their compatriot, Whittredge, and the three took a trip up the Rhine, "our object being to see mountains and old castles." Johnson made a study in oil of the Drachenfels, and there are still preserved in his portfolios very careful little pencil drawings of the heads of Andreas Achenbach, Knaus, and others, made at this period, on fragile paper, and apparently without retouching or erasures. Leutze was then president of the Kneiper Club, and Johnson was duly made a member of this artist fraternity. He and

Leutze went to the military riding academy for instruction in the art of horsemanship, and the younger man records that he was complimented on his skill. Among his talents was one for languages—he had taken some lessons in French and German before going abroad; he sang and conversed in both, and spoke Dutch with a mastery of the sibilants unusual in a foreigner. In his excursions he was in the habit of collecting and carefully pressing flowers and delicate plants, duly dated, with the locality, and this little herbarium is still preserved.

Without any apparent injury to his own technique, he worked a good deal in the atelier of Leutze, who was then painting his celebrated "Washington Crossing the Delaware," now in the Metropolitan Museum. To secure accuracy in the costumes, the young man wrote home to his father, asking him to have made a careful reproduction of the uniform worn by Washington, which was done, and the garments forwarded to Leutze. The son, in his letters home, records that at the reception held in the latter's studio, May 11, 1851, to celebrate the completion of this great work, the Prince and Princess of Prussia were among the distinguished guests, and that the prince, "a fine, soldierly looking man, with agreeable manners," to whom he was presented by Leutze, wished to purchase the small copy of the picture which Johnson had painted, but which, under the terms of the contract made for the disposal of the original, could not be sold. In July of this year he went over to London to see the National Gallery and the first International Exposition, stopping on his way at The Hague, and a few months later, January, 1852, we find him located in the latter capital and definitely embarked on his career as a painter in oil. In his notes at the time he records his conviction that mere travelling and sight-seeing, even in foreign lands, are much less useful to the artist than concentration and persistence in study. In the works of the Dutch masters he found satisfactory technical instruction; so assiduously and so well did he devote himself to the copying of the chief of them that, as Mr. George Folsom, then *chargé d'affaires* at The Hague, and one of his friends, says, he was soon known among his compatriots as "the American Rembrandt."



The Confab.

His diary and his letters home bear abundant testimony to his appreciation of the Dutch master and of one or two others—his description of the "Anatomy Lesson," of the best pictures in the Six Gallery, of the Rubens in the Antwerp Cathedral, etc. In The Hague he also executed a number of portraits, paintings and drawings—of the

Countess von Stirrum, of Mrs. August Belmont and child, of the charming young Princess Marie of Holland and some of the ladies of her court, of a Swedish friend, Leenders, perhaps the ambassador, with his violin, and others; and among his figure pictures, most of which were sent home for sale, were the "Jew Boy" (1851), the "Card Players," the "Savoyard," and "Pestal," the last, finished later, in America. In the winter he made many studies of skaters, and skated himself. Numerous excursions with his friends—to Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Düsseldorf, Quinderburg (a suburb of The Hague), and other localities —varied his work in the galleries and in his own atelier; he was elected a member of the Pulchri Studio, an artist's club; at the beginning of his modest career as a collector he purchased, at the sale of the effects of the deceased William II, King of Holland, in his palace in Tilburg, North Brabant, the handsome carved oaken cabinet, now in the dining-room in the house in Fifty-fifth Street; and a carved bedstead, also in his collection, was shown at an exhibition of antiquities in Amsterdam. Finally, toward the end of his sojourn in the Dutch capital, he was offered the position of court painter, but he had not yet seen Paris, and he left for that city in August, 1855.

Knaus, Healy, and others of his American and Düsseldorf acquaintances were already there; some of them, as Thomas Hicks and E. Wood Perry, had fallen under the influence of Couture, and Johnson worked in his atelier, making a copy of the head of a sleeping soldier by Couture. Comfortably installed at No. 14, Boulevard Poissonière, he soon found himself so content that, as he said in later life, nothing less than the news of the death of his mother, he thought, would have brought him back to his native shore. But on the receipt of this intelligence he sailed for home in the steamship *Arago* on the 24th of October. In 1885, 1891, and 1897 he visited Europe again; in 1891, to see the Salon and the Royal Academy, with Rowse, who remained one of his intimate friends till the end of his life; and in 1897, with his wife and daughter, to Paris and to Madrid to see the Velasquez, remaining abroad some five months.

The arts, in the United States to which he returned in 1855, were apparently entering upon a period of development; the barbarous period, of provincialism, shirt-sleeves and indiscriminate tobacco, testified to by Mrs. Trollope, Fanny Kemble, and even Fenimore Cooper, and which had succeeded the greater courtliness and Old World culture of the Colonial and Revolutionary epoch, was gradually giving way to something better. In painting, the almost complete restriction to portraits was being broken by a growing appreciation of figure painting and familiar genre;—the time, prophesied by Inman, "when the rage for portraits in America will give way to a purer taste," was arriving. The taste may not have been purer, but it was broader—the cult of Meyer von Bremen was conterminous with the interest (fostered by both literature and art) in Indian life and border warfare. The latter was prevalent enough to affect the returned painter; after a brief sojourn in Washington we find him making twice, in 1856 and in 1857, the long journey to the head of Lake Superior, establishing himself in the woods in a primitive camp studio of his own construction, which was "everything an artist could desire," and painting red Indians with as much zeal as that with which he had been copying Rembrandts. Of one of these aboriginal portraits, still preserved in his residence in this city, he related that the sitter, a maid, moved by the superstitious fear of the savages that her death would follow the taking of her image, called with a friend to inspect the completed work, took it to the door under pretence of wishing more light, and then suddenly fled with the dreaded thing under her arm. Whereupon the painter, moved to indignation, gave chase, overtook the spoilers, and brought back his picture. In this northern expedition he also painted several portraits, but, having invested his own capital and the sum of five hundred dollars placed at his disposal by his father for the same purpose, in some land speculation, and lost it all, he found himself under the necessity of stopping at Cincinnati on his homeward trip, in November, 1857, and establishing there a temporary professional career as a portrait-painter until the family finances were restored to their original condition.

In the sixties we find him again returning to the forests, both in the very early spring and in the autumn—this time in the neighborhood of his native Fryeburg, where,



Copyright, 1871, by Eastman Johnson.

The Old Stage Coach.



Milton Dictating to His Daughters.

among other things, he made some forty careful studies in oil for a large painting, the rural New England annual festival of "Sugaring Off." This he hoped some day to carry to completion as his masterpiece, and on one or two occasions made definite attempts to secure the commission from some wealthy patron of the arts. In these studies of the native types, both wild and domestic, which are comparatively unknown, the same qualities which distinguished his other work are manifest—possibly most distinctly the good judgment, the careful avoidance of carrying the obvious thing too far. It is this discreetness, this knowledge of that which is within the province of painting and of that which is not, which constitutes probably the distinguishing quality of Mr. Johnson's genre painting, and which differentiates him so strongly from many of his contemporaries and immediate predecessors. "The Old Kentucky Home," painted in 1859, now in the Lenox Library, gave him the beginning of his reputation in this line. Seldom has an anecdotic painter (so to speak) essayed more dangerous themes—Happy Childhood playing in the Sun, Rustic Comedy, and Domestic Drama and Piety and Sentiment; but a saving grace, a sure instinct, saved him from them all—his kindliness never led him astray, his sense of humor was beautifully apportioned, the faintest touch of sarcasm kills the sentimentality. Consider the distance between the lightness of touch, the mellow humor, of the "Glass with the Squire," for example, or the "Reprimand," or the "Nantucket School of Philosophy," and the heavy-handed Teutonic renderings of Vautier and Defregger; he never descends to the mere story-telling, or the merely comic, as does Knaus; his pathos is not forced, more plausible than that of Israels; his conception of this rendering of "the life of the poor," of "the tillers of the soil" (and the ex-toilers of the sea), preaches no ugly gospel of discontent, as does so much of the contemporary French and Flemish art of this genre; his Nantucket neighbors know nothing of the "*protestation douloureuse de*



A Glass with the Squire

la race asservie à la glèbe"; there is no "*cri de la terre*" arising from his cranberry marshes or his hay-stuffed barns. The happy combination of right feeling and sound technique is manifest in all the details; the respectable old silk high hat which constitutes so important an incident in several of the best of his Nantucket scenes would have been fatal to the ordinary genre painter—it is dignifiedly hospitable in the "Glass with the Squire," gravely stern (but not overwhelmingly so) in the "Reprimand," genuinely pathetic in "Contemplation" and the "Embers." But seldom has so unimportant a baggage played such an important rôle in art.

The *motif* of the "Old Kentucky Home" was found by simply looking out the back windows of his residence in Washington. The painting was exhibited at the National Academy of Design in New York in 1859, at the Paris Exposition of 1867, with three other canvases, and at the Philadelphia Centennial of 1876. It was recognized that the work of Mount—practically the first American painter of familiar genre—was to one of the most popular, of this series was the "Old Stage Coach," the original, dismounted vehicle of which he had found in a previous summer in the Catskills. From the studies there made of it, and from his careful measurements, he erected a staging, on and around which the island children, judiciously selected and apportioned, filled their appointed rôles. One of the most interesting of the minor pictorial excellencies



Head of Indian Girl.

be continued, with equal technical skill and a certain greater breadth of sentiment and rendering. The long line of Mr. Johnson's subsequent paintings in this genre is part of our contemporary social history; in the Lenox Library, also from the collection of Mr. Robert L. Stuart, hang two other canvases, one, the "Sunday Morning" of 1866, somewhat smoother in brushwork, almost equally well known. The Nantucket series dates from 1870, the year after his marriage with Miss Elizabeth W. Buckley, of Troy, N. Y.,—that island having been recommended to him as a summer studio by Dr. Gaillard Thomas, to meet his desire for a quiet and incurious locality. The first, and of this canvas is the suggestion of continuous forward movement in this entirely stationary cortége.

A deeper note was touched in the studies made while following the Army of the Potomac, after Bull Run, Antietam and the Wilderness; and a different one in the graver historical and literary themes, as the "Milton Dictating to His Daughters" of 1875, painted before he had seen Munkacsy's more pretentious version of the same scene; the "Prisoner of State," of the preceding year; or "The Boy Lincoln" of 1868. In 1860 a runaway slave girl was sold at auction in Plymouth Church by Henry Ward Beecher, to obtain funds to purchase her



Embers.

freedom, and was brought by Mr. Beecher to Mr. Johnson for her portrait, a photograph of which, representing her in rapt admiration of a ring given her by a lady as a contribution to the fund, is still in Mrs. Johnson's possession. In 1857, with the permission of the proprietor, he made a number of studies of the exterior and interior of Mount Vernon, once or twice in company with Louis R. Mignot, who had been a fellow-student at The Hague.

About 1858 Mr. Johnson established his residence in New York City, became a member of the National Academy of Design two years later, and continued almost uninterruptedly until his death his busy and successful career, alternating portraits and figure compositions. His sitters included a surprising number of men and women distinguished in all the walks of life, political, professional and social, for his good fortune qualified him to succeed with both sexes—a somewhat unusual gift. Presidents of the United States—Arthur, Harrison, and Cleveland both as governor and President; bishops, generals, bankers, presidents of universities, eminent lawyers and divines, and their wives, mothers, sweethearts, and children—all came before his discriminating and all-rendering brush. Conscientious and tireless, he very seldom contented himself with the one canvas he

delivered to the sitter; in his endless search for the better way, he would render, in black and white, or in color, one, or two, or even three, variations, even of life-size figures, and not infrequently the version of the sitter which he had preferred to that selected by the family would be in the end recognized by the relatives as the more desirable. The walls of his residence, studio, living-rooms and halls, are hung thickly with these careful studies, all of them virile, life-like, strongly modelled, and presented with a certain serious dignity and quality of style. Never did he consider his sitter as a mere peg upon which to hang some arrangement, or symphony, or other impersonal experiment. In very nearly all of them may be recognized the same harmony of tone, the warm, suave, generous color, rendered very frequently with a sort of "granular impasto," as Mr. Isham describes it, but in one or two, as in a portrait of Commodore Vanderbilt and in a striking head of Edwin Booth presented in full face, the warm transparent browns and carnations are replaced by cooler lilacs and grays.

He was one of his own favorite sitters, and in these portraits he did not recoil before such difficulties as that of painting, while standing, a seated figure of himself, and entirely by artificial light, as in his portrait in the costume worn at the Twelfth Night celebration at the Century Club in 1899. The "Two Men," in earnest conversation, originally known as "The Funding Bill," and painted in 1881, was presented to the Metropolitan Museum by Mr. Robert Gordon, a former trustee, in 1898; in this, the gentleman on the left, seated on the divan, is Robert W. Rutherford, a brother-in-law of Mrs. Johnson, and the one on the right, seen in profile, S. W. Rowse, the artist. The general feeling of competence and sureness in the handling in all this portrait work, the total absence of confusion and doubt, contribute very greatly to the enjoyment afforded by it, and to the confidence in the faithfulness to the original —a very important quality in portrait-painting, which should surely present some *vraisemblance*. While it may be contended that as a mere recording angel Art does not attain to her loftiest mission, the larger multitude will always set high in honor that kindly talent which concerns itself specially with Humanity.



Corn-husking.

SIGNS AND SYMBOLS

By Beatrice Hanscom

Illustrations by Alonzo Kimball

I

BELIEVERS IN SIGNS

"Certain signs precede certain events."—*Cicero.*

MADAME CYNTHE
IMPORTER
GOWNS HATS

It shone, bright and new and alluring—a brassy square, firmly affixed at the side of the entrance door. The sun winked its admiration at it; the windows opposite flashed their coquettish appreciation; but though it responded radiantly to these compliments, *au fond* it remained unmoved, with a riveted fixedness of purpose which is the mark and consciousness of a mission.

That mission was to catch the eye of Feminine Fortune, motoring with a mind at ease, and to coax, by its alluring inscription, that same dainty and capricious Fortune to alight and enter, leaving largess of gold in return for creations of art.

So far, this idea, fascinating as it was, remained in the High Hills of Hope, instead of coming out into the Plain of Reality; but as for that, the sign itself was an expression of aspiration, not of actuality.

So far from fact was it that an unkind critic might have suggested a special fitness in the material employed; but Mrs. Cynthia Slater had chosen it exultingly because the "best places" had them "just that way."

Mrs. Slater recognized that to seem to be what you wish to be is the first step toward accomplishment. Not that she would have phrased it that way. She just knew it.

She was no disciple of these new cults that affirm that you attract toward you that which you confidently expect. She was just happily hopeful in a semi-irresponsible way, complicated with occasional flashes of shrewdness, and more than occasional flashes of generosity. And she had an ideal.

That ideal was expressed on her sign. It had impelled her to "set up for herself." It had induced her to order the sign—to have it inscribed "Madame Cynthe," deriving it from Cynthia, as she divined that Madame Berthe was originally Bertha, with the easy adaptability of one used to following a model.

As for "importer"—"Well, if I'm not, I expect I shall some day, and it does *look* elegant, and I'll have the sign when the time comes," she communed with herself genially. Which was a clear case of Dressmaker's Conscience.

So working with facile fingers to fashion a hat in the prevailing mode from some inexpensive straw, and debating the advisability of buying material and making up an "odd" waist on the chance of its sale, she dreamed dreams of unpacking model gowns from Paris; of motor cars drawn up before the little shop; of clients among those elect who were written up in the Sunday papers as givers of functions. And then she stopped dreaming long enough to run outside and admire The Sign again with that "first, fresh, careless rapture" which, the poet to the contrary notwithstanding, she recaptured with no effort at all every time she gazed upon it.

Paquin, glancing at his own modest announcement, Worth looking down from the mansions of the blest upon his still famous house, could not have experienced a keener felicity than did Cynthia Slater as she stood before *her* shop, her drab-brown hair "wapsed up," to use her own expression for a hastily arranged coiffure, her shirt-waist seeking for separate maintenance from her skirt-band, and her soul soaring on the wings of hope. There was nothing in the environment to suggest an incipient Worth or Paquin.

It was an extremely unimportant side-street, where ramshackle houses, sheltering a prolific colored population, elbowed an occasional brick block in an altogether genial way. Still, as Mrs. Slater assured herself



She sat down to the construction of a hat.—Page 277.

now and then, this was a disadvantage not confined to side-streets. Sixteenth Street had long stretches of these same darky habitations; they cropped out on Connecticut; even Massachusetts had a weak spot here and there. And there dwelt the rich and the great. It was therefore only a Washington manner. And two of these streets were just around the corner, as Fortune has a way of being. But for a magic lure, there was The Sign.

Her gaze wandered to her one show-window. It exhibited at that moment only three barren hat-trees, which had as yet felt no touch of Aaron's rod, but Mrs. Slater smiled a smile of roseate anticipation.

"When it's all fixed up with spring hats, and a veil, and a piece of goods with a strip of lace lyin' acrost it, it's goin' to be *grand!*" she murmured.

Even as she gazed change came upon it. A procession straggled across it. First, a collie puppy with uncertain legs; then a black cat with a surprising set of whiskers; and last, a diminutive gray kitten of dejected appearance.

"If there isn't Nettie and Juliet and Little Cat!" she ejaculated with the air of one enumerating her jewels.

Through the medium of the plate-glass window, Nettie and Juliet and Little Cat

perceived Mrs. Slater and they voiced their woes in united plaint. It was a Hunger *motif*. Nettie, two paws on the window, led in a shrill howl; Juliet, humpy-backed and tail in air, did a soprano recitative; and Little Cat, pressing a ribby side against the glass, opened her mouth wide to emit what was apparently a violin obligato with the instrument sadly out of tune. Madame Cynthe, the Famous, came back promptly to Mrs. Slater, the Fond.

"If I haven't forgotten to feed them this morning!" she said accusingly.

She hurried in to be greeted with effusion. "Cats' meat and milk *do* count up," she mused cheerfully as she filled three little saucers." I'd oughto order more, too. They're all growin', and it don't seem as if Little Cat would ever get started to fat."

She sighed a bit absently. The second story, on whose rent she had so confidently relied when she leased the little building, was still empty; and her slender exchequer, the remnant of what was left of the late Mr. Slater's life insurance, after the funeral expenses, had attenuated nearly to the vanishing-point.

If she should have to take down The Sign! One versed in the science of finance would have suggested reducing expenses by abolishing Nettie and Juliet and Little Cat.

But Mrs. Slater was instinctively social; and she loved Nettie and Juliet and Little Cat and they loved her. She had never failed anyone yet who depended on her. There would be some way. She sat down to the construction of a hat with a keen delight in the process. It was to be composed of apple-blossoms and a black velvet bow. And as materials, like cats' meat and milk, *did* count up, she ripped the velvet off her own winter hat and steamed it over her tea-kettle.

She had seen a bow in an F Street window which had struck her as being both jaunty and effective for the amount of material employed. In duplicating it she became entirely absorbed. Three little empty saucers stood in a row.

The Carharts were spending the winter in Washington. Everybody knew that. And as the newspapers dwelt delightedly on the details of their "palatial suite" at the New Willard, it was evident that the winter was not the only thing they were spending. But Mr. Carhart had it to spend. He was a High Official of a great railroad. And he said good-humoredly that since the Government was taking such an interest in railroads, he thought it only kind to spend a winter in Washington, so that it could be seen how harmless a person a railroad official was. There were several opinions about the genuineness of this statement, but the verdict was unanimous concerning Miss Nanette Carhart's loveliness and charm. And as the Carharts, *père et fille*, were enthusiastic motorists, and as they both had a *penchant* for the guiding hand (which their chauffeur resented, complaining that it was easier to run a car than to patch it up after them), Mr Carhart's laugh when rallied on his devotion to anything called a machine and Miss Carhart's smile when she was called the Goddess in the Car became somewhat stereotyped. While any pun on car-heart——

Local florists meditated advancing the price of violets, as various young men seemed to feel that the only right way of beginning the day was to send the largest bunch it was possible to wear to Miss Carhart. And as these young men in turn became Knights of Rueful Countenance and were smitten with a desire for travel, various mothers during the winter "wondered" audibly "what that girl expected," and "supposed," equally audibly, "that she was looking for a title," since any girl not absolutely heartless must inevitably have succumbed to the charms of John, or Freddie, or Richard.

This was before the appearance of a certain Mr. Stephen Warren, who being accustomed to the bracing ozone of the Northwest, was no believer in dilatory tactics, and lunching on the day of his arrival with Mr. and Miss Carhart, stated cheerfully, "I am in Washington because Miss Carhart is in Washington." He smiled frankly at Mr. Carhart.

"I met your daughter at the Thwaites' house-party in October," he informed him, "and came East again at my first opportunity."

"Opportunities evidently occurring only at long intervals to you," commented Miss Carhart gayly.

"I've been making ready for the One Great Opportunity," Mr. Warren said serenely. "My house is in order," he added; and if his tone was lightly humorous,

the humor was merely recognition of his own happiness in subjection. His dark-blue eyes had a laughing way of coaxing you to laugh with him.

"A truly house?" inquired Miss Carhart lightly.

"A really, truly house," affirmed Mr. Warren in gay mock-confidence," a bargain of a house, as I hope to prove to you."

He laughed as though life was a supreme joke; as only a man can laugh who knows what it is to fight his way. Mr. Carhart, blandly attentive, was quietly taking the measure of the man.

"Good-looking chap. Not handsome, thank Heaven! Broad shoulders for a six-footer; more solitary oak than forest pine about him; looks used to standing alone, and firm enough to be in training. H-m-m-m!"

"Big fireplaces inside and wide verandas outside," Mr. Warren confided to them.

"So much more practical than to have the verandas inside and the fireplaces outside," commented Miss Carhart mischievously.

"Trees to chop down when I become a great man, as I must and *they* must," continued Mr. Warren unperturbed.

"Or," said Mr. Carhart suavely, "for use in strengthening your political fences."

"In short: I chop, I saw, I conquer," bavarded Miss Carhart, and bowed her laughing acknowledgment of their applause.

"I'll take you out for a spin as a reward," she said gayly to Mr. Warren, "unless you would prefer the 'Seeing Washington' car. Of course *they* would see that you didn't miss anything." Her brown eyes danced with mischief.

"I should miss everything," Mr. Warren announced firmly. "If I owned that enterprise," he told Mr. Carhart, "I'd keep my cars lined up in front of the New Willard, and have the megaphone man announce to all newcomers, 'This is where Miss Carhart stays!' The only real place of interest in Washington!"

When Miss Carhart finally took him off in her car, "to broaden his mind," as she averred laughingly, Mr. Carhart, smoking a very dark-brown cigar, decided that he had things to think about.

"I rather like the way he plays the game," he meditated. "I wonder if Nanette does."

His eyes narrowed as they had a way of doing when questions of buying or keeping control came up in the Road.

For Nanette had been looking piquantly and particularly lovely, and something in the quality of that loveliness suggested that



distinguished specialist, the Little Blind Boy.

And as the days went on Mr. Carhart's eyes kept busy alternately widening and narrowing; for he was an adoring father, American enough to allow his daughter to choose for herself, and equally American enough to move heaven and earth to find out whether she was choosing the "right man" before it should be too late.

He set subtle machinery in motion which turned out with proper rapidity a lot of letters which, banded together in Mr. Carhart's desk, might have appropriately been labelled "The Life of Stephen Warren."

He knew that Warren was bright, was good, and plucky. He was much more than fairly successful. Hardships had developed him splendidly. But how about success? Could he stand that? Keep his head—be self-reliant still?

Who could tell Mr. Carhart that? Could Warren even know it of himself? Yet Mr. Carhart knew that in the flush of his first successes young Warren stood at a danger-point more to be feared than first failure.

One day, looking out of his sitting-room windows, he witnessed the return of the two



Nettie and Juliet and Little Cat sat in a row.—Page 282.



"Going to play 'em?" he inquired smilingly.—Page 285.

seemingly indefatigable pilgrims, who had gone motoring gayly in the morning.

They were seated in a dilapidated buggy which ought to have had a Revolutionary record, and which was drawn by a shaky-legged steed that could reasonably be assigned to 1812.

A black urchin with a dazzling smile hung over the dashboard and sawed with sorrily patched reins until the old horse halted.

Mr. Warren and Miss Carhart, who were evidently having what Nanette herself would have characterized as "a perfectly lovely time," descended almost reluctantly, and came gayly in together to explain laughingly.

They had tried a new route out into the country, it seemed, and the motor car, disapproving, had waited until they "were absolutely nowhere," and then had revengefully refused to go another inch.

"And after we had *toiled* over it," Miss Carhart gurgled, "we gave up, and walked till we came to a queer little house where a dear old woman gave us bread and milk out of stone-china bowls. And wasn't it good?" she demanded of young Warren.

"Nectar and ambrosia," he responded fervently.

"And we hired her funny old horse to bring us home, and it has been the greatest possible lark," she concluded, with shining eyes.

("And this," meditated Mr. Carhart, "is the girl who once refused to drive behind a long-tailed tandem, on the ground that there was no use in making yourself ridiculous!")

"It *sounds* interesting," he said suavely. Then he permitted himself to notice a newspaper parcel that Stephen Warren was holding tenderly. "More relics?" he inquired politely. For they had acquired, on a previous occasion, and at an exorbitant price, a knocker on which Washington was supposed once to have knocked.

"No-o-o," said Miss Carhart. "We bought the old stone-china bowls, just for fun."

But her own color suddenly suggested the Peachblow Vase.

The very slight oscillation of Miss Carhart's head as she glanced at Warren may have been accidental, but it suggested negation; her smile admitted of neither of these hypotheses.

"I must be off," he said briskly, handing her the newspaper parcel. "But I shall be on hand to claim the first dance and the others you promised me at the Embassy Ball, and if you give away one, even to the ambassador, I shall call him out and make it an international affair!"

She had laughingly agreed to preserve the country from its threatened peril, and they were already in the doorway, when Mr. Carhart spoke.

"Ah, by the way, Nanette, don't forget to give Mr. Warren one of those valuable bowls."

It was a telling shot. Warren rallied first.

"Miss Carhart is to keep them both, sir," he said. "That was agreed upon."

"Yes," said Miss Carhart a trifle breathlessly. "It seemed a pity to separate them."

When they had disappeared it seemed as though the dim doorway still treasured a roseate afterglow.

"I wonder," said Mr. Carhart slowly, "if it *would* be a pity to separate them."

But he was not thinking of the stone-china bowls.

It was the morning after all this that Miss Carhart ascertained diplomatically at half-past nine that her father would surely be in at eleven; and having then wandered restlessly around her room for "hours," as she supposed, found she had consumed ten minutes in the process. As a last resort, to bridge the endless interval of eighty minutes, she decided to take a walk.

Visibly she trod the prosaic pavement of Fourteenth Street, but actually she strolled in Arcady, dwelling fondly on the delicious things Stephen had said, such as his remembering the gown she had worn the first time he met her, and how he had been dreaming and day-dreaming all these months that the day would surely come when, in another gown of just that same pale shimmering gray fluffiness (you couldn't expect a man to call it *chiffon*) he and she should be together in the Really Truly House——

Here Miss Carhart whisked herself hurriedly round a corner into an unfashionable side-street.

"Oh," she whispered, dewy-eyed, "if we could live long lives of such happiness! If I could *know* it! If fate would show me some sign!"

At that psychological moment her eye was attracted by a square of glittering brass.

She read its inscription—first ironically, then amusedly. But how remarkable to see such a *good* sign in such a queer place! A *good sign!* And she had been wishing. She giggled at the absurdity of the thing. "Oh, well, I'm not so imbecile as that!" she murmured.

From the sign to the show-window—which *was* a *show*-window—vaudeville! A scraggy gray kitten swung from a Nottingham lace curtain in distress of spirit; while a riotous collie puppy made sportive upward lunges, nipping playfully at the waving gray tail. Three empty hat-trees stood in the middle distance, and in the foreground a black cat washed her face with Pharisaic composure. The kitten, evidently deciding that the hat-trees were masts of safety in a deep sea of trouble, made a leap for one; the collie, turning excitedly in pursuit, collided with a second, which swept sidewise, striking the black cat sharply, at the same time that the other hat-tree, overturning in the general confusion, came down on the collie's back, like a pillar on a canine Samson, while the kitten, who slipped,

took the rôle of an excited Philistine, getting even at last.

The black cat resented her injuries promptly, and with a vigor which brought Mrs. Slater to the scene of conflict.

It was while separating the combatants that she suddenly saw through the window Feminine Fortune at last!

"And not a thing for her to look at," she thought despairingly. She sped to the door.

"I'm dreadful sorry I haven't any hats in the window as you're happenin' by," she said apologetically. "But I'm goin' to have an Openin' next week, and I should be pleased to have you call."

"Thanks," said Miss Carhart, with a mirthful gurgle in the monosyllable, "but I've just seen the most interesting window-display in Washington."

"Where?" demanded Mrs. Slater, with instant determination to copy as many of its ideas as possible.

"Here," said Miss Carhart, with dancing eyes.

"They're limbs," said Mrs. Slater cheerfully, "but they're lots of company, Nettie and Juliet and Little Cat." "The hats are going to be elegant, though," *Madame Cynthe* continued, "*any* time next week," she urged.

"I couldn't wait till next week," said Miss Carhart gayly. Then as Nettie and Juliet and Little Cat seemed to take on replicas of Mrs. Slater's dejection, "Suppose I come in now?" she said. And did.

"I see," she stated an instant later, "that you import gowns as well." Mrs. Slater succumbed to her captivating twinkle.

"Well, I don't yet, but I expect to, some day, if I can only get a start," she said. "I've worked at good places, and I know how. At Wallace & Phipps' they used to say I was the best on chiffons of any of 'em. [Chiffons, too! Wasn't it queer!] I thought I could get some gowns to make, and with the hats, and the rent of the second story——"

"And the second story?" Miss Carhart inquired interestedly.

"Well, no," admitted Mrs. Slater. "There was a deaf gentleman yesterday, but he'd forgot his ear-trumpet and his specs. He was far-sighted, too. He said he might be back." She smiled hopefully.

Miss Carhart was prone to act on sudden impulse. "I have a little white chiffon frock that I bought in Paris last summer," she said. "Do you suppose you could duplicate it for me in pale gray if you had it for a model?"

"I know I could," said Mrs. Slater promptly.

Nettie and Juliet and Little Cat sat in a row as still as though they realized that this was a crucial moment.

"I'll bring it around in my car this afternoon," said Miss Carhart. "You may send me samples to choose the color from, and I'll tell them at Woodward's that anything you buy for such a gown is to be charged to me. That will be the best way, won't it?"

"Yes," gasped Mrs. Slater, swallowing hard in her excitement. For it was the *only* way.

"Good-by, Nettie and Juliet and Little Cat," said Miss Carhart mirthfully. "Oh," she turned to Mrs. Slater, "I am Miss Carhart. At the New Willard."

She glanced at her bauble of a watch as she sped along. Five minutes of eleven. If he should get there first! She met Mr. Stephen Warren at the elevator door. The elevator simply crawled, but happily the long hallway was deserted.

"You darling!" Stephen Warren whispered rapturously, as they sped along toward the haven of the suite. "I've walked through most of the alphabet this morning and a long way down the numerals waiting for eleven o'clock to come; and the numbers are our happy years together, and the letters are a lover's alphabet, with A for Altar, and B for Bride. Now!" he murmured; and rapped on Mr. Carhart's door. Once inside, he caught Nanette's right hand firmly in his and drew her toward her father. "Will you trust her to me?" he said simply.

Mr. Carhart stood up and looked at them steadily and seriously.

"Mr. Warren," he said soberly, "so far as I know you, I am disposed to like you. If, after I have obtained certain formal information about you, I feel I can consent to your marrying Nanette, I shall want to improve your fortunes." The vice-president of the road would have been suspicious of this ingenuous friendliness. "I should create a place for you with us," he went on smooth-

ly," for my daughter's husband would naturally be my right-hand man."

He chose the words very carefully.

Stephen Warren laughed buoyantly.

"I am creating a place for myself, Mr. Carhart," he said frankly, "and I can't lose the fun of doing it by slipping into a place someone else creates. I suppose it's the Scotch strain that gets such dogged zest out of hewing out the way. It will be a bigger place because I have Nanette to help me. But after all, it's *my* fortunes I'm asking her to share, and *my* life she is going to help me live. Come, Mr. Carhart," he said with a sudden whimsicality, "you play bridge, don't you? Well, how would you like to have someone suggest changing the game to casino just as it was your turn to deal?"

His tone was lightly humorous, but Mr. Carhart, being Western-born himself, recognized it as the Northwest brand, stamped with the iron of determination. He smote young Warren genially on the shoulder.

"I wouldn't do it, my boy," he said brusquely, "and I hoped you wouldn't, but it was the only way to find out." He turned to his daughter. "You are quite sure you want to live out all the years of your life with him?" he asked her, and the glance he bent upon her was full of a parental tenderness, ready to sacrifice itself to the second place if the right time was come.

"All the years of it," said Miss Carhart, very softly, "even if I should live to be very, very old." She looked with a sudden sweet seriousness at Stephen Warren.

"As please God you will," he said, and the words were a prayer. Then he wheeled toward her, dominant, impetuous. "You must," he said sharply, as though the very force of that lover's *must* would prevail, if need be, over fate. "And we must begin our life together soon," he demanded, impetuously. Miss Carhart's long lashes dragged themselves downward over her radiant eyes at the look he gave her.

Mr. Carhart pushed them toward the door in mock impatience.

"For heaven's sake," he said briskly, "go away! You're worse than a lot of arc-lights! Can you come down to earth and have lunch with me at one o'clock? I don't think the hotel has any stone china, but I should be delighted to order bread and milk." His lips twitched.

"You wouldn't dare," said his daughter gayly; "but we'd eat it, wouldn't we?"

"Anything," said Stephen Warren fervently, "anywhere, anyhow!"

They disappeared.

Mr. Carhart, looking down upon the street below, felt a sudden necessity for polishing his eyeglasses.

"I don t know why it makes me feel so old," he said whimsically. "Nothing matters to them. Nobody else exists. Ah, well," he sighed, "it's a good sign, anyway."

Around at the little shop in the dilapidated side-street, Mrs. Slater sat in a dazed condition in her slatted rocking-chair.

"She never asked me what I charged," she murmured. "Do you suppose she forgot or didn't she *care?*"

She felt of the sides of the chair as though to assure herself by their actuality that the late interview was real.

Miss Carhart, whose gowns and whose beauty and whose motor cars appeared in the Sunday papers week after week!

The day of miracles was at hand!

She snatched Little Cat off the sewing-machine, where that mite had been investigating the spool system, and like many other investigators of systems, had become badly tangled up in the process; she fished Nettie out of an open drawer full of materials where that excitable young thing was rioting; and she caught up the sedate Juliet unceremoniously, to rock them all back and forth, wriggling and protestant.

"We've got a millionairess customer," she announced. "She's going to come in an automobile! We've got a Paris gown for a model! The sign has begun to work!" She laughed triumphantly.

"You've got to begin with a good sign," she stated authoritatively.

II

A SUCCESS FOR SYMBOLISM

A BELL-BOY from the New Willard was responsible for it. He opened the door of Mrs. Slater's little shop with as infinite a condescension as he might have shown had he *owned* the New Willard.

"'S a note," he volunteered loftily, tossing it on the counter, beneath whose glass

reposed several bolts of ribbon and a truly alluring rhinestone buckle (which Mrs. Slater had purchased from a Hebraic gentleman who assured her that even he himself could hardly tell it from "diamunts." "Look at the *faucets* on ut," he concluded, gazing at it, as though half unwilling to part from it at any price. "My own pardner would say that them was stones of the first water!" "I suppose that's why they call them *faucets*," Mrs. Slater had reasoned.)

"I expect it's from Miss Carhart," Mrs. Slater said grandly, as though it *might* be from some of her other customers at the New Willard.

"She can't come for her fitting till to-morrow," she announced. It was just possible he didn't understand that Miss Carhart had *ordered a gown* here.

"They've gone to Bennings in the big cah —Miss Carhart, her fathah, and the Mistah Warren she's engaged to," the blasé bellboy vouchsafed.

"Engaged!" said Mrs. Slater, agreeably fluttered. "Well, I hope he's worthy of her."

"He ain't hea'd that they make money smallah than half a dollah evah since," remarked the bellboy, as though that settled *that* question.

"Have they gone to the races?" Mrs. Slater inquired eagerly.

There was vast pity in the bellboy's expression. "D'you know of anything else *at* Bennings?" he inquired sarcastically. "My brothah made ten dollahs theah yistahday," he announced nonchalantly.

"My!" said Mrs. Slater, impressed. "Did he have a tip?"

"Jim don't need no tips," the bellboy drawled. "Jim's jus' lucky."

"There isn't any answer," said Mrs. Slater, responding to something suggestive in his attitude.

"Theah was a note, though," he remarked.

The power of the receptive attitude took effect. Mrs. Slater extracted a quarter from her worn black pocket-book. The bellboy received it without effusion, evidently feeling, with a majority of his race, that the darky's cloud *must* have a silver lining.

When he had departed he left an atmosphere of unrest behind him.

Ten dollars! The chiffon shirrings seemed to go distressingly slow. To make ten dollars with no work at all! Just picking out the fastest horse! The room was warm. Nettie yelped to be let out into the alley yard where she treasured a colossal bone. Mrs. Slater let her out. "If it'll just take her mind off'n Little Cat," she murmured.

Little Cat, gladdened by Nettie's disappearance, began jumping for a fly on the south window above Mrs. Slater's sewing-table, upon which she presently sprawled discomfited, scattering thread and stray bits to the winds.

In a subdued exasperation Mrs. Slater changed the position of her chair, and promptly rocked on an unoffending Juliet, who voiced her woes to the skies. Mrs. Slater's thread knotted—broke.

"I declare," she announced, "I believe I'll go myself."

The excitement of the idea seized her. She began to make herself ready with an almost feverish haste. If she had only begun sooner!

She locked the shop-door behind her, and stopped to see that the placard behind its glass panels was distinctly legible. It was a deceptive placard, which stated mendaciously: *Will be back in twenty minutes.*

With the air of one who had burned her bridges behind her, she stepped buoyantly along in the spring sunshine. Probably no one in all Washington was more irresponsibly happy; for when she had locked the door she locked inside not only Nettie and Juliet and Little Cat, but all troublesome recollections; she remembered neither Miss Carhart's dress, far from ready for to-morrow, nor her own depleted finances.

Everybody was going to Bennings. She was going to Bennings.

Three crisp five-dollar bills burned pleasantly in her pocket-book. How could she remember that they were her last!

The open trolley flaunted the sign *To Bennings.*

She signalled one with the feeling that she was signalling Fortune; and she squeezed herself on board among those other fortune-seekers as she might have embarked on a ship setting sail on a treasure expedition.

The tall butcher from the street above, from whom she purchased her cats'-meat and an occasional chop for herself, recognized her, and offered her his seat with a gallantry which made her rejoice that she was wearing the most expensive hat from

her own shop-window, a final extravagance, tempered by the hope that the dust would brush off and leave no visible signs of the expedition.

Newsboys ran alongside and waved their papers excitedly.

"Racin' extra! All about t'races!" they cried raucously.

Everyone in the car held one of these papers as though it were a life-preserver. Mrs. Slater promptly purchased one, and plunged into the study of Past Performances with the zeal of sporting blood. With all that exhaustive information, how could one help picking a winner!

To be sure, most of the terms were abbreviations of unknown significance; and she experienced some slight confusion as to who had really won in these former trials of speed.

MARU, 5, 99. Ch. g. Meddler—Octavia.

Was he *five* years old? He couldn't be *ninety-nine!* Perhaps he had won ninety-nine races. Charged with being a meddler—that didn't sound promising—by a lady named Octavia? Could that be right? She proceeded to investigate his record further.

Bennings, April 6. Purse. 3 yrs. & up. 5½ fur. Track fast. Time 1:10 2-5. Start poor. Won ridden out.

	Place		driv.
Illyria, 116, Michaels	4	$1^{1}\frac{1}{2}$	1^{4}
The Bowery, 104, Hurley	2	$2^{1}\frac{1}{2}$	2h
Typhonic, 107, Hicks	1	3^{n}	3^{5}
Maru, 114, Murray	5	4	4
Arachue, 112, McCafferty	3	5	5

Illyria, 1-1, 2-5; The Bowery, 30-1, 4-1; Typhonic, 3-2, 2-5.

April 6. *Start poor. Won ridden out.*

It looked discouraging. She decided against Maru.

But so many of the others had "started poor" and "won hdly."

If the butcher had not retired to the rear platform she would have been tempted to ask his advice, though it seemed rather forward when they were just business acquaintances.

There was a certain expansive attitude noticeable about all the occupants of the car. Conversations started easily, and continued with amplified details. Reminiscence took precedence over prophecy.

Everyone—but Mrs. Slater—had apparently been to the races the day before; everyone—but Mrs. Slater—had won, or knew someone who had.

What was there of importance save the races? The rest of the world dropped out of sight.

Hilarity and Iridescent and Plantagenet—what names were these to conjure with! But which to choose!

The car stopped at the crowded gateway; the occupants fell off in mad haste; they rushed, running, down the covered passageway. Mrs. Slater ran fairly well herself.

As she left the ticket window she bumped squarely into the butcher. "Going to play 'em?" he inquired smilingly.

Mrs. Slater nodded. Her eyes sparkled.

"Put your money on Mimon for the first—if it isn't over. You can't lose," he assured her.

Mrs. Slater's face radiated a thanksgiving for the tip.

The crowd separated them again, but he turned and nodded encouragingly as he caught her eye.

"I expect he's married," murmured Mrs. Slater regretfully, but she straightened her hat automatically.

When next she got her breath she was seated on the crowded grand stand; pocketbook, racing-card, pencil, and Past Performances, firmly clutched in her hands.

The band was playing gayly. But the first race was over! And Mimon had won! What a prophet the butcher had been! What a judge of horseflesh! "Dealin' so much in meat, I suppose," Mrs. Slater explained to herself.

Bets for the next race were being booked. She studied the names on her racing-card in an agony of indecision. If she only knew which! But bet she must! She caught the nearest agent of Fortune by the arm.

"Which horse's the best?" she demanded eagerly.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Torchlight favorite," he said rapidly, "8 to 5. Setauket 3 to 1. Belle of Milford 12 to 1."

Mrs. Slater did not hear the rest. 8 to 5, when she had only fifteen in the world. She abandoned the favorite with a sigh. As for Setauket, the name sounded like a sleeping-car; it prejudiced her against the horse. Belle of Milford—what was there vaguely familiar about the name? Why, the head of the suit department at Wallace & Phipps had been a Miss *Til*ford. "She was a hustler, too," Mrs. Slater murmured reminiscently. The man was turning away impatiently.

"I'll bet on the Belle of Milford," said Mrs. Slater breathlessly.

He snatched the racing card from her hands.

"How much?" he demanded tersely.

"*One,*" said Mrs. Slater severely. "Didn't you just tell me that was it?"

The man's expression suggested that business considerations were all that restrained him from ejaculation.

One of Mrs. Slater's fives promptly became two twos; 12-1 was marked plainly opposite Belle of Milford on Mrs. Slater's racing card.

She saw the man stopping to place other bets as he moved away. And she exulted in it. A man near her bet on Torchlight. It chilled her enthusiasm. Would Torchlight win? Had she lost her dollar? If she could see the man she would ask him to give it back. But he had disappeared.

"Burns is going to ride Belle of Milford," a woman's voice somewhere back of her announced. "Burns can make any old skate win."

Mrs. Slater's heart warmed to her.

"Going to bet?" another voice inquired.

"No-o-o," the first voice hesitated. "I'll wait till the next."

Mrs. Slater's barometer fell depressingly. If Burns was such a wonder, and still that woman wouldn't bet, what a poor horse the Belle must be!

The clamor rose suddenly. There were the horses. Belle of Milford with Burns riding, Mrs. Slater identified easily by "*Black, dark-blue sleeves and sash, black cap,*" a sombreness of attire which corresponded accurately with Mrs. Slater's dark-blue mood and blackened hopes.

G. J. Reardon F. T. Miller

Black, Dark Blue Sleeves and Sash, Black Cap.

2 BELLE OF MILFORD 104

Br. m. 5, by Bassetlaw—Zuleika. $1,400.

Now they were off. Belle of Milford fourth, Torchlight fifth, if there was any consolation in that. Then Belle of Milford began to creep up third—second—Belle of Milford led as the horses came down the track! The hoarse, raucous cheers that belong to the arena charged the air with electric force.

Burns swinging forward on the Belle of Milford's neck seemed to lift her along by sheer force of will. Belle of Milford held the lead. Belle of Milford won.

Mrs. Slater dropped into her seat rather limply. She wondered weakly if the man would ever come back.

Then she saw him in the distance. He was paying! He was *honest.* After several æons he reached her; took her card, checked it, and presented her with a ten-dollar bill, a two, and a one.

"'Twan't but twelve to one," said Mrs. Slater excitedly, for Mrs. Slater was honest. "You've give me a dollar too much."

She tendered it back to him with a tremulous smile. "Aw, that's the one you bet," he said disgustedly.

"And I get that back, too?" she inquired breathlessly. The restrained expression reappeared on the sporting gentleman's face. He nodded. You would have said he could not trust himself to speak.

A solid citizen with black, oily hair observed Mrs. Slater's luck. "Have a tip?" he inquired, leaning forward.

"No," said Mrs. Slater affably, "but I knew a girl with a name like that once."

For the next few races she placed her bets with a recklessness born of sudden fortune, and which reduced her capital to six paltry dollars.

Coinciding with these successive and depressing losses were the ejaculations of her right-hand neighbor, a sharp-nosed woman, considerably past middle age, with the figure of a grenadier and the countenance of a Spartan. After these had progressed from "Shocking!" and "Dreadful!" to "Appalling!" Mrs. Slater determined to shake off the pall of gloom with which they were enshrouding her by cheering up the oracle.

"Oh, well, I expect to win yet," she said, smiling at her.

The sharp-nosed woman returned the smile with the glare of the unintroduced.

"I deplore, not your losses, though they are probably more than you can afford," she said acidly, "but the wickedness of wagering money on the relative rapidity of mere animals."

"I expect most folks think they might as well risk a little as long as they're here," Mrs. Slater rejoined with an easy tolerance.

"It is only one more step from the degradation of being here," said the sharp-nosed woman.

"Land sakes! Don't you like races?" inquired Mrs. Slater curiously.

The sharp-nosed woman's sudden inhalation suggested the turning on of steam heat.

"I loathe them," she said solemnly.

"What did you come for?" asked Mrs. Slater in all sincerity.

"I came to Washington," stated the sharp-nosed woman, with a suggestion of the rostrum, "as the delegate from Pawnee City to the Congress of United Womanhood, who are banded together to demand from the present inadequate system of legislation the Complete Purification of Politics. It is only due to Pawnee City that I should investigate something of the seamy side of life during my sojourn here. She stopped majestically. "And I cannot be too thankful," she went on (it was the effective peroration of her future address), "that my lot is cast, not in a Sink of Iniquity, but in a place of comparative purity like Pawnee City." (Future cheers!)

"I don't recall that I ever heard of Pawnee City," murmured Mrs. Slater, feeling rather submerged beneath this avalanche of oratory.

"Probably not," said the sharp-nosed woman, as one whom no lack of intelligence could surprise, "but if you should ask me to give you my advice, I should say to you: Leave all this whirlpool behind you and come to Pawnee City; or if you are not able to do that, study Pawnee City, and follow the principles for which it stands."

There is nothing so irritating to a loser of lucre as financially worthless advice.

"There wouldn't nobody ask you to *give* away such advice," Mrs. Slater retorted with malicious serenity. "You'd ought to sell it."

A stifled chuckle at her left turned her attention to the little wizened, brow-beaten-looking man who had been sitting as small as possible all the afternoon.

Mrs. Slater's face relaxed to geniality again.

"Well, did you ever!" she said in extenuation.

The little man nodded with the air of one who knew many things.

"It's being *advanced*," he said mysteriously. "But races are great, aren't they?" he demanded with the bursting of a pent-up enthusiasm.

"Fine!" said Mrs. Slater friendily.

"You'd oughto put some money up to really enjoy 'em, though," she added.

The little man coughed apologetically.

"I—it jest happens—well, the fact is," he confided, "my wife—she keeps the family funds. She thinks I'm careless. And she only gave me a dollar this morning, and I've spent it all but my car-fare. I didn't—happen to—mention I thought of coming out here," he concluded embarrassedly.

Mrs. Slater eyed him compassionately.

"She's on the Pawnee City order, I expect," she communed with herself. "Land! A good little man like that!"

She was stirred with a sudden impulse characteristically improvident.

"I've brought more with me than I was intendin' to use," she said carelessly. "'F you'd like to borrow a dollar——"

(The sharp-nosed woman swung between horror and interest.)

He shook his head, reddening. "I'm much obliged," he faltered, "but I couldn't. If I lost, I should have to explain to my wife——" His tongue clave to the roof of his mouth at the thought.

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Slater easily; "you put it on one horse, and I'll put some on another. It'll give us two chances, don't you see? (He's old enough to be my father," she murmured to herself, "'n' I declare he shall have some fun for once, anyway). If you win, you can pay me back; if you lose, why, forget it. I should have lost it anyway."

She fairly thrust the dollar bill into his hesitant hands.

"You might as well have the fun," she suggested. "We're only alive once."

(There was a day when Pawnee City drew in a breath of concerted horror at this.)

The bill shook in the little man's fingers. Life opened so dazzlingly. He had shrunk so long under the tempers and furies of a virago whose domineering had seemed dainty when she was a red-cheeked girl.

And here was the opulent light of an irresponsible enjoyment.

"He's coming," said Mrs. Slater excitedly, sighting her man-of-affairs in the distance. "Now we must make up our minds."

Such excitement was contagious.

OWNER	TRAINER	LBS. ON	LBS. OFF
Major W. Foster	F. McFadden		
Gold, Red Sash, Blue Collar, Cuffs and Cap.			
1 DALLIANCE . . 168		5	—
B. g. aged, by Marauder—Medallion.			
T. L. Evans	J. Thomas		
Green, Black Sleeves and Cap.			
2 RED HAWK . . 165		2	—
Ch. g. aged, by Hawksley—Evolution.			
J. W. Colt	G. R. Tompkins		
Green and White Hoops.			
3 SIMON KENTON . 164		8	—
B. g. 5, by Richelieu—Consignee.			

The little man fell upon and mentally devoured Past Performances, while she studied her racing-card, commenting audibly upon the entries for this the last race, the handicap steeple-chase.

Dalliance was *aged*—and so was Red Hawk. No old horses for her. Simon Kenton—green and white hoops! "Of all things! If his jockey wears hoops, he'll be a sight. I don't want any money on him," she announced. But all the others were aged! "Maybe that's why they make the jockey on the only *young* horse wear hoops," she murmured.

S. P. Knut	M. L. Devlin		
White and Blue.			
7 TWILIGHT . 157		—	6
B. g. aged, by Torchlight—unknown.			
J. D. Hall, Jr.	J. Johnston		
White, Blue Sleeves and Sash, Red Cap.			
8 CHARLES O'MALLEY 148		—	15
B. g. aged, by Monticello—dam by Rodney.			

Charles O'Malley's jockey wore "White, blue sleeves and sash, red cap." *Hurrah for the red, white and blue!* And they won, too," she murmured.

When she found she could get 15 to 1 on Charles O'Malley, she ventured her five-dollar bill with a cheerful heart. A nickel roamed around in solitary confinement in her worn pocket-book.

"What horse did you decide on?" she inquired affably of the little man. Not for worlds would she have dictated his choice. Mrs. Slater would have made a good mother. Nettie and Juliet and Little Cat could have told you that.

The little man hesitated. Caution is hard to shake off. He asked the odds for place. You won less, but you stood more chance to win. On Twilight, now? Three to one. He ventured the dollar bill on that hazard. No racing-card? "You may put it on this lady's card. It'll be all right," he said with an assurance born Minerva-like.

"It'll be just *about* twilight," he confided to Mrs. Slater.

She nodded approval at this adoption of her system. "I expect you'll win," she smiled. The little man's heart beat faster at the thought.

The band quickened into a two-step. The bugle sounded. There were the horses. All the enthusiasm of all the races seemed concentrated on this, the last race.

Now! They were off. A good even start. At the first hurdle Dalliance fell, his rider under him. There were heavy bets on Dalliance. Charles O'Malley and Simon Kenton seemed to have the chance now. Simon Kenton was the favorite. He took his hurdles prettily. The crowd was cheering for Simon Kenton. (Even Pawnee City felt athrill. The Contagion of Evil, she called it later.) Red Hawk made a close third, but Twilight just behind him was running steadily. Twilight began to creep up. Red Hawk was getting tired. Twilight's chances for place were improving. The little man, erect, tense, swallowed over a dry lump in his throat.

Mrs. Slater's eyes were glued to Charles O'Malley. He was gaining, but would he get the lead? And could he hold it if he got it?

A howl smote the air. Anguish and triumph blended.

Simon Kenton was down—at the fence opposite the free field.

"Come on, Charles O'Malley!" shrieked the mob. It was wine to Mrs. Slater.



"But races are great, aren't they?" he demanded —Page 287.

"Come on, Charles O'Malley!" she called hysterically, standing with outstretched arms that ached in every muscle with the desire to lift, to pull, to drag him, if need be, to victory.

He was winning! He won easily! And forging ahead of Red Hawk came Twilight. Twilight won out for place!

In the midst of the resultant pandemonium was Mrs. Slater, laughing and crying at once, and the little man, swallowing convulsively. The crowd surged about them. The races were over. The grenadier from Pawnee City shook the dust of contamination from her capaciously shod feet. Down the crowded aisles came the old familiar



Mrs. Slater's eyes were glued to Charles O'Malley.—Page 288.

figure of the dispenser of wealth. He fairly thrust their money upon them in his eagerness to be finished.

Mrs. Slater crushed the roll of bills recklessly in her shabby pocket-book.

The little man held out his four dollars timidly. "You take 'em all," he said; "I enjoyed it that much."

Mrs. Slater took her one dollar and pushed the rest back.

"I'm no Jew," she laughed. "I hope you'll enjoy spendin' it." She nodded good-naturedly as she slipped through the crowd and out of his life.

Enjoy spending it! The theatre loomed up! Or a restaurant dinner!

With something of a dog-like fidelity his thoughts turned to his wife.

"I'd take her, too," he murmured, "only I'd have to tell her how I got it."

For Joy yearns for companionship even more than grief.

Mrs. Slater sped out under the covered passageway. At the club-house entrance a policeman suddenly waved the crowd back. Standing there, she witnessed the passage of a motor car in which a hale and hearty magnate sat on the front seat with the chauffeur (who was running it for once, as he thanked heaven), while on the back seat, as Mrs. Slater unmotor-learnedly designated it, sat Miss Carhart, laughing gayly with a very good-looking man who from his ecstatic expression could be no other than "the Mr. Warren she was engaged to."

In the midst of her riches Mrs. Slater was smitten with a sudden lonesomeness.

"I must get her dress ready to-night, if I sit up till morning," she murmured, striving to attribute this melancholy to conscience awakened.

But where the street-cars waited the tall, blue-eyed butcher was waiting, too. He tipped his hat with rather an embarrassed air. Excitement and the new hat presented Mrs. Slater at her best.

"I thought I'd wait and tell you that I've won quite a bit," he said with a shyness born of admiration. "I'd like to ride back with you if it would be agreeable."

His eyes were much more eloquent than his tongue.

"I should admire to have you," said Mrs. Slater demurely. She straightened her hat once more.

"I suppose I look a sight," she said deceptively, for the butcher's eyes told quite clearly what he thought. Then she laughed with the spontaneity of a child.

"I won, too," she said. "What do you think of that?" He swung her on the car and seated himself beside her with a dawning of the possessive sense.

"I think you're a wonder," he said slowly. "'N' I'm glad I am a marryin' man. Have I got a chance?" he demanded with laughing earnestness.

Spring and the races! Faith, 't is a heady combination!

"The idea!" said Mrs. Slater gayly, but she hoped she didn't show her feelings.

That lonesomeness, somehow, had entirely disappeared.

THE BURNING HEART

By Edith M. Thomas

I, WHOM the fires of life each day
Do heat to pallor—I, who sway
Forever in the breath of strife,
Not master, but the slave of life,
  A burning heart I bear!
Yet death will full extinction give,
Or kindly age a bound will set;
So, if I live, I shall outlive;
And if I die, I shall forget—
  I shall not always care!

Not then, as now, at Anger's shock
This burning heart its walls shall knock;
Nor shall its hopes, o'erdarkened soon,
Amidst a crucifixion noon,
  Waste into moaning air!
I, Passion's compassed fugitive,
Shall find release or refuge yet;
For, if I live, I shall outlive;
And if I die, I shall forget—
  I shall not always care!



Thomas Jefferson, by Gilbert Stuart.
The property of T. Jefferson Coolidge.

WASHINGTON IN JEFFERSON'S TIME

FROM THE DIARIES AND FAMILY LETTERS OF MRS. SAMUEL HARRISON SMITH (MARGARET BAYARD)

Edited by Gaillard Hunt from the collection of her grandson, J. Henley Smith

PREFATORY NOTE

DURING the first forty years of its existence the city of Washington had a society more definite and real than it has come to have in later days. The permanent residents, although appurtenant to the changing official element, nevertheless furnished the framework which the larger and more important social life used to build upon, and the result was a structure of society tolerably compact and pleasing and certainly interesting. It was emphatically official, but it did not include the lower-class officials, who found their recreation for the most part at the street resorts, and its tone was dignified and wholesome. At any rate, it was genuine and national, even if it was crude, and the day of the all-powerful rich man and his dominance in social life had not yet arrived.

Samuel Harrison Smith, of Philadelphia, a writer and editor in Philadelphia, came to the city in the year 1800, soon after the Government had moved there. He was the son of Jonathan Bayard Smith, a member of the Continental Congress, signer of the Articles of Confederation and colonel of a Pennsylvania regiment during the Revolution; and although he was only twenty-eight years old, he established the first national newspaper printed in America, which he called *The National Intelligencer*. Just before his paper was started he returned to Philadelphia, and on September 29, 1800, married his second cousin, Margaret Bayard, and their wedding journey was from Philadelphia to Washington, where they lived the rest of their lives; and for forty years their house was the resort of the most interesting characters in national public life. The first number of *The National Intelli-*

gencer appeared October 31, 1800, and after conducting it successfully for a number of years Mr. Smith sold it to Joseph Gales, Jr., who afterward associated with himself as editor William W. Seaton. In 1813 President Madison appointed him the first Commissioner of the Revenue of the Treasury Department and on September 30, 1814, Secretary of the Treasury *ad interim*. From 1809 to 1819 he was president of the Bank of Washington, and later president of the Washington branch Bank of the United States until the office was abolished ten years before his death. Undoubtedly, the success of his career was partly due to the assistance given him by his talented wife.

Margaret Bayard was born February 29, 1778, in Philadelphia, the daughter of Col. John Bayard, a famous Revolutionary officer, Speaker of the Pennsylvania Assembly and member of the Continental Congress. Colonel Bayard's nephew and adopted son was James A. Bayard, a distinguished diplomat and Senator from Delaware, and James A. Bayard's son, bearing the same name, was also a Senator from Delaware, as was his grandson, the late Thomas Francis Bayard. Margaret Bayard was twenty-two years old when she married, and it was inevitable that one who wrote so readily should eventually print her pieces, and in due course she fell in with Godey, Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, Anthony Bleecker, J. Herrick, and Miss Catherine Maria Sedgwick, and from 1823 up to a few years before her death she was an occasional contributor to the literature of the day. For *Godey's Lady's Book* she wrote "Domestic Sketches," an account of presidential inaugurations, and a serial moral story, printed in March, April, and May, 1837, entitled "Who is Happy?" She also wrote some Spanish tales, "Constantine" and several other Roman stories, "Lucy," "The Sister," and "Estelle Aubert," a translation from the French which Mrs. Hale printed in 1834. In 1835 she printed in *The National Intelligencer* a letter in verse anonymously to Harriet Martineau, and probably contributed to this paper on other occasions which can not be identified. In 1837 she wrote for *The Southern Literary Messenger* and Peter Parley's (Goodrich's) annual "The Token," but anonymously. She contributed to Herrick and Longacre's *National Portrait Gallery*, doubtless the article on Mrs. Madison and probably one or two others. Her contributions were generally moral essays or stories, pitched high as the taste of the day required. The most ambitious product of her pen was a large novel in two volumes, entitled "A Winter in Washington, or Memoirs of The Seymour Family," published in 1824 (New York, E. Bliss and E. White) anonymously. Her authorship was, however, not concealed, and was generally known at the time, and the book, after being a decided success, has since become exceedingly rare. The characters were taken from real life, and it has historical value because of a number of anecdotes, chiefly of Thomas Jefferson, scattered through its pages. Another volume published by her was a little story of two hundred and fifty pages printed in 1828 and sold at a fair held for the benefit of the Washington Orphan Asylum, bearing the title "What is Gentility?" Undoubtedly, Mrs. Smith's most interesting and valuable writings were those which she never intended for publication and which have hitherto never seen the light, being her private letters in which she opens an intimate view of the famous political characters in Washington, whose acquaintance and friendship she enjoyed. These letters present a picture highly entertaining and valuable, and so do some of the reminiscences which she wrote in her note-books.

She was the intimate friend of Jefferson, who was her life's hero, and his family, and one of his most characteristic letters, that in which he discloses his views on religion, was addressed to her; of the Madisons, the Clays, the Calhouns; of William Wirt, the accomplished Attorney-General for twelve years; and of William H. Crawford, whose partisan in his candidacy for the presidency she became, besides many others. She entertained Harriet Martineau when she came to Washington on her famous tour, held long conversations with the socialist Owen of Lanark, and had as one of her intimate friends Madame de Neuville, the wife of Hyde de Neuville, the most popular of the early ministers of France to the United States. She was a remarkably truthful letter writer, and never embellished her correspondence with apocryphal gossip. She judged her fellowman charitably and believed in her country absolutely, and did not herself participate in any of the party rancor which raged around her. She was, herself, a Republican, to which

party her husband adhered, but she came of a Federalist family and looked not unkindly upon her husband's opponents. She died January 7, 1844, and her husband November 1, 1845.

In the valuable manuscript collection in my possession are several thousand of my grandmother's letters and of letters to her from nearly all the prominent characters of her day. They were kept by her son, Jonathan Bayard Harrison Smith, my father, under lock and key during his life and have only been seen since coming under my control after my mother's death. From this mass of material Mr. Hunt has selected only those letters which give an intimate view of the social life of Washington nearly a hundred years ago. Most of the letters are addressed to Mrs. Smith's sisters—Jane, herself a woman of literary accomplishments, the wife of Chief-Justice Andrew Kirkpatrick, of New Jersey, and Anna, who married Mr. Samuel Boyd, of New York; and her husband's sisters, Susan Bayard Smith and Mary Ann Smith; and her son, when he was a student at Princeton. "Sidney," the country-place from which she often wrote, was a farm of two hundred acres, a portion of which the Catholic University now occupies; but the original house is still standing.

J. Henley Smith.

REMINISCENCES*

"And is this," said I, after my first interview with Mr. Jefferson, "the violent democrat, the vulgar demagogue, the bold atheist & profligate man I have so often heard denounced by the federalists? Can this man so meek & mild, yet dignified in his manners, with a voice so soft & low, with a countenance so benignant & intelligent, can he be that daring leader of a faction, that disturber of the peace, that leader of all rank & order?" Mr. Smith, indeed, (himself a democrat) had given me a very different description of this celebrated individual; but his favourable opinion I attributed in a great measure to his political feelings, which led him zealously to support & exalt the party to which he belonged, especially its popular & almost idolized leader. Thus the virulence of party-spirit was somewhat neutralized, nay, I even entertained towards him the most kindly dispositions, knowing him to be not only politically but personally friendly to my husband; yet I believed that he was an ambitious & violent demagogue coarse & vulgar in his manners, awkward & rude in his appearance, for such had the public journals & private conversations of the federal party represented him to be.*

In December, 1800, a few days after Congress had for the first time met in our new Metropolis, I was one morning sitting alone in the parlour, when the servant opened the door & showed in a gentleman who wished to see my husband. The usual frankness & care with which I met strangers, were somewhat checked by the dignified & reserved air of the present visitor; but the chilled feeling was only momentary, for after taking the chair I offered him in a free & easy manner, & carelessly throwing his arm on the table near which he sat, he turned towards me a countenance beaming with an expression of benevolence & with a manner and voice almost femininely soft & gentle, entered into conversation on the commonplace topics of the day, from which, before I was conscious of it, he had drawn me into observations of a more personal & interesting nature, I know not how it was, but there was something in his manner, his countenance & voice that at once unlocked my heart, & in answer to his casual enquiries concerning our situation in our *new home*, as he called it, I found myself frankly telling him what I liked or disliked in our present circumstances & abode. I knew not who he was, but the interest with which he listened to my artless details, induced the idea he was some intimate acquaintance or friend of Mr. Smith's & put me perfectly at my ease; in truth so kind & conciliating were his looks & manners that I forgot he was not a friend of my own, until on the opening of the door, Mr. Smith entered & introduced the stranger to me as *Mr. Jefferson.*

I felt my cheeks burn & my heart throb, & not a word more could I speak while he remained. Nay, such was my embarrassment I could scarcely listen to the conversation carried on between him & my husband. For several years he had been to me an object of peculiar interest. In fact my destiny, for on his success in the pend-

* From Mrs. Smith's note-book. It was written in 1837, but relates to her first arrival in Washington.

* Col. John Bayard, Mrs. Smith's father, was a Federalist.

ing presidential election, or rather the success of the democratic party, (their interests were identical) my condition in life, my union with the man I loved, depended. In addition to this personal interest, I had long participated in my husband's political sentiments & anxieties, & looked upon Mr. Jefferson as the corner stone on which the edifice of republican liberty was to rest, looked upon him as the champion of human rights, the reformer of abuses, the head of the republican party, which must rise or fall with him, & on the triumph of the republican party I devoutly believed the security & welfare of my country depended. Notwithstanding those exalted views of Mr. Jefferson as a political character, & ardently eager as I was for his success, I retained my previously conceived ideas of the coarseness & vulgarity of his appearance & manners & was therefore equally awed & surprised, on discovering the stranger whose deportment was so dignified & gentlemanly, whose language was so refined, whose voice was so gentle, whose countenance was so benignant, to be no other than Thomas Jefferson. How instantaneously were all these preconceived prejudices dissipated, & in proportion to their strength, was the reaction that took place in my opinions & sentiments. I felt that I had been the victim of prejudice, that I had been unjust. The revolution of feeling was complete & from that moment my heart warmed to him with the most affectionate interest & I implicitly believed all that his friends & my husband believed & which the after experience of many years confirmed. Yes, not only was he a great, but a truly good man!

The occasion of his present visit, was to make arrangements with Mr. Smith for the publication of his *Manuel* for *Congress*. Now called *Jefferson's manual*. The original was in his own neat, plain, but elegant hand writing. The manuscript was as legible as printing & its unadorned simplicity was emblematical of his character. It is still preserved by Mr. Smith & valued as a precious relique.

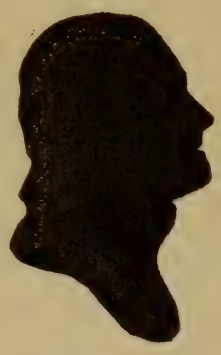
After the affair of business was settled, the conversation became general & Mr. Jefferson several times addressed himself to me; but although his manner was unchanged, my feelings were, & I could not recover sufficient ease to join in the conversation. He shook hands cordially with us both when he departed, & in a manner which said as plain as words could do, "I am your friend."

During part of the time that Mr. Jefferson was President of the Philosophical Society (in Philadelphia) Mr. Smith was its secretary. A prize offered by the society for the best system of national education, was gained by Mr. Smith. The merit of this essay, first attracted the notice of Mr. J. to its author; the personal acquaintance which then took place, led to a friendly intercourse which influenced the future destiny of my husband, as it was by Mr. Jefferson's advice, that he removed to Washington & established the *National Intelligencer*. Esteem for the talents & character of the editor first won Mr. Jefferson's regard, a regard which lasted to the end of his life & was a thousand times evinced by acts of personal kindness & confidence.

At this time Mr. Jefferson was vice-President & in nomination for the Presidency. Our infant city afforded scant accommodations for the members of Congress. There were few good boarding-houses, but Mr. Jefferson was fortunate enough to obtain one of the best. Thomas Law one of the wealthiest citizens & largest proprietors of city property, had just finished for his own use a commodious & handsome house on Capitol hill; this, on discovering the insufficiency of accommodation, he gave up to Conrad for a boarding house, & removed to a very inconvenient dwelling on Greenleaf's point, almost two miles distant from the Capitol.* And here while I think of it, though somewhat out of place, I will mention an incident that occurred which might have changed the whole aspect of the political world & have disappointed the long & deep laid plans of politicians, so much do great events depend on trivial accidents. This out-of-the-way-house to which Mr. Law removed, was separated from the most inhabited part of the city by old fields & waste grounds broken up by deep gulleys or ravines over which there was occasionally a passable road. The election of President by Congress was then pending, one vote

* Thomas Law, a brother of Lord Ellenborough, came to Washington in 1795 with the idea of making an enormous fortune by speculating in real estate. In 1796 he married Eliza Parke Custis, a descendant of Lord Baltimore and granddaughter of Mrs. Washington. They lived unhappily, separated in 1804 and were divorced a few years later. There were rumors that she loved the world and its admiration too much; but Mr. Law was himself an oddity. One of the stories about him is that going to the post-office for his letters one day he could not remember his name till an acquaintance addressed him.

given or withheld would decide the question between Mr. Jefferson & Mr. Burr. Mr. Bayard from Delaware held that vote. He with other influential & leading members went to a ball given by Mr. Law. The night was dark & rainy, & on their attempt to return home, the coachman lost his way, & until day break was driving about this waste & broken ground & if not overturned into the deep gullies was momentarily in danger of being so, an accident which would most probably have cost some of the gentlemen their lives, & as it so happened that the company in the coach consisted of Mr. Bayard & three other members of Congress who had a leading & decisive influence in this difficult crisis of public affairs, the loss of either, might have turned the scales, then so nicely poised. Had it been so, & Mr. Burr been elected to the Presidency, what an awful conflict, what civil commotions would have ensued.



Mr. Jefferson.
Silhouette from life.

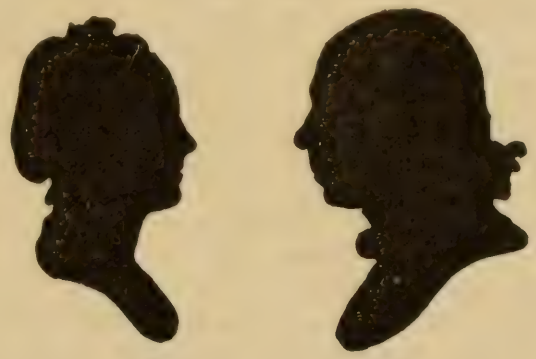
Conrad's boarding house was on the south side of Capitol hill & commanded an extensive & beautiful view. It was on the top of the hill, the precipitous sides of which were covered with grass, shrubs & trees in their wild uncultivated state. Between the foot of the hill & the broad Potomac extended a wide plain, through which the Tiber wound its way. The romantic beauty of this little stream was not then deformed by wharves or other works of art. Its banks were shaded with tall & umbrageous forest trees of every variety, among which the superb Tulep-Poplar rose conspicuous; The magnolia, the azalia, the hawthorn, the wild-rose & many other indigenous shrubs grew beneath their shade, while violets, anemonies & a thousand other sweet wood-flowers found shelter among their roots, from the winter's frost & greeted with the earliest bloom the return of spring. The wild grape-vine climbing from tree to tree hung in unpruned luxuriance among the branches of the trees & formed a fragrant & verdant canopy over the greensward, impervious to the noon-day sun. Beautiful banks of Tiber! delightful rambles! happy hours! How like a dream do ye now appear. Those trees, those shrubs, those flowers are gone. Man & his works have displaced the charms of nature. The poet, the botanist, the sportsman & the lover who once haunted those paths must seek far hence the shades in which they delight. Not only the banks of the Tiber, but those of the Potomack & Anacosta, were at this period adorned with native trees & shrubs & were distinguished by as romantic scenery as any rivers in our country. Indeed the whole plain was diversified with groves & clumps of forest trees which gave it the appearance of a fine park. Such as grew on the public grounds ought to have been preserved, but in a government such as ours, where the people are sovereign, this could not be done. *The people*, the poorer inhabitants cut down these noble & beautiful trees for fuel. In one single night seventy tulip-Poplars were *girdled*, by which process life is destroyed & afterwards cut up at their leisure by the people. Nothing afflicted Mr. Jefferson like this wanton destruction of the fine trees scattered over the city-grounds. I remember on one occasion (it was after he was President) his exclaiming "How I wish that I possessed the power of a despot." The company at table stared at a declaration so opposed to his disposition & principles. "Yes," continued he, in reply to their inquiring looks, "I wish I was a despot that I might save the noble, the beautiful trees that are daily falling sacrifices to the cupidity of their owners, or the necessity of the poor."

"And have you not authority to save those on the public grounds?" asked one of the company. "No," answered Mr. J., "only an armed guard could save them. The unnecessary felling of a tree, perhaps the growth of centuries seems to me a crime little short of murder, it pains me to an unspeakable degree."*

It was partly from this love of nature, that he selected Conrad's boarding house, being there able to enjoy the beautiful & extensive

*This anecdote is given in "A Winter in Washington," Vol. II, p. 40.

prospect described above. Here he had a separate drawing-room for the reception of his visitors; in all other respects he lived on a perfect equality with his fellow boarders, and eat at a common table. Even here, so far from taking precedence of the other members of Congress, he always placed himself at the lowest end of the table. Mrs. Brown, the wife of the senator from Kentucky, suggested that a seat should be offered him at the upper end, near the fire, if not on account of his rank as vice-President, at least as the oldest man in company. But the idea was rejected by his democratic friends, & he occupied during the whole winter the lowest & coldest seat at a long table at which a company of more than thirty sat down. Even on the day of his inauguration when he entered the dining hall no other seat was offered him by the gentlemen. Mrs. Brown from an impulse which she said she could not resist, offered him her seat, but he smilingly declined it, & took his usual place at the bottom of the table. She said she felt indignant & for a moment almost hated the levelling principle of democracy, though her husband was a zealous democrat. Certainly this was carrying equality rather too far; there is no incompatibility between politeness & republicanism; grace cannot weaken & rudeness cannot strengthen a good cause, but democracy is more jealous of power & privilege than even despotism.



Mrs. Madison. *Mr. Madison.*

Silhouettes from life.

REMINISCENCE*

Mr. Jefferson's Election

FEBRUARY, 1801.

It was a day, "big with our country's fate"—a fate not suspended on the triumph or defeat of two contending armies, drawn forth in battle array—but on two contending political Parties, who after years of conflict, were now brought to issue. The power, which had been originally vested in the Federal party, had been gradually diminished by the force of public opinion, & transferred to the Democratic Party. For a while equality of power was maintained—but the equipoise did not last long,—a great & preponderating majority in the Presidential election, decided the relative strength of parties, the Democrats prevailed & brought into office, on the full-tide of popularity, the man who had been long recognized as the head of their Party.

According to the constitutional form, two men were to be run, the one for President, the other for vice President, & he who had the greatest number of votes was to be President. Such was the form of the law of election, but in the execution of that law, the people knowingly designated the vice-President, & voted for him concurrently with the President, this produced an unlooked for result & a constitutional difficulty. In the minds or inclinations of the people, there had been no misapprehensions no dubiousness of choice. They as manifestly gave their votes for Mr. Jefferson as President & Mr. Burr as vice-President, as if each vote had been accompanied with such a designation. With this understanding the votes for one were as unanimous as the votes for the other, & the result, of course, an equality. In this unlooked for emergency what was to be done? The constitution decided. The choice of President was to be made by Congress.

There was not a shadow of doubt or uncertainty as to the object of the people's choice. It had been proclaimed too widely & too loudly for any individual to remain ignorant of the fact.

But this accidental & uncalculated result, gave the Federal party a chance of preventing the election of a man they politically abhorred—a man whose weight of influence had turned the scale in favour of the oppos-

* From the note book.

ing Party. No means were left unattempted (perhaps I ought to say no *honest* means) to effect this measure.

It was an aweful crisis. The People who with such an overwhelming majority had declared their will would never peaceably have allowed the man of their choice to be set aside, & the individual they had chosen as vice-President, to be put in his place. A civil war must have taken place, to be terminated in all human probability by a rupture of the Union. Such consequences were at least calculated on, & excited a deep & inflamatory interest. Crowds of anxious spirits from the adjacent county & cities thronged to the seat of government & hung like a thunder cloud over the Capitol, their indignation ready to burst on any individual who might be designated as President in opposition to the people's known choice. The citizens of Baltimore who from their proximity, were the first apprised of this daring design, were with difficulty restrained from rushing on with an armed force, to prevent, —or if they could not prevent, to avenge this violation of the People's will & in their own vehement language, to hurl the usurper from his seat. Mr. Jefferson, then President of the Senate, sitting in the midst of these *conspirators*, as they were then called, unavoidably hearing their loudly whispered designs, witnessing their gloomy & restless machinations, aware of the dreadful consequences, which must follow their meditated designs, preserved through this trying period the most unclouded serenity the most perfect equanimity. A spectator who watched his countenance, would never have surmised, that he had any personal interest in the impending event. Calm & self possessed, he retained his seat in the midst of the angry & stormy, though half smothered passions that were struggling around him, & by this dignified tranquility repressed any open violence,—tho' insufficient to prevent whispered menaces & insults, to these however he turned a deaf ear, & resolutely maintained a placidity which baffled the designs of his enemies.

The crisis was at hand. The two bodies of Congress met, the Senators as witnesses the Representatives as electors. The question on which hung peace or war, nay, the Union of the States was to be decided. What an awful responsibility was attached to every vote given on that occasion. The sitting was held with closed doors. It lasted the whole day, the whole night. Not an individual left that solemn assembly, the necessary refreshment they required was taken in rooms adjoining the Hall. They were not like the Roman conclave legally & forcibly confined, the restriction was self-imposed from the deep-felt necessity of avoiding any extrinsic or external influence. Beds, as well as food were sent, for the accommodation of those whom age or debility disabled from enduring such a long protracted sitting—the balloting took place every hour—in the interval men ate, drank, slept or pondered over the result of the last ballot, compared ideas & persuasions to change votes, or gloomily anticipated the consequences, let the result be what it would.

With what an intense interest did every individual watch each successive examination of the Ballot-box, how breathlessly did they listen to the counting of the votes! Every hour a messenger brought to the Editor of the *N. I.** the result of the Ballot. That night I never lay down or closed my eyes. As the hour drew near its close, my heart would almost audibly beat & I was seized with a tremour that almost disabled me from opening the door for the expected messenger.

What then must have been the feelings of that Heroic woman, who had assented to her almost dying husband being carried in this cold inclement season, the distance of nearly two miles, from his lodgings to the capitol?

In a room adjacent to the Hall of R, he lay on a bed beside which she knelt supporting his head on her arm, while with her hand she guided his, in writing the name of the man of his choice. At the return of each hour the invalid was roused from his disturbed slumber, much to the injury of his health, to perform this important duty. What anxiety must this fond wife have endured, what a dread responsibility did she take on herself, knowing as she did & having been appealed to by his physicians, to resist his wish to go, that her husband's life was risked, by his removal from his chamber & the following scene.† But it was for her country! And the American equalled in courage & patriotism the Roman matron.

For more than thirty hours the struggle was maintained, but finding the republican

* *National Intelligencer.*

† Joseph Hopper Nicholson of Maryland was the member He was carried to the House through a snow-storm.

phalanx impenetrable, not to be shaken in their purpose, every effort proving unavailing, the Senator from Delaware [James A. Bayard]* the withdrawal of whose vote would determine the issue, took his part, gave up his party, for his country, & threw into the box a blank ballot, thus leaving to the republicans a majority. Mr. Jefferson was declared duly elected. The assembled crowds, without the Capitol, rent the air with their acclamations & gratulations, & the Conspirators as they were called, hurried to their lodgings under strong apprehensions of suffering from the just indignation of their fellow citizens.

The dark & threatening cloud which had hung over the political horrison, rolled harmlessly away, & the sunshine of prosperity & gladness broke forth & ever since, with the exception of a few passing clouds has continued to shine on our happy country.

Miss Susan B. Smith

Saturday, March, 1809.

I have just returned from the solemn & affecting scenes of this day,—to many they were scenes of greatness, gaiety & exultation. To me they were melancholy. My heart is oppressed, my dearest Susan with a weight of sadness, & my eyes are so blinded with tears that I can scarcely trace these lines. It is some pleasure to me to write to you who participate in my sentiments of affectionate veneration for this best of men. For the last time I have seen him in his own house. He is happy, he has enjoyed all his country can bestow of greatness & honor, he could enjoy no more were he to remain in office his whole life time. He only lays down an irksome burden, but carries with him an increase of popularity, of esteem & love. He goes to be *happy* without ceasing to be *great*. I ought to rejoice, too, but when I think of what *we* are to *lose*, I forget what *he* is to *gain*. To-day after the inauguration, we all went to Mrs. Madison's. The street was full of carriages & people, & we had to wait near half an hour, before we could get in,—the house was completely filled, parlours, entry, drawing room & bed room. Near the door of the drawing room Mr. & Mrs. Madison stood to receive their company. She looked extremely beautiful, was drest in a plain cambrick dress with a very long train, plain round the neck without any handkerchief, & beautiful bonnet of purple velvet, & white satin with white plumes. She was all dignity, grace & affability. Mr. Madison shook my hand with all the cordiality of old acquaintance; but it was when I saw our dear & venerable Mr. Jefferson that my heart beat. When he saw me, he advanced from the crowd, took my hand affectionately & held it five or six minutes; one of the first things he said was "Remember the promise you have made me, to come to see us next summer, do not forget it," said he, pressing my hand, "for we shall certainly expect you." I assured him I would not, & told him I could now wish him joy with much more sincerity than this day 8 years ago. "You have now resigned a heavy burden," said I. "Yes indeed" he replied "& am much happier at this moment than my friend." The crowd was immense both at the Capitol & here, thousands & thousands of people thronged the avenue. The Capitol presented a gay scene. Every inch of space was crowded & there being as many ladies as gentlemen, all in full dress, it gave it rather a gay than a solemn appearance,—there was an attempt made to appropriate particular seats for the ladies of public characters, but it was found impossible to carry it into effect, for the sovereign people would not resign their privileges & the high & low were promiscuously blended on the floor & in the galleries.

Mr. Madison was extremely pale & trembled excessively when he first began to speak, but soon gained confidence & spoke audibly. From the Capitol we went to Mrs. M's, & from there to Mr. Jefferson's. I there again conversed a few minutes; Mr. Smith told him the ladies *would* follow him, "That is right," said he, "since I am too old to follow them. I remember in France when his friends were taking leave of Dr. Franklin, the ladies smothered him with embraces & on his introducing me to them as his successor, I told him I wished he would transfer these privileges to me, but he answered 'You are too young a man.'" Did not this imply, Susan, that now this objection was removed? I had a great inclination to tell him so.

Sunday morning. Well, my dear Susan, the chapter draws to a close. Last night concluded the important day, on which our

* Mrs. Smith's first cousin and adopted brother.

country received a new magistrate. To a philosopher, who while he contemplated the scene, revolved past ages in his mind, it must have been a pleasing sight. A citizen, chosen from among his equals, & quietly & unanimously elevated to a power, which in other countries & in all ages of the world has cost so much blood to attain! Would the size of a letter allow of it, I would allow my pen to follow the current of thought, but to a reflecting mind, which can withdraw itself from the interests & desires of life, which can ascend for a little while to another life, & look down upon this, the differences of rank, grandeur, power, are inequalities of condition, as imperceptible as those the traveller discerns in the valley, when he looks down upon it from the summit of the Alps. The tallest tree of the valley, does not then appear higher than the little shrubs it shelters. The storms roll harmless beneath his feet, clouds which darken those below, obstruct not his view of the sun, & while the inhabitants of the valley are distressed & terrified by the strife of the elements, he enjoys perpetual sunshine.

Thus have I endeavored to raise my own mind, & to contemplate the scenes that are acted before me. Sometimes I can gain this abstraction, but oftener, all the weaknesses, the vanities, the hopes & fears of this vain show, level me with the lowest of earthly minds.

Last evening, I endeavored calmly to look on, & amidst the noise, bustle & crowd,* to spend an hour or two in sober reflection, but my eye was always fixed on our venerable friend, when he approached my ear listened to catch every word & when he spoke to me my heart beat with pleasure. Personal attachment produces this emotion, & I did not blame it. But I have not this regard for Mr. Madison, & I was displeased at feeling no emotion when he came up & conversed with me. He made some of his old kind of mischievous allusions, & I told him I found him still unchanged.† I tried in vain to feel merely as a spectator, the little vanities of my nature often conquered my better reason. The room was so terribly crowded that we had to stand on the benches; from this situation we had a view of the moving mass, for it was nothing else. It was scarcely possible to elbow your way from one side to another, & poor Mrs. Madison was almost pressed to death, for every one crowded round her, those behind pressing on those before, & peeping over their shoulders to have a peep of her, & those who were so fortunate as to get near enough to speak to her were happy indeed. As the upper sashes of the windows could not let down, the glass was broken, to ventilate the room, the air of which had become oppressive, but here I begin again at the end of the story. Well, to make up for it I will begin at the beginning. When we went there were not above 50 persons in the room, we were led to benches at the upper fire place. Not long afterwards, the musick struck up Jefferson's March, & he & Mr. Coles entered. He spoke to all whom he knew, & was quite the plain, unassuming citizen. Madison's March was then played & Mrs. Madison led in by one of the managers & Mrs. Cutts & Mr. Madison, she was led to the part of the room where we happened to be, so that I accidentally was placed next her. She looked a queen. She had on a pale buff colored velvet, made plain, with a very long train, but not the least trimming, & beautiful pearl necklace, earrings & bracelets. Her head dress was a turban of the same coloured velvet & white satin (from Paris) with two superb plumes, the bird of paradise feathers. It would be *absolutely impossible* for any one to behave with more perfect propriety than she did. Unassuming dignity, sweetness, grace. It seems to me that such manners would disarm envy itself, & conciliate even enemies. The managers presented her with the first number,—"But what shall I do with it?" said she, "I do not dance." "Give it to your neighbor," said Capt. Tingey. "Oh no," said she, "that would look like partiality." "Then I will" said the Capt. & he presented it to Mrs. Cutts. I really admired this in Mrs. M. Ah, why does she not in all things act with the same propriety? She would be too much beloved if she added all the virtues to all the graces. She was led to supper by the French Minister,* Mrs. Cutts by the English Minister,† she sat at the centre of the table, which was a crescent, the French & English min-

* This was the first Inauguration Ball. See for an account of it the *Century* for March, 1905.

† In public life and as a writer James Madison was the most solemn of men. In private life he was an incessant humorist, and at home at Montpelier used to set his table guests daily into roars of laughter over his stories and whimsical way of telling them.

* General Turreau de Garambonville.
† David M. Erskine.

Monticello—South front.



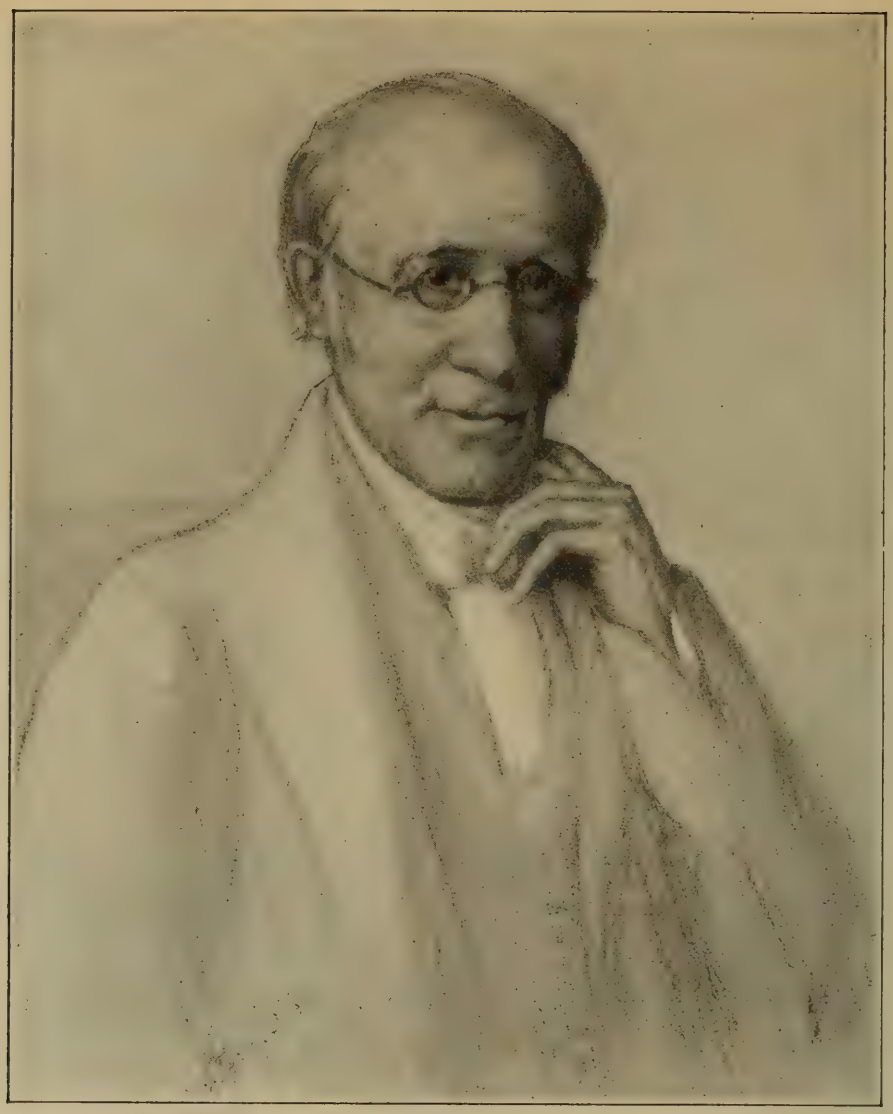
Monticello—North front.

isters on each hand, Mrs. Cutts the next on the right hand, Mrs. Smith* the next on the left & Mr. Madison on the other side of the table opposite Mrs. M. I chose a place where I could see Mrs. M. to advantage. She really in manners & appearance, answered all my ideas of royalty. She was so equally gracious to both French & English, & so affable to all. I suspect Mrs. Smith could not like the superiority of Mrs. Cutts, & if I am not mistaken, Mrs. Madison's ——†

causes her some heart burnings. Mr. Jefferson did not stay above two hours; he seemed in high spirits & his countenance beamed with a benevolent joy. I do believe father never loved son more than he loves Mr. Madison, & I believe too that every demonstration of respect to Mr. M. gave Mr. J. more pleasure than if paid to himself. Oh he is a good man! And the day will come when all party spirit shall expire, that every citizen of the United States will join in saying "He is a good man." Mr. Madison, on the contrary, seemed spiritless & exhausted.

* Wife of Robert Smith, then Secretary of the Navy, but soon to be Secretary of State.

† The blank is in the orginal.



Samuel Harrison Smith, founder of *The National Intelligencer.*
After the portrait by Charles Bird King.

While he was standing by me I said, "I wish with all my heart I had a little bit of seat to offer you." "I wish so too," said he, with a most woe begone face, & looking as if he could scarcely stand,—the managers came up to ask him to stay to supper, he assented, & turning to me, "but I would much rather be in bed" said he. Immediately after supper Mr. & Mrs. M. withdrew, the rest of the company danced until 12, the moment the clock struck that hour, the musick stopped, & we all came home tired & sick. "And such," said I, as I threw myself on the bed, "such are the gaiety & pleasures of the world! Oh give me the solitude of our cottage, where after a day well spent, I lay down so tranquil & cheerful." Never do I recollect one night, retiring with such a vacuum, such a dissatisfied craving, such a restlessness of spirit, such undefined, vague desires, as I now do. No, the world is not the abode of happiness, for while we have the weakness of humanity about us, vanity, pride, ambition, in some form or other will invade & disturb the breast of the humblest individual. But when far away from such excitements, all within is peace in the performance of known duties; in the enjoyment of intellectual & social pleasures, the best part of our nature is satisfied, the ambition of having the first blown rose, or the sweetest strawberry, lead only to pleasing anxiety & activity, the object of our ambition being attainable, we are not tormented by unsatisfied desires. After enjoying all the pomp & grandeur of the greatest empire in the world, after conquering nations, & the most splendid triumphs, Diocletian, this proud master of the world,



Mrs. Samuel Harrison Smith (Margaret Bayard).

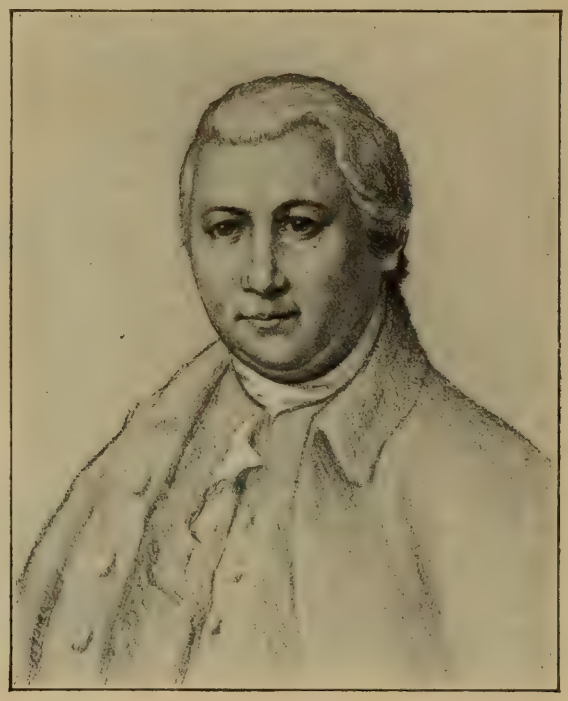
After the portrait by Charles Bird King, in the possession of her grandson, J. Henley Smith, Washington.

voluntarily forsook these delusive pleasures, & often said while tilling his own garden, I take more pleasure in cultivating my garden with my own hands, & in eating the cabbages I have planted & rear'd than in all, that Rome could ever give me. Like him, our good & great Jefferson will taste the sweets of seclusion. But far happier is our president than the Roman Emperor. His retirement is a home endeared by the truest friendship; the most ardent & devoted affection, where his children, his grandchildren & great grandchildren, will lavish on him all the peculiar joys of the heart. How I have rambled in this long letter, but I am sure all these details will be pleasing to you, so I make no apology. To you they will not appear extravagant, to Maria B. perhaps they will.

And now for a little of humbler themes. We propose this week removing to the country, I never felt more impatient to go, as I propose a number of little improvements,—such as having a little poultry yard enclosed with boards, where I intend raising a great many chickens. The well-diggers are to go out very soon, & we shall try to get to water. Mr. Madison last night enquired among other things about this matter. "Truth is at the bottom of a well, is the old saying, & I expect when you get to the bottom of yours, you will discover most important truths. But I hope you will at least find *water*," continued he, smiling. Indeed I hope we will, & I am sure you join in this wish, knowing how much we suffer from the want of it. . . .

MONTICELLO, August 1st, 1809.*

In a visit Mr. J. made our little cottage last autumn, we were speaking of all the various charms of nature, storms of winter, "But," said he, "you can here form no idea of a snow storm. No, to see it in all its grandeur you should stand at my back door; there we see its progress—rising over the distant Allegany, come sweeping & roaring on, mountain after mountain, till it reaches us, and then when its blast is felt, to turn to our fire side, & while we hear it pelting against the window to enjoy the cheering blaze, & the comforts of a beloved family." Well, I have seen those distant mountains over which the winter storm has swept, now rearing their blue & misty heads to the clouds, & forming a sublime & beautiful horrison round one of the finest & most extended scenes the eye ever rested on, —I have seen that beloved family, whose virtues and affections are the best reward & the best treasure of their parent & their country's parent,—I have seen, I have listened to, one of the greatest & best of men. He has passed through the tempestuous sea of political life, has been enveloped in clouds of calumny, the storms of faction, assailed by foreign & domestic foes, & often threatened with a wreck, of happiness & fame. But these things are now all passed away, & like the mountain on which he stands, fogs & mists & storms, gather & rage below, while he enjoys unclouded sunshine. How simple & majestic is his character, my affection for him is weighed with much veneration, that, meek, humble, gentle & kind, as he is in his manners, I cannot converse with him, with ease. My mind is busied in thinking of what he is, rather than listening to what he says. After a very delightful journey of three days, we reached Monticello on the morning of the fourth. When I crossed the Ravanna, a wild & romantic little river, which flows at the foot of the mountain, my heart beat,—I thought I had entered, as it were, the threshold of his dwelling, & I looked around everywhere expecting to meet with some trace of his superintending care. In this I was disappointed, for no vestige of the labour of man appeared; nature seemed to hold an undisturbed dominion. We began to ascend this mountain, still as we rose I cast my eyes around, but could discern nothing but untamed woodland, after a mile's winding upwards, we saw a field of corn, but the road was still wild and uncultivated. I every moment expected to reach the summit, & felt as if it was an endless road; my impatience lengthened it, for it is not two miles from the outer gate on the river to the house. At last we reached the summit, & I shall never forget the emotion the first view of this sublime scenery excited. Below me extended for above 60 miles round, a country covered with woods, plantations & houses; beyond, arose the blue mountains, in all their grandeur. Monticello rising 500 feet above the river, of a conical form & standing by itself, commands on all sides an unobstructed & I suppose one of the most extensive views any spot the globe affords. The sides of the mountain covered with wood, with scarcely a speck of cultivation, present a fine contrast to its summit, crowned with a noble pile of buildings surrounded by an immense lawn, & shaded here & there with some fine trees. Before we reached the house, we met Mr. J. on horseback, he had just returned from his morning ride, & when, on approaching, he recognized us, he received us



Colonel John Bayard, father of Margaret Bayard.

A famous Revolutionary officer. Speaker of the Pennsylvania Assembly, and Member of the Continental Congress.

* From Mrs. Smith's note-book.

Monticello—Entrance hall.



Monticello—Salon.

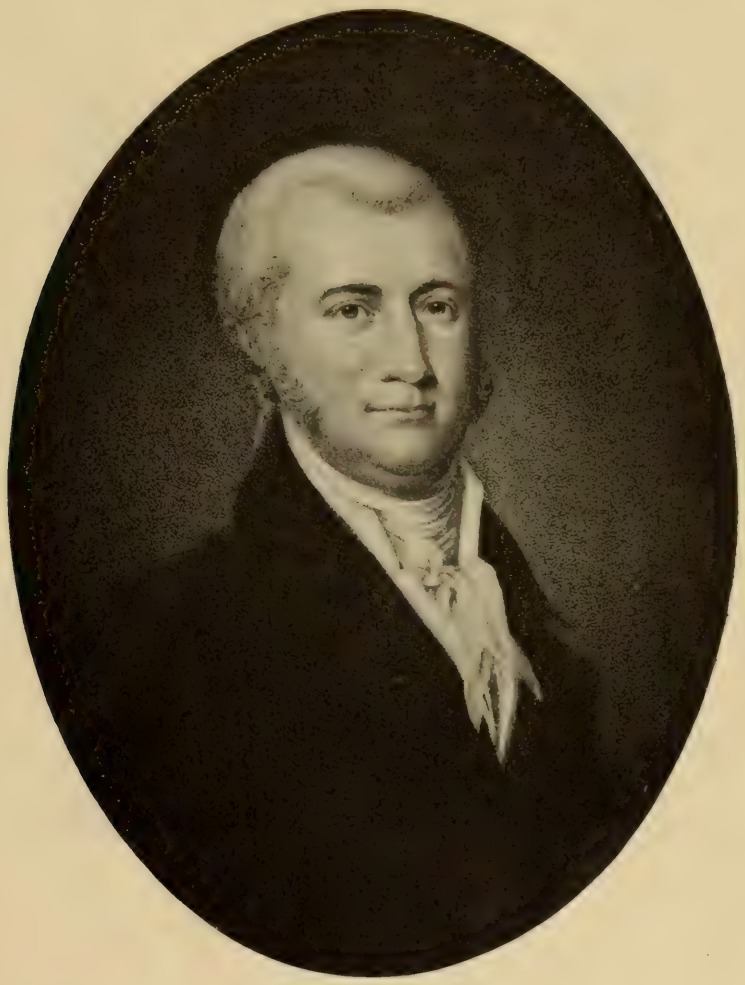
with one of those benignant smiles, & cordial tones of voice that convey an undoubted welcome to the heart. He dismounted & assisted me from the carriage, led us to the hall thro' a noble portico, where he again bade us welcome. I was so struck with the appearance of this Hall, that I lingered to look around, but he led me forward, smiling as he said, "You shall look bye & bye, but you must now rest." Leading me to a sopha in a drawing room as singular & beautiful as the Hall, he rang & sent word to Mrs. Randolph that we were there, & then ordered some refreshments. "We have quite a sick family," said he; "My daughter has been confined to the sick bed of her little son; my grand-daughter has lost her's & still keeps to her room & several of the younger children are indisposed. For a fortnight Mr. and Mrs. Randolph have sat up every night, until they are almost worn out." This information clouded my satisfaction & cast a gloom over our visit, but Mrs. R. soon entered, & with a smiling face, most affectionately welcomed us. Her kind & cheerful manners soon dispersed

my gloom & after a little chat, I begged her not to let me detain her from her nursery, but to allow me to follow her to it; she assented & I sat with her until dinner time. Anne,* (Mrs. Bankhead) who had been confined 3 weeks before & had lost her child looked delicate & interesting; Ellen, my old favorite, I found improved as well as grown. At five o'clock the bell summoned us to dinner. Mr. Randolph, Mr. Bankhead, & Jefferson R. were there. They are 12 in family, & as Mr. J. sat in the midst of his children & grand-children, I looked on him with emotions of tenderness & respect. The table was plainly, but genteely & plentifully spread, & his immense & costly variety of French & Italian wines, gave place to Madeira & a sweet ladies' wine. We sat till near sun down at the table, where the desert was succeeded by agreeable & instructive conversation in which every one seemed to wish & expect Mr. J. to take the chief part. As it is his custom after breakfast to withdraw to his own apartments & pursuits & not to join the family again until dinner, he prolongs that meal, or rather the time after that meal, & seems to relish his wine the better for being accompanied with conversation, & during the 4 days I spent there these were the most social hours. When we rose from the table, a walk was proposed & he accompanied us. He took us first to the garden he has commenced since his retirement. It is on the south side of the mountain & commands a most noble view. Little is as yet done. A terrace of 70 or 80 feet long & about 40 wide is already made & in cultivation. A broad grass walk leads along the water edge; the inner part is laid off in beds for vegetables. This terrace is to be extended in length & another to be made below it. The view it commands, is at present its greatest beauty. We afterwards walked round the first circuit. There are 4 roads about 15 or 20 feet wide, cut round the mountain from 100 to 200 feet apart. These circuits are connected by a great many roads & paths & when completed will afford a beautiful shady ride or walk of seven miles. The first circuit is not quite a mile round, as it is very near the top. It is in general shady, with openings through the trees for distant views. We passed the outhouses for the slaves & workmen. They are all much better than I have seen on any other plantation, but to an eye unaccustomed to such sights, they appear poor & their cabins form a most unpleasant contrast with the palace that rises so near them. Mr. J. has carpenters, cabinet-makers, painters, & blacksmiths & several other trades all within himself, & finds these slaves excellent workmen. As we walked, he explained his future designs. "My long absence from this place, has left a wilderness around me." "But you have returned," said I, "& the wilderness shall blossom like the rose & you, I hope, will long sit beneath your own vine & your own fig-tree." It was near dark when we reached the house; he led us into a little tea room which opened on the terrace & as Mrs. R. was still in her nursery he sat with us & conversed till tea time. We never drank tea until near nine, afterwards there was fruit, which he seldom staid to partake of, as he always retired immediately after tea. I never sat above an hour afterwards, as I supposed Mrs. R. must wish to be in her nursery. I rose the morning after my arrival very early & went out on the terrace to contemplate scenery, which to me was so novel. The space between Monticello & the Allegany, from sixty to eighty miles, was covered with a thick fog, which had the appearance of the ocean & was unbroken except when wood covered hills rose above the plain & looked like islands. As the sun rose, the fog was broken & exhibited the most various & fantastic forms, lakes, rivers, bays, & as it ascended, it hung in white fleecy clouds on the sides of the mountains; an hour afterwards you would scarcely believe it was the same scene you looked on. In spite of the cold air from the mountains, I staid here until the first breakfast bell rang. Our breakfast table was as large as our dinner table; instead of a cloth, a folded napkin lay under each plate; we had tea, coffee, excellent muffins, hot wheat & corn bread, cold ham & butter. It was not exactly the Virginian breakfast I expected. Here indeed was the mode of living in general that of a Virginian planter. At breakfast the family all assembled, all Mrs. R.'s children eat at the family table, but are in such excellent order, that you would not know, if you did not see them, that a child was present. After breakfast, I soon learned that it was the habit of the family each separately to pursue their occupations. Mr. J. went to

* Jefferson's oldest grandchild.

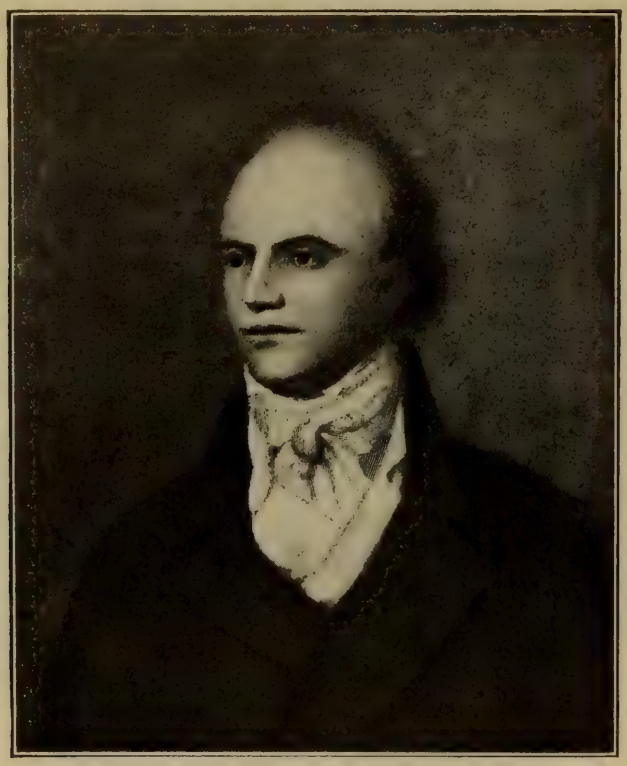
his apartments, the door of which is never opened but by himself & his retirement seems so sacred that I told him it was his sanctum sanctorum. Mr. Randolph rides over to his farm & seldom returns until night; Mr. Bankhead who is reading law to his study; a small building at the end of the east terrace, opposite to Mr. Randolph's which terminates the west terrace; these buildings are called pavilions. Jefferson R. went to survey a tract of woodland, afterwards make his report to his grand father. Mrs. Randolph withdrew to her nursery & excepting the hours housekeeping requires she devotes the rest to her children, whom she instructs. As for them, they seem never to leave her for an instant, but are always beside her or on her lap.

Visitors generally retire to their own rooms, or walk about the place; those who are fond of reading can never be at a loss, those who are not will some times feel wearied in the long interval between breakfast & dinner. The dinner bell rings twice, the first collects the family in time to enter the room by the time the second announces dinner to be on table, which while I was there was between 4 & 5 oclock. In summer the interval between rising from table & tea (9 oclock) may be agreeably passed in walking. But to return to my journal. After breakfast on Sunday morning, I asked Ellen to go with me on the top of the house; Mr. J. heard me & went along with us & pointed out those spots in the landscape most remarkable. The morning was show'ry, the clouds had a fine effect, throwing large masses of shade on the mountain sides, which finely contrasted with the sunshine of other spots. He afterwards took us to the drawing room, 26 or 7 feet diameter, in the dome. It is a noble & beautiful apartment, with 8 circular windows & a sky-light. It was not furnished & being in the attic story is not



James A. Bayard—Senator from Delaware.
From an engraving of the original painting by Wertmuller.

used, which I thought a great pity, as it might be made the most beautiful room in the house. The attic chambers are comfortable & neatly finished but no elegance. When we descended to the hall, he asked us to pass into the Library, or as I called it his sanctum sanctorum, where any other feet than his own seldom intrude. This suit of apartments opens from the Hall to the south. It consists of 3 rooms for the library, one for his cabinet, one for his chamber, & a green house divided from the other by glass compartments & doors; so that the view of the plants it contains, is unobstructed. He has not yet made his collection, having but just finished the room, which opens on one of the terraces. He showed us everything he thought would please or interest us. His most valuable & curious books—those which contained fine prints etc.—among these I thought the most curious were the original letters of Cortez to the King of Spain, a vol of fine views of ancient villas round Rome, with maps of the grounds, & minute descriptions of the buildings & grounds, an old poem written by Pierce Plowman & printed 250 years ago; he read near a page, which was almost as unintelligible as if it was Hebrew; & some Greek romances. He took pains to find one that was translated into French, as most of them were translated in Latin & Italian. More than two hours passed most charmingly away. The library consists of books in all languages, & contains about twenty thousand vols, but so disposed that they do not give the idea of a great library. I own I was much disappointed in its appearance, & I do not think with its numerous divisions and arches it is as impressive as one large room would have been. His cabinet & chamber contained every convenience & comfort, but were plain. His bed is built in the wall which divides his chamber & cabinet. He opened a little closet which contains all his garden seeds. They are all in little phials, labeled & hung on little hooks. Seeds such as peas, beans, etc. were in tin cannisters, but everything labeled & in the neatest order. He bade us take whatever books we wished, which we did, & then retired to our own room. Here we amused ourselves until dinner time excepting an hour I sat with Mrs. R. by her sick baby, but as she was reading I did not sit long. After dinner Ellen & Mr. Bankhead accompanied



Aaron Burr.

From a portrait by John Vanderlyn, in the possession of Pierrepont Edwards, Elizabeth, N. J.

us in a long ramble in the mountain walks. At dark when we returned, the tea room was still vacant; I called Virginia & Mary (the age of my Julia & Susan) amused myself with them until their grand papa entered, with whom I had a long & interesting conversation; in which he described with enthusiasm his retirement from public life & the pleasures he found in domestic.

Wednesday morning. Mrs. Randolph was not able to come down to breakfast, & I felt too sad to join in the conversation. I looked on every object around me, all was examined with that attention a last look inspires; the breakfast ended, our carriage was at the door, & I rose to bid farewell to this interesting family. Mrs. R. came down to spend the last minutes with us. As I stood for a moment in the Hall, Mr. J. approached & in the most cordial manner urged me to make another visit the ensuing summer I told him with a voice almost choked with tears, "that I had no hope of such a pleasure—this," said I, raising my eyes to him, "is the last time I fear in this world at least, that I shall ever again see you—But there is another world." I felt so affected by the idea of this last sight of this good & great man, that I turned away & hastily repeating my farewell to the family, gave him my hand, he pressed it affectionately as he put me in the carriage saying, "God bless you, dear madam, God bless you." "And God bless you," said I, from the very bottom of my heart.

Mr. Smith got in, the door shut & we drove from the habitation of philosophy & virtue. How rapidly did we seem to descend that mountain which had seemed so tedious in its ascent, and the quick pulsations I then felt were now changed to a heavy oppression.

Yes, he is truly a philosopher, & truly a good man, and eminently a great one. Then there is a tranquility about him, which an inward peace could alone bestow. As a ship long tossed by the storms of the ocean, casts anchor & lies at rest in a peaceful harbour, he is retired from an active & restless scene to this tranquil spot. Voluntarily & gladly has he resigned honors which he never sought, & unwillingly accepted. His actions, not his words, preach the emptiness & dissatisfaction attendant on a great office. His tall & slender figure is not impaired by age, tho' bent by care & labour. His white locks announce an age his activity, strength, health, enthusiasm, ardour & gaiety contradict. His face owes all its charm to its expression & intelligence; his features are not good & his complexion bad, but his countenance is so full of soul & beams with much benignity, that when the eye rests on his face, it is too busy in perusing its expression, to think of its features or complexion. His low & mild voice, harmonizes with his countenance rather than his figure. But his manners,—how gentle, how humble, how kind. His meanest slave must feel as if it were a father instead of a master who addressed him, when he speaks. To a disposition ardent, affectionate & communicative, he joins manners timid, even to bashfulness & reserved even to coldness. If his life had not proved to the contrary I should have pronounced him rather a man of imagination & taste, than a man of judgement, a literary rather than a scientific man, & least of all a politician, a character for which nature never seemed to have intended him, & for which the natural turn of mind, & his disposition, taste, & feeling equally unfit him. I should have been sure that this was the case, even had he not told me so. In an interesting conversation I had one evening—speaking of his past public & present domestic life—"The whole of my life," said he, "has been a war with my natural taste, feelings & wishes. Domestic life & literary pursuits, were my first & my latest inclinations, circumstances & not my desires lead me to the path I have trod. And like a bow tho long bent, which when unstrung flies back to its natural state, I resume with delight the character & pursuits for which nature designed me.

"The circumstances of our country," continued he, "at my entrance into life, were such that every honest man felt himself compelled to take a part, & to act up to the best of his abilities."

August 4th, Montpelier Wendnesd even.

The sadness which all day hung on my spirits was instantly dispelled by the cheering smile of Mrs. Madison & the friendly greeting of our good President. It was near five oclock when we arrived, we were met at the door by Mr. M. who led us into the dining room where some gentlemen were still smoking segars & drinking wine. Mrs. M. enter'd the moment afterwards, &

after embracing me, took my hand, saying with a smile, "I will take you out of this smoke to a pleasanter room." She took me thro' the tea room to her chamber which opens from it. Everything bespoke comfort, I was going to take my seat on the sopha, but she said I must lay down by her on her bed, & rest myself, she loosened my riding habit, took off my bonnet, & we threw ourselves on her bed. Wine, ice, punch & delightful pine-apples were immediately brought. No restraint, no ceremony. Hospitality is the presiding genius of this house, & Mrs. M. is kindness personified. She enquired why I had not brought the little girls; I told her the fear of incomoding my friends. "Oh," said she laughing, "I should not have known they were here, among all the rest, for at this moment we have only three & twenty in the house." "Three & twenty," exclaimed I! "Why where do you store them?" "Oh we have house room in plenty." This I could easily believe, for the house seemed immense. It is a large two story house of 80 or 90 feet in length, and above 40 deep. Mrs. Cutts soon came in with her sweet children, and afterwards Mr. Madison, Cutts, & Mr. Smith. The door opening into the tea room being open, they without ceremony joined their wives. They only peeked in on us; we then shut the door & after adjusting our dress, went out on the Piazza—(it is 60 feet long). Here we walked & talked until called to tea, or rather supper, for tho' tea hour, it was supper fare. The long dining table was spread, & besides tea & coffee, we had a variety of warm cakes, bread, cold meats & pastry. At table I was introduced to Mr. William Madison,* brother to the President, & his wife, & three or four other ladies & gentlemen all near relatives, all plain country people, but frank, kind, warm-hearted Virginians. At this house I realized being in Virginia, Mr. Madison, plain, friendly, communicative, & unceremonious as any Virginia Planter could be—Mrs. Madison, uniting to all the elegance & polish of fashion, the unadulterated simplicity, frankness, warmth, & friendliness of her native character & native state. Their mode of living, too, if it had more elegance than is found among the planters, was characterized by that abundance, that hospitality, & that freedom, we are taught to look for on a Virginian plantation. We did not sit long at this meal—the evening was warm & we were glad to leave the table. The gentlemen went to the piazza, the ladies, who all had children, to their chambers, & I sat with Mrs. M. till bed time talking of Washington. When the servant appeared with candles to show me my room, she insisted on going up stairs with me, assisted me to undress & chatted till I got into bed. How unassuming, how kind is this woman. How can any human being be her enemy. Truly, in her there is to be found no gall, but the pure milk of human kindness. If I may say so, the maid was like the mistress; she was very attentive all the time I was there, seeming as if she could not do enough, & was very talkative. As her mistress left the room, "You have a good mistress Nany," said I, "Yes," answered the affectionate creature with warmth, "the best I believe in the world,—I am sure I would not change her for any mistress in the whole country." The next morning Nany called me to a late breakfast, brought me ice & water, (this is universal here, even in taverns) & assisted me to dress. We sat down between 15 & 20 persons to breakfast—& to a most excellent Virginian breakfast—tea, coffee, hot wheat bread, light cakes, a pone, or corn loaf—cold ham, nice hashes, chickens, etc.

* Of Woodbury Forest, about six miles from Montpelier.

THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

"TYPICAL baymen, those fellows."

You may hear that at the Pier when the trains halt and the through passengers, throwing up the car windows for a sniff of salty breeze, stare appreciatively out at the line of bronze-faced, clear-eyed bay captains who stand on the string-piece to receive the parties of city-freed fishermen lucky enough to get away for a day's sport on old Barnegat.

Typical baymen! As though they were all the same, like so many lead soldiers cast in one mould. True, they are all more or less tanned, and every man Jack of them can handle a thirty-foot catboat with beautiful precision and in exactly the same way. But aside from these points they differ as other men differ.

Especially did Captain Fred Applegard have an individuality of his own. Of Captain Hiram Garvey you might say the same. In proof of which there stands the fact that one of them went through the Needle's Eye while the other didn't.

Of course, if you would hear the tale at its best, you must come to Cedarton and loaf for a while in the back room of Ashton's general store, watching "Nipper" and "Sampson" whittle marvellously life-like duck decoys out of white cedar blocks. There, some stormy afternoon along in November, should "Windy Bill" Hanks happen to be on hand, you might listen to a picturesque setting forth of that incident at the Needle's Eye. Otherwise you must be content with this uninspired version.

"Reefing Fred" was the name by which Captain Applegard was best known on the bay, the same being applied with a certain shade of contempt. Nor was the nickname wholly unjust. When the wind hauled southerly, or came in fitful gusts from the west, "Reefing Fred" was sure to be the first to tie in a line or two of points. He had his reasons, perhaps, but he never explained them. Some said that he "lost his nerve" when his boat was struck by a squall off Double Creek one day when he had, as the baymen express it, "a full cargo of petticoats aboard." Anyway, the *Bobolink* lost her mast then, but Captain Fred, in spite of the hysterical antics of his men passengers and the fainting of two badly frightened women, landed every petticoat safely. After that, however, he shortened sail on the slightest provocation. So they called him "Reefing Fred," a sobriquet which he never resented. It was tacitly understood in Cedarton and elsewhere along the bay that Captain Fred Applegard was a coward.

His disappearance in the early spring of '98 merely indorsed this estimate. We were getting ready to do things to Spain then, if you remember. There was much talk of enlisting in the army. Two Cedarton boys actually did start out to liberate Cuba—and got as far as Tampa. But Fred Applegard, when the war talk grew hottest, suddenly laid up his oyster sloop and disappeared. He did not sail parties from the Pier that season, and it was late in the summer, after the glory of Santiago had given place to grumblings about canned beef, before he was seen again in Cedarton. It was considered rather a clever thing that fall to ask "Reefing Fred" how he liked Canada. But there was little spice to the joke, for he never retorted. He was a silent fellow, Captain Fred was; not one of the moody, grumpy sort, but diffident and extremely saving of his speech. He was not generally disliked, though, for all his want of courage. He had such a gentle way of shrugging his shoulders, such an inoffensive, conciliating look in his mild blue eyes, and such a low, soft voice when he did speak that the public contempt for him was passive, and tempered by toleration.

So the folks of Cedarton only chuckled amicably when it became known that "Reefing Fred" was taking an interest in Sallie, daughter of "Powder Joe" Weston, who was captain of the Cedarton life-saving station, Number Ten, on the beach. If

there was one failing above another which "Powder Joe" detested it was a weak backbone.

"The good Lord hates a coward," he would declare. "It's into the Bible just that way. I knew a fellow that read it there."

But he did not, as he swore he would, throw Captain Fred Applegard into the middle of the street the first time he caught him sitting in his front parlor. Sallie Weston may have vetoed that programme. Sallie could do it. There was not a little of the parental "powder" in her make-up. It sometimes flashed from her snapping black eyes. She decreed that "Reefing Fred" should come to see her as often as she elected to permit him to come, and that seemed to be every Sunday night.

Saturday evening was reserved for Captain Hi Garvey, although he appropriated other nights as well. But then, Hi Garvey had a way with him. He was always the one the ladies picked out as a "typical bayman," for he was tall, and square-shouldered, and frank-eyed. He had a hearty laugh and a comforting air of self-confidence, which always soothed timid passengers, or cheered them when the fish refused to bite. He had something of a reputation on the bay. His parties were the jolliest, caught the most fish, and paid him most liberally. He was the last to reef, the first to "shake out." In short, Captain Hi was quite a personage. Do you wonder they chuckled in Cedarton when "Reefing Fred" became his rival for the elusive affections of "Powder Joe" Weston's sparkling Sallie?

Undoubtedly, Captain Fred owed the suffrance of his first Sunday night visits to Sallie's perversity. If someone said she shouldn't, then she would. But the continuance of them was not to be so explained. Yet she received him smilingly each Sunday night, teased him mercilessly for an hour or two, and occasionally allowed him to hold her hand for a moment as he said good-by.

His going away to Canada, or wherever it was, Sallie took keenly to heart. The first time Captain Hi Garvey was so tactless as to mention the departure she boxed his ears. When the offence was repeated she ordered him from the house, and held the door open until he went. You could not discourage Hi Garvey in that manner, however. Within a week he had palavered his way back into her favor and was taking her to the Red Men's annual ball. By mid-summer it was generally conceded that the match was as good as made; that pretty Sallie Weston and the dashing Captain Hi had at last come to an understanding.

When Captain Applegard finally did reappear, silent as ever, seemingly unashamed, Sallie bit her red lips in vexation and listened to the jeering witticisms which were aimed at him. Perhaps it was these jeers which moved her to greet him effusively on the post office steps and to ask him when he was coming around to see her. At any rate, they had a long talk that next Sunday evening, "Powder Joe" Weston sulking on the back porch and at intervals shaking a futile fist in the direction of the closed parlor door.

By the following spring the two captains seemed to be on an equal footing, a state of affairs which puzzled none more than Hi Garvey. The night before Memorial Day he demanded an accounting of Sallie. Was he engaged to her or was he not? He would like to know that. He wanted a straight answer. Well, he was answered. No one ever tried to drive Sallie Weston without getting one.

"Hi" said Sallie, "I haven't made up my mind just yet. I've about concluded, though, to be married this summer, but whether it will be you or Fred, I don't know."

"Fred Applegard!" said Captain Hi, as if some astounding revelation had been made.

"Yes, Fred Applegard," calmly repeated Sallie. "Anything to say about him?"

"Not a word." Hi, you see, had learned discretion.

"Now, that's good of you. I know what you think of him, but so long as you don't say it to me you may think what you please. There's things about Fred that I like, and I like you some, too. I guess neither of you are saints, but there's worse. As for you, Hi, I know you like a book. It's Fred I can't make out. To-morrow I'm going visiting up the beach for a week or so. When I come back I shall probably choose one of you, and just as likely as not it will be the one I see first. I've told Fred the the same thing. Good-night, Hi."

That was the way she left matters, and it was quite like Sallie to do it in precisely that manner. More than this, neither man

doubted but that she meant every word. Not that such was the usual custom in Cedarton courtships. Ordinarily such affairs were as prosaic as they generally are the world over, matters of propinquity and uneventful circumstance.

But Sallie Weston was no ordinary young woman. The Huguenot blood of her dark-eyed mother and the sturdy characteristics of paternal Dutch ancestors were strangely mingled in her. Finding no response to her vague yearning for some flavor of romance, it is possible that she had hit upon this means to enliven the game; and then again, perhaps she really did not know her own mind.

Whatever its origin, the situation was real enough to these two men of the bay. Sallie was going away. She might be gone for a week, possibly for ten days. When she returned she would definitely promise to become the wife of one of them—and the man who saw her first stood the best chance of getting her.

Now it happened that the bluefish were running well that spring. News of their coming to the inlet had been spread in town, and every day brought to the Pier men with patent reels, split bamboo rods, and a desire to indulge in this royal sport. Neither captain could afford to idle around Cedarton while the blues were running. Neither thought of doing such a thing.

Evidently the same idea occurred to both, for each asked a favor of the ticket agent at the Cedarton railroad station. As a result the signal was agreed upon. When Sallie arrived the agent would telephone to the inlet and the light-keeper would run up on his flagpole a blue-barred code flag. That was all they asked. They would decide what to do when they saw the signal.

Seven days passed, eight. Perhaps Sallie meant to make her visit an even two weeks. The blues were rioting about the inlet. Parties were numerous and profitable. Still no signal appeared.

On the morning of the ninth day the south bound train brought, among others, a group of four men who seemed strangers to the bay and its ways. The conductor was seen directing them to the line of party-boat captains who lounged indifferently against the rail. "Reefing Fred" was the captain they engaged for the day. Yes, they thought they would like to try bluefishing.

"I trust you are a careful man with a boat," suggested the spokesman of the party as he eyed the tall mast of the *Bobolink*.

Half a dozen loungers on the Pier grinned at each other, and "Dory" Watkins, as usual, took it upon himself to enlighten the strangers.

"Ain't no carefuller cap'n on the bay, mister. That's 'Reefin' Fred,' you're goin' out with."

"Do they call you 'Reefing Fred'?" asked the man. He was a keen-eyed, erect person in an excellently tailored gray suit.

"Yes, sir." Applegard was standing by the painter, ready to cast off. He met the gaze of the keen eyes frankly.

"H'm-m!" said the other. "I guess you'll do."

With a single reef in her big white sail the *Bobolink* stood down the bay close hauled to the brisk easterly breeze that came, salty and cool, across the beach from the ocean. Slightly in the lead, but increasing the distance between them every minute, was the *Magic*, Hi Garvey at the wheel. The *Magic*, of course, carried "full dimity."

Once under way, Captain Fred paid little heed to his passengers. He just sat on the wheel-box and turned the spokes. His party was not of the usual kind. There was no passing of bottles, no noisy story telling or song singing. The four men smoked their cigars and chatted quietly, glancing with restrained interest now and then at the silent man who was known as "Reefing Fred." Two were stout, elderly men of rather disinguished appearance. A third, also elderly, but with round, fresh-colored cheeks, they addressed as "bishop." His clothes were of clerical cut. The keen-eyed man, who was younger, they all seemed to know very well. They called him Morley.

Although the four said little, they enjoyed that sail, for June was doing her prettiest in the way of weather—and perhaps you know how handsome old Barnegat can look under favorable conditions. And when the *Bobolink* got the lighthouse in range over Warner's and Captain Fred began pinching her down through Mud Channel, with the ebb tide helping her along; when they heard the surf roaring on the bar and saw the white ranks of breakers march rhythmically to their destruction on the outer shoals, then they grew quite as enthusiastic as the average person usually does

when he first makes acquaintance with the inlet. They began to look for bluefish slicks and to rig squid lines.

It was high noon by the time the *Bobolink* had thrashed her way past the light and was sousing her nose into the gentle rollers that swayed the entrance buoy. Just ahead of her was the *Magic*, Hi Garvey having made a détour. There was a noon train down the beach, you see. As no signal flew from the lighthouse staff, however, both captains knew that Sallie had not yet arrived in Cedarton. No need to look again for three hours. So out they went, chasing slicks and occasionally striking a school of big fish.

On the *Bobolink* the bishop made the prize catch. He landed an eight-pounder squarely on the ample white waistcoat of the stoutest of his elderly friends, but that dignified gentleman, after one deep grunt, hugged the gamy big fellow manfully until the fish could be dragged inboard. This incident stirred the sporting blood of them all. They refused to stop fishing even for luncheon.

Meanwhile the *Bobolink* had been put under double reefs, for the easterly morning breeze had followed the sun to the south and was now piping freshly from that quarter. The flawless topaz of the forenoon sky had become flecked with feathery white mares'-tails, and through the inlet could be seen the furrowed surface of the bay.

Perhaps half a dozen big catboats, on each a party of elated fishermen, were in sight, most of them far outside the bar. As the hour of three approached the *Magic* and the *Bobolink* began hovering about the entrance buoy, their respective captains keeping the lighthouse staff ever in sight. For some four days they had been going through this very manœuvre, and no skipper of a cup defender ever jockeyed about a starting-line more skilfully than did these two when it came time for a train to be due in Cedarton.

It was nearly a quarter past the hour when Captain Fred, concluding that Sallie would not come down that day, eased his sheet and started for another run down to leeward before heading for the Pier. Hi Garvey was still hugging the south shore of the inlet. Suddenly a bit of bunting began crawling up to the truck of the pole in front of the lighthouse. Another moment and it stood out like a piece of cardboard—a blue-barred code flag. Sallie had come home.

Hi Garvey saw it, grimaced confidently over his shoulder to leeward at the distant *Bobolink*, paid out a dozen feet of sheet rope, ordered every squid line hauled in, and sent the *Magic* boiling into Main Channel. He had won the race from the start, of course; won it by shrewd tactics. It would take "Reefing Fred" a good half hour to beat back to the entrance buoy, which meant that he would be just so much behind the *Magic* in making Cedarton wharf. And Hi intended to make good use of that half hour.

A fraction of a minute later Fred Applegard spied the belated signal. Glancing back over the stern, he saw the windward vantage that the *Magic* had of him. Grimly he measured the distance to that bobbing channel buoy. Only a moment he hesitated, a bitter, heart-wringing moment. Then, spinning the wheel over, he threw the *Bobolink* around on her heel. As she came into the wind with a petulant shiver the big boom swung in. Snatching up his open bait knife, he jumped for the end of it. One slash, and the taut outhaul was severed. Another blow cut away a half dozen reef points. Slash, slash, went the knife, Captain Fred working nimbly forward. Almost before the released canvas could belly out he was at the halyards. Slack went the peak, up came the throat, and the peak was hauled up again.

Within two minutes the job was done, and the *Bobolink*, every inch of her great white racing sail as tight as a drum-head, her lee rail buried to the cabin windows, was off on a mad dash directly toward that white line of foaming breakers which ceaselessly beat upon the inlet shoal.

It was all done so quickly, and with so little fuss about the doing of it, that the two stout old gentlemen in the cabin did not cease their attack on the elaborate luncheon hamper which they had finally opened. The bishop was taking another admiring look at his big bluefish. The keen-eyed Morley, however, seemed to realize that something unusual had occurred.

"You have put on full sail, I see?" he observed.

"Yes," answered Captain Fred.

"But the wind is much fresher, isn't it?"

"Some."

"Are you sure it is quite safe to do this, captain?"

To this "Reefing Fred" made no reply. His wide-set blue eyes were fixed with intent calmness on that line of breakers toward which the *Bobolink* was rushing. Morley saw the breakers, also.

"See here, captain," he continued, speaking as one who expects attention and obedience, "how much nearer to those breakers do you intend to sail?"

"Clean through 'em, sir."

"Through them! You're not going to try that—that——"

"I'm going to take the *Bobolink* through the Needle's Eye."

It was no fanciful name, as are some of the designations used about the bay. It was singularly apt. Years before, when the charts were made, this narrow little secondary channel was called Number One Slue, because there were two others. In time the shifting sands had filled Number Two and Number Three, but Number One Slue remained open until the luckless *Shining Star* was driven broadside into it.

She was a Maine-built three-master, and her stout hull resisted the storms of two winters before it went to pieces. Even then some of her great oak frame timbers, stripped of planking but firmly bedded in the sand-buried keel, lifted fang-like through the surf. One by one these huge ribs were torn away, all save two, which at low tide stood up like dark sentinels on either side of the Slue, disputing the right of way. Venturesome pound fishermen discovered that the gap between the two timbers measured about fifteen feet, and when the tide was out far enough for the snags to be clearly seen, sometimes risked making the passage in bank skiffs, thus saving a row of several miles on their way out to the nets. Hence Number One had been rechristened the Needle's Eye.

Some of these facts Morley had learned, for, as the *Bobolink* had come out at low tide, he had noted the two ribs jutting through the waves, and he had asked questions of Captain Fred. He knew that if a boat could pass between them she could make the Winter Channel, behind North Point o'Beach. That one could pick a way from there into Haybottom, and so on past Great Sedge to the best water in the bay he did not know, nor would he have been interested to learn at that moment.

The imminent fact to his mind just then was that this steady-eyed, silent captain of the *Bobolink*, who had seemed so cautious, who was called "Reefing Fred," had suddenly clapped on full sail in a two-reef breeze, and now calmly proposed to undertake a piece of sheer dare-deviltry; intended, in short, to sail a boat of twelve-foot beam through a fifteen-foot gap; or, to use his own words, through the Needle's Eye.

"Applegard," he said sharply, "I order you to take this boat back into the bay by the way you brought her out."

"Excuse me, sir, but I don't take orders from anyone while I'm on the *Bobolink*." The words were quietly spoken, but they were quite convincing.

Morley choked down a hasty retort with an effort. Then, when the quick flush had passed from his cheeks: "You are quite right, captain. I beg your pardon. But allow me to say this: The lives of those gentlemen in the cabin there should not be lightly risked. It may interest you to know who they are. One of them is vice-president of the biggest railroad system in the country, another is a bishop of the Episcopal Church, and the third is the First Assistant Secretary of the Navy. They are friends of mine. I persuaded them to come down here with me to-day. I feel responsible for their safety. Now do you understand why I beg of you to take no risk while they are your passengers?'

Captain Fred threw him an apologetic glance. Then, as he tugged at the wheel to meet a sharp flaw, he replied: "I'm sorry, but when they come aboard my boat they must take their chances with me. That's the rule of the bay, sir."

"But why do you take chances, man?"

"Can't tell you now, sir. I'm too busy."

"But suppose you should strike one of those ribs?"

"I don't lay for to strike 'em; I'm going between."

The keen-eyed man made a gesture of impatience. He glanced from the nearing surf line to the three personages who were eating club sandwiches and drinking Apollinaris in the cabin. Then he turned to Captain Fred.

"Applegard, if it's a matter of money ——"

"It isn't. Shut those cabin doors and pull the slide, will you?"

Morley obeyed. Further argument was useless. Already the *Bobolink's* sharp stem

was within a dozen feet of that seemingly unbroken line of surf. Bracing himself with a grip on the windward combing, Morley fixed a fascinated glance over the bows. Yes, there was the gap, half smothered in the side break of the big combers that grounded on either side. But where were those grim guardians of the Slue? Their wave-worn tops were a foot or two under water. Then to pass between them, in the exact centre, would be a matter of guesswork! And a wrong guess meant—well, if the *Bobolink* hit either of those oaken ribs squarely, at the pace she was now going, it would rip a hole in her from stem to stern. Should she strike the shoal the result would be no less disastrous. A strong swimmer might win his way through that line of breakers—but the three distinguished old gentlemen in the cabin, what chance would they have?

He turned appealingly to the man at the wheel. "Reefing Fred" did not see him. His steady eyes were fastened eagerly on that bit of water almost under the *Bobolink's* fore-foot. Morley had thought him a singularly unimpressive figure, attired as he was with a bayman's disregard for sailor-like toggery. He wore a blue flannel shirt with white suspenders crossed over his rounded shoulders, trousers of faded blue serge, and on his head a cheap linen cap.

But at this crucial moment Morley took no note of these inharmonious details. He saw revealed the man who could take such a tremendous chance with so little concern. Cool, unruffled self-confidence clothed the stooped shoulders, glowed in those quiet eyes, steeled the sinews of those rigid arms. And Morley, catching the undaunted spirit of him, let his gaze follow that of Captain Fred.

"Ah!" The exclamation broke from his lips unnoticed. Just ahead and to port he had a glimpse of a black square down under the green of a wave. In another instant it had raced dizzily astern, and the *Bobolink*, her big boom smashing through the grounding breakers to leeward, had surged unscathed through the Needle's Eye.

"Guess you can open up the cabin now, sir," observed "Reefing Fred."

The elderly personages, having lighted their after-luncheon cigars, came out into the cockpit and proceeded to become somewhat alarmed, for as the *Bobolink* hurled herself out past the protection of Nipfiddle shoal she caught the full benefit of the bay swells, which the piping souther had stirred up. Now and then, as one slapped her squarely on the weather quarter, the spray flew half-way to the masthead.

"Why, dear me!" exclaimed the bishop, "I had no idea the bay could be so rough. And what a large sail you have, captain! Really, I had not noticed its size before. Ouch!" A quart of so of bay water wilted the bishop's collar and interrupted his comments.

"You'll find slickers in the seat locker," suggested Captain Applegard. He seemed to be watching a white sail off to the south, the only unreefed sail, save the *Bobolink's*, to be seen anywhere on the bay. There was no anxiety in his calm eyes, however. He could readily estimate that when he made the edge of deep water and squared away for the run to Cedarton he would have the *Magic* a good three miles astern.

Somehow news of the race had spread through the town. Perhaps the ticket agent told it. At any rate, the word was passed that Hi Garvey and "Reefing Fred" Applegard were coming up the bay, each bent on being the first to welcome Sallie Weston home. Just why they should be so anxious about it was something of a mystery until Sallie herself was asked:

"I expect it's because they think I'll marry the one who gets here first," said Sallie promptly. Her brilliant eyes were aglow; also she had acquired, during her stay "up the beach," a becoming new dress and a natty straw sailor hat. She was very good to look upon, was Sallie that June day.

Cedarton gasped a little at her audacity, and then, yielding to a controlling impulse of curiosity, rushed to the wharf.

"It's sure to be Hi," was the general verdict. "Fred'll never dare carry full sail in this breeze, and Hi will crack on every stitch."

Someone telephoned to the lighthouse and learned that the *Magic* had gone through Main Channel while the *Bobolink* was still outside the entrance buoy. A half-grown youth on a bicycle carried the news to the Weston house. He found Sallie unpacking a suit-case.

"Your best feller's goin' to win, Miss Weston," he called through the screen door. "He's got half an hour's start."



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

Morley let his gaze follow that of Captain Fred.—Page 316.

"Who has? Who's got half an hour's start?" she demanded.

"Why, Hi Garvey has. Do I get an invite to the weddin'?"

He did not get it then. Sallie slammed the door in his face and locked herself in her room. A few minutes later, when the next self-appointed messenger arrived, her cheeks were flushed.

"'Taint Hi Garvey at all that's first," reported the second youth. "The lightkeeper says Cap'n Fred jammed the *Bobolink* through the Needle's Eye and beat Hi all holler. Fred'll be to the wharf before Hi rounds Long Point."

"Honest?" cried Sallie.

"They just 'phoned up from the inlet," declared the youth.

Whereupon Sallie grabbed her new sailor hat and sped down Water Street to the landing wharf, where the party boats tie up. She was in the forefront of the crowd when the *Bobolink*, heeling grandly, swept into the cove.

The big sail came down on the run, the board was dropped into the mud, and the *Bobolink's* nose touched the string-piece with a gentle bump. "Reefing Fred" scanned the silent crowd with a diffident glance, and then, ignoring them all, held out his hand to Sallie Weston.

"Mighty glad to see you back, Sallie," was his greeting.

"Then there's two of us, Fred, for I'm glad to see you," and Sallie, with a defiant look at those about her, took the proffered hand.

"I beg your pardon, captain." Morley had followed him ashore, and now stood waiting at his elbow. The bishop and the other two distinguished personages were close behind. "Can you spare me a moment?" he continued.

"Reefing Fred" seemed mildly annoyed. "I told you there wouldn't be any charge for this trip, on account of my not landing you at the Pier."

"But that isn't what I wish of you," insisted Morley. "As a matter of fact, I come on Government business, the kind of business which can be transacted better in public than in private. Am I right, bishop?"

"Quite right, Morley. Never allow a crowd to get away until you've made a speech to them," assented the bishop laughingly.

Morley laughed, too. "While speechmaking is not my strong point," he continued, "I think I shall take your advice this time. Will you permit me?" and he appealed to the crowd. Someone shouted to him to "blaze away," and he did.

"Perhaps you remember," began Morley, "an incident in the early part of our war with Spain. It occurred in a bay down in Cuba. There was an ocean cable running out of that bay and connecting with Spain. It had to be cut. A gunboat was sent around to do the cutting. As it was necessary to go very near shore to fish up the cable, and as the Spaniards had established several inconvenient batteries just about there, the task was somewhat hazardous. The captain of the gunboat assigned a lieutenant and called for volunteers. Eight sailors and four marines were chosen. The sailors rowed. The marines handled the grapples and used an axe on the cable.

"It was hot work. The shore batteries peppered those volunteers with machine guns and rifles. They shot scrap-iron at them from cannon. But the sailors sat at their oars while the marines finished the cable. The man who swung the axe had to stand on a seat. He was rather a good mark for the rifles, and the Spaniards did their best to hit him. But they were poor shots, you know, and the man with the axe kept on chopping away at that cable just as calmly as if he were at home splitting kindling in the woodshed. Good folks of Cedarton, I wish to say right here that was the coolest piece of bravery I ever witnessed—and I may as well confess that I was there. I was the lieutenant in command, and I didn't feel half so comfortable then as I do now.

"Well, as you may have read, Congress voted to give each one of those volunteers a medal of honor. I have one of the medals here," and from a plush case he held up the more or less artistic bauble with which a great republic had tardily sought to express its gratitude. "This doesn't belong to me. I was not a volunteer. They made me a captain for my share, which was really more than I deserved. This medal goes to the man who swung the axe, and I begged a certain good friend of mine, who happens to be able to grant such favors, for the privilege of presenting it in person. Applegard, do you remember me now?"



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

"Reefing Fred" allowed the medal to be pinned to his blue shirt.—Page 320.

The rounded shoulders of "Reefing Fred" squared themselves. His mild blue eyes no longer studied his shoe-toes.

"Yes, sir. I knew you right away," and his arm swept up in the regulation naval salute.

"The deuce you did! And took me through the Needle's Eye, eh? Well, Applegard, step up here and receive the only reward which the United States Government has seen fit to bestow on a brave man."

With a school-girl blush reddening his tanned cheeks "Reefing Fred" allowed the medal to be pinned to his blue shirt. Bashfully his eyes sought those of Sallie Weston.

"Humph!" said Sallie, tossing her pretty head; "all that isn't as new to me as you think, Fred. I got the whole story from your Aunt Caroline Webb day before yesterday. If you'll bring your friends up to the house, though, I'll make them a strawberry short-cake that'll maybe be worth eating, if I have luck."

And Captain Morley, U. S. N., and the bishop with a wilted collar, and the two other stout old gentlemen, one of whom was vice-president of a big railroad, the other being Assistant Secretary of the United States Navy, said it was the best short-cake they had eaten since they were boys.

As for the Needle's Eye, it no longer menaces navigation. Dynamite, judiciously applied by a sometimes watchfully paternal Government, long ago cleared the Slue.

A SONG OF TWILIGHT

Oh, to come home once more, when the dusk is falling,
To see the nursery lighted and the children's table spread;
"Mother, mother, mother!" the eager voices calling,
"The baby was so sleepy that he had to go to bed!"

Oh, to come home once more, and see the smiling faces,
Dark head, bright head, clustered at the pane;
Much the years have taken, when the heart its path retraces,
But until time is not for me, that image will remain.

Men and women now they are, standing straight and steady,
Grave heart, gay heart, fit for life's emprise;
Shoulder set to shoulder, how should they be but ready!
The future shines before them with the light of their own eyes.

Still each answers to my call; no good has been denied me,
My burdens have been fitted to the little strength that's mine,
Beauty, pride and peace have walked by day beside me,
The evening closes gently in, and how can I repine?

But oh, to see once more, when the early dusk is falling,
The nursery windows glowing and the children's table spread;
"Mother, mother, mother!" the high child-voices calling,
"He couldn't *stay awake for you, he* had *to go to bed!"*



By permission of the New York Zoological Park.

Crouching Whitetail Fawn.

From a photograph by Elwin R. Sanborn.

THE WHITETAILED (VIRGINIA) DEER AND ITS KIN

ODOCOILEUS AMERICANUS (ERXLEBEN, 1777)

BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

ONE Thomas Hariot, an English mathematician in the service of Sir Walter Raleigh, visited Virginia in 1584, and in his account of the Colony (pub. 1588) he says: "Of Beastes"—"Deare, in some places there are great store; neere into the sea-coast, they are of the ordinairie bignes as ours in England, & some less; but further up in the countrey where there is better feed, they are greater. They differ from ours only in this, their tailes are longer, and the snags of their hornes look backwards."

There is no doubt that Cartier saw the Whitetail in 1535, but Master Hariot, the mathematician, has given us the first identifiable description of the species, and it is by good right called Virginia Deer.

In speaking of it the early travellers use expressions that tell of astounding numbers. Thus Cartier's "great stores of Stags, Deere," etc., Hariot's "great store." Morton, writing of New England and its Deer (1637) says: "There are in the countrey three kindes of Deare, of which there are great plenty, and those are very useful."

Just what writers meant by "great plenty," I have endeavored to ascertain.

In the season of 1895 the official returns showed that 4,900 deer were killed in the Adirondacks. It is notorious that official returns are far below the actual slaughter, for we must add those killed illegally during or out of season, as well as those that were killed and not found. There is also a proportion destroyed by natural enemies, so that we need not hesitate to accept the Chief Protector's estimate that 10,000 deer were killed in the Adirondacks during the season of 1895.

But this must have been far less than half their numbers, otherwise they could not stand the drain, as they evidently do. I have heard hunters estimate that under the most favorable circumstances, the Deer do not add more than a third each year by actual

increase. If, therefore, more than a quarter are killed in a season, it means a falling off. But the Adirondack Deer are holding their own, and I should therefore estimate their numbers at 40,000, or, roughly, three to a square mile.

The official report for Maine gives 7,579 Deer killed in 1899, which we are to believe means a destruction of at least 12,000 Deer. But they have ample room and are steadily increasing, so that I put those in Maine at not less than 60,000, or about two to the square mile in 1900. Mr. W. T. Hornaday* gives the estimate of Deer in Maine at 100,000, or three to the square mile in 1904.



The tails and discs of: 1. New England Whitetail. 2. Colorado Mule Deer. 3. Oregon Coast Deer. 4. Wyoming Wapiti. 5. British Red Deer.

All records agree, however, that the Deer in the Adirondacks and Maine now are as nothing to those of days gone by; thus Morton says of those in New England (1637): "There is such abundance that 100 have been found at the spring of the year, within the compass of a mile." But even this we are told was far surpassed by the "incredible hosts" of the Middle States east of the Mississippi and of Texas. In the last State about 1850, I am credibly assured by many old hunters, "500 in one bunch" were commonly met with in the half-open country. Thousands could sometimes be seen in a day; they were there in tens of thousands.

The numbers in Kentucky were so great that it was believed impossible to exterminate them.

In the mountains of Colorado I have seen Mule Deer so plentiful that ten to the square mile would have been a very low estimate, indeed, and twenty would be safe for the region.

*"Am. Nat. Hist.," 1904, p. 131.

But the accounts of the hunters put the Whitetail far in advance of all other small Deer in point of numbers. Therefore I feel satisfied that ten to the square mile is a safe estimate of Whitetailed population in its true region, the immediate Mississippi Valley and the country to the east of it. This area was roughly 2,000,000 square miles—that is, it was the home of not less than 20,000,000 Whitetailed Deer.

Even ignoring the other 100,000 square miles of Whitetail range to the westward, as it certainly was much less thickly stocked, we still see that the Whitetail was probably the most abundant large game of temperate North America, excepting the Buffalo, and possibly ranking after that and the Caribou among all the big game of the continent.

Although the map of to-day shows a wide distribution, it is on a very different basis from that of two hundred years ago. The Adirondacks, northern New England, northern Michigan, northeastern Texas, and the dry parts of Florida, aggregating 100,000 square miles, may yet show an average of three Deer to the square mile. But we must consider the species absent from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Kentucky, the northern half of Missouri, and the southern halves of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, New York, and Ontario, a total area of about 600,000 square miles of their best country. And the rest of the region marked for Whitetail in present times is so nearly without them that one Deer to five square miles would be a liberal estimate. These figures would make the entire Whitetail population north of the Rio Grande somewhere about 500,000. The State of Maine, therefore, has now one-fifth



Drawn by Ernest Thompson Seton.

Whitetailed Deer.

of the Deer in the country, because she has learned that they are worth keeping.

The map illustrates an interesting fact in Whitetail distribution—while the species has lost much territory in the east and center of its range, it has also gained a great deal in the north and west. The reason for this will be seen in its habits, especially in its adaptability to agricultural conditions.

Had the map been made in 1890 instead of 1900, it would have given a still smaller range; 1890 seems to have been the low-ebb year for much of our wild game east of the Mississippi. Twenty years ago the Deer were exterminated in New England, except in the remote north woods. Now they have repossessed the whole country, even to the gates of New York City. Within the last year wild Deer have been seen about Greenwich, and even in Yonkers.

On the map I have not attempted to show the limits of different races or species of Whitetail now recognized by naturalists. There are some twelve of these, graded from very small in Florida and Mexico to very large in Maine and Manitoba, and from very dark in the Southeast to very pale, with greatly enlarged white areas, in the Northwest.

Bucks of the Florida Deer (*O. osceola*), rarely weigh over "110 pounds" (Cory), and ordinarily as low as 80 pounds (*C. A. Brambly*); the does are proportionately less. This represents the Southeastern extreme of size.

In the north we have a very different animal (*O. A. borealis*).

This is commonly said to attain a maximum weight of 350 pounds, but I find good testimony for much higher weights. Mr. John W. Titcomb, of the Bureau of Fisheries, says that two bucks weighing respectively 370 pounds and 420 pounds were killed in Vermont in 1899.

The most remarkable Adirondack buck that I can find authenticated is described by Mr. James M. Patterson in Colonel Fox's Forestry Report. It was killed by Mr. Henry Ordway in 1890. "Weight before being dressed 388 pounds [bleeding must have robbed it of 8 or 10 pounds, so that its live weight was about 400 pounds], height over withers 4 feet, 3 inches. There are 9 prongs on one antler and 10 on the other. Length of antlers, 32 inches; distance between antlers, 26½ inches; length from tip of nose to tip of tail, 9 feet 7 inches."

To this Mr. A. N. Cheney adds: "I have talked with Mr. Patterson, who is a brother of ex-District-Attorney Patterson, of Warren County, since his letter was printed, and he added to the figures given that the Deer measured 37 inches around the neck, back of the head, and that the longest spike on one beam was 13 inches. The buck had been seen on several occasions during two or more years before it was killed, and a number of sportsmen had made special efforts to kill it. It appeared to have no fear of dogs that were put on its track, and on one occasion attacked and drove off two."

But these are the giants of their kind. The average dressed weight of 562 Deer shipped out of the Adirondacks by the Express Company in 1895 was* only 109½ pounds—a live weight of 136¼ pounds—each; but this included many small Deer and August specimens of all ages and sexes. An average full-grown buck of the region is about 200 pounds live weight, and the average doe 150 pounds.

The other extreme is found in a Mexican species of which Caton says: "The smallest of the North American Deer which I have studied is the Acapulco Deer. Some of the specimens which I have had weighed only about 30 or 40 pounds."

There is another interesting dwarf, or myth, to be considered. A curious battle has raged for long between two parties—the hunters in the West and the scientists in the East—over the Gazelle, Cottontail or Fantailed Deer. Every old hunter that I have asked assures me that in the early days of the West there existed a dwarf Whitetail in the thickets along the mountain streams of the upper Missouri.

It resembled the Texan Fantail (*O. texensis*, Mearns), which is found in the high mountains of the Texas and Mexican country. The scientists deny that any such creature ever existed, excepting in the far Southwest, and pointedly demand the production of hair, hide, skull or foot—anything, in fact, except a lot of gauzy camp-fire tales.

I could give some interesting extracts from the trappers' stories, but will content myself for the present by stating that all

* According to Colonel Fox's report.



Range of Whitetail in primitive times and in 1900, by Ernest Thompson Seton.

The heavy line shows the original range—not fully worked out in Mexico. The tint shows the range in 1900. In the three large white areas, comprising the Atlantic coast, the Middle States and the far Northwest, the species has been exterminated, but in northern Canada and New England it has followed the settler and gained much territory. The recent extension into Utah is due to irrigation making more country possible for the species. No attempt is here made to demark the various species or races. Outlying or doubtful records are marked with a cross (x). In compiling this map I have used all available data in the records of several hundred ancient and modern travellers.

the old hunters believe in it. They say it looks like a Deer, is a little bigger than a Jack Rabbit, and has the habits of a Cottontail, bounding through the brush and squatting as soon as out of sight; they have shot them and found that adults with five tines on their horns weigh only 50 or 60 pounds and are in all respects a miniature and graceful Whitetailed Deer.

The scientists say that these are fawns of common Whitetail.

The hunters reply that they wear many-tined horns and do not grow bigger; they never were abundant and have disappeared from most localities in the last fifteen or twenty years.

If anyone reading this can forward a skin or skull for examination, he may do good service to science.

Many careful observations have given scientific exactness to the old-established hunter belief that the Deer has two distinct coats each year: a long thick coat, put on in September and worn till May; this is known as the *blue coat.* And a short rusty coat, appearing in spring as the winter coat is shed, worn all summer, and molted in September; this is known as the *red coat.*

The protective value of their blended tints and the way in which many animals turn it to account raises the question, Are they conscious of their adaptation to surroundings?



Whitetail Buck with remarkable palmations.

Killed at North Lake Reservoir, town of Wilmurt, Herkimer County, N. Y., fall of 1891.
Drawn from photographs by Mr. Egbert Bagg, of Utica, N. Y.

Mr. D. Wheeler writes me: "Deer seem to realize their color, they come to the water to drink and commonly pause to reconnoitre among dead brush that matches their coat. I am sure that the Northern hare does so, for in the spring of the year, when they are still in white and when the snow is in patches, they *invariably* squat or rest on the snow."

Mr. R. Nicholas of Portland, Ore., maintains that "ptarmigan in white always squat on the snow if the ground be bare in

places." I have frequently watched Snowshoe rabbits and white-jacks which were in full winter livery, though there was no snow at the time; twice I saw a white-jack crouch on a white rock, but I many times saw them crouch in brownish grassy places where they were ridiculously conspicuous.

On the bare ground they are of course more visible, and here they were very shy; though this might be explained by the absence of cover. I am not yet satisfied that these animals realize their color.

The sportsman hunter, however, pays little heed to the colors and fine distinctions on which the scientist founds his races. He usually lumps the twenty odd species and races of small American Deer as Deer, and carries a general impression of a deer-colored animal, paler on the under parts. This is a true impression as far as it goes, and I do not know of any color feature on the animal's trunk that will distinguish the species. But nature has added a label to each, and as though by kindly plan, this is the last part of the animal that the hunter sees as it disappears in the woods, saying in effect: "Well, good-by; I am so-and-so that you did not hit." If every sportsman would bring the tail of his Deer, or failing that, make a sketch of it, with a note of its length and the locality, we could tell with fair certainty the species he had got. The tail and disc of Deer show characteristics as distinctive as those of the skull.

There is a tendency to albinism among the Deer in some parts of the country, usually islands and isolated corners where it seems to be a consequence of inbreeding. Albinism is a freak or disease by which the coloring matter is left out of the hair on those parts of the body that are affected, and the hair there comes white. Sometimes it covers the entire animal, in which case usually the hoofs are white and its eyes pink. It is not by any means certain that the albino of this year will be an albino next year also. The affection is sometimes associated with internal worms.

There is one other very important detail of anatomy that should be noted, and that is the glands on the outside of the hind leg. These are diagnostic of the species. They are sufficiently set forth in the illustration.

But the sportsman is quite sure to devote chief attention to the head and antlers. Here are two marked types. These represent average horns of full-grown bucks. In general style the Coast Deer horns resemble those of the Mule Deer, but are more slender. A Whitetail buck has spikes the first year, and afterwards adds snags in proportion to his vigor, *when normal*, but antlers are usually abnormal. Mr. J. W. Titcomb states that a tame Deer which he knew, grew on its second autumn antlers (its first pair) that were a foot long and had three points on each. A pair with many snags *probably* belonged to an old buck, and yet again an old buck may have mere spikes. Thus it will be seen that anyone pretending to tell the age, by the horns alone, is sure to err. Some of the most remarkable variations are here shown.



Typical antlers of Whitetail (1) and of Mule Deer (2).

The record for points still rests with the pair owned by Mr. Albert Friedrich, of San Antonio, Texas. These are of such superabundant vigor that 78 points appear. The 42-pointer from the Adirondacks and the 35-pointer from Minnesota claim second and third places.

Hariot calls attention to the unique fact that the snags of the horns "look backwards." Caton adds, "thus enabling the animal by bowing his head in battle, as is his habit, to present the tines to the adversary in front. When two meet in the shock of bat-

tle thus armed, these antlers form such a complete shield that I have never known a point to reach an adversary." (P. 224.)

But they have an off-setting disadvantage. More in this than in any other American species do we find fatally interlocked antlers. Two bucks struggling for the mastery have in some way sprung their antlers apart, or forced them together, so that they are inextricably intertangled, and death to both combatants is the inevitable finish. It often comes by starvation, and those antler-bound bucks may think themselves lucky if found by their natural enemies and put to a merciful death.

Mr. Stanley Waterloo writes: "In November, 1895, Mr. F. F. Strong, a well-known Chicago business man, and an ardent sportsman, was, with a small party of friends, hunting near Indian River, in Schoolcraft County, Michigan. One day when the party was out, ravens were noticed hovering noisily over a certain spot, and, attracted by curiosity, the hunters sought the cause. Emerging into a comparatively open space in the wood, they made a discovery. For the space of nearly an acre the ground was torn and furrowed by the hoofs of two bucks, and near the centre of the open space lay the bucks themselves, with their horns inextricably locked. One of the Deer was dead and the hungry ravens had eaten both his eyes, though deterred from further feasting by the occasional spasmodic movements of the surviving combatant, whose eyes were already glazing." (*Recreation*, Sept., 1897.)

I remember reading an account of a hunter finding two bucks thus locked, one dead, the other nearly dead. He was a humane man, so went home for a saw and cut the living one free. The moment it felt at liberty it turned its feeble remaining strength on its deliverer and he had much ado to save his own life before he could regain his rifle and lay the ingrate low. I am unable to find the record and give due credit for the story.

Audubon and Bachman tell of *three pairs* of antlers that were interlocked, and a singular case is reported from Antigo, Wis., where Mr. Matt. J. Wahleitner found two pairs of antlers locked together around a five-inch sapling. The photograph shows the horns to be in each case above average size.



The Bonnechere Head.

From a Topley Studio photograph supplied by Mr. Norman H. H. Lett.

An accident of kindred nature is illustrated in the drawing made for the specimen in New York State Museum. It shows the antler of a Deer driven through a tree. (Page 339.)

The feet are much less subject to aberration than the horns, but Dr. E. Coues (Bul. U. S. Geo. Surv.) has described a solid-hoofed Virginia Deer that was sent him by Mr. Geo. A. Boardman, of Calais, Me. In this freak the two central or main hoofs were consolidated as one. A somewhat similar peculiarity has often been seen in pigs, but never before recorded for the Whitetailed Deer.

The hearing and scent of Deer are marvellously acute, but their eyesight is not of the best.

Audubon and Bachman actually considered it imperfect.

"As we have often, when standing still, perceived the Deer passing within a few yards without observing us, but we have often noticed the affrighted start when we moved our position or when they scented us by the wind. On one occasion we had tied our horse for some time at a stand;



Seventy-eight-point Whitetail killed in Texas.

Spread, 26½ inches.
From photograph by their owner, Mr. Albert Friedrich, of San Antonio, Texas.

on his becoming restless we removed him to a distance. A Deer pursued by dogs ran near the spot where we were standing, without having observed us."

It seems to class all motionless objects down-wind as mere features of the landscape. The hunters take advantage of this weakness to stalk the animal when it is in the open. They run toward it without concealment as long as it is grazing, but the moment it shows by shaking its tail that it is about to raise its head they "freeze"—crouching low and still. The Deer takes its customary look around and lowers its head to feed again, whereupon they repeat the open approach, and thus continue until within easy shot.

I have heard of this trick often and have several times proved it a failure with Antelope. I never tried it on Whitetail Deer, but did it with complete success on a pair of Red Deer in Europe some years ago.

"The Deer is the most silent of animals and scarcely possesses any notes of recognition. The fawn has a gentle bleat that might be heard by the keen ears of its mother at the distance, probably, of a hundred yards. We have never heard the voice of the female beyond a mere murmur when calling her young, except when shot, when she often bleats like a calf in pain. The buck when suddenly started sometimes utters a snort, and we have at night heard him *emitting* a shrill whistling sound, not unlike that of a Chamois of the Alps, that could be heard the distance of half a mile."

In riding through the woods at night in the vicinity of Deer we have often heard them stamp their feet, the bucks on such occasions giving a loud snort, then bounding off for a few yards and again repeating the stamping and snorting, which appear to be nocturnal habits. (Aud. and Bach.)

They have also a louder, coarser snort or challenge, as noted later. Mr. Franklin T. Payne describes some Park bucks that he shipped as "bawling with rage when captured." (*Rec.*, May, 1898.)

"In all our experience, extending over about forty years, we have never but once heard a Deer make use of the voice when seeking a lost mate. This occurred when upon one occasion, having shot at and scattered a band of stags, one of the number, not having seen or scented us, turned back, evidently seeking his leader, and passed close by, making a low, muttering noise like that sometimes uttered by the domestic ram." (A. Y. Walton, *F. & S.*, June 15, 1895.)

The enemies of the Whitetail are, first, the buckshot gun with its unholy confederates, the jacklight and canoe. We hope and believe that two or three years will see them totally done away with—in Deer sport; classed and scorned with the dynamite of the shameless fish-hog. Next is the repeating-rifle of the poacher and pot-hunter. Third, deep snow. It is deep



Thirty-five-point Whitetail from Minnesota.

From photograph by K. H. C., *Recreation*, June, 1897.

snow that hides their food, that robs them of their speed, that brings them easily within the power of the cougar on his snowshoes; and the human cougar, who, similarly equipped for skimming over the drifts, is mentally as sanguinary and improvident.

The wolves rank high in the list of foes. They have long played seesaw havoc with the Deer in the north. The Deer came in with the settlers on the upper Ottawa. The wolves followed because in the Deer they found their winter support. In the summer the Deer were safe among the countless lakes, and the wolves subsisted on what small stuff they could pick up in the woods. But winter robbed the Deer of the water safe-havens, and then the wolves could run them down by the trick of relay chasing; thus they wintered well.



Forty-two-point Adirondack Buck.

Redrawn from photograph in New York State Fish and Game Report. 1896.

But wintering well meant increasing; the wolves became so numerous that they destroyed their own support, and starvation, followed by extinction, was their lot. Again the Deer recovered locally or drifted in from other regions, and again the wolves increased to repeat their own destruction. This has been the history of the Deer population along most of our frontier where winter is accompanied by deep snow. If we could exterminate the grey wolf we should solve half the question of Deer supply; but there is no evidence that we shall ever succeed in doing so. I find that Mr. E. T. Merrill, after much experience in Deer and wolf country, discredits the stories of wolves running down Deer. He says:*

"I have not yet seen the race between wolves and a Deer that lasted over ten minutes. Either the Deer gets to water or some clearing or road where the wolves will not follow, or else he is killed at once. Very often they drag a Deer down within a few jumps of where he starts. Deer in Michigan and Wisconsin during the winter generally feed along the edge of a swamp under thick hemlocks where there is plenty of ground hemlock, and the wolves generally come in on them from two ways and drive them towards the swamp, and they will nearly always kill them within 40 rods of where they start." This is readily understood in country where Deer and other game animals abound. The wolf knows very well that the Deer is far fleeter than himself and if he fails in that first dash, it is easier for him to go elsewhere and try to surprise or trap another Deer. But when desperately hungry in regions where Deer are not so plentiful the wolves will stick to the one they start and follow to a finish, be it never so far. I have heard the accounts of many old Ontario hunters that entirely support this belief. These views, it will be seen, do not oppose those of Mr. Merrill.

In my own journal I find an instance in point, related to me by Mr. Gordon Wright, of Carberry, Manitoba. During the winter of 1865 he was shantying at Sturgeon Lake, Ontario. One Sunday he and some companions strolled out on the ice of the lake to look at the logs there. They heard the hunting cry of wolves, then a Deer (a female) darted from the woods to the open ice. Her sides were heaving, her tongue out and her legs cut with the slight crust on the snow. Evidently she was hard-pressed and had run for some time. She was coming toward them, but one of the men gave a shout which caused her to sheer off. A minute later six timber wolves appeared, galloping on her trail, heads low, tails horizontal, and howling continuously. They were uttering their hunting cry, but as soon as they saw her they broke into a louder, different note, left the trail and made straight for their prey. Five of the wolves were abreast and one that seemed

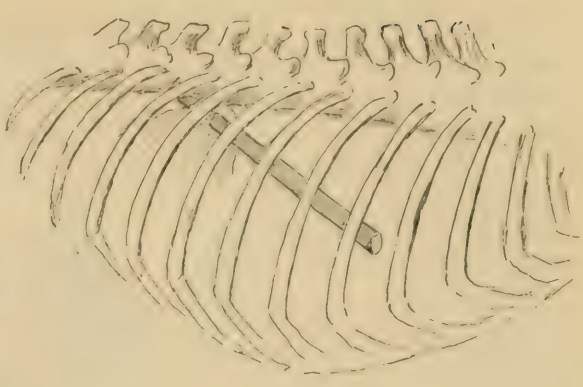
* *Sports Afield*, March, 1900, p. 299.

much darker was behind. Within half a mile they overtook the Deer and pulled her down; all seemed to seize her at once. For a few moments she bleated like a sheep in distress; after that the only sound was the snarling and crunching of the wolves as they feasted. Within fifteen minutes nothing was left of the victim but hair and some of the larger bones, the wolves fighting among themselves for even these. Then they scattered, each going a mile or so, no two in the same direction, and those that remained in sight, curled up there on the open lake to sleep. This happened about ten in the morning within three hundred yards of several witnesses.

Mosquitoes, ticks and deerflies are to be listed among the foes of the Deer. The mosquitoes bother them just as they do us. At times they avoid these plagues by sinking themselves in the mud and water. Blue ticks of the Ixodes species are a well-known pest. Mr. G. M. Martin tells me that in the Adirondacks during June and July, he has often seen such hanging on the Deer's leg, sucking their blood. They do not torment them much, but must be a great drain when present in numbers. The deerflies (*Œstrus*), however, are the most annoying of their small enemies.

Catesby says (1731): "Near the sea the Deer are always lean and ill-tasted, and subject to botts breeding in the head and throat." The hunters assure me that this same complaint is found in the north. The worm is known to be the larva of the gad-fly, or deerfly.

Many a man on first seeing Deer dash through the dangerous mazy wreck of a storm-track has wondered how they could escape with their lives. As a matter of fact, they suffer many accidents in their haste. I suppose that not one adult Deer in ten but will show by the scars on legs and belly that it has been snagged many times. One of the strangest cases of the sort is recorded from Montana by Mr. R. C. Fisk.* He shot a doe Whitetail that had driven into her body a "fir branch over a foot long and over half an inch thickness." It had entered between the fourth and fifth ribs on the right side, missed the right lung, pierced the top of the diaphragm and the point of the liver and rested against the under side of the



The Snag.

Redrawn from Mr. F. C. Fisk's sketch.

back bone. "That the animal met with this accident while it was yet young," says Mr. Fisk, "I am thoroughly convinced, for the end at the ribs had been entirely drawn into the opening of the heart and lungs and had thoroughly healed on the outside. The skin which I now have shows only the faintest trace of a scar.

"There was not a particle of pus or inflammatory matter of any kind; in fact, the limb, covered as it was with the white skin, exactly resembled one of the long bones of the leg. The animal was healthy and fat and the meat was fine."

The ordinary gait of the Deer is a low smooth bounding, with an occasional high jump. This low bounding is, at its best, I should estimate, according to our scale of speed as set forth in the Antelope, about twenty-seven or twenty-eight miles an hour. The ease with which they cover great spaces is marvellous. I have known a buck clear a four-foot log and fifteen feet of ground in one leap. The high jump taken occasionally is like the spy-hop of jack-rabbits and springbok, for purpose of observation.

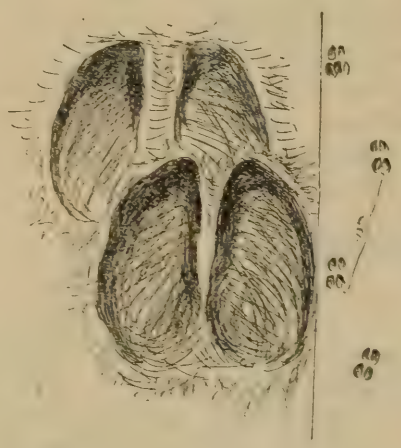
In the water the Whitetail are very much at home. They can go so fast that a canoeman must race to overtake them, which means that they go for the time being at over four miles an hour. They are so confident of their power that they invariably make for the water when hunted to extremity. There are many cases on record of Deer so pushed, boldly striking out into the open sea, trusting to luck for finding another shore.

There is a record* of a Deer captured at

* *Outdoor Life*, December, 1898.

* *F. & S.*, Dec. 6, 1883.

sea near Portland, Me., five miles from shore, and another * of one taken a mile and a half from Sachuest Point, R.I., as it was swimming at full speed away from land. In regions where there is plenty of open water the Deer have little to fear from wolves and nothing at all from unaided dogs. A Deer in summer swims low, little more than the head showing, and when shot usually sinks. In late fall it swims much higher, the back showing. This is due partly to the recently acquired fat which has added more to its bulk than to its weight, but chiefly to the growth of the coat, each hair of which is a little barrel of air adding its flotation to the Deer. As Merriam says: "When the blue coat, which grows very rapidly, is an inch in length, it will, as a rule, float the Deer that carries it and this length is generally obtained about the first of October."†



Right feet of Pig. August 6, 1903.
No clouts. Mud one-half inch deep.

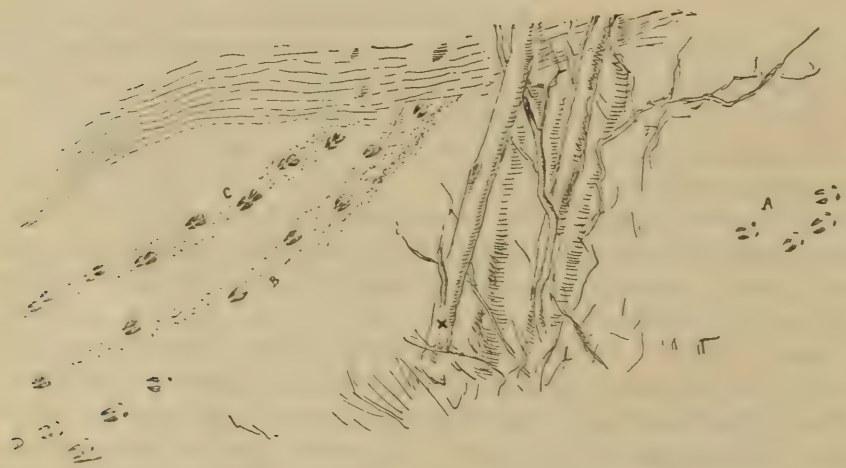
The tracks that are here figured were drawn on the sandy shore of Big Dam Lake, forty miles from Kippewa, Quebec, September 15, 1905, and show the buck, doe, and fawn. The tracks of pig and sheep also are shown in contradiction of the statement that their tracks may often be mistaken for Deer tracks even by the expert.

In the mating season the Red Deer of Europe makes what is known as a "*soiling pit.*" In some open glade he digs a hole in which the rain collects. This he paws and messes till it is what our backwoodsmen would call a regular "dope." With this he plentifully besmears himself, rolling and grovelling in it like a hog that has only partly learned how to wallow. This habit we have seen repeated in our Moose and Wapiti, but it finds an even better development in the Whitetailed Deer.

All our ruminants have a great fondness for salt. They doubtless need it for a tonic and eagerly seek out anything of a salty nature that they can find in their native range. A great variety of soluble minerals seem to satisfy this craving. Merriam calls attention to a place in the Adirondacks where "the Deer had licked the clay, possibly obtaining a trifle of potash, alumina and iron derived from sulphates, decomposing pyrites."

Why they need it, or how often, or whether any individuals form a "habit" and so injure themselves, has not yet been ascertained.

* *F. & S.*, April 4, 1896.
† "Mam. of Adir.," p. 130.



Tracks of Whitetail. Quebec, September 15, 1905.

A. Buck running after Doe. From A to D he cleared, at one bound, 15 feet, and passed over the log X where it is 4½ feet from the ground. B. Doe, coming dripping out of water, steps here about 18 inches, farther on she trotted and the steps are 2½ feet long. Her tracks register well; that is, the hind foot falls in the mark of the front foot. C. A half-grown fawn with the Doe. For some reason its tracks do not register at all. Registering is better walking and especially lends silence to the tread.

How large is the home locality of a Whitetail? Smaller probably than that of any other of the family in America. A Moose or Mule Blacktail may pass all summer on a square mile, but a doe Whitetail "is usually found in the same range, or drive, as it is called, and often not fifty yards from the place where it was started before." (Aud. and Bach.) These same

naturalists remark with surprise on their finding a band of Deer that bedded at one place and fed nightly at another "nearly two miles off," and a third case of Deer that daily covered four or five miles between bed and board. These, however, are very exceptional.

All the Ottawa guides that I have consulted agree with me in giving to the individual Whitetail a very limited range. In the Rockies I know that two or three hundred acres will often provide a sufficient homeland for a whole family of them the year around, for the Whitetail, unlike the Wapiti or the Mule Deer, seems to be entirely non-migratory.

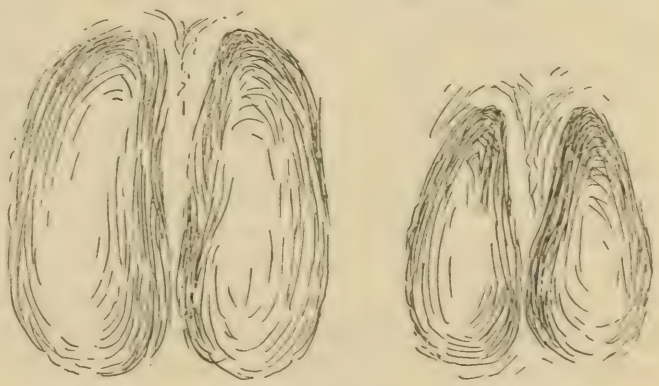


A. Hind foot of Whitetail at full speed. B. Track of right fore foot—Whitetail Buck at full speed; 5½ inches in length.

If we begin in the early spring to follow the life of the Whitetail on its Northern range, we shall find that in the month of January the does and bucks are still in company, although according to Audubon and Bachman, it is only during the mating season that the sexes herd together. Many exceptions indeed will be found to their general statement. I think that both males and females are found in the Deer yards throughout the winter and the young bucks may follow their mothers all the year round.

But the melting snow sets all free again. The older bucks go off in twos or threes; the does go their own way in small groups, accompanied by their young of the year before.

All winter they have fed on twigs, moss, evergreens, and dry grass; now the new vegetation affords many changes of nutritious diet, they begin to grow fatter, and the unborn young develop fast. The winter coat begins to drop out and a general sleekness comes on young and old. May sees the doe a renovated being, and usually also sees her alone, for now her six months' gestation is nearing its end. Some day about the middle of the month she slinks quietly into a thick cover, perhaps a fallen tree-top, and there the young are born. They vary in number, according to the age and vigor of the mother. "The first time she has one fawn. If in good order, she has two the following year. A very large and healthy doe often produces three, and we were present at Goose Creek when an immense one, killed by J. W. Audubon, was ascertained on being opened, to contain four large and well-formed fawns. The average number of fawns in Carolina is two, and the cases where three are produced are nearly as numerous as those in which young does have only one at the birth." (Aud. & Bach., "Quad. N. Am.," p. 226.) I have never heard of anyone seeing a doe actually accompanied by *four* fawns, or even *three*. And this recalls a fact that I have often noted. The average number of embryonic young found in



Sheep tracks, front and hind, different sized sheep.



Buck and Doe.

mammals is greater than the average found in the nest even at an early date.

The Deer Family do not make any pretence at a nest. The home of the young is the *neighborhood* where they are born. They may consider the old fallen tree-top their head-quarters, but they will lie in a different part of it every day. Moreover, in Texas, "we have never known them to lie at this stage of their life as the young of sheep and goats do, almost touching one another, but they lie with more or less distance separating them, never very far apart and never very close together." (A. Y. Walton, *F. & S.*, June 15, 1895.) Their weight at birth is about 4½ pounds (Hornaday). Mr. J. W. Titcomb gives the weight of one at 3¾ pounds (*F. & S.*, March 18, 1899).

The mother visits them perhaps half a dozen times a day to suckle them; I think that at night she lies next them to warm them, although the available testimony shows that in the daytime she frequents a solitary bed several hundred yards away. I suppose that it is only in search of water that she really goes out of hearing of their squeak. If found and handled at this time they play dead, are limp, silent, and unresisting. This is purely instinctive behavior.

Their natural enemies now are numerous. Bears, wolves, panthers, lynxes, fishers, dogs, foxes, eagles, are the most dangerous of the large kinds. But their spotted coats and their death-like stillness are wonderful safeguards. Many hunters maintain that now the fawns give out no scent. Doubtless this means that their body scent is reduced to a minimum, and since they do not travel they leave no foot scent at all. There is one more large creature that some would put on the fawns' list of enemies, so far as I can learn without good reason, and that is—*their own father.* I can believe that another doe coming near, might resent with a blow the attempted liberties of a fawn clearly not her own, but I know of no reason for supposing that in a wild state the buck would injure his offspring, and I do know of several reasons to the contrary; although I have not been able to secure the best evidence of all, namely, proof of a buck going out of his way to defend a fawn.

The mother is ready at all times to render what help she can; and, unless hopelessly overmatched, she is wonderfully efficient. Her readiness to run to the young at their call of distress is, or was, often turned to unfair account by the hunters in the Southwest. They manufactured a reed that imitated the fawn's bleat, and thus brought not only the anxious mother, but sometimes also the prowling cougar and lynx within gunshot.

Natural questions that arise are: Does the mother never forget where she hid her young; can she come back to the very spot in the unvaried woods, even when driven a mile or two away by some dreaded enemy?

In the vast majority of cases the mother's memory of the place enables her to come back to the very spot. Sometimes it happens that an enemy forces the little one to run and hide elsewhere while the mother is away. In such cases she sets to work to ransack the neighborhood, to search the ground and the wind for a helpful scent, listening intently for every sound; a rustle or a squeak is enough to make her dash excitedly to the quarter whence it came. It is probable, though I have no proof of it, that now she *calls* for the fawn, as does a cow or a sheep whose young are missing.

In most cases her hearty endeavors succeed. But there is evidence that sometimes they end in a tragedy,—the fawns, like the children of the story, are lost in the woods.

The Moose and the Wapiti may hide their young two or three days, the Antelope for a week, but the Whitetail fawn is usually left in its first covert for a month or more.

At this age their rich brown coats are set off by rows of pure white spots, like a brown log sprinkled with snow-drops or flecked with sun-spots. This makes a color scheme that is protective as they crouch in the leaves and exquisitely beautiful when displayed on their graceful forms, later on, as they bound or glide by mother's side to the appreciative mirror furnished by their daily drinking-pool.

At four or five weeks of age they begin to follow the mother; this is about the beginning of July, but I examined a fawn that Mr. H. G. Nead found hidden in the grass near Dauphin Lake, Manitoba, on the 22d of August.

Analogy would prove that they begin to eat solid food at this time. They develop rapidly, and become very swift-footed. Some hunters assure one that the young are even swifter than the parents, but this, I

think, is not so. As already noted, it is a rule that of two animals going at the same rate, the smaller always *appears faster*.

Their daily lives now are as unvaried as the Deer can make them. They rest in some cool shelter during the heat of the morning; about noon they go to their drinking-place. This daily drink is essential, and yet the map shows the Whitetail to be a dweller of the arid plains where no water is. Here, like the Antelope, they find their water-supply in the leaves and shoots of the provident cactus, which is among plants what the camel is among beasts, a living tank and able to store up in times of rain enough for thirsty days to come.

After a copious draught, sufficient to last her all day long, the mother Whitetail, with her family, retires again to chew the cud in their old retreat, where they escape the deer-flies and heat, but suffer the mosquitoes and ticks. As the sun lowers, they get up and go forth stealthily to feed, perhaps by the margin of the forest, where grow their favorite foods, or to the nearest pond where the lily-pads abound, and root, stem, or leaf provides a feast that will tempt the Deer from afar. They munch away till the night grows black, then sneak back to some other part of the home covert—rarely the same bed—where they doze or chew the cud till dawn comes on, when again they take advantage of the half-light that they love and go foraging, till warned by the sunrise that they must once more away.

This is a skeleton of their daily programme in the wilderness, but they modify it considerably for life around the settlement. The noonday visit to the watering-place is dispensed with. Instead they come by night. Foraging in daylight hours is given up. Secret and silent as the coon, the Whitetail family lurk in their coppice all day, and at night go not to the lily-padded shore, but to the fields of grain or clover, turnips or garden truck. Lightly the alert and shadow-like mother approaches the five-foot fence; behind in her track are the two fawns, not even shadowy, for *they are invisible* in their broken coats. A moment she listens, then with a bound she clears the fence, and, followed by the young, she lands in the banquet spread.



Quebec Whitetail.
From photograph by Norman H. H. Lett.

These visits are never during the day, nor are they during the hours of black darkness, for even the Deer require some light to see by. Their favorite time, then, for such a frontier foray is in the moonlight.

The rising of the moon is in all much-hunted regions a signal for the Deer to go forth, and many supposed irregularities in their habits will be found explained on reference to the lunar calendar.

As September wanes there are two important changes in the fawns: first they are weaned, second they shed their spotted—their milk-spotted—coat; they are now fawns of the year. As Caton says, they "are weaned about four months of age, but continue to follow the dam—the males for one year, the females for two years." (P. 308.) The exception to this rule is during that interesting first month of the little ones' lives. Then the older sisters or brothers may be lurking in the neighborhood; they may join the mother at the drinking-place, but during the nursing hours she does not want them near, and if need be takes rude means to prevent their coming.

In September, too, there is a disposition to reunite.

The bucks shed their antlers in January—even earlier, if very vigorous; weeks

later, if puny. Mr. J. W. Titcomb's tame buck in Vermont shed one antler on the 26th of February, and the second on the 1st of March. When the melting snow leaves the sexes free to seek or shun each other at their will, these turn their unantlered heads from the social herd, and wander off, usually two together, as with most of our horned ruminants.

Bare ground with its sprouting grass and shoots now supplies bountiful food. The surplus energies of the does go to the unborn young, of the bucks to their budding antlers. These appear two to six weeks after the old ones are dropped.

Their growth goes on with the marvellous rapidity already noted for antlers. During the early stages they are so soft as to be almost plastic and every accident is recorded in their shape. By August they are complete, though still in velvet, and by the middle of September the buck has scraped and polished them clean. Until the last two or three weeks the horns have blood-vessels throbbing with blood, have nerves, and are sensitive integral parts of the animal's body. They are of course doomed to die and drop, but in that three months when really dead they are to discharge the office for which they were created. This is well known, but Judge Caton, our great Deer authority, makes a surprising additional statement: "The evidence, derived from a very great multitude of observations, made through a course of years, is conclusive that nature prompts the animal to denude its antlers of the covering at a certain period of its growth, while yet the blood has as free access to the covering as it ever had." That is, while yet the horn is living and sensitive the deer voluntarily subjects itself to the painful operation of skinning them.

Why? There must be a good reason. I can only suppose that the earlier his antlers are cleaned, the sooner he can enter the arena in which wives go to the winner, with obvious advantage to his strain.

All summer he has been living as quietly as the doe, sometimes frequenting the same places, but not seeing her if they chance there together. The margins of the forest and of the lake have powerful charms for him now, not only for their food supply, but because there he knows he can protect himself at once from the torment of the flies and the fiercest summer heat. In Audubon and Bachman we find a most interesting case which shows his method of doing this, as well as the cunning of the old buck. "To avoid the persecution of mosquitoes and ticks, it occasionally, like the Moose in Maine, resorts to some stream or pond and lies for a time immersed in the water, from which the nose and a part of the head only project. We recollect an occasion, when on sitting down to rest on the margin of the Santee River, we observed a pair of antlers on the surface of the water near an old tree, not ten steps from us; we were without a gun, and he was therefore safe from any injury we could inflict on him. Anxious to observe the cunning he would display, we turned our eyes another way, and commenced a careless whistle, as if for our own amusement, walking gradually toward him in a circuitous route until we arrived within a few feet of him. He had now sunk so deep in the water that an inch only of his nose and slight portions of his prongs were seen above the surface. We again sat down on the bank for some minutes, pretending to read a book. At length we suddenly directed our eyes toward him, and raised our hand, when he rushed to the shore, and dashed through the rattling canebrake, in rapid style."

Late September is the season of nuts, and nuts are to the Deer what honey is to the bear. Acorns in particular are its delight and the groves of oaks a daily haunt of the reunited family. The effect of such rich food in quantity is quickly seen. "Indeed," says Caton, "it is astonishing to me how rapidly the buck and the doe will improve as soon as the acorns begin to fall. Ten days are sufficient to change a thin Deer to a fat one, at the time when the summer coat is discarded and the glossy winter dress appears." (P. 308.)

In view of their fondness for acorns it is interesting to note that Sargent's map of the distribution of oaks in America east of the Rockies practically coincides with the range of the Whitetailed Deer.

If the Whitetail had any games or places of meeting we should find them used at this season, when all are fat and free from care. But so far as I have been able to learn they do not slide, play "tag," or "king of the castle," plash or chase each other in circles, or in any way show that they have taken the first steps in the evolution of amusement.

As October comes on, another change sets in with the bucks; their necks begin to swell to extraordinary size and their mating instincts to rouse. Hitherto they have been indifferent to the does when they met by chance, but now they set out to seek them, and of this I saw some signs on the Ottawa as early as the 15th of September.

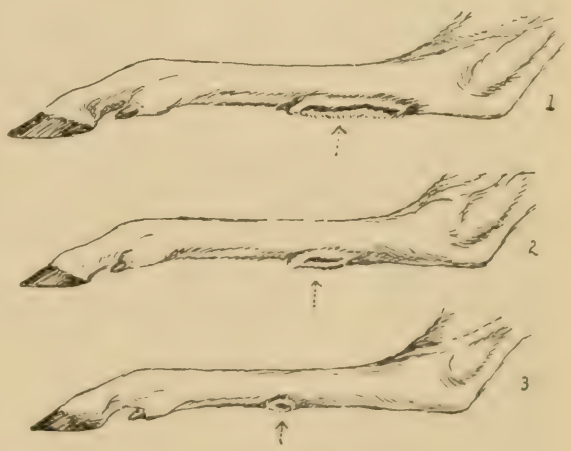


Abnormal antlers of Whitetail.
Redrawn from Caton's figure.

The buck does not gather around him a band of does like the successful bull Wapiti, and it is sometimes said that he does not issue any sort of a challenge. But the following curious paragraph by "Bachelor" shows that he has both the disposition and the voice to challenge at times. "Some years since . . . I was still-hunting in Arkansas. . . . I had been standing several minutes when I heard three successive sounds or noises that were much louder and coarser than the whistle or snort of any Deer I had previously heard. At first I thought it some other animal, but presently he was in sight, and when within about 200 yards of me he ran into a flock of turkeys. He would single one out and chase it away, then another, until he had chased off nine or ten, likely all of the flock, when he returned to the line or track he was following and came on, part of the time trotting and part of the time walking, but all the time travelling as if he were tracking something. When within eighty yards of me he came on my track and stopped, turning half around, giving me a fine shot. He was only a three-point buck, and rather small for a three-pointer, but he seemed to be on the war-path, judging by the way he chased the turkeys, and he seemed to care very little for me. Now I have frequently heard Deer whistle when frightened, and have heard them snort from the same cause, but this Deer made altogether a louder and different noise from either." (*F. & S.*, Oct. 5, 1895.)

George Crawford and Linklater, guides of Mattawa, assure me that at this season the bucks utter a peculiar call like a sheep bleating or like the creaking of two trees rubbing together. As November, the true rutting time, draws near, "the necks of the bucks become enormously enlarged. As early as the last week in October, I measured the neck of a buck that was thirty inches in circumference, only ten inches behind the ear [ordinarily it would have been about twenty around]. The maximum development is attained about the middle of November." (Merriam, p. 116.) Col. Fox speaks of a buck whose neck was thirty-seven inches around.

Their whole nature seems to undergo a corresponding change, and by November they are ready to fight one of their own or



Left hind leg of Mule Deer (1), Coast Deer (2), and Whitetail (3), to show the size of the metatarsal glands, respectively 5, 3, and 1 inch long.

any other kind that seems likely to hinder their search for a mate.

"At this season the bucks not only fight among themselves, but occasionally attack man, and more than one unfortunate person has been gored to death by them. In battle they make use of their horns, and also of their fore feet, whose sharp hoofs are capable of inflicting terrible wounds. I was once sitting quietly on a log in a Deer park when a buck approached, and, making a sudden spring, dealt me such a powerful blow on the head, with the hoofs of his fore feet, as to render me unconscious. No sooner was I thrown upon the ground than the vicious beast sprang upon me, and would doubtless have killed me outright had it not been for the intervention of a man, who rushed at him with a club and finally drove him off." (Merriam, "Mam. Adir.," p. 117.)



Two Whitetail Bucks with locked horns.

Redrawn from Mr. Stanley Waterloo's photograph in *Recreation* for August, 1899.

Mr. J. Parker Whitney relates a similar experience in Maine:

"It is very rare," he says, "that a buck, however large and savage, will charge a stalker without provocation, but occasionally in the mating season when wounded they will charge. I had an encounter of this kind in 1859 on my second visit to this region, from which I escaped with scarcely a scratch, killing a buck which dressed up 230 pounds, with a single heart thrust of my hunting-knife. It was before the day of repeating-rifles. I had barely time to drop my rifle and step aside and draw my hunting-knife when I was borne down into the snow by the weight of the descending buck, which I caught about the neck, and as he rose, drove my knife to the hilt in his chest at the junction of the throat, severing his windpipe and splitting his heart. Death was instantaneous. I had difficulty in withdrawing myself quickly enough to escape the red torrent of life-blood which gushed forth." (*F. & S.*, Dec. 26, 1898.) If, however, the Deer is the conqueror, he never ceases to batter, spear, and trample his victim as long as it shows signs of life.

Several hunters have related to me how, when downed in the snow by some furious buck, they have saved their lives by feigning death.

Their stillness convinced the stag that his revenge was complete, and he slowly withdrew, casting, nevertheless, many a backward glance to satisfy himself that truly his foe was done for.

But it is for the rival of his own race that his weapons are sharpened and his deadliest animosity poured out, and Mr. Whitney's picture of a battle-ground is almost as telling as an account of the veritable fray. "The Deer, timid as supposed, is possessed of an indomitable and persistent courage in conflict with its own kind, and will fight to the extremity of weakness and even death before yielding. I have witnessed a number of scenes this season, where the trampled ground and broken shrubs indicated desperate encounters. One spot, a few miles from the lake, and as lately observed as December 11th, indicated a meeting of particular ferocity. I had tracked a large buck through eight inches of snow. The buck had evidently found several others in conflict, and being a free lance, had a free fight, and had immediately engaged. The snow was completely crushed and tumbled over an area somewhat larger than an ordinary circus ring, and it was decidedly apparent that a stag circus of unusual magnitude had occurred without the supervision of a ring master or the encouraging plaudits

of spectators. I counted five departing trails, and the performance had probably terminated several hours in advance of my arrival. Probably one by one the vanquished had departed, until the acknowledged champion held the field. Such seems to have been the case, as the trails were diverging. One champion exhibited the hasty and ludicrous method of his exit by leaping over a broken tree six feet in height, when a projecting fracture had creased his body the whole length in passing, leaving a bountiful handful of hair and fragmentary cuticle in evidence. This might be accounted a feeling instance of the P. P. C. order of etiquette with the *Cervus* family. The trampled area was flecked with enough hirsute scrapings to fill a good-sized pillow, with occasional spatterings of scarlet coloring." (J. P. Whitney.)

Judge Caton's description of a battle is, I think, fairly representative. There is much effort but little slaughter; still the affair is a success because it decides what they set out to learn, namely, which is the better buck:

"The battle was joined by a rush together like rams, their faces bowed nearly to a level with the ground, when the clash of horns could have been heard at a great distance; but they did not again fall back to repeat the shock, as is usual with rams, but the battle was continued by pushing, guarding, and attempting to break each other's guard, and goading whenever a chance could be got, which was very rare. It was a trial of strength and endurance, assisted by skill in fencing and activity. The contest lasted for two hours without the animals being once separated, during which they fought over perhaps half an acre of ground. Almost from the beginning both fought with their mouths open, for they do not protrude the tongue prominently, like the ox, when breathing through the mouth. So evenly matched were they that both were nearly exhausted, when one at last suddenly turned tail to and fled; his adversary pursued him but a little way. I could not detect a scratch upon either sufficient to scrape off the hair, and the only punishment suffered was fatigue and a conciousness of defeat by the vanquished."



Antler of Virginia Deer embedded in tree trunk.

Locality New York State.

From photograph of specimen in New York State Museum, by courtesy of Director John M. Clarke.



Deer horn embedded in oak.

Specimen in New York State Museum. Drawn from photograph supplied by the Director of the Museum.

Inscribed: "This portion of an oak tree with a Deer's head and horns was taken from a forest in the State of Michigan. It is believed that the tree was between 40 and 50 years old. Presented to the Museum by the Hon. William Kelly, of Rhinebeck, Nov. 24, 1859."

Many observations and inquiries lead me to conclude that the buck Whitetail is usually seen with one doe, sometimes with two, rarely with three, never with more; so that, though far from monogamous and very flagrantly bigamous, he is still the least polygamous of our Deer.

In this connection I note with interest that often the buck is seen leading the band, whereas in the polygamous Wapiti and Red Deer, the leader is usually an old doe. One naturally asks the question, Is female lead-

ership a penalty of polygamy? It would seem an inevitable outcome of the approved doctrine—that the majority must be right.

In mid December, after this the climax of their lives is over, the jealousies, the animosities, the aspirations of the males, the timidities and anxieties of the females are gradually forgotten.

The Mad Moon has waned, a saner good fellowship persists, and now the Whitetails, male, female, and young, roam in bands that are larger than at any other time of year. Food is plentiful, and they fatten quickly, storing up, even as do squirrel and beaver, for the starvation time ahead, only the Deer store it up in their persons where it is available as soon as needed, where it helps to cover them from the cold, and whence it cannot be stolen except over their dead bodies and by a burglar stronger than the householder himself.

Thus they wander in their own little corner of the wilderness till deepening snows cut down their daily roaming to a smaller reach, and still deeper till their countless tracks and trails, crossing and recrossing, make many safe footways where the food is best. Though round about them twenty feet away is the untrodden and deep-lying snow, that walls them in and holds them prisoners fast, until its melting sets them free to live these many chapters over again.

Experience shows that young Whitetails taken after they have begun to run with the mother are so fully possessed of the feral nature that in spite of all efforts, they remain wild and distrustful for the rest of their days. But caught during the hiding period of infancy, they are as easy to tame as puppies. Nevertheless, those who are tempted by opportunity should be warned that a Deer is the most treacherous of pets. The only change that domestication makes in them is to rob them of their fear of man. Their fierce combative disposition is there and ever ready to break out. Not only children and women, but many strong men have met with tragic ends from some tame Deer—doe as often as buck—that was supposed to be the gentlest, loveliest creature on earth.

Merriam says: "Both my father and myself have been knocked flat on the ground by being struck in the abdomen by the fore feet of a very harmless looking doe." (P. 117.)

I recollect a case that happened during my early life near Lindsay, Ontario. A tame Deer was confined in a certain orchard. The grandmother from the next farm was paying a call and chanced to take a short cut through that orchard. Hours afterward they found the shapeless remains of her body, cut and trampled to rags by the feet of the pet Deer that she had fed a hundred times.

One might easily collect scores of instances to show that our American species, not only the bucks in autumn, but bucks, or does, in spring, summer, autumn or winter, after the second year may become dangerous animals, and are almost sure to do so if not fully inspired with fear of man.

It is the opinion of all who have studied them that a tame Deer is more dangerous than a tame bear; a bear one knows is to be watched, and he has some respect for his friends; a Deer is always unsafe for everyone, and no man in his senses will ever expose himself or his family to the possible treachery of such a pet.

There is no probability that the Whitetail will ever serve man in any domestic capacity, but it may in a different way. By reason of its singular adaptability and gifts, it is the only one of our Deer that can live contentedly and unsuspectedly in a hundred acres of thicket. It is the only one that can sit unconcernedly all the day long while factory whistles and bells are sounding around it, and yet distinguish at once the sinister twig snap that tells of some prowling foe as far away, perhaps, as the other noises. It is the only one that, hearing a hostile footfall, will sneak around to wind the cause, study its trail, and then glide, catlike, through the brush to a farther haven, without even trying to see the foe or give him a chance for a shot. It is the least migratory, the least polygamous, the least roving as well as the swiftest, keenest, shyest, wisest, most prolific, and most successful of our Deer. It is the only one that has added to its range; that in the North and West has actually accompanied the settler into the woods, has followed afar into newly opened parts of New England and Canada, that has fitted its map to his, that can hold its own on the frontier. I shall always remember a scene at a mining camp in Gilpin County, Colorado, some

years ago. The Whitetail Deer was known to have come into the region quite recently and the Mule Blacktail was growing scarce. A man came in and said as he stamped off the snow, "I just scared up a couple of Deer on the ridge." An old hunter there became interested at once; he was minded to go, and reached for his gun. But stopping, he said, "Whitetail or Blacktail?" "Whitetail," was the reply. "That settles it, a Blacktail I could get, but a scared Whitetail knows too much for me."

He sat down again and resumed his pipe.

The Whitetail is the American Deer of the past, and the American Deer of the future. I have no doubt that whatever other species drop out of the hard fight, the Whitetail will flourish in all the region of the plough, as long as there are sentiments and laws to give it a season of respite each year.

In some ways it is no better game than others that could be named, but its habits fit it in an unusual degree to continue in all parts of the country.

As a domestic animal it is a failure; but it may have another mission. The hunter makes the highest type of soldier, and the Whitetail makes the highest type of hunter that is widely possible to-day. The Whitetail trained the armies of the Revolution—even as the Antelope of the Veldt trained the Boers, and may supply the vital training of the country's armies in the future. When this people no longer has need of armies, when the nations learn war no more, and men cease to take pleasure in beautiful wild life—then only can we afford to lose the Whitetail Deer.

THE CAMP-FIRE

By William Lucius Graves



I

FLAMES!
Out of the throbbing, crimson heart o' the fire,
Flickering tongues a-leap to the pallid moon!
Flare of sudden scarlet against the leaves
Fluttering overhead; and splashes of light
On the wind-blown, wavering smoke
Starred in its misty gray with scintillant sparks
That whirl aloft in a riot of scattering gold
And vanish against the night.

II

Swiftly the soft-winged hours flee, and the moon,
Shrunken and yellow, into the west dies down,—
And the fire sinks with the moon.
Lambent currents of blue play o'er the crumbling logs
That suddenly fall apart with a tingle of crisping coals
Rose-red in the silvery ash.
Then, but glimmering embers; and close in the wood
A whip-poor-will's eerie crying, shrill and sweet.
Dying moon, and fainting, murmurous breeze,
And fire smouldering low in the fragrant dark,—
Good-night, good-night. At the breathless edge of dream
The world hangs tremulous, under the steady stars.

THE HOAR-FROST

By Helen Haines

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

TO the Crimson Rambler, there was a tremendous satisfaction in convincing Mr. Puddleston that his retreat from Turkey had been a financial benefit to the Puddleston Iron Company.

Carthwaite's Anabasis had compelled the old man's attention in its disciplined readiness to shoulder responsibility, and its surprising command of business resources.

As commanding general, Mr. Puddleston recognized that here his young lieutenant had displayed more ability than in the guerilla methods of warfare he had adopted in selling pig-iron.

For the man who, apparently defeated and forced to retreat, could, on the return march, capture a larger order for rails than the one he went out to do battle for, was a man after Mr. Puddleston's own heart.

Billy immediately received orders to report daily to Mr. Puddleston, and recognized in the summons the old man's tacit approval. But he also saw that he must postpone the visit he had hoped to make at once to his fiancée, Catharine Mittigan.

Catharine, however, always understood the proportions of a business proposition; and Billy, more than ever dependent upon her letters, stopped at the Puddleston post-office every morning, on his way to the works to see whether his lock-box contained any personal mail.

Catharine, too, had an attractive way of exhibiting her wares; presenting for his impartial selection, suggestions useful to Carthwaite, as the Crimson Rambler—the red-headed representative of the Puddleston Iron Company—but deftly concealing at the bottom of her show-case any information which might be detrimental to the great Marpen Works, of which her father was president.

In the letter Billy had just finished reading, she mentioned a rumor that the Liberty Car Spring Company—also located at Marpen—was making experiments preparatory to the manufacture of its own steel.

As the Liberty Company bought weekly from Puddleston five hundred tons of spring steel—its making a jealously guarded trade secret—Billy gladly pocketed the information, and, as he entered Mr. Puddleston's office, wondered when he would find a use for it.

Mr. Puddleston removed his spectacles, clasped his hands under his head and leaned back in his desk chair. He was in high good-humor; a big order from Wadleigh, the company's foreign sales agent, having just come in.

"I'd be willin' to bet," he said, "Wadleigh made that sale with a Pamphagonian." Then, noting Billy's puzzled face, he asked, "Never taste one of Wadleigh's cocktails, son?"

Carthwaite shook his head negatively. "Where did he get such a name?" he asked.

"Oh, Wadleigh's a queer duck, always 'readin' some ol' book o' rother. Pamphagonia, in a satire written two or three centuries ago, was the lan' of gluttons; 'n the drink itself has twenty-seven ingredien's—sister can make 'em—I'll have her give you one some day."

"Wadleigh only gave me *tea*," murmured Billy ruefully.

"Tea! *Tea!*" ejaculated Mr. Puddleston, in derisive mirth at this admission. "Of course I know tea's well 'nuff when you can't help yourself—when you're sick 'r in 'n Englishman's office; but f'r two able-bodied Americans t' drink tea ev'ry aft'noon jus' because they're in London, is both interruptious an' demoralizin' to business."

Carthwaite laughed. "I should think the Pamphagonian might be more so."

"The Pamphagonian's a seller," was his chief's decisive answer; "there's its value. I'm only an ol' stage-man'jer anyhow, Carthwaite," Mr. Puddleston went on more seriously; "I jus' stop behin' in the wings; you younger fellows 'r the ones we're all lookin' to. 'N if you choose t' 'nsert any '*business*' between your lines to make the play go, it's all one to me. The Pamphagonian's Wadleigh's '*business*'; at the las'



He paused to look over the railing —Page 344.

worl's fair, it sol' more steel 'n Wadleigh could ever'v sol' 'thout it. People'd a heap sight rather deal with The Crimson Rambler th'n with 'our' Mr. Carthwaite."

"It seems rather hard that my only claim to attention should be the color of my hair," returned Billy.

"Titles, 'n princ'pal'ties, 'n pow'rs may come later," said Mr. Puddleston briefly. "This is a big Russian order Wadleigh's sent in; but what I want to talk to you 'bout now"—Mr. Puddleston settled to business —"is somethin' at the en' of his letter. D'ju happen to meet any Englishman named Whitford when you were in London? Seems he's comin' over, 'n Wadleigh asks me, as a personal favor, to show him how we make our spring steel."

"You don't usually admit visitors to your spring-steel exhibit," Billy reminded him.

Mr. Puddleston yawned and stretched his arms. "Only fools 'n women," was the laconic admission.

"Yes, I met Mr. Whitford," said Carthwaite, "for a few moments one day in Wadleigh's office."

"Well?"

"He's the Liberty Car Spring Company's foreign agent."

"Humph!" said the old man. "I didn't know that."

Then Billy carefully unfolded Catharine's tidbit. "Have you heard," he asked, "that they are trying to manufacture their own steel?"

Mr. Puddleston let his chair fall to its normal position. His keen eyes searched Carthwaite's impassive features. "Like to 'blige Wadleigh," he mused aloud, "p'rticularly after 'n order like this, but if that's the Liberty Company's little racket, don't see how I c'n. I'm goin' to Washin'ton at noon to-day for the res' of this week, 'n he ought to get here day after to-morrow. Comin' so direc' from Wadleigh, I can't sen' him to the hotel." Mr. Puddleston turned toward the younger man as he awakened to Whitford's possible importance. "I'll 'phone sister, 'n Carthwaite ,you step over t' the house 'n see t' helpin' Jane out—she'll be flustered a bit, but she'll make him comf't'ble—'n then you c'n spen' the res' of your time pr'tectin' that process."

"How would it do to shut down for repairs?" asked Billy, somewhat appalled at his new duties.

"Not much. I'm a believer in pr'tection. What 'r we employin' a Crimson Rambler for, if he can't thrus' out a thorn or two in a 'mergency?" and Mr. Puddleston closed the interview with a benevolent grin.

Nature had given to Puddleston that fall a week's reprieve in the matter of weather. The smoky old town was enfolded in the mellow radiance of Indian summer.

Carthwaite, preferring to walk to Mr. Puddleston's home, rustled on through a carpet of leaves, the soft breeze blowing about him showers of gold and crimson.

For the problem Mr. Puddleston had given him there was no published manual of answers. On the surface, this proposal, which Wadleigh had made innocently enough, was legitimate—the foreign agent of one of Puddleston's best customers asking to see the process by which the steel his company used was made. But Catharine's intimation of Liberty's plan was like a gentle trade-wind which no cautious mariner could disregard.

Billy pulled his soft felt hat down over his eyes, thrust his hands into his pockets, and strode on, until he reached the centre of the river bridge, where he paused to look over the railing. On the surface of the swift waters beneath him a branch of gorgeous maple leaves was whirled along, like some pleasure barge with painted sails and pennons fluttering in the sun. At the dam it was submerged in the rush of waters, to reappear a little further down-stream, its sails now furled, its colors drenched and draggled.

As he watched the trifling incident, Carthwaite sighed aloud, "There's always the danger; one's ideas and achievements, no matter how brilliant, may be as suddenly engulfed by any adverse tide," and he began studying how far, in the struggle before him, business shrewdness was in itself justifiable. If the process were to be stolen and utilized, any practical steel worker, such as Whitford undoubtedly was, could, on sight, readily secure the cue he wanted.

Carthwaite stood ready to protect spring steel, but the question was, *how* to do it?

By the time he had reached his destination he had so many times revolved the subject in his mind without reaching any conclusion that his ideas had become congested. He determined to side-track his train of thought; to devote himself, for the present, to Miss Jane's assistance, trusting to some latent motive power suddenly to appear and clear the right of way.

The Puddleston house was a great red brick mansion set in a fine lawn, sloping gently to a surrounding wall of brick, which at regular intervals formed square pillars supporting urns. The furnishings, like the house, were on a generous scale: deep-seated chairs, wide poster beds, great chests of drawers, and massive tables.

But now its serene and stately quiet was disturbed; and as he entered the front gate Billy viewed with true masculine consternation the evident signs of a domestic upheaval.

Miss Jane was cleaning house.

From the outside street no new-fangled machine thrust snake-like coils inside her



"It takes manœuv'rin' these days to keep clean."—Page 346.

closed windows, to raise the frightened nap of her carpets while seeking the hiding-places of hoarded dust.

Miss Jane's methods, if old-fashioned, were effective.

From every open window hung some signal of distress; from every open door came sounds of conflict.

Pressed on every side by her well-ordered cohorts, the Puddleston Lares and Penates



Proceeded to cover them carefully with a coating of whitewash.—Page 349.

had retreated into the open. On the wide front porch, and in the great halls they gathered, making a last gallant stand.

But Miss Jane was merciless.

No range-finder seeking a distant enemy was ever more accurate than her keen eyes in penetrating the most remote particles of dust. She pursued her advantage until her step-ladders scaled the walls and the last bit of drapery fell at her feet.

From an upper window she espied Carthwaite coming up the brick walk, and, her face flushed with the heat of battle, steamed to the front door to meet him.

She was in full house-cleaning panoply. About her ample waist she had pinned, as far as it would encircle, the gingham apron of one of her trim housemaids; on her plump white hands she wore a pair of her brother's gloves, much too large of finger and unbuttoned at the wrist; while her soft gray hair was covered by a pink sweeping-cap.

"I just whirled in," she volunteered by way of greeting, as they both sat down on the front piazza steps, "as soon's I got rid of brother this mornin', and, beginnin' with his buggy, we're goin' to clean from the ground up. It takes manœuv'rin' these

days to keep clean, with feather-dusters and automobiles raisin' dust inside and out. The Lord don't often send John to Washington and give me a week of such weather beside; and, now 't all the company rooms are torn up, here's this Englishman comin'! I don't mean to be inhospitable, but it's enough to 'xasperate a saint."

"But not the spirit of hospitality," said Billy adroitly when Miss Puddleston paused for breath, "that dwells in you, Miss Jane, and is ineradicable."

"I don't know about *that*. When a body's gettin' ready for a God-blessèd lonesome and can't have it, it's rilin'. I've always spoiled Brother John, and then I'm always s'prised when I reap the consequences."

"Never mind," was Carthwaite's soothing rejoinder; "this man, Whitford, won't be here long, and I'll take him off of your hands as much as possible. Why can't he occupy Mr. Puddleston's room, if you haven't disturbed it?"

To Miss Jane this suggestion was little less than sacrilege, and, as a means of extrication from her present difficulty, had not even occurred to her. Had anyone less of a favorite with her than Carthwaite proposed it she would have ruthlessly turned it down.

After a wavering pause she consented with a "Well, I suppose he could. He'll have to," she added briskly, "or go 'round to the hotel."

"You'd never permit that alternative, I know. Mr. Puddleston would consider it a poor sort of welcome to offer Mr. Wadleigh's friend."

"Well, now 't that's off my mind," Miss Jane continued, "you come right along upstairs and give me your advice about somethin' else."

She led the way through the hall, puffing slowly up the staircase to the floor above, where she knelt before that household shrine —the linen closet.

Contrasting it with the surrounding confusion, Billy gazed into its immaculate recesses in awed silence.

Miss Jane removed her gloves. "How do you s'pose," she asked tremulously, "the creature likes his bed-linen scented—with lavender or citronalis?"



Whitford.



Carthwaite was quietly enjoying the old man's mirth.—Page 350.

Billy recognized the importance of the inquiry, and cautiously fenced.

"Which," he asked, "does Mr. Puddleston like?"

"Citronalis; there's somethin' about the smell of the lemon verbena," Miss Jane said, as she lovingly handled it, sifting over the linen some of the drying leaves, "that brother says reminds him of an old Southern garden he saw after the war."

Billy weighed his words judiciously. "I think, if I were you, Miss Jane, I'd use lavender for Mr. Whitford."

Miss Jane smiled up at him gratefully and, selecting a snowy pile, she nodded to Carthwaite to follow, while she led the way to Mr. Puddleston's room to deposit it.

Billy, preparing to give his best critical attention to further demands on his advice, leaned against the mantel, but as he did so his elbow struck something which slipped out of place. Turning quickly, he saw that he had overturned an old daguerreotype. As the light fell upon it he was startled to see Catharine Mittigan's face smiling sweetly back at him. Then, recognizing the absurd anachronism of Catharine in a daguerreotype, he saw only that it was a truly remarkable resemblance—a Catharine in old-fashioned costume with a somewhat archaic arrangement of hair.

Miss Jane was, however, too quick for him to linger over the fading features. Swooping down upon it, she carefully closed

the case and turned the small hook with which it was fastened. She then gathered it into her apron, where she had been busily collecting, for removal, all of Mr. Puddleston's more personal belongings.

Billy saw that he had unwittingly strayed across the threshold of a silent past, and withdrew as gracefully as possible by making some teasing comment on the uselessness of housecleaning.

Miss Jane was up in arms. "You men are all alike—so long's your stomachs are full, it's all you care for." She laughed good-humoredly. "Come, tell me what to give you to eat, for I expect you to eat with him, and then go 'long back to the Works, for I've got no time now to waste talkin'."

Billy took his dismissal gayly. "I'll come fast enough, Miss Jane; I was only hanging around hoping you would ask me. Give us all the good things I like best," he said from the stairs; "the hotel feed has been rather poor lately."

"You poor boy!" cried Miss Jane, her ready sympathy enlisted; then the pressure of her duties falling again upon her, she called over the baluster: "If you don't mind goin' out the back way, I wish you'd tell some of 'em out by the stables to put fresh whitewash on all the stones edgin' the carriage drive."

The word "whitewash" lingered portentously in Carthwaite's mind as he went to do her bidding. He could not rid himself of it. By the time he had reached the street-car, he was thinking hard on the uses of whitewash; it would protect trees from certain kinds of insects; it would make paths plain on a dark night; and it would—what would it do to ferromanganese? *That* he would experiment with in the privacy of his room at the old Puddleston Hotel.

That night, behind locked doors, Billy, in his shirt sleeves, spread a newspaper across his table, placed thereon some samples of ferromanganese—whose use Mr. Puddleston wished to protect in his manufacture of spring steel—and then proceeded to cover them carefully with a coating of whitewash.

In the morning, when he leaped out of bed, he found on his table several fine specimens of limestone.

A twentieth-century Midas; for, if his touch were not golden, at least the transformation meant gold to the Puddleston Iron Company.

Billy grinned contentedly as he splashed about in his cold tub, grinned contentedly as he watched the men at the Works carrying out his idea.

House cleaning had served its purpose. Come Whitford! Come any representative of the Liberty Car Spring Company—he was ready!

So indeed also, in spite of her protestations, was Miss Jane Puddleston, who, on the night of the Englishman's arrival, gave the two men a dinner which disarmed criticism. All the dishes Billy liked best; all the dishes Whitford couldn't help liking—with a Pamphagonian cocktail—Wadleigh's own recipe—to start with.

"I'm in your hands, then," said Whitford, as the two men drove early to the Works the following day, and Carthwaite had again been regretting Mr. Puddleston's unavoidable absence. "I have come to see everything—everything," he repeated, affably general. "You do it all so well over here, with your remarkable short-cut processes, and that sort of thing. It will be the English parent, you know, learning again from the American child."

"The American child," Carthwaite replied with cool civility, "has always been precocious; our American parent occupies an attitude of deferential obedience, and only learns what it's proper for him to know."

"Ah?" returned his guest. "But the American of any age is always courteous to the foreigner."

"Company manners," warned Billy laughingly. "This is where we make our spring steel," he explained, as he and his companion entered one of the buildings. "As that is the steel your company buys from us, I suppose you'll be interested in seeing how we make it."

"It is especially that I came to see."

"Mr. Puddleston doesn't usually admit visitors here, but with you, Mr. Whitford, it's a case of 'all in the family.'"

"Parent and child again?"

"Exactly."

Whitford watched the workmen in absorbed silence, interrupting it occasionally to ask an earnest question.

Billy watched his visitor and replied guardedly.

"I say," cried Whitford suddenly as he saw the great ladle being filled. "How extraordinary! I had no idea you made use of limestone."

"No?" Carthwaite asked gravely. "It *is* a rather surprising feature."

Evidently the Englishman was impressed. "Fancy, limestone!" he repeated. "Only an American could have puzzled that out."

Carthwaite, thinking of the American child, repressed a smile.

At the railway station, after a busy day, throughout which Billy never left his guest's side, Whitford again expressed his gratitude for being allowed to enter Mr. Puddleston's *sanctum sanctorum*.

"You're willing, then," asked Billy, "to have passed in under the usual category?"

"How is that?"

"Mr. Puddleston says he only allows fools and women in there."

"Ha! ha! Clever that, very clever! I am willing to call myself anything—anything! But, although I may have entered a fool, the mantle of Mr. Puddleston's wisdom has covered my deficiencies," and Whitford waved a genial hand in farewell as the train bore him away.

Almost immediately after Whitford's departure Carthwaite was called away from Puddleston on business, so that for some days he and the old man did not meet. As together they walked through the works one morning, toward the structural steel plant, Billy steered him past a pile of his "limestone" still unused.

"What is that rock over there, Mr. Puddleston?" he asked, waving an indicating thumb in its direction.

Mr. Puddleston looked at the rock and then at Carthwaite to see if his question was made in good faith. Carthwaite was serious.

Then he turned on the young man and asked somewhat huffily: "Have you been in the steel business half a dozen years, 'n don't know plain common or garden limestone when you see it? If so, 'tis time you learned it," walking toward it.

Billy followed meekly. "We had a sudden drop in temperature, when Mr. Whitford was here," he began.

But Mr. Puddleston wouldn't have it. "What's that got to do with your question, young man? I've found the weather uncommonly pleas—— Look here, Carthwaite," Mr. Puddleston said severely, suddenly interrupting himself, "what the deuce you been up to now?"

"Frosting cake for company," Billy answered. "I am new at it," he apologized, "and prepared a little too much."

"Own up," said Mr. Puddleston, beginning to recognize the ferromanganese where he had scraped off a bit of its covering.

And Billy did.

In one of the sparse intervals of the old man's boisterous merriment, as Billy told his story, he pulled from his pocket a letter written over the signature of the president of the Liberty Car Spring Company.

"I guess," said Mr. Puddleston, breaking out afresh, "they've given up tryin' to make spring steel out 'v limestone. Listen," and he quoted, "Beginning with the first of January next, please double our order for spring steel'—d'ju understan' that, eh?" giving Billy a playful dig in the ribs. "That's one thousan' tons a week 'stead of five hundred."

Carthwaite was quietly enjoying the old man's mirth.

"The Crimson Rambler's found a use for its thorns, too," pursued the old man. "After all's said and done, it's as useful a plant as we've got on the premises."

"Everything," said Billy, after a pause, "depends upon the gardener."

Mr. Puddleston laughed.

Chaucer's Roundel.



I

Your two eyn will sle me sodenly
I may the beaute of them not sustene,
So wendeth it thorowout my herte kene.

And but your words will helen hastely
My hertis wounde, while that it is grene,
Youre two eyn will sle me sodenly.

Upon my trouthe I sey you feithfully
That ye ben of my liffe & deth the quene;
For with my deth the trouthe shal be sene.
Youre two eyn will sle me sodenly.

II

So hath youre beautee fro your herte chased
Pitee that me n'availeth not to pleyne;
For daunger halt your mercy in his cheyne.

Giltles my deth thus ye have purchased;
I sey you soth, me needeth not to feyne:
So hath youre beautee fro your herte chased.

Alas, that nature hath in you compassed
So grete beautee, that no man may atteyne
To mercy, though he sterve for the peyne.
So hath youre beautee fro your herte chased.

III

Syn I fro love escaped am so fat,
I never thinke to ben in his prison lene
Syn I am fre I counte him not a bene.

He may answer, and sey this and that,
I do no force, I speke right as I mene;
Syn I fro love escaped am so fat.

Love hath my name i-strike out of his sclat,
And he is strike out of my bokes clene;
Forever mo there is non other mene,
Syn I fro love escaped, and so fat.

HENRIK IBSEN

By James Huneker

I

HENRIK IBSEN was the best hated artist of the nineteenth century. The reason is simple: He was, himself, the arch-hater of his age. Yet, granting this, the Norwegian dramatist aroused in his contemporaries a wrath that would have been remarkable even if emanating from the fiery pit of politics; in the comparatively serene field of æsthetics such overwhelming attacks from the critics of nearly every European nation testified to the singular power displayed by this poet. Richard Wagner was not so abused; the theatre of his early operations was confined to Germany, the Tannhäuser fiasco in Paris being a unique exception. Wagner, too, did everything that was possible to provoke antagonism. He scored his critics in speech and pamphlet. He gave back as hard names as he received. Ibsen never answered, either in print or by the mouth of friends, the outrageous allegations brought against him. Indeed, his disciples often clouded the issue by their unsolicited, uncritical championship. In Edouard Manet, the revolutionary Parisian painter and head of the so-called impressionist movement—himself not altogether deserving the appellation—we have an analogous case to Wagner's. Ridicule, calumny, vituperation, pursued him for many years. But Paris was the principal scene of his struggles; Paris mocked him, not all Europe. Even the indignation aroused by Nietzsche was a comparatively local affair. Wagner was the only man who approaches Ibsen in what may be called the massiveness of his martyrdom. Yet Wagner had his consolations. His music-drama, so rich in color and rhythmic beauty, his romantic themes, his appeal to the eye, his friendship with Ludwig of Bavaria, at times placated his fiercest detractors. Manet painted one or two successes for the official Salon; Nietzsche's brilliant style and faculty of coining poetic images were acclaimed, his philosophy declared detestable. Robert Browning never felt the heavy hand of public opinion as did Ibsen. We must go back to the days of Byron and Shelley for an example of such uncontrollable and unanimous condemnation. But, again, Ibsen tops them all as victim of storms that blew from every quarter; from Norway to Austria, from England to Italy, from Russia to America. There were no mitigating circumstances in his *lèse-majesté* against popular taste. No musical rhyme, scenic splendor, or rhythmic prose, acted as emotional buffers between him and his audiences. His social dramas were condemned as the sordid, heartless productions of a mediocre poet, who wittingly debased our moral currency. And as they did not offer as bribes the amatory intrigue, the witty dialogue, the sensual arabesques of the French stage, or the stilted rhetoric and heroic postures of the German, they were assailed from every critical watch-tower in Europe. Ibsen was a stranger, Ibsen was disdainfully silent, therefore Ibsen must be annihilated. Possibly if he had, like Wagner, explained his dramas, we should have had confusion thrice confounded.

The day after his death the entire civilized world wrote of him as the great man he was: great man, great artist, great moralist. Yet "A Doll's House" only saw the light in 1879—so potent a creator of critical perspective is Death. There were, naturally, many dissonant opinions in this symphony of praise. Nevertheless, how different it all read from the opinions of a decade ago. The adverse criticism, especially in America, was vitiated by the fact that Ibsen the dramatist is hardly known here. Ibsen is eagerly read, but seldom played. And rarely played as he should be. He is first the dramatist. His are not closet dramas to be leisurely digested by lamp-light; conceived for the theatre, actuality their key-note, his characters are pale abstractions on the printed page—not to mention the inevitable distortions to be found in the closest translation. We are all eager to tell what we think of him. But do we know him? Do we know him as do the playgoers of Berlin, or

St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Vienna, or Munich? And do we realize his technical prowess? In almost every city of Europe Ibsen is in the regular repertory. He is given at intervals with Shakespeare, Schiller, Dumas, Maeterlinck, Hauptmann, Grillparzer, Hervieu, Sudermann, and with the younger dramatists. That is the true test. Not the isolated divinity of a handful of worshippers, with an esoteric message, his plays are interpreted by skilled actors and not for the untrained if enthusiastic amateur. There is no longer Ibsenism on the Continent. Ibsen is recognized as the greatest dramatist since Racine and Molière. Cults claim him no more, and therefore the critical point of view at the time of his death had entirely shifted. His works are played in every European language and have been partly translated into the Japanese.

The mixed blood in the veins of Ibsen may account for his temperament; he was more Danish than Norwegian, and there were German and Scotch strains in his ancestry. The obscure forces of heredity doubtless played a rôle in his career. Norwegian in his love of freedom, Danish in his artistic bent, his philosophic cast of mind was wholly Teutonic. Add to these a possible theologic prepossession derived from the Scotch, a dramatic technique entirely French, and we have to deal with a disquieting problem. Ibsen was a mystery to his friends and foes. Hence the avidity with which he is claimed by idealists, realists, socialists, anarchists, symbolists, by evangelical folk, and by agnostics. There were in him many contradictory elements. Denounced as a pessimist, all his great plays have, notwithstanding, an unmistakable message of hope, from "Brand" to "When We Dead Awake." An idealist he is, but one who has realized the futility of dreams; like all world satirists he castigates to purify. His realism is largely a matter of surfaces, and if we care to look we may find the symbol lodged in the most prosaic of his pieces. His anarchy consists in a firm adherence to the doctrine of individualism. Emerson and Thoreau are of his spiritual kin. In both there is the contempt for mob-rule, mob-opinion; for both the minority is the true rational unit; and with both there is a certain aloofness from mankind. Yet we do not denounce Emerson or Thoreau as enemies of the people. To be candid, Ibsen's belief in the rights of the individual is rather naïve and antiquated, belonging as it does to the tempestuous period of '48. Max Stirner was far in advance of the playwright in his political and menacing egoism; while Nietzsche, who loathed democracy, makes Ibsen's aristocracy timid by comparison.

Ibsen can be hardly called a philosophic anarch, for the body of doctrine, either political or moral, deducible from his plays is so perplexing by reason of its continual affirmation and negation, so blurred by the kaleidoscopic clash of character, that one can only fuse these mutually exclusive qualities by realizing him as a dramatist who has created a microcosmic world; in a word, we must look upon the man as a creator of character not as a theorist. And his characters have all the logical illogicality of life.

Several traits emerge from this welter of cross-purposes and action. Individualism is a leading motive from the first to the last play; a strong sense of moral responsibility —an oppressive sense, one is tempted to add—is blended with a curious flavor of Calvinism, in which free-will and predestination are in evidence. A more singular equipment for a modern dramatist is barely conceivable. Soon we discover that Ibsen is playing with the antique dramatic counters under another name. Free-will and determinism—what are these but the very breath of classic tragedy! In one of his rare moments of expansion he said: "Many things and much upon which my later work has turned — the contradiction between endowment and desire, between capacity and will, at once the entire tragedy and comedy of mankind—may here be dimly discerned." Moral responsibility evaded is a favorite theme of his. No Furies of the Greek drama pursued their victims with such relentless vengeance as are pursued the unhappy wretches of Ibsen. In "Ghosts," the old scriptural wisdom concerning the sins of parents is vividly handdled. As in other plays of his, there were false meanings "read" into the interpretation; the realism of "Ghosts" is negligible; the symbol looms large in every scene. Search Ibsen throughout and it will be found that his subject-matter is fundamentally the same as that of all great masters of tragedy. It is his novel manner of presentation, his

transposition of themes hitherto treated epically, to the narrow, unheroic scale of middle-class family life that blinded his critics to his true significance. This tuning down of the heroic, this reversal of the old æsthetic, extorted bitter remonstrances. If we kill the ideal in art and life, what have we left? was the cry. But Ibsen attacks false as well as true ideals and does not always desert us after stripping us of our self-respect. A poet of doubt he is, who seldom attempts a solution; but he is also a puritan—a positivist puritan—and his scourgings are an equivalent for that *katharsis*, in the absence of which Aristotle denied the title of tragedy.

Consider, then, how Ibsen was misunderstood. Setting aside the historical and poetic works, we are confronted in the social plays by the average man and woman of every-day life. They live, as a rule, in mediocre circumstances; they are harried by the necessities of quotidian existence. Has this undistinguished *bourgeoisie* the potentialities of romance, of tragedy, of beauty? Wait, says Ibsen, and you will see your own soul, the souls of the man and woman who jostle you in the street, the same soul in palace or hovel, that orchestra of cerebral sensations, the human soul. And it is the truth he speaks. We follow with growing uneasiness the exposition of a soul. The spectacle is not pleasing. In his own magical and charmless way the souls of his people are turned inside out during an evening. No monologues, no long speeches, no familiar machinery of the drama, are employed. But the miracle is there. You face yourself. Is it any wonder that public and critic alike waged war against this showman of souls, this new psychologist of the unflattering, this past master of disillusionment? For centuries poets, tragic and comic, satiric and lyric, have been exalting, teazing, mocking, and lulling mankind. When Aristophanes flayed his victims he sang a merry tune; Shakespeare, with Olympian amiability, portrayed saint and sinner alike to the accompaniment of a divine music. But Ibsen does not cajole, amuse, or bribe with either just or specious illusions. He is determined to tell the truth of our microcosmic baseness. The truth is his shibboleth. And when enounced its sound is not unlike the chanting of the "Dies Græ." Ibsen's epigraph might be, "La vérité tout nu." He lifted the ugly to heroic heights; the ignoble he analyzed with the cold ardor of a moral biologist—the ignoble, that "sublime of the lower slopes," as Flaubert has it.

This psychological method was another rock of offence. Why transform the playhouse into a school of metaphysics? Ibsen is not a metaphysician and his characters are never abstractions; instead they are very lively humans. They offend those who believe the theatre to be a place of sentimentality or clowning; these same Ibsen men and women offend the lover of Shakespeare and the lover of the classics. We know they are real, yet we dislike them as we dislike animals trained to imitate humanity too closely. The simian gestures cause a feeling of repulsion in both cases; surely *we* are not of such stock! And we turn away. So do we sometimes turn from the Ibsen stage when human souls are made to go through a series of sorrowful evolutions by their stern trainer. To what purpose such revelations? Is it art? Is not our ideal of a nobler humanity shaken?

Ibsen's report of the human soul as he sees it is his right, the immemorial right of priest, prophet, or artist. All our life is a huge lie if this right be denied; from the Preacher to Schopenhauer, from Æschylus to Molière, the man who reveals, in parable or as in a mirror, the soul of his fellow-being is a man who is a benefactor of his kind, when he be not a cynical spirit that denies. Ibsen is a satirist of a superior degree; he has the gift of creating a *Weltspiegel* in which we see the shape of our souls. He is never the cynic, though he has portrayed the cynic in his plays. He has too much moral earnestness to view the world merely as a vile jest. That he is an artist was always acknowledged. And for the ideals dear to us which he so savagely attacks, he either substitutes nobler ones or else so clears the air about some old familiar, mist-haunted ideal of duty, that we wonder if we have hitherto mistaken its meaning.

The general critical feeling in America about Ibsen to-day has been voiced by a conservative, fair-minded New York critic, Mr. Towse, who declares that Ibsen is one of the master dramatists of the century; yet his plays are for the library, not for stage performance. They enforce the deepest lessons of morality; their author's "integrity of purpose, his true patriotism, his

dauntless courage, his intuitive insight into the fundamental impulses of human nature in the bulk, his gift of characterization, his zeal in the pursuit of a high ideal, . . . his faith in the possibilities of the latent energy in the individual will, were optimistic, but his impatience of existing evils . . . made his immediate view pessimistic." You rub your eyes at reading this, not because Mr. Towse—who is always an honest adversary—wrote it, but that Ibsen is created with such admirable qualities. He is all these things, yet he is dangerous for youth! He might be misinterpreted by a commonplace audience! True, but so might Shakespeare; so might the Bible; while one shudders to think of *hoi polloi* tramping through the academic groves of Greek literature and winnowing naught but evil. The truth is that Ibsen can be no longer denied—we exclude the wilfully blind—by critic or public. He is too big a man to be locked up in a library as if he were full of vague forbidden wickedness. When competently interpreted he is never suggestive; the scenes to which the critics refer as smacking of sex are mildness itself compared to the doings of Sardou's lascivious marionettes. In the theatrical sense his are not sex plays, as are those of Dumas the younger. He did not discuss woman except as a psychical problem; if he had done so the theatre would have discovered him long ago. Any picture of love is tolerated so it be frankly sentimental; but let Ibsen mention the word and there is a call to arms by the moral policemen of the drama. Thus, by some critical hocus-pocus the world was led for years to believe that the lofty thinker, moralist, and satirist concealed an immoral teacher. It is an old trick of the enemy to place upon an author's shoulders the doings and sayings of his mimic people. Ibsen was fathered with all the sins of his characters. Instead of being studied from life, they were, so we averred, the result of a morbid brain, the brain of a pessimist and a hater of his kind.

We have seen now that Ibsen offended by his disregard of academic dramatic attitudes. His personages are ordinary, yet like Browning's meanest soul they have a human side to show us. The inherent stuff of his plays is tragic; but the hero and heroine do not stamp, stalk, or speak blank verse; it is the tragedy of life without the sop of sentiment usually administered by second-rate poets. Missing the color and decoration, the pretty music, and the eternal simper of the sensual, we naturally turn our back on such a writer. If he knows souls he certainly does not understand the box-office. This for the negative side. On the positive, the apparent baldness of the narrative, the ugliness of his men and women, their utterance of ideas foreign to cramped, convention-ridden lives, mortify us immeasurably. The tale always ends badly or sadly. The women—and here is the shock to our masculine vanity—the women assert themselves too much, telling men that they are not what they believe themselves to be. Lastly, the form of the Ibsen play is compact with ideas and emotion. We usually don't go to the theatre to think or to feel. With Ibsen we must think, and think closely; we must feel—worse still, be thrilled to our marrow by the spectacle of our own spiritual skeletons. No marvellous music is there to heal the wounded nerves as in "Tristan and Isolde"; no prophylactic for the merciless acid of the dissector. We breathe either a rarefied atmosphere in his "Brand" and in "When We Dead Awaken," or else, in the social drama, the air is so dense with the intensity of the closely wrought moods that we gasp as if in the chamber of a diving-bell. Human, all too human!

Protean in his mental and spiritual activities, a hater of shams—religious, political, and social shams—more symbolist than realist, in assent with Goethe that no material is unfit for poetic treatment, the substance of Ibsen's morality consists in his declaration that men to be free must first free themselves. Once in addressing a group of Norwegian workmen he told them that man must ennoble himself, he must *will* himself free; "to will is to have to will," as he says in "Emperor and Galilean." Yet in "Peer Gynt" he declares "to be oneself is to slay oneself." Surely all this is not very radical. He wrote to the distinguished critic, Georg Brandes, that the State was the foe of the individual; therefore the state must go. But the revolution must be one of the spirit. Ibsen ever despised socialism, and after his mortification over the fiasco of the Paris Commune he had never a good word for that vain legend: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. Brandes relates that while Ibsen wished—in one of his poems—to place a torpedo under the social ark, there was

also a time when he longed to use the knout on the willing slaves of a despised social system.

Perhaps the main cause of Ibsen's offending is his irony. The world forgives much, irony never, for irony is the ivory tower of the intellectual, the last refuge of the original. It is not the intellectual irony of Meredith, nor the playful irony of Anatole France, but a veiled corrosive irony that causes you to tread suspiciously every yard of Ibsen's dramatic domain. The "second intention," the secondary dialogue, spoken of by Maeterlinck, in the Ibsen plays is very disconcerting to those who prefer their drama free from enigma. Otherwise his dialogue is a model for future dramatists. It is clarity itself and, closely woven, it has the characteristic accents of nature. Read, we feel its gripping logic; spoken by an actor, it tingles with vitality.

For the student there is a fascination in the cohesiveness of these dramas. In a fluid state the ideas that crystallized in his prose series are to be found in his earliest work; there is a remorseless fastening of link to link in the march-like movement of his plays. Their author seems to delight in battering down in "Ghosts" what he had preached in "A Doll's House"; "The Enemy of the People" exalted the individual man, though "Ghosts" taught that a certain kind of personal liberty is deadly; "The Wild Duck," which follows, is another puzzle, for in it the misguided idealist is pilloried for destroying homes by his truth-telling, dangerous tongue; "Rosmersholm" follows with its portrayal of lonely souls; and the danger of filling old bottles with the fermenting wines of new ideas is set forth; in "The Lady from the Sea" free-will, the will to love, is lauded, though Rebekka West and Rosmersholm perished because of their exercise of this same will; "Hedda Gabler," the most perfect Ibsen drama, shows the converse of Ellida Wangel's will to power. Hedda is a creature wholly alive and shocking. Ibsen stuns us again, for if it is healthy to be individual and to lead your own life, in Hedda's case it leads to a catastrophe which wrecks a household. With malice, her creator could have said: "Here is Hedda Gabler, here is your free woman, your super-woman, who lives out her life to the fullest. Behold her logical end!" This game of contradiction is continued in "The Master-Builder," a most potent exposition of human motives. This Solness is sick-brained because of his loveless egoism. Hilda Wangel, the "younger generation," a Hedda Gabler, *à rebours*, that he so feared would come knocking at his door, awakens in him his dead dreams, arouses his slumbering self; curiously enough, if the ordinary standards of success be adduced, he goes to his destruction when he again climbs the dizzy spire. In "John Gabriel Borkman" the allegory is clearer. Sacrificing love to a base ambition, to "commercialism," Borkman at the close of his great and miserable life discovers that he has committed the one unpardonable offence; he has slain the love-life in the woman he loved, and for the sake of gold. So he is a failure, and, like "Peer Gynt," he is ready for the Button-Moulder and his refuse heap, who lies in wait for all cowardly and incomplete souls. The Epilogue returns to the mountains, the Ibsen symbol of freedom, and there we learn for the last time that love is greater than art, that love is life. And the dead of life awake.

The immorality of all these plays is so well concealed that only abnormal moralists may detect it. It may be admitted that Ibsen, like Shakespeare, manifests a preference for the man who fails. What is new is the astounding art with which this idea is developed. The Ibsen play begins where other plays end. The form is the "amplified catastrophe" of Sophocles. After marriage the curtain is rung up on the true drama of life, so marriage is a theme that constantly preoccupies the modern poet. He regards it from all sides, asking whether "by self-surrender, self-realization may be achieved." His speech delivered once before a ladies' club at Christiania proves that he is not a champion of latter-day woman's rights. "The women will solve the question of mankind, but they must do so as mothers." Yet Nora Helmer, when she slammed the door of her doll's home, caused an echo in the heart of every intelligent woman in Christendom. It is not necessary now to ask whether a woman would, or should, desert her children; Nora's departure was only the symbol of her liberty, the gesture of a newly awakened individuality. Ibsen did not preach—as innocent persons of both sexes and all anti-Ibsenites believe—that woman must throw overboard her

duties; this is an absurd construction. As well argue that the example of Othello must set jealous husbands smothering their wives. "A Doll's House" enacted has caused no more evil than "Othello." It was the plea for woman as a human being, neither more nor less than man, which the dramatist made. Our withers must have been well wrung, for it aroused a whirlwind of wrath, and henceforth the house-key became the symbol of feminine supremacy. Yet in his lovely drama of pity and resignation, "Little Eyolf," the tenderest from his pen, the poet set up a counter-figure to Nora, demonstrating the duties parents owe their children.

Without exaggeration, he may be said to have discovered for the stage the modern woman. No longer the sleek cat of the drawing-room, or the bayadere of luxury, or the wild outlaw of society, the "emancipated" Ibsen woman is the sensible woman, the womanly woman, bearing a not remote resemblance to the old-fashioned woman, who calmly accepts her share of the burdens and responsibilities of life, single or wedded, though she insists on her rights as a human being, and without a touch of the heroic or the supra-sentimental. Ibsen should not be held responsible for the caricatures of womanhood evolved by his disciples. When a woman evades her responsibilities, when she is frivolous or evil, an exponent of the "life lie" in matrimony, then Ibsen grimly paints her portrait, and we denounce him as cynical for telling the truth. And truth is seldom a welcome guest. But he knows that a fiddle can be mended and a bell not; and in placing his surgeon-like finger on the sorest spot of our social life, he sounds this bell, and when it rings cracked he coldly announces the fact. But his attitude toward marriage is not without its mystery. In "Love's Comedy" his hero and heroine part, fearing the inevitable shipwreck in the union of two poetic hearts without the necessary means of a prosaic subsistence. In the later plays, marriage for gain, for home, for anything but love, brings upon its victims the severest consequences; John Gabriel Borkman, Hedda, Dora, Mrs. Alving, Allmers, Rubek, are examples. The idea of man's cruelty to man or woman; or woman's cruelty to woman or man, lashes him into a fury. Then he becomes Ibsen the Berserker.

Therefore let us beware the pitfalls dug by some Ibsen exegetists; the genius of the dramatist is too vast and versatile to be pinned down to a single formula. If you believe that he is dangerous to young people, let it be admitted—but so are Thackeray, Balzac, and Hugo. So is any strong thinker. Ibsen is a powerful dissolvent for an imagination clogged by false theories of life, low ideals, and the facile materialism that exalts the letter but slays the spirit. He is a foe to compromise, a hater of the halfway, the roundabout, the weak-willed, above all, a hater of the truckling politician—he is a very Torquemada to politicians. At the best there is ethical grandeur in his conceptions, and if the moral stress is unduly felt, if he tears asunder the veil of our beloved illusions and shows us as we are, it is because of his righteous indignation against the platitudinous hypocrisy of modern life. His unvarying code is: "So to conduct one's life as to realize oneself." Withal an artist, not the evangelist of a new gospel, not the social reformer, not the exponent of science in the drama. These titles have been thrust upon him by his overheated admirers. He never posed as a prophet. He is poet, psychologist, skald, dramatist, not a soothsayer. The artist in him preserved him from the fate of the didactic Tolstoy. With the Russian he shares the faculty of emptying souls. Tolstoy learned this side of his art from Stendhal; Ibsen, who vaguely recalls Stendhal in his clear-eyed vision and dry irony, is profounder than the French psychologue and without a trace of his cynicism and dilettantism. Like all dramatists of the first rank, the Norwegian has in him much of the seer, yet he always avoided the pontifical tone; he may be a sphinx, but he never plays the oracle. His categorical imperative, however, "All or nothing," does not bear the strain of experience. Life is simpler, is not to be lived at such an intolerable tension. The very illusions he seeks to destroy would be supplanted by others. Man exists because of his illusions. Without the "life lie" he would perish in the mire. His illusions are his heritage from æons of ancestors. The classic view considered man as the centre of the universe; that position has been ruthlessly altered by science—we are now only tiny points of consciousness in unthinkable space. Isolated then, true children of our inconsiderable planet, we have in us traces

of our predecessors. True, one may be disheartened by the pictures of unheroic meanness and petty corruption, the ill-disguised instincts of ape and tiger, in the prose plays, even to the extent of calling them—as did M. Melchior de Vogüé, "Bonvard et Pécuchet"—a grotesque Iliad of Nihilism. But we need not despair. If Ibsen seemed to say for a period, "Evil, be thou my good," his final words in the Epilogue are those of pity and peace, *Pax vobiscum!*

II

This old man with the head and hair of an electrified Schopenhauer and the torso of a giant, his temperament coinciding with his curt, imperious name, left behind him twenty-six plays, one or more in manuscript. A volume of very subjective poems concludes this long list; among the dramas are at least three of heroic proportion and length. Ibsen was born at Skien, Norway, 1828. His forbears were Danish, German, Scotch, and Norwegian. His father, a man of means, failed in business, and at the age of eight the little Henrik had to face poverty. His schooling was of the slightest. He was not much of a classical scholar and soon he was apprenticed to an apothecary at Grimstad, the very name of which evokes a vision of gloominess. He did not prove a success as a druggist, as he spent his spare time reading and caricaturing his neighbors. His verse-making was desultory, his accustomed mien an unhappy combination of Hamlet and Byron; his misanthropy at this period recalls that of the young Schopenhauer. His favorite reading was poetry and history, and he had a predilection for sketching and conjuring tricks. It might be pointed out that here in the raw were the aptitudes of a future dramatist: poetry, pictures, illusion. In the year 1850 Ibsen published his first drama, derived from poring over Sallust and Cicero. It was a creditable effort of youth, and to the discerning it promised well for his literary future. He was gifted, without doubt, and from the first he sounded the tocsin of revolt. Pessimistic and rebellious his poems were; he had tasted misery, his home was an unhappy one—there was little love in it for him—and his earliest memories were clustered about the town jail, the hospital, and the lunatic asylum. These images were no doubt the cause of his bitter and desperate frame of mind; grinding poverty, the poverty of a third-rate provincial town in Norway, was the climax of his misery. And then, too, the scenery, rugged and noble, and the climate, depressing for months, all had their effect upon his sensitive imagination. From the start, certain conceptions of woman took root in his mind and reappear in nearly all his dramas. Catalina's wife, Aurelia, and the vestal Furia, who are reincarnated in the Dagny and Hjordis of his "Vikings," reappear in "A Doll's House," "Hedda Gabler," and at the last in "When We Dead Awake." One is the eternal womanly, the others the destructive feminine principle, woman the conqueror. As Catalina is a rebel against circumstances, so is Maja the sculptor in the Epilogue of 1899. There is almost a half century of uninterrupted composition during which this group of men and women disport themselves. "Brand," a poetic rather than an acting drama, is no exception; Brand and the Sheriff, Agnes and Gerda. These types are cunningly varied, their traits so concealed as to be recognized only after careful study. But the characteristics of each are alike. The monotony of this procedure is redeemed by the unity of conception—Ibsen is the reflective poet, the poet who conceives the idea and then clothes it, therein differing from Shakespeare and Goethe, to whom form and idea are simultaneously born.

In March, 1850, he went to Christiania and entered Heltberg's school as a preparation for the university. His studies were brief. He became involved in a boyish revolutionary outburst—in company with his life-long friend, the great-hearted Björnstjerne Björnson, who helped him many times—and while nothing serious occurred, it caused the young man to effervesce with literary plans and the new ideas of his times. "The Warrior's Tomb," his second play, was accepted and actually performed at the Christiania theatre. The author gave up his university dreams and began to earn a rude living by his pen. He embarked in newspaper enterprises which failed. An extremist politically, he soon made a crop of enemies, the wisest crop a strong character can raise; but he often worked on an empty stomach in consequence. The metal of the man showed from the first: accept

defeat willingly, but no compromise! He went to Bergen in 1851 and was appointed theatre poet at a small salary; this comprised a travelling stipend. Ibsen saw the Copenhagen and Dresden theatres with excellent results. His eyes were opened to the possibilities of his craft and, on his return, he proved a zealous stage manager. He composed, in 1853, "St. John's Night," which was played at his theatre, and in 1857 "Fru Inger of Oesträtt" was written. It is old-fashioned in form, but singularly life-like in characterization and fruitful in situations. The story is semi-historical. In the Lady Inger we see a foreshadowing of his strong, vengeful women. "Olaf Liljekrans" need not detain us. "The Vikings" (1858) is a sterling specimen of drama, in which legend and history are artfully blended. "The Feast of Solhaug" (1857) was very successful in its treatment of the saga, and is comparatively cheerful.

Ibsen left Bergen to take the position of director at the Norwegian Theatre, Christiania. He remained there until 1862, staging all manner of plays, from Shakespeare to Scribe. The value of these years was incalculable in his technical development. A poet born and by self-discipline developed, he was now master of a difficult art, an art that later he never lost, even when weary of the conventional comedy of manners, he sought to spiritualize the form and give us the psychology of commonplace souls. It may be noted that, despite the violinist Ole Bull's generous support the new theatre endured only five years. More than passing stress should be laid upon this formative period. His experience of these silent years was bitter, but rich in spiritual recompense. After some difficulty in securing a paltry pension from his government, Ibsen was enabled to leave Norway, which had become a charnel-house to him since the Danish war with Germany, and with his young wife he went to Rome. Thenceforth his was a gypsy career. He lived in Rome, in Dresden, in Munich, and again in Rome. He spent his summers in the Austrian Tyrol, at Sorrento, and occasionally in his own land. His was a self-imposed exile, and he did not return to Christiania to reside permanently until an old, but famous man. Silent, unsociable, a man of harsh moods, he was to those who knew him an upright character, an ideal husband and father. His letters show him in a more agreeable and human light. His married life had no history, a sure sign of happiness, for he was absolutely mated. Yet one feels that, despite his wealth, his renown, existence was for him a *via dolorosa*. Ever the solitary dreamer, he wrote a play about every two or three years, and from the very first of his exile the effect in Norway was like unto the explosion of a bombshell. Not wasting time in answering his critics, it was nevertheless remarked that each new piece was a veiled reply to slanderous criticism. "Ghosts" was absolutely intended as an answer to the attacks upon "A Doll's House"; here is what Nora would have become if she had been a dutiful wife, declares Ibsen, in effect; and we see Mrs. Alving in her motherly agonies. The counterblast to the criticism of "Ghosts" was "An Enemy of the People"; Dr. Stockman is easily detected as a partial portrait of Ibsen.

Georg Brandes, to whom the poet owes many ideas as well as criticism, said that early in his life a lyric Pegasus had been killed under Ibsen. This striking hint of his sacrifice is supplemented by a letter in which he compared the education of a poet to that of a dancing bear. The bear is tied in a brewer's vat and a slow fire is built under the vat; the wretched animal is then forced to dance. Life forces the poet to dance by means quite as painful; he dances and the tears roll down his cheeks all the while. Ibsen forsook poetry for prose and —the dividing line never to be recrossed is clearly indicated between "Emperor and Galilean" and "The Pillars of Society"— he bestowed upon his country three specimens of his poetic genius. As Italy fructified the genius of Goethe, so it touched as with a glowing coal the lips of the young Northman. "Brand," a noble epic, startled and horrified Norway. In Rome Ibsen regained his equilibrium. He saw his country and countrymen more sanely, more steadily, though there is a terrible fund of bitterness in this dramatic poem. The local politics of Christiania no longer irritated him, and in the hot, beautiful South he dreamed of the North, of his beloved fiords and mountains, of ice and avalanche, of troll and saga. Luckily for those who have not mastered Norwegian, C. H. Herford's translation of "Brand" exists, and, while the translator deplores his sins of omission,

it is a work—as are the English versions of the prose plays by William Archer—that gives one an excellent idea of the original. In "Brand" (1866) Ibsen is at his furthest extremity from compromise. This clergyman sacrifices his mother, his wife, his child, his own life, to a frosty ideal: "All or nothing." He is implacable in his ire against worldliness, in his contempt of churchmen that believe in half-way measures. He perishes on the heights as a voice proclaims, "He is the God of Love." Greatly imaginative, charged with spiritual spleen and wisdom, "Brand" at once placed Ibsen among the mighty.

He followed it with a new Odyssey of his soul, the amazing "Peer Gynt" (1867), in which his humor, hitherto a latent quality, his fantasy, bold invention, and the poetic evocation of the faithful, exquisite Solveig, are further testimony to his breadth of resource. "Peer Gynt" is all that "Brand" was not: whimsical, worldly, fantastic, weak-willed, not so vicious as perverse; he is very selfish, one who was to himself sufficient, therefore a failure. The will, if it frees, may also kill. It killed the soul of Peer. There are pages of unflagging humor, poetry, and observation; scene dissolves into scene; Peer travels over half the earth, is rich, is successful, is poor; and at the end meets the Button-Moulder, that ironical shadow who tells him what he has become. We hear the Boyg, the spirit of compromise, with its huge, deadly, coiling lengths, gruffly bid Peer to "go around." Facts of life are to be slunk about, never to be faced. Peer comes to harbor in the arms of his deserted Solveig. The resounding sarcasm, the ferociousness of the attack on all the idols of the national cavern, raised a storm in Norway that did not abate for years. Ibsen was again a target for the bolts of critical and public hatred. "Peer Gynt" is the Scandinavian "Faust."

Having purged his soul of this perilous stuff, the poet, in 1873, finished his double drama "Emperor and Galilean," not a success dramatically, but a strong, interesting work for the library, though it saw the footlights at Berlin, Leipsic, and Christiania. The apostate Emperor Julian is the protagonist, the writing very satisfying. We discern Ibsen the mystic philosopher longing for his Third Kingdom.

After a silence of four years "The Pillars of Society" appeared. Like its predecessor in the same *genre*, "The Young Men's League," it is a prose drama, a study of manners and a scathing arraignment of civic dishonesty. All the rancor of its author against the bourgeois hypocrisy of his countrymen comes to the surface; as in "The Young Men's League" the vacillating nature of the shallow politician is laid bare. It seems a trifle banal now, though the canvas is large, the figures animated. One recalls Augier without his Gallic *esprit*, rather than the later Ibsen. "A Doll's House" was once a household word, as was "Ghosts" (1881). There is no need now to retell the story of either play. "Ghosts," in particular, has an antique quality, the *dénouement* leaves us shivering. It may be set down as the strongest play of the nineteenth century, and also the most harrowing. Its intensity borders on the hallucinatory. We involuntarily recall the last act of "Tristan and Isolde" or the final movement of Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique" symphony. It is the shrill discord between the mediocre creatures involved and the ghastly punishment meted out to the innocent that agitates and depresses us. Here are human souls illuminated as if by a lightning flash; we long for the anticipated thunder. It does not sound. The drama ends in silence—one of those pauses (Ibsen employs the pause as does a musical composer) which leaves the spectator unstrung. The helpless sense of hovering about the edge of a bottomless gulf is engendered by this play. No man could have written it but Ibsen, and we hope that no man will ever attempt a parallel performance—Eugène Brieux has attempted the feat—for such art may modulate across the borderland of the pathologic.

"The Wild Duck" (1884) followed "An Enemy of the People" (1882). It is the most puzzling of the prose dramas except "The Master-Builder," for in it Ibsen deliberately mocks himself and his ideals. It is, nevertheless, a profoundly human and moving work. Gina Ekdal, the wholesome, sensible wife of Ekdal, the charlatan photographer—a *revenant* of Peer Gynt—has been called a feminine Sancho Panza. Gregers Werle, the meddlesome truth-teller; Relling—a sardonic incarnation of the author—who believes in feeding humanity on the "life lie" to maintain its courage; the

tiny Hedwig, sweetest and freshest of Ibsen's girls—these form a memorable *ensemble.* And how the piece plays! Humor and pathos alternate, while the symbol is not so remote that an average audience need miss its meaning. The *end* is cruel. Ibsen is often cruel, with the passionless indifference of the serene Buddha. But he is ever logical. Nora must leave her husband's house—a "happy ending" would be ridiculous—and Hedwig must be sacrificed instead of the wild duck. There is a whole battalion of minor characters in the Ibsen plays who recall Dickens by their grotesque, sympathetic physiognomies. To deny this dramatist humor is to miss a third of his qualities. His is not the ventripotent humor of Rabelais or Cervantes. It seldom leaves us without the feeling that the poet is slyly laughing at us, not with us, though in the early comedies there are many broad and telling strokes.

"Rosmersholm" (1886) is a study of two temperaments. Rebekka West is another malevolent portrait in his gallery of dangerous and antipathetic women. She ruins Rosmersholm, ruins herself, because she does not discover this true self until too late. The play illustrates the extraordinary technique of the master. It seems to have been written backward; until the third act we are not aware that the peaceful home of the Rosmersholms is the battle-field of a malignant soul. "The Lady from the Sea"(1888) illustrates the thesis that love must be free. The allegory is rather strained and in performance the play lacks poetic glamor. "Hedda Gabler" (1890) is a masterpiece. A more selfish, vicious, cold nature than Hedda's never stepped from the page of a Russian novel—Becky Sharp and Madame Marneffe are lovable persons in comparison. She is not in the slightest degree like the stage "adventuress," but is a magnificent example of egoism magnificently delineated and is the true sister in fiction of Julien Sorel. That she is dramatically worth the while is beside the question. Her ending by a pistol shot is justice itself; alive she fascinates as does some exotic reptile. She is representative of her species, the loveless woman. Ibsen has studied her with the same care and curiosity he bestowed upon the homely Gina Ekdal.

His "Master-Builder" (1892) is the beginning of the last cycle. A true interior drama, we enter here into the region of the symbolical. With Ibsen the symbol is always an image, never an abstraction, a state of sensibility, not a formula, and the student may winnow many examples from "The Pretenders" (1864), with its "kingship" idea, to the Epilogue. Solness stands on the heights only to perish, but in the full possession of his soul. Hilda Wangel is one of the most perplexing characters to realize in the modern theatre. The rare subtlety of a Duse is needed, combined with a youthful charm that Duse no longer possesses. It is the work of a sorcerer who holds us spellbound while the souls he has created by his black art slowly betray themselves. It may be said that all this is not the art of the normal theatre. Very true. It more nearly resembles a dramatic confessional with a hidden auditory bewitched into listening to secrets never suspected of the humanity that hedges us about in street or home. Edgar Poe's poem, "The Conqueror Worm," might serve as an allegory of these dramas. Ibsen is clairvoyant. He takes the most familiar material and holds it in the light of his imagination; straightway we see a new world, a northern dance of death, like the ferocious and truthful pictures of his fellow-countryman, Edvard Munch, the painter.

"Little Eyolf" (1894) is fairly plain reading, with some fine overtones of suffering and self-abnegation. Its lesson is wholly moral and satisfying. "John Gabriel Borkman" (1896), written at an age when most poets show declining power, is another monument to the vigor and genius of Ibsen. The story winds about the shattered career of a financier. There is a secondary plot, in which the parental curses come home to roost—the son, carefully reared to wipe away the stain from his father's name, prefers Paris and a rollicking life. The desolation under this roof-tree is almost epical: two sisters in deadly antagonism, a blasted man, the old wolf, whose footfalls in the chamber above, become absolutely sinister as the play progresses, are made to face the hard logic of their misspent lives. (The doctrine of compensation has never had such an exponent as Ibsen.) The conclusion touches the imagination like cadenced music heard at midnight.

In the last of his published plays, "When We Dead Awake" (1899), we find earlier and familiar themes developed with unerr-

ing contrapuntal mastery. Rubek, the sculptor, has aroused a love that he never dared to face. He married the wrong woman. His early dream, the inspiration of his master work, he has lost. His art withers. And when he meets his Irene, her mind is full of wandering ghosts. To the heights, to the same peaks that Brand climbed, they both must mount, and there they are destroyed, as was Brand, by an avalanche. Eros is the triumphant god of the aged magician.

It must be apparent to those who have not read or seen the Ibsen plays that, despite this huddled and foreshortened account, they are in essence quite different from what has been reported of them. Ibsen himself was *different*—using the word in Stendhal's sense. Idealistic, symbolistic, moral, and ennobling, the Ibsen drama was so vilified by malice and ignorance that its very name was a portent of evil. Mad or wicked Ibsen is not. Nor is he an immoralist. His scheme of life and morals is often oblique and paradoxical, his interpretation of truths so elliptical that we are confused. But he is essentially sound. He believes in the moral continuity of the universe. His astounding energy is a moral energy, though he is often the dupe of his fear of being duped. Salvation by good works is his burden. The chief thing is to be strong in your faith. He despises the weak, not the strong sinner. His supermen are the bankrupts of romantic heroism. His strong man is frequently wrongheaded; but the weakling works the real mischief. Never admit you are beaten. Begin at the bottom twenty times, and when the top is achieved die, or else look for loftier peaks to climb. Ibsen exalts strength. His "ice-church" is chilly; the lungs drink in with difficulty the buffeting breezes on his heights; yet how bracing, how inspiring, is this austere place of worship. Bad as is mankind, Ibsen, who was ever in advance of his contemporaries, believed in its possibility for betterment. Here the optimist speaks. Brand's spiritual pride is his downfall; nevertheless, Ibsen, an aristocratic thinker, declared that of pride one cannot have too much. He recognized the selfish and hollow foundation of all "humanitarian" movements. He is a sign-post for the twentieth century when the aristocratic of spirit must enter into combat with the herd instinct of a depressing socialism. His influence has been tremendous. His plays teem with the general ideas of his century. His chief value lies in the beauty of his art; his the rare case of the master singer rounding a long life with his master works. He brought to the theatre new ideas; he changed forever the dramatic map of Europe; he originated a new method of surprising life, capturing it and forcing it to give up a moiety of its mystery for the uses of a difficult and recondite art. He fashioned character anew. And he pushed resolutely into the mist that surrounded the human soul, his Diogenes lantern glimmering, his brave, lonely heart undaunted by the silence and the solitude. His message? Who shall say? He asks questions, and, patterning after nature, he seldom answers them. When his ideas sicken and die—he asserted that the greatest truth outlives its usefulness in time—his art will endure. Henrik Ibsen was a man of heroic fortitude. His plays are a bold and stimulating spectacle for the spirit. Should we ask more of a dramatic poet?

THE SOUL'S INHERITANCE

[POEM DELIVERED BEFORE THE PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY, CAMBRIDGE, 1906]

By George Cabot Lodge

I

MAGNIFICENT presence of the living Truth! . . .
We know not when thy swift, serene, strong flame
Shall violate our sanctuaries of sleep!
We know not when, from carnal lethargies
And trivial pastimes and derisive dreams
Of ineffectual felicities,
Irresolutions and timidities
And temperate ambitions, we shall wake
To find our safe exclusions overborne,
The pale of our defence invaded, all
Our precincts of secure retreat destroyed;
To feel the dark enchantments yield; to hear
Thy trumpets blowing in our citadels,
The shouting of thy liege-men on the hillsides,
And in our skies thy far and forward call;
To lift at last unconquerable eyes
Suddenly to the challenge of the sunrise,
And feel thereafter always by thy light
Delivered from the mean distrust of death,
The tyranny of time, the brief content
Of all achievement and prosperity
Less than perfection, and at last resolved
To illustrate in thought and word and deed,
In life and death, the utmost that we are!—
We know not when or where or in what wise
Thou shalt appear, imperishable Truth,
Spirit of Liberty!—but well we know
That life and death are only thine adventure.
And well we know the time of revelation
Is always now—eternity is now!
The place of miracles is always here—
Infinity is here! Then here and now,
And in thy name, O latent Truth within us!
In thought and word and deed, in life and death,
Let us report and celebrate the soul!

II

Let us report and celebrate the soul,
In thought and word and deed, in life and death!
Then may we feel, perchance, the God within us,
Whose worship waits and who has slept so long,

Revive at last, athletic and superb,
Stand forth from custom, creed, and circumstance,
Reclaim his high inherent liberties,
And stem the rush of the resistless hours,
Till, for a spacious interval, we see
The veils of darkness and deception fall
And leave us, eager of our enterprise,
Transparent to our own reality,
Against the stilled, tremendous heart of time!
Then shall it come to pass, as we report
The soul and celebrate the soul in life
And death, that hardly and mysteriously
The stubborn prison-walls of ignorance
Shall yield beneath our blind, insistent hands,
And, bruised with misadventures in the dark,
We shall achieve the soul's advance, and stand
Bathed in the light remedial, and behold
The broad, released, bright waters of the soul,
Sun-dazzled and resistless, rush away
Forever and forever to the sea!

III

O to report, to celebrate the soul!
O to proclaim ourselves and all we are
In thought and word and deed, in life and death!
O to depart, avid of explorations,
Winged and resolved, curious, in time and space—
There to retrieve the soul's inheritance,
There to report and celebrate the soul!
O to confess at last who is the Lord!
To find at last, beyond to-day, in all
The innumerable yesterdays of time,
The onward, latent, long millenniums,
A rumour of us and a recollection!
To learn at last that always for the soul,
In the dark earth and the deep sea, throughout
Chill ethers and the pale star multitudes,
The path leads homeward and the place is home!
To know at last that never and nowhere
The soul is stranger, never and nowhere
Without recognizance and habitation!—
To learn, to know, to realize utterly
That time and space are phases of the soul!—
O let us perfectly report the soul
And celebrate the soul, until at last
No time, no place, no state is vacant of us!—
Until at last the sense revives within us
Of indissoluble identity
With sun and earth and beast, with man and God!—
Until at last, from granite, schist and shard,
From senseless jellies and brute envelopes,
We mark our stages of deliverance,
The age-long, upward levels of our flight,
And feel the restless, resolute, firm soul,

Conscious and lord of life after so long,—
Still by the insatiable impulse driven—
Transgress the forms and infidelities,
The calculations and economies
That prove our insufficiency!—until
At last we share the ancient and divine
Companionship of peril and perfection
With all who once bore witness to the truth,
And were compounded of the celestial fire,—
Then shall we stand, central and self-assured,
To labour in the austere fraternity
Of Gods and Saviours, till our lives record,
As theirs—our deaths, as theirs, declare the soul!
Then may we learn at last that here and now
The very light is parcelled in our vision,
Wherewith Father Prometheus disclosed
The kindled soul's transcendent regency;
That here and now, in free communion,
We break the bread of life and speak the word
Of life, as when the veiled respondents sang
Clear, at Eleusis, in the sacred gloom;
That here and now, no less for each of us,
That inward voice, cogent as revelation,
That trance of Truth's sublime discovery,
Which in the soul of Socrates wrought out
Gold from the gross ore of humanity,
Still speak, still hold, still work their alchemy;
That here and now, and in the soul's advance,
And by the soul's perfection, we may feel
The thought of Buddha in our mortal brain,
The human heart of Jesus in our breast,
And in our will the strength of Herakles!

IV

O to report, to celebrate the soul,
Equal at last and forward with the Captains,
On the long frontiers where the twilight dies!—
There, with uplifted voices that shall sound,
Sound and resound amid the loud and long
Vociferations of the embattled souls,
There to report the soul, in the broad dusk
Of hesitation, in the immeasurable
Unknown—O there to celebrate the soul!
There to resume the retrospect, to find,
Up the bright courses of the stairs of thought,
The traces of our perilous ambition!
There to endure the prospect, and, at last,
In the proud might of the soul's will, to bear
The peril as of intense emergencies,
The storm and strength as of gigantic wings,
The glare as of deep-driven lightnings, all
The multitudinous menace of the night!
Importunate and undissuadable,
There, for the sole sake of the endless voyage,

There to stand out over the utmost verge
Where the mist drives and the night overwhelms!
There in our skies the stars of revelation,
There in our hearts the burning lamp of love,
There in our sense the rhythm and amplitude
And startled splendour of the seas of song,
And there at last—our own infinity,
Our own eternity still unappeased—
There, for ourselves, for freedom, truth, perfection,
There to report and celebrate the soul!

THE THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF A GREAT INVENTION

By John Vaughn

"IT is the wonder of wonders!" exclaimed Sir William Thomson (now Lord Kelvin) after he had tested the first telephone—the first one ever shown to the public—at the Centennial Exhibition, held in Philadelphia in 1876.

The instrument which astounded the famous British electrician was, indeed, then a startling novelty. To scientists it was a bewilderment; to ignorant people, an amazing toy. The excitement it created among physicists was not lessened by knowledge of the extreme simplicity of the instrument's construction. Bell's materials had been at the command of every electrical experimenter since Faraday's time. Bell's employment of them was the transforming touch of genius. To-day the term *telephone* suggests dynamos, storage batteries, switchboards, and other complex and costly apparatus. Looking at the original telephone, you would see only a small coil of wire and two short ebonite tubes, closely resembling the receivers used now.

Considering how vital a factor is the telephone in to-day's business world, we find it hard to realize that but thirty years have passed since Bell obtained his first patent. It is only a quarter of a century since his great invention began to revolutionize commercial modes of communication. Thousands of visitors to the Centennial Exhibition saw what was then called the "talking toy." Few of them predicted its astonishing success. But there are many capitalists that regret their failure to invest in the Bell Company's stock when it was first placed on the market. Still, it should be said that the telephone had not then proved itself indispensable in business, and it was unparalleled as a practical application of electricity; hence only unusually keen foresight could have gauged the instrument's possibilities. Bell himself says, "Even after our company was formed, not one of us fully realized the overwhelming importance of the invention."

Bell is still alive, very much alive, indeed, a vigorous, big-brained man, many-sided in his intellectual and social sympathies, a regent of the Smithsonian Institution, and an ex-president of the National Geographic Society. Without publicity or ostentation he has for years devoted considerable time and means to bettering the condition of the poor in his home city, Washington. Several years of his young manhood were given to the training of deaf-mutes, and he still keeps in touch with that unique educational work.

Born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1847, Bell studied at Edinburgh and London Universities. His father's health failing, the family removed, in 1870, to Canada and settled on a farm. In 1873 the future inventor of the telephone became Professor of Vocal Physiology in Boston University. At that time he was trying to perfect an apparatus intended to make language sounds visible to deaf and dumb persons. The Boston School Committee invited him to test

the apparatus in the Horace Mann School for Deaf-Mutes. Success did not crown his efforts, but his failure was quickly forgotten in his new-born conviction that articulate speech could be conveyed electrically—a conviction forced on him by some unexpected results in his experiments.

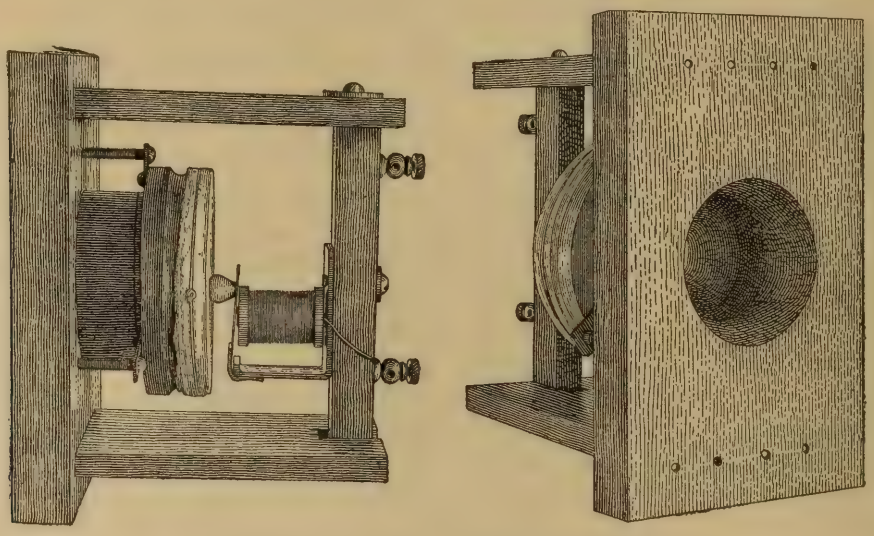
His visible-speech apparatus comprised two electro-magnets, connected by a wire, and two steel rods fastened to the poles of the magnets. These were the principal parts. It occurred to him that if membranes were drawn tightly across small-sized boxes, and the steel rods were arranged to beat against the membranes, in consonance with voice impulses, the result would be the reproduction at one membrane of the vocal sounds directed against the other membrane. But this theory could not be translated into steel and copper, and Bell turned his attention to multiplex telegraphy. The basement of his house in Boston was fitted up as a laboratory for experimental research.

One day a wire, snapping in two, sent a sound through another wire which had attached to each end a thin sheet-iron disk a few inches in circumference. Could that sound be repeated? Experiment gave an affirmative answer. Then arose the important query, "Could vocal sounds be transmitted thus?" A parchment diaphragm, with a sheet-iron button in the centre was stretched across the mouth of a thin metal cylinder about three inches in diameter. A glimpse inside that metal tube would have shown us features not unknown in to-day's perfected receiver—two magnets with poles wound with wire and, between the magnets, a small strip of soft iron. A precisely similar instrument, with a wire running from its coils, was left in charge of Bell's assistant, while Bell, with the wire connected with his tubular iron-cased telephone, ascended to the attic of his house. The assistant, a bright young man, was directed to remain in the laboratory and to keep the receiver at his ear. Bell, holding the diaphragm a few inches from his lips, said in ordinary conversational tones, "Can you hear me?"

In a moment the assistant came bounding up the stairs. "Mr. Bell," he excitedly called out, "I heard your question plainly!"

The telephone was born!

It required a year's hard work, however, to mould the invention into patentable form. Meanwhile the friends of the young inventor turned into Job's comforters and tried to discourage him. His talking toy would never bring him a dollar. Let him stick to his work in multiplex telegraphy. Therein he would be sure to meet with success. Fortunately for the world Bell had inherited a goodly share of Scotch stubbornness and acumen, and he persevered in his endeavors to make electricity convey articulate speech. His reward reached him in the shape of his famous patent of March 7, 1876. Probably no other private document has ever caused so much litigation. The highest courts, however, sustained Bell's claims; and the owners of the patent were at last permitted to enjoy in peace the fruits of their property.

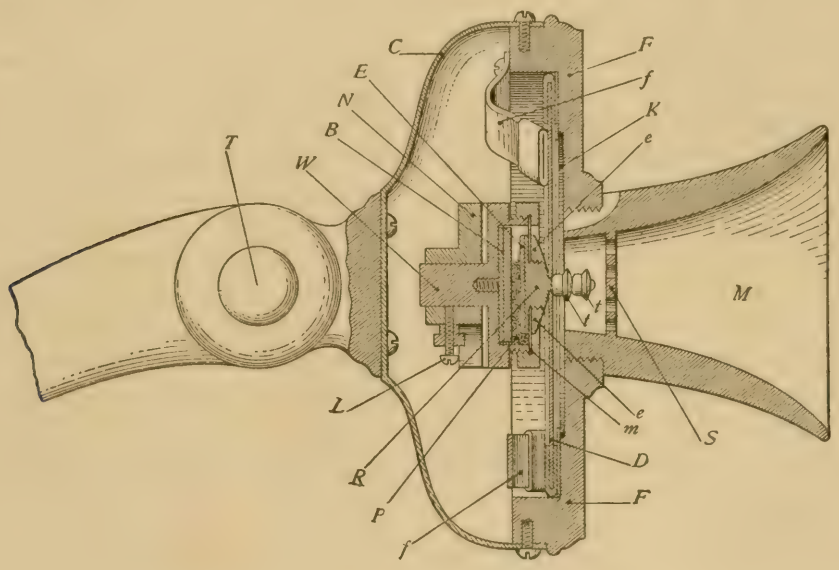


Side and front views of Bell's first telephone.
The instrument shown at the Centennial Exposition.

On May 10, 1876, Bell read before the American Academy of Arts and Sciences a paper entitled "Researches in Telephony." The facts he cited established his right to be known as the earliest investigator into the transmission of vocal language by undulatory currents of electricity. Envy and rancor have since attacked him viciously but vainly, and his claim to the invention of the telephone stands unimpugned now.

Other investigators had succeeded in transmitting sound by means of various devices, but Bell went further when he made an instrument which would actually reproduce spoken words. The name "magic lyre" was given in 1819 to an apparatus designed by Sir Charles Wheatstone, the scientist to whom English historians assign the honor of the invention of telegraphy. A number of connected wooden rods, jointed, were so arranged as to convey from the sounding-boards of musical instruments the music produced. When first shown to the scientific world, the rods extended from the sounding-board of a piano through a wall into an adjoining room. There the other ends were attached to a board shaped like a painter's easel. When the piano was played the music was reproduced by the easel-like board in the other room.

A stronger hint of the coming telephone was given in 1837. In that year Prof. C. G. Page, of Salem, Mass., discovered that if a bolt of soft iron be rapidly magnetized and demagnetized, it will emit a musical note. The relations between sound and electricity were further investigated by various eminent physicists, including Farrar, De la Rive, and Matteucci. The Frenchman, Charles Bourseul, published, in 1854, a monograph which, but for a fatal misconception, is, in the light of what we now know, strongly suggestive of the speaking telephone. In 1860 Johann Philipp Reis, a school-teacher of Friedrichsdorf, Germany, constructed a sound-transmitting apparatus based on the discoveries of Page and Bourseul. Its appearance suggested a music-box; but, nevertheless, it conveyed sounds to a distance of several hundred feet. The word "sounds" is used advisedly, because, according to the best evidence, Reis's machine could not transmit spoken words. It operated by making and breaking a circuit. Electric impulses, thus created, can convey noises—mere sounds—but not articulate speech. Such speech demands a continuously varying harmonic wave and cannot be transmitted by the short separated wavelets produced by using a make-and-break current.



Parts of the present solid-back transmitter.

M. Mouthpiece. *FF.* Face, set in metallic outer bell *C.* *D.* Sound-receiving diaphragm. *K.* Resonating chamber in front of diaphragm. *S.* Perforated screen of wood; protects diaphragm from injury. *E.* Disk constituting front working electrode. *B.* Heavy back electrode, also disk-shaped. (Electrodes are made of carbon.) *P.* Finely divided carbon, placed between the electrodes, *E* and *B.* *W.* Metallic casing for *E* and *B.* The chamber in *W*, inclosing the eletrodes, is lined with gummed paper to prevent short-circuiting the instrument. *m.* Mica disk, one thousandth ($\frac{1}{1000}$) of an inch thick; supports front electrode, *E*, and aids it to follow the movements of the diaphragm *D.* *t* and *t.* Nuts attaching *E* to *D.* *ff.* Dampening springs. *ee.* Front nut for holding together electrode *E* and mica disk *m.* *R.* Brass block to which *E* is soldered. *N.* Metallic bridge, fastened at ends to face *F.* *L.* Set screw; locks casing of back electrode *B* to *N.* *T.* Thumb nut; enables transmitter to be moved up or down. The wires to the transmitter are connected with the front electrode *E*, and with the supporting bridge *N.* The electric current, therefore, flows through the granular carbon *P*, when battery power is applied to the wires.

In June, 1876, Bell was engaged to be married to the daughter of Gardiner G. Hubbard, a wealthy Bostonian. At that time Mr. Hubbard was residing temporarily in Philadelphia, having been appointed one of the Massachusetts Commissioners to the Centennial Exhibition. Miss Hubbard and her mother decided to pay him a visit, and invited Bell to accompany them. He, however, felt obliged to remain in Boston, as he was then principal of a school there for deaf-mutes, and examination days were approaching. He had escorted the ladies to their train, and, standing near by, was waiting for it to steam out on its journey to Philadelphia. As the train started Miss Hubbard, overcome by disappointment, burst into tears. Without a moment's hesitation Bell leaped back on to the train, though he was utterly unprovided for the trip. His trunks were forwarded to him in Philadelphia by his future brother-in-law, William Hubbard. That young gentleman, wise beyond his age, was an enthusiastic believer in the telephone and took care to put the latest model of it in a corner of the strongest trunk.

By Mr. Gardiner Hubbard's advice Bell applied for permission to place the instrument among the electrical exhibits of the Centennial. It was toward the close of a fatiguing day when the judges reached the telephone. Their examination of it was hurried and perfunctory. One of them would not take the trouble of putting the receiver to his ear. Another judge dropped a disparaging remark as he took out his notebook. Bell's heart sank. At that moment Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, entered the room, followed by his suite. Himself a scientist of no mean ability, the Emperor had examined, with interest and admiration, the telephone in Bell's school in Boston. He remembered the young inventor, shook hands with him, and requested another trial of the instrument. Bell went to the other end of the wire and spoke into the transmitter Hamlet's famous soliloquy. Dom Pedro's commendation changed the minds of the judges. The "toy" was allowed to go on exhibition. Doubtless it would amuse visitors. That it was of no practical value was, after all, only a minor objection. So reasoned those learned personages. Nevertheless they were mistaken, although they were duly appointed officials and wore badges. The telephone turned out to be the Centennial's star exhibit, eliciting unmeasured praise from distinguished scientists and, indeed, from all other visitors capable of understanding the theory of its operation.

What was the basic principle of the telephone of 1876? The principle underlying the construction of the 1906 telephone—that electrical currents undulating in correspondence with the air motions produced by uttering the original sounds will transmit articulate speech. The word "speech" in this statement should be emphasized. Apparatus that will convey many sounds to a distance, and convey them clearly, will turn spoken words into a jumble of mere noises. Why? Because such apparatus does not convey the timbre of the human voice.

All sounds are produced by vibrations of the air. By a simple sound the gaseous particles of the atmosphere are regularly condensed and expanded. The rate of the vibrations constitutes the pitch of the sound. The faster the rate of vibration, the higher is the pitch. Loudness depends on amplitude of vibration. All sound is transmitted in waves, but sound waves take various forms. The increase or decrease in loudness of a sound will vary the amplitude of the wave, but the rate of the wave's vibrations will remain unchanged. Timbre, or quality of tone, is produced in a far different way. This peculiar feature of all sounds is caused by thousands of tiny wavelets of air—in other words, timbre adds minute extra vibrations to the main vibration. These numberless additional small vibrations, called overtones, give the human voice its articulation and quality. Timbre makes one voice agreeable; while a different timbre may make another voice so rasping as to suggest the value of a file to smooth down the roughness. The pitch and loudness of a musical note may be precisely the same on a piano as on a violin. Each instrument, however, has a different timbre, and that quality enables the ear to tell from which instrument a note comes. You recognize a voice by its timbre and not by its pitch or loudness.

Words, or, rather, the sounds composing words, are produced by the vibrations of vocal chords. The tension of these chords, and the form of the mouth, as well as the size of the larynx, decide the timbre of the

voice uttering the words. The larynx in Adelina Patti's throat was a quarter of an inch larger than the larynx in your throat. Hence she received $4,000 an evening during several farewell tours. Timbre is, therefore, the most striking characteristic of the human voice. Clearness in speaking through a telephone, for example, depends more on timbre than on loudness or pitch. A whisper of an ideal voice, uttered into a White transmitter, can be heard through a bipolar receiver miles away.

Telephony's peculiar problem was to find means of sending electrical waves identical in form with the waves of vocal sound. As, however, the overtones in ordinary conversation are numerous enough to cause thousands of extra vibrations a second, it is plain that the waves of language sounds must be extremely complex. If the tiny sound wavelets are not reproduced, then the overtones cannot be heard, and only noises will echo through the receiver. Ignorance of this fact explains the failure of all telephonic experiments prior to Bell's memorable discovery of the need of undulatory currents of electricity to transmit articulate speech. Reis might have seen his error had he not, for some inexplicable reason, omitted to equip his instrument with a receiver.

The fifth clause of Bell's patent runs thus:

"The method of and apparatus for transmitting vocal sounds telegraphically, as herein described, by causing electric undulations, similar in form to the vibrations of the air accompanying the said vocal or other sounds substantially as set forth."

The "apparatus for transmitting vocal sounds telegraphically"—that is, by electric currents passing along wires—Bell found need not be elaborate. Indeed, the extraordinary simplicity of his first telephone was, as has been said, perhaps its most amazing feature. Never before in the history of the world's remarkable inventions have such great results been achieved with means so slight.

Put on a table a common straight-bar magnet with a small wire coil around one pole. Toward this pole move a piece of soft iron. When the iron is near enough an induced electric current will pass through the wire.

Enclose this magnet in an ebonite tube. Across the mouth of the tube fasten a sheet-iron diaphragm one hundredth of an inch thick. Run a wire from the coil to the coil of a precisely similar instrument. You now have a telephone like, in essentials, the one which Bell exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial. Spoken words, voice impulses, vibrate the diaphragm in front of the magnet's wire-wound pole and thereby cause undulatory currents in the coil. These, passing along the wire, affect the receiver magnet and coils and vibrate the receiver diaphragm correspondingly. Thus the vocal sounds, the words, spoken into the transmitter are reproduced by the receiver.

In 1877 the telephone appeared as a public utility. At first its progress was slow. Experience soon demonstrated that, while the receiver operated by the magneto-transmitter reproduced words clearly, it was not efficient enough for business needs. But it had been proved that electric currents could be utilized to convey articulate speech, and, when the need of more powerful transmitters and receivers became apparent, the Bell Company turned to battery power. Edison, the wizard of the electrical world, was first in the field, and his carbon transmitter was the only one used for some time. He utilized the discovery of the French physicist, Count du Moncel, that, when two ends of a severed circuit are brought into contact, the resistance of the contact is variable with and proportionate to the pressure between them. This battery transmitter permitted the current to be varied by the resistance changes in the transmitter, these changes being caused by voice vibrations. This invention was a long stride in advance in telephony. Edison and Berliner, practically at the same time, made a contribution of still greater value, however, when it occurred separately to them to combine the induction coil with the transmitter.

The true nature of the carbon transmitter's mode of operation was made known in 1878 by Professor Hughes, of London. His "microphone" proved that, to obtain the best results with resistance changes, due to changes in pressure, it is necessary to have a light contact. Since then all transmitters have been constructed on the light-contact plan.

In 1877 the first long-distance line was built. It connected Boston and Salem and

was sixteen miles long. In these days, when lines run from Portland, Me., to Omaha, Neb.—cities 1,700 miles apart—it sounds like cheap sarcasm to style sixteen miles of wire a long-distance line. Yet the Boston-Salem telephone line was so denominated in sober earnest—in 1877. It is interesting to learn that it was the only line erected under Bell's personal superintendence. Two years passed away before a longer line was demanded by increasing use of the telephone, Boston and Lowell being brought into communication with each other then.

In the light of to-day's marvellous telephonic achievements, the following excerpt from the Bell Company's first prospectus reads like a jest:

"The proprietors [of the Bell patents] are now prepared to furnish telephones for the transmission of articulate speech between instruments not more than twenty miles apart."

Twenty miles? Verily, the days of small things have passed! The proprietors of the same patents are now prepared to furnish telephones for the transmission of articulate speech half-way across the continent. We should remember, however, that telephony was a new art when our republic was only a hundred and one years old. The United States was a year older before the first telephone exchange was started. "Hello, Central!" was first heard in 1878. To-day the exchanges are numbered by the thousand, the telephones by the million. Various industries, unknown thirty years ago, but now sources of employment to many thousands of workers, depend entirely on the telephone for support. Numerous factories making lead sheathing, dynamos, motors, generators, batteries, office equipments, cables, and many other appliances, would have to close down and thus throw their operatives into idleness and misery if the telephone bell should cease to ring. The Bell Companies employ over 87,000 persons and, it may be added, pay them well. Many of these employees have families to maintain; others support their parents, or aid younger brothers and sisters. It is safe to say that 200,000 people look to the telephone for their daily bread. These figures may be supplemented by the number of telephones in use, (5,698,000), by the number of miles of wire (6,043,000), in the Bell lines, and by the number of conversations (4,479,500,000), electrically conveyed in 1905. The network of wire connects more than 33,000 cities, towns, villages, and hamlets.

Such tremendous growth as these statistics show would imply not only a steadily increasing appreciation of the telephone, but would also suggest improved instruments, more skilled operators, and better service. There would be no flattery in such suggestion. Electrical science has undergone radical reformation since 1876. Telephony has raised the utilization of electricity to the height of a profession. Of course such advances have not been won without cost. Fortunes were spent in experiment and investigation before a dollar came back. Communication by the first telephone was limited to a few thousand feet. Now, conversation can be carried on by persons 1,600 miles apart. To-morrow long-distance lines will span the continent; and the day after oceanic telephony will be a commonplace of mercantile routine. But science and money had to collaborate for years before they could work the miracle of enabling Boston and Omaha to talk together.

In the early eighties the limit of long-distance talking was about one hundred miles. Pacific coast enterprise, spurred by imperative need, had constructed a line longer than any one in the East. A line between Boston and New York, built in 1884 for experimental purposes, was opened to the public in 1887. A little earlier the New York-Albany-Buffalo circuit, four hundred miles in length, had been established. For some time it was the longest one east of the Rocky Mountains. Then the lines began to extend until engineering skill made direct communication between New York and Chicago a reality. A line between the two cities was completed only after innumerable obstacles had been overcome. On October 18, 1892, Bell, having been called (by telephone) from his Washington home, sent the first message from New York to Chicago. The wonder of such a feat is concealed by its familiarity now. A man, seated at ease in his New York office, carries on a conversation with a friend in Chicago, nearly a thousand miles away! What greater marvel is recorded in "The Arabian Nights"? The New York-Chicago line was not declared ready for business till 1893, the year of the Chicago World's Fair. Sev-

enteen years before, at the Centennial, the telephone seemed to most people to be a mere plaything. In less than a generation it had become an indispensable public utility. The believers in the telephone might well have felt proud of their faith. In their case Wisdom was most certainly justified of her children.

In 1905 there were sent by telephone in the United States forty-one times more messages than were sent by telegraph, although the latter mode of communication antedates the former by nearly forty years. To pass so swift a rival as the telegraph, however, the telephone had to prove its superior merit by trial. When there was but one way of conveying information quickly—telegraphy—business was its slave. But the greater speed, accuracy, and directness of telephony appealed irresistibly to the American mind. In Europe only ten times more communications go by telephone than by telegraph. To the European merchant the telephone is a convenience; to the American, it is a necessity. Its wires are the motor nerves of our intenser commercial life. Not only has the instrument adapted itself to our needs, but our world's vast round of daily work has adjusted itself to the "'phone." Business men preassume the telephone's existence just as they preassume regular mail deliveries or the fulfilment of written contracts.

Twenty years ago the city telephone systems having each over 25,000 subscribers could be counted on the fingers of one hand. To day that number would not be accounted large even in a city of the third class. New York had, on July 1, 1905, nearly 170,000 listed patrons of the telephone. Yet any two of that large number can, in five seconds, be placed in communication with each other, so well has engineering science kept pace with public needs. No dream of old romance is stranger than this prosaic fact of the twentieth century. Nature had, however, to be paid her price. Her secrets are never to be obtained free. Difficulties pronounced insuperable by high authorities in the theory of electricity are now but milestones in the path of progress cut by skilled electricians. These unknown, unassuming workers turned the hopes of one day into the accomplished facts of the next. More remarkable still, they performed their tasks while the apparatus to be improved was bearing the burden of constantly growing service.

Up to December 31, 1905, the United States Patent Office had issued 7,154 patents relating to the telephone and telephone apparatus. Of these over eight hundred were for transmitters and about five hundred for receivers. The essential parts of to-day's receiver consist of magnet, air-chamber, diaphragm, ear-piece, and case. The air-chamber is introduced to give increased distinctness to sounds, or, if you prefer the phrase, to the words reproduced by the diaphragm. You have noticed the difference in tonal quality between a sermon preached in church, in August, to an audience made up of yourself and the sexton, and a sermon from the same source, delivered in the same church, on the Sunday preceding Christmas. Perhaps you thought that the difference in tones could be explained by referring to the contribution plate. Acoustics, however, insists that an empty church is a large resonator and, therefore, strengthens the voice. Early receivers had larger air-chambers than are to be found in receivers used at present. Distortion of vocal sounds resulted. Speak into an empty dry-goods case and note the distortion of tone.

At first the diaphragms of transmitters and receivers were made of parchment. A thin disk of iron occupied the central portion of each diaphragm. Experiment showed that much better results could be obtained by making the diaphragm of soft iron. The diameter is about two inches, and the metal is one hundredth of an inch thick. Thinner iron would render the reproduced words unpleasantly shrill, while, if diaphragms were made thicker, they would absorb some of the overtones, and would thereby render conversation indistinct.

With the increase in power furnished by batteries, there arose an imperative public demand for longer-distance talking. Edison's transmitter was not sensitive enough. The Blake transmitter came into use. It was made on the light-contact principle, illustrated by Professor Hughes's microphone. The Blake instrument shows great sensitiveness when employed for short circuits. It, however, gets out of order easily and becomes useless when high battery power is applied. Scores of skilled electrical workers, experienced mechanicians, strove

to win the fortune awaiting the inventor of a more efficient transmitter. It was reserved for a man that had never spent a day in the telephone business, a minister, to wrest away the prize. The Rev. Henry Hunnings produced the transmitter which is known by his name. Its distinctive feature was the use of granulated carbon. This instrument gave clear talking on long-distance lines and could stand high battery power. Practical use, however, developed in the Hunnings invention a singular defect. The carbon granules would "pack" —that is, would cohere, forming a solid mass, which blocked the passage of sound. Experts advanced various theories in explanation, but none seemed quite satisfactory. Finally the Bell Company instituted a thorough investigation into the causes of packing in the various granular-carbon transmitters then in the market. It was conclusively proved that the carbon grains packed or massed together because the transmitter became heated by the electric current. More space for them remedied that defect.

Then the solid-back transmitter, designed by Anthony C. White, took the place of the Hunnings and the various other carbon-granulated transmitters. In the White the packing has been avoided by inserting a mica disk, the carbon grains occupying but a part of the space between the electrodes.

As the granules of carbon are of so much importance, great care is taken to make them as hard as possible. In fact, they might easily be mistaken for particles of black glass or flint. The preparation of this granulated carbon is one of the numerous industries dependent on the telephone for their existence.

One of the earliest signals adopted was a bell attached to a spring. Later on, when private batteries were installed at subscribers' stations, buzzer bells were introduced. When you called "Central" in those days, you turned a crank three or four times.

A danger that telephone engineers have always had to combat is attenuation of the electric current. Few people realize how very slight are the electric streams which carry so many million messages a day. The energy required to keep a single electric lamp alight for one hour is five million times as great as the energy needed to send a message from New York to Chicago. Electric power enough to lift a weight of one ounce one foot high could operate a telephone for fifteen thousand years. Remarkably sensitive as are our present transmitters and receivers, it is plain that they cannot afford to lose much of a current so small. Resistance, leakage, defective insulation—these are some of the causes of attenuation. Any diminution of the current means diminished loudness, a serious defect, for we all like to hear without straining our auditory nerves. Were attenuation unknown, there would be, theoretically, no limit to telephoning. Washington and Manila could talk together then as readily as Washington and Baltimore talk together now.

Heavier wires were found useful in checking attenuation. When it became commercially impossible to increase further the size of the wires, science was asked to supply other safeguards. An English electrician named Heaviside, and Vaschy, a French physicist, appear to have been the first investigators to submit mathematical proof that inductance could be employed to arrest attenuation. Some years after the appearance of their monographs Prof. Silvanus Thompson read before the International Electrical Congress, held in Paris, in 1893, a paper in which he advocated, as an attenuation remedy, the use of inductance shunts across the circuit. Final proofs of the value of inductance were presented by Professor Pupin, of Columbia University. He demonstrated, both mathematically and mechanically, that inductances distributed at certain intervals along a telephone wire would strengthen the current greatly.

The means used are simple enough. Slight coils of wire, ten inches in diameter, are fastened, four miles apart, to the line. These coils receive the electric current and send it on undiminished. Thus we are enabled to telephone to points that could not be reached directly before the Pupin coils were known. These also make talking much more loud and distinct, and allow the employment of longer cables. To the unscientific mind it seems absurd to assert that a series of wire rings should treble the carrying capacity of a telephone line. Nevertheless, the rings, or coils, do re-enforce lines to that extent, and as much as a tenfold increase has been obtained in Germany on underground cables. The talking over

thirty miles of loaded cable is as clear as it is over ten miles of unloaded. Although loaded aërial lines do not exhibit results so favorable, yet at the terminus of 1,400 miles of wire equipped with Pupin induction coils, conversation is heard just as distinctly as it is heard at the end of an unloaded wire seven hundred miles long. During business hours in New York City sixty miles of loaded cable furnish service superior to the service rendered by unloaded wires only one-sixth of that length.

These wonder-working coils are made of copper wire having an iron core. Perhaps the help they give in long-distance telephony can be fully appreciated only by experts in line working. For example, thirty-mile cables, unloaded, to be used in connection with long-distance aërial lines, could not be installed, except at a prohibitive cost. Cables of that length, however, are necessary to-day and are made commercially possible by the Pupin coils. These coils represent, in material form, the most striking advance in telephony since batteries were substituted for magnets as sources of energy. Professor Pupin's patents were acquired in 1901 by the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, which thereby secured control of the sole means of rendering long-distance telephoning commercially practicable in this country.

Twenty years ago interference, or induction, was the telephone engineer's worst enemy. Interference arises from the action of foreign currents. These may pass from the wires of trolley-car systems, or from electric-light wires, or from telegraph wires, or, of course, from other telephone wires. To avoid this evil of induction, both sides of a circuit must be kept equal in capacity, insulation, and resisting power. Professor Bell was the first to prove that if the two wires of a circuit be wound about each other induction (interference) cannot occur. Outside currents, passing into the twisted wires, are neutralized. Hence interference, or cross-talking, is then impossible. This simple and ingenious device was at once adopted everywhere. With parallel circuits, not wound together, cross-talking cannot be prevented, if the wires are carried on the same supports. In Europe the twist system is used. In America transposing of the wires is preferred. Each wire changes its position regularly at each pole in the twisted circuits. The transposition method shifts the circuits at different intervals, the number of the transpositions being decided by the line's length.

Iron wire was employed for early telephone lines. Its disadvantages soon became apparent. Its conductivity is low—that is, a given electric current through it requires a larger electric pressure than through wire made of certain other metals, silver and copper, for examples. Iron wire has therefore fallen into almost total disuse. Copper wire was commercially possible, but it was too soft. When drawn taut between poles it snapped. Strung loosely enough to nullify danger of breaking it sagged down so wearily as to suggest chronic invalidism, and then it also invited attack from small boys and junk thieves. Incidentally its drooping, untidy appearance reacted injuriously on the new art of telephony. Hereupon the truth of the law of supply and demand was vindicated by Thomas B. Doolittle's invention of hard-drawn copper wire. By his process of manufacture copper loses none of its conductive power and is rendered strong enough to bear nearly as much strain as iron wire of the same diameter. This toughened copper wire makes an ideal conductor for telephone purposes. Indeed, long-distance circuits might still be unknown if Doolittle, who as an agent of the Bell Company, established a telephone exchange at Bridgeport, Conn., had not turned his attention to the problem of hardening copper wire.

The first telephone poles were absurdly high. A pole, eighty feet in height, with six cross-arms, represented perfection in its class in 1877. Of course, such supports promptly threw themselves and their burdens down when attacked by a full-grown storm. Nowadays telephone poles range from thirty feet to thirty-five feet in height. They are set usually 132 feet apart, forty poles to the mile. Chestnut, cedar, juniper and yellow pine are the favorite woods. About a million poles a year are used by the Bell Companies.

Telephone poles are carefully selected, as the weight they bear is likely to grow heavier. We have seen that, in order to check attenuation of the current, telephone engineers have been compelled to increase the size of the wire used. Aërial lines often employ wire weighing 435 pounds to the mile,

or 870 pounds for each circuit. Hence the man who talks by telephone from Boston to Chicago, a distance of about a thousand miles, has the exclusive use of over four hundred tons of copper. In Europe, the practice is to use somewhat lighter wire. Thus the line between London and Glasgow contains eight hundred pounds of copper per circuit for every mile it passes over. In the United States there is a decided tendency to employ heavier wire in all new lines. In a line now being run through some of the Western States the two wires in each circuit weigh a thousand pounds per mile. This line will, however, be used for telegraphy as well as for telephone purposes.

In the construction of aërial lines experience had to be bought, but its lessons were well conned, and for many years past such lines have been so carefully and thoroughly built that breakdowns seldom occur. As far back as 1888 the care and honesty of telephone-line building was shown in the most striking manner. The terrible blizzard of that year prostrated miles of the telegraph line between New York and Boston. But not an inch of telephone wire gave way. A telegraphic despatch between the two cities had to go *via* Atlantic cable to Ireland and be forwarded from there to its address on this side of the ocean. Telephonic communication continued without interruption.

It is not unusual for a central exchange to control 25,000 wires. These enter the building in cables. Clearly no roof could support a superstructure bearing so great a weight of copper. With the expansion of telephony, underground cables became necessary. The first ones were insulated by a rubber covering. That was soon discarded as useless. Then wires were wrapped in cotton and enclosed in pipes. These were filled with oil. The oil leaked out. Later cotton-covered wires were placed in lead pipes into which melted paraffine, heavily charged with globules of carbonic-acid gas, was forced. The first true cable—one composed of twisting wires—was thus formed. It contained fifty pairs of wires, laid in a pipe two inches in diameter Accident exposed the weakness of this mode of insulation. Some underground steam-supply pipes next to a cable beneath a New York street let steam enough escape to melt the paraffine. The cable went out of business.

After that accident—it happened in 1887—dry-core cables were tried. Wires were covered with paper, the air between paper and wire acting as an insulator, and were sheathed with lead. The experiment was a complete success. More cables being then demanded, the manufacturers began to turn out better ones. In the early nineties two-hundred-pair cables, two and one-half inches in diameter, appeared in the market. By that time the electrostatic capacity of the conductor had been lowered to six hundredths of a microfarad a mile. The first cable, the rubber-covered one, had to work under the heavy burden of thirty-three hundredths of a microfarad.

As, to-day, twelve hundred wires may be placed in a cable only two and one-half inches in diameter, it is plain that the cable manufacturers are entitled to no small share of credit for the perfection of telephony in this year of 1906, the thirtieth one since the art came into being. Had they not been able to make twenty wires work where only one worked before, it is evident that telephone service could never have been brought down to its present low rate.

One of the early forms of conduit would look pathetically funny to-day. It was simply a series of wooden troughs, half filled with pitch in which a cable was buried. Of course, the pitch soon solidified, the cable could not be reached to make needed repairs, and the conduit was emphatically voted a failure. Then followed experiments with various other conduits, some made of creosoted wood, others of earthenware pipes, still others of hollowed blocks of cement. American usage seems to have settled on terra-cotta or earthenware as the best material for underground-wire conduits.

Great care is needed in joining underground wires, for each and every pair of the hundreds of wires in a cable must be joined in right order. The telephone-wire plumber must attend strictly to business, unlike his more fortunate fellow-craftsman of the comic papers.

Telephony, in its infant days, imitated telegraphy's practice of using overhead iron wires, with earth returns and single-line conductors. Such wiring could not, of course, prove satisfactory when the new art started on its swift race to its vast proportions of to-day. Part-metallic circuits marked a

decided advance. Lastly came the underground cable and the wholly metallic circuit (no earth returns). Naturally, in thinly populated districts, where conduits would be too expensive, aërial cables are still used. Distribution of wires to subscribers is accomplished by employing ring supports or by open wiring.

Before any attempt could be made to introduce the telephone as a public utility, it was necessary that an exchange should be provided. Electrical engineers remodelled for telephonic use the existing telegraph switchboard. By means of the new apparatus any two wires out of a group could be connected, and the subscribers could then talk together. Of course, the unexpected happened. Defects appeared. Telephony is much more complex than telegraphy. Various improvements had to be made. As early as 1878, however, the "exchange" (the switchboard) worked fairly well. But its power of accommodation was very limited, and to operate the board's connecting mechanism entailed much labor. Signalling was especially troublesome. A New York concern, the Law Telegraphy Company, had in use a calling system employing two wires—one for transmitting orders from the subscribers to the operator, and the other, leading from the subscribers' station to the switchboard, for connection with the wires of other subscribers. This system was tried by some of the Bell Companies and was found wanting.

Then electric indicators and magnetic generators were adopted for signalling. The early switchboard connected subscribers' lines by bringing each wire to a metal strip which grounded the wires; but, by inserting a metal plug, the operator cut off the ground connection and completed the circuit for the subscribers to converse together. In many cases two operators were necessary to answer each call, as it was not possible to connect any two lines by a single operation, and two or more switchboards had to be used. An operator at one switchboard, receiving a call, would notify another operator at another switchboard where the line of the call number ended. This transference of calls required two or three seconds, but seconds may be precious to the telephone user. The Bell Company urged its engineers to improve the method of calling. The result was the advent of the wonder-working multiple switchboard. It provides a connecting point, known as a jack, for every line before each operator. Hence any two lines may now be connected by one operation. A multiple switchboard is made up of sections, each one being, as the name of the apparatus suggests, a duplicate of every other section.

For a long time a New York City switchboard controlling five thousand wires was the largest in the United States. Now there are numerous switchboards accommodating, each, ten thousand lines. New York's latest switchboard cost over $300,000. It comprises nearly two million parts and four thousand miles of wire and has about fifteen thousand electric signal-lamps. Of course, all switchboards nowadays presuppose metallic circuits, as these have been shown by experience to be necessary, if leakage or induction is to be prevented. Those evils often interrupted communication in the days of single-wire circuits connected with the earth.

Batteries at subscribers' stations steadily became more burdensome. They needed repairs often; they cost too much for inspection; the expense of changing them was heavy, and they frequently failed to work. It was long ago perceived that a central exchange battery would form the best source of power for the operation of all the exchange's lines. To make all signals automatic was another desideratum. Capital and skill finally evolved the wonderful apparatus of to-day. A common-battery system, charged by storage batteries and located in a central exchange building, operates all the telephones and signals used in the exchange's district. This improved method was first tried by the Bell Company in 1894. Experience perfected the various parts of the apparatus, and each distinct part is now standardized and is manufactured in large quantities.

To-day, instead of working a crank to get "Central's" attention, you simply put the receiver to your ear. Lifting the receiver off the hook lights a tiny electric lamp in the exchange. The light goes out when the switchboard operator thrusts into your line's answering jack a metal plug, the tip of the answering cord, one of a pair of thread-covered wire cords associated with your line. The calling cord's tip, plugged into the multiple jack of the number you give to "Cen-

tral," lights another small lamp, termed a supervisory lamp. Pressing a key rings the bell of the given number—that is, of the subscriber with whom you desire to talk. When he takes up his receiver, his supervisory lamp goes out. Hence there is no lamp alight while the conversation is in progress. The return of your receiver to its hook lights your supervisory lamp. When the other subscriber hangs up his receiver, his supervisory lamp lights again. Both lamps aglow apprise the operator that the conversation is closed. She pulls the cords out of the jacks, thus extinguishing the lamps and disconnecting the lines. Not a word of your conversation has been overheard, not a second of time has been wasted. What a change from the telephoning of pioneer days—the days of Edison's battery, crank ringing, helloing for "Central," bad language, and the twenty-mile limit!

American hurry and nervousness have influenced the telephone's line of advance. In the old days people would forget to ring off, and then "Central" had no means of determining when conversation was closed and the line was released, except by sending questions along the wires of the telephone users. Now, if, after you have put down your receiver, the other subscriber still holds his own wire, his little supervisory lamp tells that fact to "Central." Comparison of the complicated and expensive apparatus in use now with the apparatus of twenty years ago would prove that telephone engineers have spared no pains to minimize the work required of the subscriber. Today he does absolutely nothing, unless lifting the receiver to his ear is accounted something. It is not assumed that machinery can take the place of human intelligence. Automatism has, however, been applied in all cases where it would save time and secure accuracy. For example, an operator receives a call for a certain number. Is the called line engaged? Into its jack is thrust lightly, by way of query, the metal plug, or tip, of the proper calling cord. *Click-click*, is the response. The line wanted is busy. No words are needed. Other special signals are employed for various questions between different exchanges, and there are signals for operators in even the same exchange.

Some future philosophic historian of the nineteenth century may aver that the telephone appeared in response to mankind's demand for a quick-communication medium, usable by all persons. Bell was merely the unconscious agent of the Power which guides progress. Certainly the telephone has within one generation achieved a bewildering success. The instrument has not only conquered all civilized countries, but it has also invaded lands that we, in our conceit, stigamatize as heathen, or barbarous, because their ideals are not ours. Perhaps it may excite no surprise to learn that "Central"—under another name—flourishes in various Japanese cities. The Japs have recently vindicated their claim to be classed among the world powers. There seems nothing strange in the information that the telephone is used in the great cities of China. Commerce has drawn many white merchants into those centres of trade. But not every American is aware that Bangkok, the populous capital of Siam, the Land of the White Elephant, maintains a busy exchange. In Burmah, Siam's neighbor, you may telephone "from Rangoon to Mandalay." Every large city in Hindustan uses the "'phone." Many of the poorer Hindus are given to fashioning jewelry out of copper, but an unusually high voltage helps them to keep the eighth commandment. Omar Khayyam might have felt inspired to add a few optimistic quatrains to his Rubaiyat were he living in this century, for he could hear the telephone bell ringing in the despised bazaars of Ispahan, Persia's largest city. Abyssinia has about two hundred miles of telephone wire already working, and will soon have eight hundred miles more. Life in that African kingdom must be a burden to the telephone company's trouble force. Elephants treat the poles as scratching posts—with results disastrous to both poles and wires. Monkeys regard the aërial cables as swings put up for the special benefit of monkeykind; hence cable repairers in King Menelik's realm seldom die of inaction. The telephone bell's ring mingles with the roar of Victoria Falls, the African rival of Niagara; for the Cape-to-Cairo Railroad has already crossed the Zambesi, and in the little depot, close to the great cataract, an exchange station has been established. The Turk's hatred of Christian innovations could not bar out the telephone from Constantinople; though it is interesting to note that no typewriters are

allowed to enter Turkey. They would render letter-writing unidentifiable, the Sultan's spies assert. Of Europe's family of nations Germany has the most telephones, France comes second, and England third. But the ratio of telephone calls to the population is highest in Sweden.

The United States, however, is pre-eminently the land of the "'phone." In Berlin there is one telephone to every seventeen families; in Paris, one to every twenty-two families; in London, one to every fifty-eight families. American figures show a much higher ratio of intelligence and business enterprise. New York has one telephone to every twelve families; Boston, one to every six families; San Francisco had, on January 1, 1906, one telephone to every four families. Since 1880 the Bell Companies alone have increased their mileage of wire about five hundred per cent. Yet the population of the country has, during the same time, increased at only one-tenth of that rate. The rural districts should not be left unnoticed. They had 260,000 miles of single wire and 267,000 telephones in use during 1905. All Europe had last year only 2,044,200 miles of wire. Yet that grand division contains about five times as many inhabitants as the United States.

But Europe is unprogressive compared with us. Outside its cities, the telephone is little used. Here its imperious call is heard everywhere—in the huge department store, thronged with city crowds; in lonely lumber camps, buried in the depths of primeval forests; in the rice swamps of our Gulf States; on the vast wheat ranches of the West; in the mines of Pennsylvania or Colorado—in short, wherever American energy is turning raw material into wealth. The most urgent need of trade or commerce —of wealth production or wealth distribution—is quick communication. Hence it is a truism nowadays that expansion of business means increased telephonage. But, if business aids the telephone, it is also true that the telephone aids business—creates it, indeed, under certain circumstances. Spread a network of telephone wires over a backward rural community and note the surprising improvement visible in a few years. The people have been awakened, stirred into activity, educated up to higher standards.

If public demand has made the Bell Companies supreme in the field of telephony, be it remembered that the telephone has made itself indispensable in business. This benefit is a direct benefit. Incidentally the companies, by employing labor and paying good wages, help every city wherein they maintain an exchange. Telephony is a new art and has opened new avenues of employment, especially to women. The manager of the New York exchange, in 1878, found himself hurriedly compelled to augment his force of employees, owing to rapid increase in the use of the telephone. It was impossible to obtain competent men enough. By accident he learned that a young woman had charge of the switchboard in the exchange in Bridgeport, Conn. Her success gave him a hint; and in a few days young women were installed in all his switchboard operator chairs. The Bridgeport young lady was the first telephone operator of her sex in the United States. To-day the Companies have more than twenty thousand women operators in their employ. Telephony enables them all to earn larger wages than they would receive in any other occupation.

Thirty years ago every noted physicist in the world would have scoffed and scorned a proposition to convey speech by wire. Bell says of himself, "Had I known more about electricity and less about sound, I should never have invented the telephone." So simple was its mechanism that the first telephone was characterized as the very hardihood of invention. It bears no resemblance to the complicated apparatus to be seen in any central exchange in this year of grace, 1906. Marvellous, indeed, is the progress which has been made since the war-stirring patent of 1876 was issued. Hundreds of keen minds have co-operated to produce the perfected telephone of to-day. Nevertheless, in science, as in reform, it is the first step that costs. The world cannot forget its obligation to the inventor of the original telephone. Two countries have the right to be especially proud of him—Scotland, the land of his birth, and the United States, the land of his adoption. Each country has a splendid bead-roll of names illustrious in applied science. Yet it is safe to say that posterity will honor none of them more highly than the name of Alexander Graham Bell.

A NOON SONG

By Henry van Dyke

THERE are songs for the morning and songs for the night,
For sunrise and sunset, the stars and the moon;
But who will give praise to the fulness of light,
And sing us a song of the glory of noon?
Oh, the high noon, and the clear noon,
The noon with golden crest;
When the sky burns, and the sun turns
His face to the path of the west!

How swiftly he rose when the dawning was past;
How slowly he crept as the morning wore by;
Ah, steep was the climbing that led him at last
To the height of his throne in the blue summer sky.
Oh, the long toil, and the slow toil,
The toil that may not rest,
Till the sun looks down, from his journey's crown,
To the sloping way of the west!

Then a quietness falls over meadow and hill,
And the wings of the wind in the forest are furled;
The river flows softly, the bird-songs are still,
And the workers are resting all over the world.
Oh, the good hour, and the kind hour,
The hour that calms the breast!
Little inn half-way on the road of the day,
Where it takes the turn to the west!

There's a plentiful feast in the green tree's shade,
There's a pleasant song to an old-time tune,
And the talk of a friend, or the kiss of a maid,
To sweeten the cup that we drink to the noon.
Oh, the deep noon, and the full noon,
Of all the day the best!
When the sky burns, and the sun turns,
And looks to his home in the west!

THE POINT OF VIEW

A WELL-KNOWN publisher's entire advertising space in a recent issue of a London weekly is given to the name and author of a certain novel, with the announcement, in script type and double leads, that it "tells an original and pathetic story of deepest human interest, but with a happy ending." The final word is what fixes the attention. Is the taste of the novel-reading public returning to the once popular but outgrown view? Is the "happy ending" again to be emphasized in an advertisement in order to promote the success of a given tale as a "seller"? For it is many years, and things have changed, since Mr. James described the point of view of some of the "many people who read novels as an exercise in skipping. . . . They would say that a novel depends for a 'happy ending' on a distribution at the last of prizes, pensions, husbands, wives, babies, millions, appended paragraphs and cheerful remarks."

The "Happy Ending"

It would be a matter of small surprise, indeed, of small significance, should there be return of public liking to the story whose "pathos" and "deepest human interest" ended happily, even with conventional accompaniments. It has taken generations for the novel to develop through Mr. Brander Matthews' stages of the novel of the Impossible, of the Improbable and of the Probable, to the novel of the Inevitable—the novel of which we say, in modern phrase, that it is "convincing"; and also, as many add, that it is "unpleasant." For not a few who clearly recognize in a certain story that, given the characters, the circumstances, and the environment, the ending must be what it is, wretched or indifferent, yet protest inwardly at such acknowledgment of the necessity. They feel that the artist ought to have been ingenious, if not truthful; that he should have found a way out by which, without doing too great violence to our knowledge of the actualities, he might dispose in more pleasing fashion of his characters and good possibilities. Persons of this attitude sometimes frankly, sometimes half-consciously and apologetically, seek in fiction what will not serve in life—a blinking or an avoidance of the disagreeable side of the inevitable. "The history of literature has taught us," says Mr. Bliss Perry, "that men have always craved what I may call the fiction of compensation, the fiction that yields them what life cannot yield them." If this be true of any of the comparatively few who take their fiction seriously, to what an overwhelming extent must it apply to the great reading public, to whom a story is simply a story, to be classed either as interesting or as uninteresting.

The apparent paradox is that to the unformed and uninformed heterogeneity which we call the "popular taste," appeal may so often be made with confidence, in spite of, and even against all these general tendencies, not only by mere story-tellers, but by artists, provided they have the courage of their convictions and deal with something really vital. And this public verdict against momentary conditions has a co-ordinate value in determining the status of great work in fiction. The story which appeals only to the crowd is even by it recognized for what it is, whether the story passes its eightieth or its one hundred and eightieth thousand. But on the other hand, the novel which appeals only to the few is as finally recognized for its lack of the "deepest human interest," as our publisher says, which in an art that deals with life is a vital lack.

A popular vogue, like that for the "happy ending," or for its reverse, is chiefly of consequence for its hidden dangers. The sincere artist recognizes his *métier* and, consciously at least, follows it stoutly. But the temptation to be easily and pleasingly conventional is none the less alluring. It was Stevenson first, among moderns, in the infinite painstaking of devotion to his art, who wrote of this temptation: "The old stock incidents and accessories, tricks of workmanship and schemes of composition (all being admirably good, or they would long have been forgotten), haunt and tempt our fancy, offer as ready-made but not perfectly appropriate solutions for any problem that arises, and wean us from the study of nature and the uncompromising practice of art."

THE FIELD OF ART

THE CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS

I REMEMBER being startled in 1899 by a remark of Dr. A. B. Meyer, the well-known museum director of Dresden, that "the American public collections of modern pictures far surpassed any European collections with which he was acquainted." We were walking through the galleries of the Art Institute of Chicago, and Dr. Meyer had been inspecting the eastern American museums in behalf of the Saxon Government, which was contemplating the rebuilding or replacing of the famous Zwinger. For the first time my attention was called to what reflection showed to be true, that these recently formed American collections were among the most important and comprehensive collections in the world. Most of the foreign collections are confined to a single school.

The paintings of the Chicago museum are much the most important part of the collections. Oil paintings are always the most popular part of any museum, and the management of the Art Institute is eminently popular.

The collection of sculpture is extensive and representative, and especially strong in contemporary works and in architecture, but it is in large part composed of the familiar reproductions of standard subjects. The collections of original antique objects, classical and Egyptian, of textiles, jades, and Japanese and other Oriental objects, are more than respectable in quality, but are not extensive. It is upon the paintings that such title as the museum has to distinction must rest.

The Art Institute picture collection is not exempt from the influence of accident, to which all art museums are subject in their early days. Gifts and opportunities of acquisition have often fixed the character of accessions rather than selection upon a definite plan. Certain great advantages the institute has enjoyed from the beginning. It has had no bad inheritance; the gifts have in general been fortunate and they have often been guided by the management; no picture in the collection is so conditioned that it cannot be withdrawn whenever it is discredited.

The paintings number about two hundred and twenty, and fall under the following heads. The old masters, chiefly Dutch; the Field collection of paintings, of the Barbizon school; the Munger collection, of diverse schools; the Nickerson collection, in which the paintings accompany a valuable collection of Oriental objects; the miscellaneous collection. There may be fifty pictures among these that can well be spared as the institution expands, but the most of the collection would be pronounced by any competent critic worthy of a public art gallery. The galleries themselves are well adapted to exhibition and the paintings are hung with plenty of space.

As we enter the gallery of old masters certain reflections may well occur to us. This little group of pictures, numbering about thirty examples, including loans, is the only representation of the golden age of the art of painting accessible to millions and millions of people. Let the amateur recall his own excitement the first time he saw a real old master! It is like one's first cathedral, so laden with associations and romance as strangely to affect the sensibilities. It must be remembered that the people of the Middle West look to Chicago and not to New York as their capital. Here, then, they are to gain their first impressions of the art of the past, and here also we may see what kind of acquisitions the Art Institute will seek when it is untrammelled. The most important of these pictures were selected from the well-known collection of Prince Demidoff, of Florence, in 1890, and have been presented on the suggestion of the Art Institute by individual citizens, whose names are inscribed upon them. Most of them are by Dutch masters. In several cases, such as Hobbema and Van Ostade, they are among the most important works produced by the artist, and in every case they are good and adequate examples of the painter. Among the artists thus represented are Rembrandt, Hobbema, Van Ostade, Frans Hals, Rubens, Van Dyck, Ruysdael, Terburg, Teniers, Jan Steen, A. van de Velde, and Van Mieris.

Perhaps the most important picture (and I am inclined to think it the most important in the whole museum) is the "Portrait of



Bringing Home the New-born Calf
From the painting by Jean François Millet

a Girl" by Rembrandt, a picture formerly called "The Child of the State," because the picturesque costume is that of the orphans of North Holland. The young woman, not exactly beautiful, but prepossessing, two-thirds length, and nearly full-front, rests her hands upon the cross-bar of a door and looks sidelong to the left. A coral necklace, deep red sleeves, and red lacings give color to the dress. It is of the middle period of Rembrandt and impresses the beholder not so much with the compelling and brilliant execution of "The Gilder" or of Mr. Ellsworth's "Portrait of a Man," as by a certain general suavity and richness. Its charm is one that will not tire.

The "Water Mill" of Hobbema is one of his largest pictures and is of the first class—a tile-roofed mill, water running from a sluice, much foliage, and sky. It has not the extreme and striking simplicity of composition of the picture in the National Gallery in London, "The Avenue, Middelharnis," but it has the atmosphere, the rural beauty, the full color, and especially the consistency and the pearly-gray envelopment which have caused modern critics to place Hobbema in the very front rank of landscape-painters.

While Van Ostade was not of the class of Rembrandt and Hobbema, the little picture by him, "A Golden Wedding," less than twenty inches square, is probably the most costly picture in the museum. It is one of the artist's most elaborate and important works and is of the class of pictures sought by foreign museums. It represents peasants dancing and feasting. The jollity and naturalness of the scene will strike all observers, while the artist will stop to study the manner in which the numerous little rustic figures are put together and the whole immersed in air.

"The Guitar Lesson" of Gerard ter Borch (or Terburg) is an entirely characteristic picture, not quite like that in the National Gallery, but so similar that it has been said to be a replica. The white satin and red velvet of the sitting lady, the dark clothes of the

standing teacher, the table-cloth, the sleeping spaniel, are all painted with the usual perfection of the master.

The picture by Frans Hals, the portrait of his son, a young man with abundant brown hair, light mustache, black soft hat, and broad white collar, has the freedom and frankness of the artist both in painting and characterization. Close by it, as if to show that there is more than one way to do things (though not all equally good), is a picture by Van Mieris, of a mother and child and the interior of a room, in which everything is finished to the last degree, every strand of the wicker-work cradle, and even the fuzz upon the blanket, yet without destroying the large relations or the atmosphere of the painting.

Jan Steen's "Family Concert," Rubens's "Portrait of the Marquis of Spinola," Ruysdael's "Castle," (see page 383) and Van Dyck's "Helena Du Bois" are all good and sufficient pictures.

Similar in importance to the old masters is the Henry Field Memorial Collection, containing forty-one pictures, mostly of the so-called Barbizon school. Mr. Henry Field, the younger brother of the late Marshall Field, was a trustee of the Art Institute, and died in 1890. After his death Mrs. Field (now Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page) placed his picture collection in the Art Institute and caused it to be beautifully installed in a room richly and quietly decorated for the purpose. Some of the pictures are small, but each is a good representation of the artist. The most conspicuous work, perhaps, is "The Song of the Lark," by Jules Breton, which has been made familiar by many reproductions. A French peasant girl, barefoot and bare-headed, stands erect, her head thrown back, her lips parted, her sickle hanging in her hand, listening intently to the lark, with the sun just rising behind her. The composition is simplicity itself. The expression of listening is so definite that a little child upon seeing it, after regarding it attentively, said gravely, "It is Joan of Arc!" He did not notice the little bird in the sky, but thought she was "hearing the voices." Some critics think it the most successful picture of the artist. In the miscellaneous collection of the institute there is another picture by Breton, "The Shepherd's Star," of very similar makeup and quality, but with less appeal to the sensibilities. The Field collection contains two other Bretons, one a fine little picture of girls at a well, "The Fountain," the other a snow picture.

By the side of the "Song of the Lark" hangs one of the important works of Jean François Millet, "Bringing Home the Newborn Calf" (see the illustration, page 381), representing two peasants carrying on a hand-barrow a little calf, the mother cow following along, licking the calf. The accustomed pair of little children look on from the doorway and a peasant woman accompanies the cow. The composition is rather rectilinear, with upright and horizontal lines. It has the Millet atmosphere and it is easy to invest it with the Millet pathos, but perhaps what actually interested the artist was the action of the men bearing their burden. Nor does it possess eminently that grandiose quality which is likely to constitute one of Millet's chief titles to permanent fame, and which is better exemplified by the little "Woman Feeding Chickens" hanging near by, and by "The Bather," a loan picture in the next room.

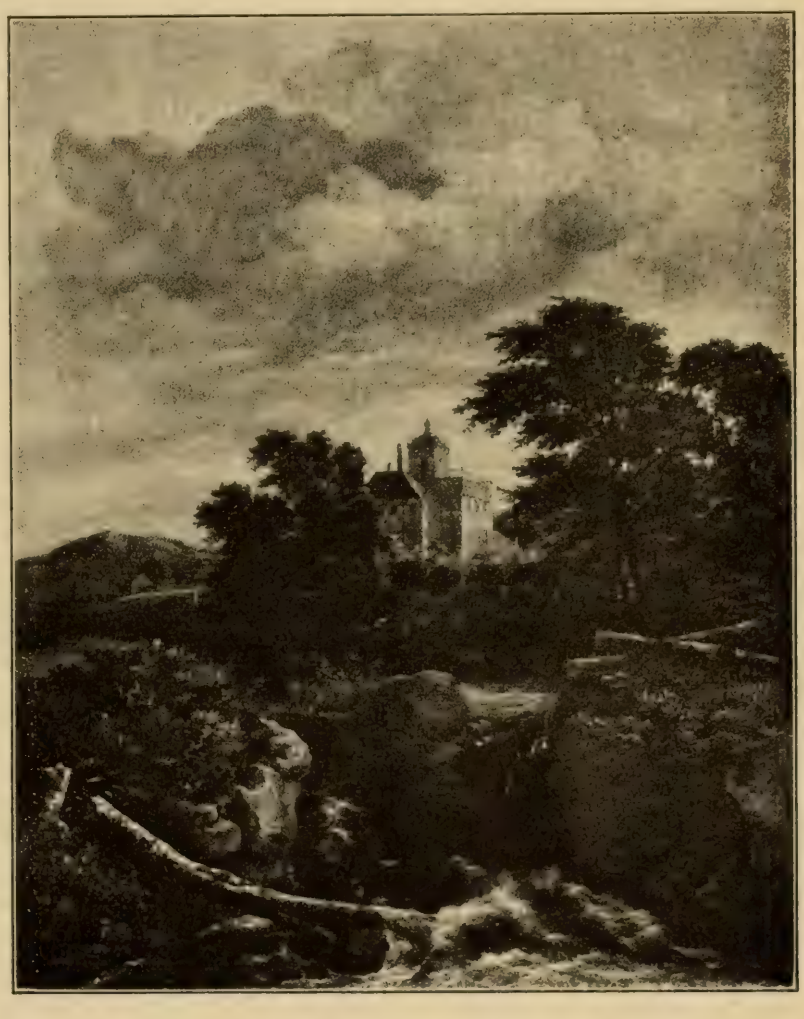
There are three Corots (and two more in other parts of the collection): one a large, rather brown, landscape with water; one somewhat unusual, a half-nude woman preparing for an outdoor bath; and the third, a small and altogether characteristic and charming landscape full of silvery lights, and accented in precisely the right degree by little figures of women.

The sources of the inspiration of these artists are illustrated by two pictures each of the brilliant Delacroix and Decamps, and more remotely by a somewhat singular picture by the English Constable, representing a wooden dam with a waste-gate, in the midst of dense foliage.

There are fine pictures by the artists who may be called the regulars of the Fontainebleau group—Diaz, Dupré, Daubigny, Troyon, and Rousseau—and no less than four works by Cazin, their successor. Troyon's "Returning from Market" is a very noticeable picture, an upright canvas occupied by a flock of sheep pushing forward on a road, a woman on a mule advancing in the midst of the flock, a boy on foot, a man on a horse in the rear, the whole strongly lighted from behind by a low sun and embowered in trees. The brilliant light, the sharp, gay color of the figures, and the happy and refined unity of the whole, make it one of Troyon's most agreeable works.

The Munger collection consists of only

thirty-six pictures, which constituted the best part of the collection of Albert A. Munger, a life-long citizen of Chicago, who died in 1898 and bequeathed his pictures to the Art Institute, with no other condition than that they should constitute a separate collection under his name. There is only one example of each artist. One of the chief merits of the collection is its comprehensiveness and variety. It includes pictures by French, German, British, Belgian, Austrian American, Dutch, Italian, and Russian artists. The paintings are rather large and occupy a spacious, handsome gallery, finished with marble and mosaic. As usually happens in such mixed collections, some of the paintings are by masters whose fame has already begun to decline, such as Meissonier, Bouguereau, Rosa Bonheur, Koekkoek and Verboeckhoven. The picture by Meissonier, "The Vidette," is of unusual size, 42 × 36 inches, and represents a mounted French dragoon on outpost or sentry duty, in a simple landscape under a tender blue sky mottled with clouds, the whole painted with the plain, unromantic truth of Meissonier.



Castle
From the painting by Ruysdael

The Bouguereau is a large upright picture of two life-size nude female figures upon the seaside, called "The Bathers." It is irreproachable in execution and sentiment, and has great beauty both of line and color. The liberal-minded, middle-aged artist, knowing the difficulties of art, will find much in it to admire, but the up-to-date young critic will affect to despise its cold and academic qualities. "Does your master," said Bouguereau to a pupil of Carolus Duran, "does your master ever require you to *draw?*"

The Rosa Bonheur and Verboeckhoven are not important examples, but the Koekkoek is perhaps as good a picture as the artist ever painted. Trees, castle, and country are detailed and hard and finished, after the order of Chapman's old drawing-book, but one would like to admire the blue sky and clouds if the present fashion of art criticism permitted it.

It would be far from fair, however, to rest the claims of the Munger collection upon pictures of this order. A large, bright-blue picture by Michetti, called "Springtime and Love," is sure to catch the attention of layman and artist alike, and here we find plenty of fantasy and modernity. Upon a high, grassy shore of the blue Mediterranean, under a fair, blue sky, a crowd of half-nude children, big and little, disport themselves, climbing trees, wrestling, dozing on the ground. Plainly it is affected by the Japanese, and plainly it is affected by Fortuny. The draperies, such as they are, and the trees are Japanese. The color is of the gayest and the small figures are touched in with delicious ease. A touch of grotesque is introduced in the quaintest way in a little sit-

ting spaniel dog in the foreground, who apparently has a glass eye. The picture has no appearance of probability, but whoever looks at it will smile, and always with a smile of pleasure. It is at the same time a triumph of gayety and a triumph of technique.

A refined and agreeable picture is "The Anxious Mother," by the German Ernst Zimmermann, in which an old physician in black small-clothes in upright gravity feels the pulse of a rather robust child, who throws himself back in the lap of his mother. The mother wears a yellow dress and the picture would serve very well as "an arrangement in black and yellow," if it had not a subject.

There are excellent pictures by Corot, Troyon, Van Marcke, Clays, Gérôme, Detaille, and F. de Neuville.

The reckless Courbet is well represented by a rather grim Alpine landscape, the affluent Makart by a horizontal decorative panel very rich in color, and Munkacsy by an important picture, "The Wrestler's Challenge," a scene in a European tap-room, in which the figures are characterized in the artist's wonderful manner, but in which the asphaltum color threatens to carry the picture into irretrievable blackness.

The Nickerson collection of pictures accompanies a remarkable collection of jades, crystals, and Japanese porcelains, bronzes, and lacquers, and is installed with these objects in two rooms finely fitted for their reception. "The Old Castle," by George Michel, "Golden Autumn Day," by Van Marcke, and "The Music Lesson," by Ribot, may be mentioned among important pictures, and there are works by Cabanel, Delacroix, Dupré, Fromentin, Alma-Tadema, and Couture among Europeans; and by Church, Davis, Inness, Neal, Vedder, Wyant, and Weeks among Americans.

The miscellaneous collection, of paintings purchased by the Art Institute or given singly by donors, includes some important pictures. One of Whistler's nocturnes, called "Southampton Water," illustrates well one phase of Whistler's art, a few blue-gray, silvery tones with dim suggestions of vessels and docks, a quiet musical effect, forever incomprehensible to the ordinary visitor and to all prosaic and academic critics. No man at present, however, may lightly express himself adversely to Whistler's fantasies. This picture has travelled to the loan exhibitions of Whistler in Boston, London, and Paris. I have heard it said that the moon in it is Whistler's only moon.

In the main hall of the second floor, occupied otherwise only by bronze sculpture, are four very large architectural paintings by Hubert Robert, a French painter of about a hundred years ago. They represent classical ruins upon a large scale, wholly imaginary, or at least freely idealized, and are perhaps the best works of the artist. In their present position they exemplify the advantages of appropriate installation, occupying a position similar to that for which they were intended in a French chateau. The heightening of the dignity of the room and of the pictures is reciprocal. The pictures themselves represent immense Roman arches, columns, stairways, and fountains set under transparent skies and enlivened by gay little groups of figures.

There are a few modern French pictures, such as a seacoast of Monet, "Bad Weather at Pourville," eminently impressionistic; a congregation in a country church, "Mass in Brittany," Lucien Simon; excellent landscapes, "Solitude," by Cazin, and "Marshes in the North of Holland," by Jettel; the fine "Shepherd's Star," mentioned above, of Jules Breton; and the portrait of Manet by Fantin-Latour. This last is a picture which arrests attention and perhaps excites a smile. It was painted by Fantin-Latour for his friend Manet and is so inscribed. It is a two-thirds standing figure, nearly full front. A brown-whiskered, keen-eyed, fresh-looking man, in a dark sack coat and a tall hat of ancient French vintage, holding his cane crosswise in both hands, looks frankly out at the spectator. The costume, to us slightly grotesque, and the simplicity and vivacity of arrangement and expression, make it a striking and satisfactory piece of portraiture.

The recent American pictures most worthy of attention are Dannat's "Sacristy in Aragon," Chase's "Alice," Alexander Harrison's "Les Amateurs," Hitchcock's "Flower Girl in Holland," and Miss Shaw's "Russet Year." Miss Annie Shaw was a Chicago girl who never travelled farther than Boston, and who died in 1887. Her remarkable conception of the broader aspects of nature asserts itself in this picture, which holds its own with the important works with which it is surrounded and might easily be mistaken for an early work of one of the Barbizon painters.

W. M. R. FRENCH.



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"MART'S A-GITTIN' READY FER A TOURNEYMENT."

—"A Knight of the Cumberland," page 455.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XL OCTOBER, 1906 NO. 4

THE AMERICAN BISON OR BUFFALO

BISON AMERICANUS (GMELIN, 1788)

BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

LARGEST, and at one time most important of all America's big game, the Bison or Buffalo was the first to be discovered by the explorers of the sixteenth century.

In 1521, Cortez, the Spanish conqueror of Mexico, reached Montezuma's capital, the city of Mexico, and there, in the menagerie, saw the first American Bison to be viewed by European eyes. The menagerie and the beast are thus described by Antonio de Solis ("Conquest of Mexico," 1684):

"In the second Square of the same house were the Wild Beasts, which were either presents to Montezuma, or taken by his hunters, in strong Cages of Timber, rang'd in good Order, and under Cover: Lions, Tygers, Bears, and all others of the savage Kind which New-Spain produced; among which the greatest Rarity was the Mexican Bull; a wonderful composition of divers Animals. It has crooked Shoulders, with a Bunch on its Back like a Camel; its Flanks dry, its Tail large, and its Neck cover'd with Hair like a Lion. It is cloven-footed, its Head armed like that of a Bull, which it resembles in Fierceness, with no less strength and Agility."

But this was at least 300 miles from the proper range of the Bison; as a wild animal it was yet to be discovered. The discovery took place nine years later, and again the honor fell to a Spaniard. In 1530 Alvar Muñez Cabeza de Vaca was wrecked on the Gulf coast. Travelling inland to what is now South-eastern Texas, he met with the species on its native range; as also did Coronado, the next explorer, who penetrated the country of the Buffalo from the West by way of Arizona and New Mexico.

The earliest discovery of the Bison in Eastern North America, or indeed anywhere north of Coronado's route, was made somewhere near Washington, District of Columbia, in 1612, by the Englishman, Samuel Argall, afterward deputy-governor of Virginia, and narrated as follows:

"As soon as I had unladen this corne, I set my men to the felling of Timber, for the building of a Frigat, which I had left half finished at Point Comfort, the 19th of March: and returned myself with the ship into Pembrook Potomac River, and so discovered to the head of it, which is about 65 leagues into the land, and navigable for any ship. And then marching into the Countrie, I found great store of cattle as big as Kine, of which the Indians that were my guides killed a couple, which we found to be very good and wholesome meat, and are very easy to be killed, in regard they are heavy, slow, and not so wild as other beasts of the wildernesse."

"It is to be regretted," says Hornaday, to whom I am indebted for these extracts, "that the narrative of the explorer affords no clew to the precise locality of this interesting discovery, but since it is doubtful that the mariners journeyed very far on foot from the head of navigation of the Potomac, it seems highly probable that the first American Bison seen by Europeans, other than

Copyright, 1906, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

the Spaniards, was found within 15 miles, or even less, of the capital of the United States, and possibly within the District of Columbia itself." From this time the region of the Buffalo was more often visited, and the explorer gave frequent description of the great beast and its numbers.*

The earliest portrait I can find is given in Gomara, 1553. It is reproduced, full size, on page 405. This was evidently drawn from the imaginative description of the discoverer, and while corresponding line for line with the text, which corresponds line for line with the animal, it presents, in the language of the times, "a monstrous beast" indeed.



Head of big bull.
In collection of A. Gottschalck (33½-inch spread of horns).

The Buffalo is the bulkiest living land animal native to North America. A full-grown Buffalo bull stands about 5 feet 8 or 10 inches at the shoulder and weighs about 1,800 pounds. But specimens of over 6 feet at the withers have been recorded, and Mr. Hornaday tells me that he weighed a living bull at 2,190 pounds. A full-grown cow stands about 4 feet 8 at the shoulders, and according to Audubon weighs about 1,200 pounds, though Henry says seldom over 700 or 800 pounds. The lower weight seems to be nearer the average run, but I have seen cows that stood as high and looked as heavy as ordinary bulls.

The early explorers who describe the Buffalo numbers do not give us anything more exact than superlative expressions, such as "countless herds," "incredible numbers," "teeming myriads," "the world one robe," etc. I have endeavored to get at a more exact idea of their numbers.

*These facts are largely drawn from two standard sources: Mr. W. T. Hornaday's "Extermination of the American Bison" (1889) and Dr. J. A. Allen's "American Bisons" (1876). The map of range also, on page 397, is compiled chiefly from those published by these authorities.

The total area inhabited by the Buffalo was about 3,000,000 square miles. Of this, the open plains were one-half. According to figures supplied me by Mr. A. F. Potter, of the Forest Service, the ranges of the Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Texas, and Oklahoma (a total of about 750,000 square miles, or *half of the plains*) were, according to the census of 1900, carrying 24,000,000 head of cattle and horses and about 6,000,000 head of sheep. This means that when fully stocked they might sustain a number of Buffalo at least equal to the number of cattle and horses. The Buffalo had to divide their heritage with numerous herds of mustang, antelope, and wapiti; on the other hand, a Buffalo could find a living where a range animal would starve, many of the richest bottomlands are now fenced in, and we have taken no account of the 6,000,000 sheep. Therefore we are safe in placing at 40,000,000 the Buffalo formerly living on the *entire plains* area.

Their prairie range was a third as large, but it was vastly more fertile; indeed, the stockmen reckon one prairie acre equal to four acres on the plains. Doubtless, therefore, the prairies sustained nearly as many head as the plains; we may safely set their population at 30,000,000. The forest region was the lowest in the rate of population; for its 1,000,000 square miles we should not allow more than 5,000,000 Buffalo. These figures would make the primitive number of Buffalo 75,000,000.

Many other calculations based on different data give similar or slightly lower totals. From these facts it will appear very safe to put the primitive Buffalo population at 50,000,000 to 60,000,000.*

*Several authorities, including Mr. Charles Payne and Col. Jones, make their estimates double mine.



1. Study of an old cow. 2. Young cow. 3. Buffalo cow. (Jardin des Plantes, March 25, 1892.) 4. Old cow.

In 1800 there were practically no Buffalo east of the Mississippi. Their range had shrunken by one-eighth, their numbers had doubtless suffered in greater degree. Forty millions would be a fair estimate for that time.

The Woburn Abbey herd of Buffalo began with 7 in 1896 and, notwithstanding a loss of 11, had increased to 25 in 1905. That is, it had added 20 per cent. each year, and in six years had doubled. A similar rate is seen in the Corbin herd. These figures no doubt represent an unnatural rate of increase, as the animals are constantly protected and suffer no lack of food. The total of Buffalo in captivity in 1889 was 256; since then they have added as nearly as possible 10 per cent. per annum. If, therefore, we set the rate of increase in the wild herd at 5 per cent. we shall probably be near the facts. In early days the Buffalo held their own very well against the savages with their primitive weapons. But in the full splendor of the Buffalo days, say about 1830, the Buffalo Indians, as will be seen later, aided now by horses, and armed with rifles, killed at the rate of over 2,000,000 each year. Allen estimates the destruction by Indians at 2,000,000 annually in the early '40s. Baird puts it at 3,500,000 annually in the '50s. Other destructive powers native to the plains added at least half as many more to the number, so that 3,000,000 a year may have been reached as a total of loss in the '30s. To stand such a drain the herds, according to their rate of increase, must have been at least ten times as many. But they could not stand it, and were plainly diminishing; therefore they must already have fallen below 40,000,000 in the early part of the nineteenth century. Nevertheless, they could not have been much less than that or they would have vanished far faster than they did.

All observers agree that the Buffalo came in great herds to parts of the country where, for months, they had been unknown and continued for a time until impelled to another change of residence. The questions are: Were these regular movements, up and down certain routes? Was the change made under stress of weather or famine or both? Or, in other words, *Was the Buffalo truly migratory?* Catlin says, "No." On page 248 of Volume I of "North American Indians," he writes:

"These animals are, truly speaking, gregarious, but not migratory. They graze in

immense and almost incredible numbers at times, and roam about and over vast tracks of country, from East to West, and from West to East, as often as from North to South."

There is, furthermore, abundance of proof that the herds were found, summer and winter, on most of the range. This is all the evidence I can find for the non-migratory theory.

On the other hand, all records, even those of Catlin, refer to the coming and the going of the Buffalo as *not perfectly regular*, but quite seasonal, and talk of the summer range and winter range, as regions where they were to be found at set times.

Colonel Dodge tells of the 4,000,000 head that he saw on the Arkansas in May, 1871, moving *northward*, at Beaver Creek, 100 miles south of Glendive. Mr. James McNaney says that the Buffalo began to arrive from the North in the middle of October (1882), and about the 1st of December an immense herd came; by Christmas all had gone southward, but a few days later another great herd came from the North and followed the rest.

The half-breeds and old hunters along the Red River have often told me about the northward coming of the Buffalo in spring and their southward fall migration.

Mr. Hornaday, after a very full investigation of the subject, writes:

"It was the fixed habit of the great Buffalo herds to move southward from 200 to 400 miles at the approach of the winter. . . . The Buffalo had settled migratory habits; at the approach of winter the whole great system of herds which range from the Peace River to the Indian Territory moved south a few hundred miles, and wintered under more favorable circumstances than each band would have experienced at its farthest north."

Col. R. I. Dodge has also made very many valuable observations on the migratory habits of the Southern Buffalo, tending to the same conclusions.

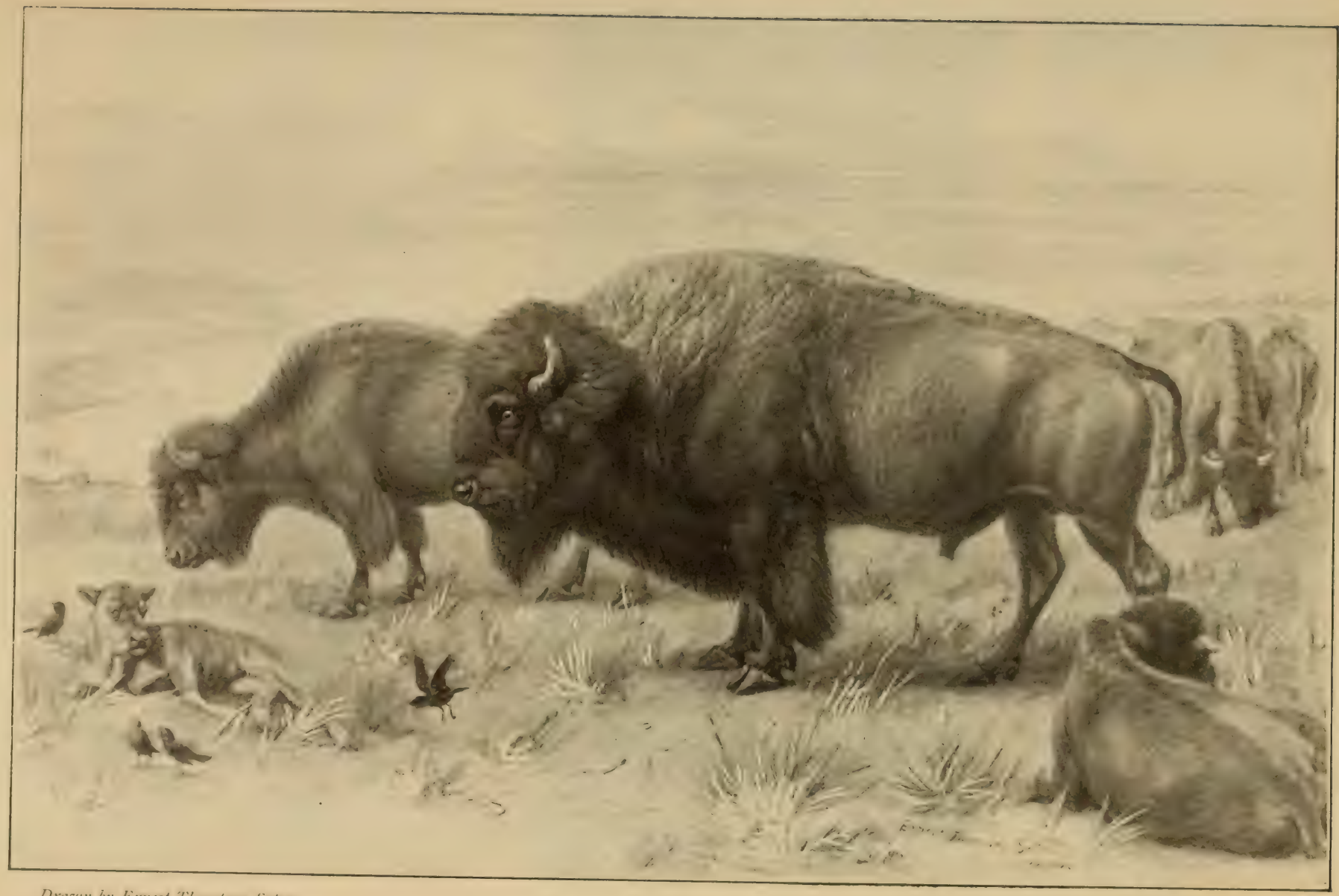
"The herds which wintered on the Montana ranges always went north in the early spring, usually in March, so that during the time the hunters were hauling in the hides taken on the winter hunt the ranges were entirely deserted. It is equally certain, however, that a few small bands remained in certain portions of Montana throughout the summer. But the main body crossed the international boundary, and spent the summer on the plains of the Saskatchewan, where they were hunted by the half-breeds from the Red River settlements and the Indians of the plains. It is my belief that in this movement nearly all the Buffalo of Montana and Dakota participated, and the herds which spent the summer in Dakota spent the winter in Kansas and Nebraska."

Prof. H. Y. Hind, the leader of a famous exploring expedition to the North-west in 1859, left some valuable details of the Buffalo movements from which I have compiled the map on page 399. It is remarkable that the Saskatchewan herd should



Buffalo calf.

From a photograph by John Fossum.



Drawn by Ernest Thompson Seton.

A Buffalo herd in the early fall.

winter in its coldest latitude; nevertheless, it obviously wintered on its best feeding-grounds.

Henry's record shows that in 1800 the stream, both north and south, went along the Red River. The change to the route near Turtle Mountain began about 1812, when the first settlers came to Lord Selkirk's land grant, and was directly caused by the increase of hunters in the neighborhood. Theoretically, the Buffalo must have been migratory, because it continued of one species, although it covered a vast region of faunal areas and must have split up into several distinct species had not it been continually mixed by migration.

There is only one sure way to determine the question of migration; that is, by a series of observations made at one point during a number of years, when the Buffalo abounded. Ten years ago we should have said, "Too late for that," but now the discovery of the precious old Alexander Henry Journal has shed light on the Buffalo and most other by-gone creatures of that now famous land of grain.

Henry's observations were made at Park River Post, a fort which he built on the Red River point thirty-five miles south of the international boundary. The Buffalo lived in that region the year round, though less numerous there than higher up the river.

I have collected all his remarks. They amply sustain the theory of migration and I conclude with Mr. Hornaday that the Buffalo did migrate from 300 to 400 miles north in spring and south in autumn, but the regularity of their movement was much obscured by changes of direction to meet changes of weather, to visit well-known pastures, to seek good crossings of river or mountain, or to avoid hostile camps and places of evil memories. Furthermore, there were scattered individuals to be found in all parts of the range at all seasons.



Yellowstone Park Buffalo.
From a photograph by John Fossum.

The chief natural enemies of the Buffalo in inverse order of importance were wolves, prairie fires, bogs, the Indian, and the rivers. Epidemic disease seems to have been unknown.

Every Buffalo band was followed by wolves that picked off the young, the weak, and the wounded, thus keeping their herds up to a good physical standard. But the destruction by the wolves was not great. Prairie fires not only destroyed their food, but were the source of direct danger, as we realize in reading this extract from Henry's journal:

"Nov. 25, 1804. Plains burned in every direction and blind Buffalo seen every moment wandering about. The poor beasts have all the hair singed off, even the skin in many places is shrivelled up and terribly



Spring calves, Yellowstone Park.
From a photograph by John Fossum.

burned, and their eyes are swollen and closed fast. It was really pitiful to see them staggering about, sometimes running afoul of a large stone, and other times tumbling down hill and falling into creeks, not yet dead. The fire having passed only yesterday these animals were still good and fresh, and many of them exceedingly fat. Our road was the summit of the Hair Hills [Pembina Mt.] where the open ground is uneven and intercepted by many small creeks running eastward. The country is stony and barren. At sunset we arrived at the Indian camp, having made an extraordinary day's ride, and seen an incredible number of dead and dying, blind, lame, singed, and roasted Buffalo. The fire raged all night toward the S. W." (Vol. i, p. 253.)



Buffalo tearing up the ground.
The first art in wallowing.
From a photograph by R. L. Walker, of Carnegie, Pennsylvania.

Professor Hind in 1859 made similar observations.

The obstinate adherence to one course that characterized the Buffalo often led many to their death in the treacherous bogs.

Hornaday says that in the summer of 1867 "over 2,000 Buffalo out of a herd of about 4,000, lost their lives in the quicksand of the Platte River, near Plum Creek, while attempting to cross. . . . It was a common thing for the voyageurs on the Missouri River to see the Buffalo hopelessly mired in the quicksand along the shore." (P. 421.) I doubt not that every great bog and quicksand in the central North-west will prove on drainage to be a Buffalo bone yard that dates from their earliest days.



Bull's eye study by Ernest Thompson Seton.

The primitive Indian was far from being the greatest enemy of the Buffalo; armed only with bow and arrow or lance, and without the aid of a horse, he could scarcely count on the Buffalo for regular support. In winter, when the snow was deep, he could pursue them on snow-shoes and slay them easily enough. But there was rarely sufficient snow for this; all the circumstances precluded the possibility of great destruction, and the opportunities for such slaughter were confined to the North. On rare occasions the tribe could unite and form a Buffalo pound. But there was usually a sufficiency of small game, and I doubt not that before the coming of the horse and the rifle the red man did little harm to the great Bison herds. These two principal aids arrived together on the Buffalo range about the close of the eighteenth century. They marked the beginning of the epoch of extirpatory slaughter by man.

By far the worst destroyer in ancient days was treacherous ice in the spring. All winter the Buffalo herds of the north had been fearlessly crossing and recrossing the ice-bound rivers. Springtime comes with the impulse to wander farther north; the herds are more compacted now, they slowly travel on their route, river after river is crossed at first. But a change sets in; the ice grows rotten. To all appearance it is the same, but it will no longer bear the widely extended herd. The van goes crashing through to death, and thousands more are pushed in by the oncoming hordes behind.

The records of early travellers, we now realize, have much on this subject. But the best I can find is still from the garrulous and ever delightful Henry:

"March 28, 1801. It [the ice] continued to drift on the 31st, bearing great numbers of dead Buffalo from above which must have been drowned in attempting to cross while the ice was weak. . . .

"Wednesday, April 1st. The river clear of ice, but drowned Buffalo continue to drift, by entire herds. Several are lodged on the banks near the fort. The women cut up some of the fattest for their own use; the flesh appeared to be fresh and good. It is really astonishing what vast numbers have perished; they formed one continuous line in the current for two days and nights."

"When they, the Mandans on the Missouri, collect the driftwood, great numbers of drowned Buffalo that have perished in attempting to cross above when the ice was getting bad, float down; those animals the natives are very careful to haul on shore, as they prefer such flesh to that killed in any other way." (Vol. i, p. 341.)

"May 1, 1801. The stench from the vast number of drowned Buffalo along the river was intolerable. . . . 2d. Two hunters arrived . . . from Grandes Fourches. . . . They tell me the number of Buffalo lying along the beach and on the banks above passes all imagination; they form one continuous line and emit a horrid stench. I am informed that every spring it is about the same." (Vol. i, p. 177.)

The distance was thirty-five miles; a Buf-



Buffalo in the snow.
From a photograph by John Fossum.

falo every ten yards on each side would be within the terms of the description, and would total over 20,000 carcasses.

Dr. E. Coues, commenting on this in a foot-note, says:

"This account is not exaggerated. John McDonnell's Journal of May 18, 1795, when he was descending Qu'Appelle River, states:

"'Observing a good many carcasses of Buffalo in the river and along the banks, I was taken up the whole day in counting them, and, to my surprise, found I had numbered, when we put up for the night, 7,360, drowned and mired along the river and in it. It is true, in one or two places I went on shore and walked from one carcass to the other, where they lay from three to five files deep.' (Masson 1, 1889, p. 294.)"

For generations the dwellers on the Missouri River were familiar with the yearly flood that bore countless Buffalo hulks to be packed away in the Mississippi mud, that in some far geologic day will be the rock, all stored and storied with unnumbered bones. Now we know that all the Northern rivers made their death trap every spring, and since their sum of length must have been not less than 20,000 miles, we can form an estimate of the terrible slaughter that was caused by the rotten ice. Clearly the destruction by nature's own means was so great that the Buffalo were barely holding their own in the long fight; and when the rifle came upon the scene, their doom was sealed.

It was only during the migrations that the very large herds were seen. Bands of a few thousands were found at all seasons, but the millions came together only on some great general impulse.

Let us follow one of these herds moving northward to its summer home from the sheltered bottom-lands along the Missouri in central Dakota, where it wintered.

Before there is yet any visible spring in the land the spirit of unrest comes on them. It may be, the final touch is a warm, sunny day. The old cow, with a "bunch" of fifty to one hundred followers turns her nose northward. Their grunting spreads an epidemic of unrest, and from every valley a long black string pours forth. As they top the upland others and yet others come to view. The general move is northward, but their disposition is to condense into one herd. As night comes down black and chill, they leave the exposed ridges and shelter in the hollows. Cold weather and more snow may follow, but the impulse to travel is in possession now. Once it is given command, it changes not in force or direction till the remembered pastures are reached.



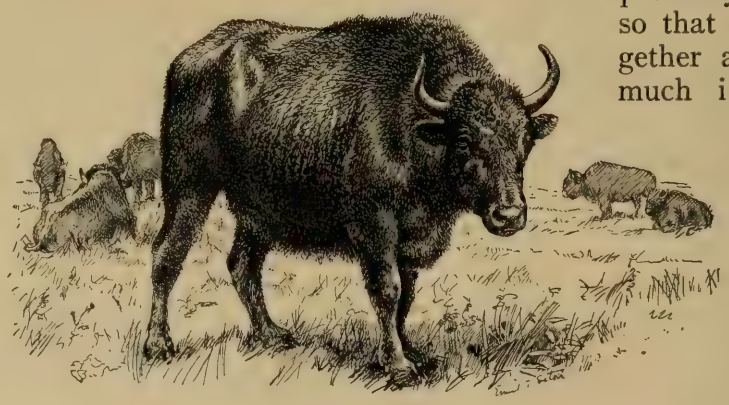
The big bull collected by Mr. W. T. Hornaday.
From pen and ink sketch by Ernest Thompson Seton.
By courtesy of the United States National Museum.

Rivers may cross this path; if frozen, they are unnoticed; if open, they are swum; if covered with rotten ice, the ice is broken by the weight of the herd and some are drowned, but the rest swim through and continue their march. An onset of hunters may swerve them for a time, but it does not change their main trend.

For three or four weeks this continues, and the blackening horde comes swarming down the long level prairies of the Red River Valley. Now they are nearing their familiar summer haunts, and the bands which originally united to form the herd begin to quit that main body. Again the old leader cow sets the example, and stringing after her come many cows and yearlings, mostly relatives by blood, and finally a dozen bulls, that are mostly relatives by marriage.

In a broad sense it will be seen that this small local herd is a family, or, rather, clan. Their leader is an old cow—there is abundance of evidence for this—and doubtless the grandmother of many of them, as Long says (p. 473) "cows are often seen accompanied by the calves of three seasons." The males remain with the females and take an active interest in the young. Animals know and stay with their personal acquaintance, they resent the approach of strangers; migrants work back to their birthplace; whenever a local band of Buffalo was wiped out their pasturage remained vacant for years, so it is unlikely that this group is finally scattered during the annual herding.

The evidence of common range cattle sustains the idea. For, in spite of the annual round-ups, which correspond to the annual herding of the Buffalo, we usually find the same little bunch of cattle (easily distinguished by the marks) in the same feeding-grounds season after season. Finally, the Bison species is polygamous, or probably promiscuous, so that those living together are sure to be much interrelated—that is, a clan.



Catalo cow in herd of Buffalo Jones.
From pen and ink sketch by Ernest Thompson Seton.
By courtesy of the United States National Museum.

The blood tie and clan feeling of the group, therefore, I think, well established, but because they have been questioned I was glad, long after the above was written, to find them strongly maintained in detail by an undoubted authority, Buffalo Jones.



Catalo yearling in herd of Buffalo Jones.
From pen sketch by Ernest Thompson Seton.
By courtesy of the United States National Museum.

So far as I can learn this band does not further disintegrate; it rambles about, in a radius of perhaps ten miles from the favorite



A very high-humped old bull.

drinking-place, and wherever it goes, it is followed by one or two ever-watchful gray wolves.

Some time in April usually, though possibly as early as January and as late as August, the full-grown cow has finished her 9½ months' gestation. True to a universal instinct, she slinks off by herself to some slight hollow—for such there are even on the levelest prairie—and here is born the calf, or, on rare occasions, twin calves. Then, in less than an hour, the mother is able and ready to meet any enemy that may come. Chief among these are the gray or Buffalo wolves. From one or two she is very well able to guard her calf, but half a dozen give a serious aspect to the situation, even though she stand with the little one under her body. But usually help is at hand. Her loud, angry snort or threatening bellow will bring the bulls to her aid. Once the calf is strong on its feet, and that means when three or four days old, its life is with the herd, and it is effectually guarded. Ordinarily, when they lie down for the night they may be scattered, but the near appearance of a gray wolf is enough to make them rearrange their places, condensing their band, the bulls, as a matter of course, now taking the outside.

In the early spring the life of the herds is a pleasant one. Weather is bright and warm now, insect pests unknown. Before the snow is quite gone the crocus or sandflower is greening the plains again, and in a week, changing their color with its teeming bloom, a hundred others follow in quick succession with their rich and succulent growth. The Buffalo grow fatter every day. All the early morning they graze. Toward ten o'clock they lie down and chew their cud; about noon the old cow will arise and march toward the water with the band behind her. She does not go far before meeting, among the many deep-worn Buffalo trails, one which is pointing her way. She follows it; the others come stringing along in single file behind her. The only exception to the single rank is made by the young calves, that run and frisk alongside their mothers. It may be miles to the watering-place, but the herd marches steadily and with purpose. After all have drunk their fill they may lie down again in the neighborhood, or maybe wander back to some prairie swell on whose northern side the sun is a little less warm, the western breeze a little stronger, and there they scatter and lie down for a two hours' rest, till the herd is reminded of its own growing hunger by some young Spikehorn rising to resume the quest for food. Or perhaps even the final ounce of push that moves the landslide is supplied by some little calf, who, desiring drink, uses vigorous means to make his mother take the posture needful to serve him. I remember



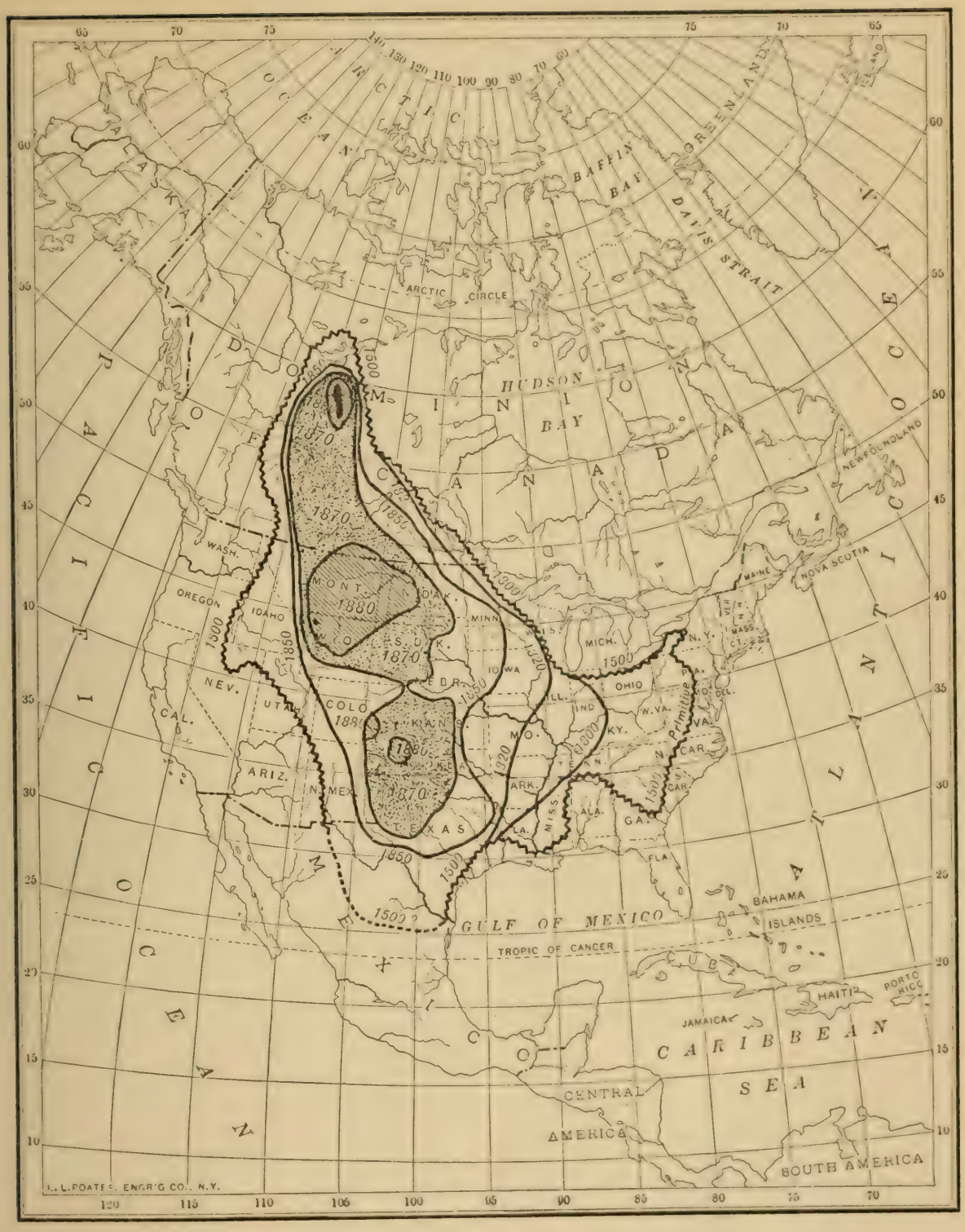
The old bull's last fight.

once watching a young calf that besought his mother for food by pushing around her neck as she lay. She brushed him away with a swing of her head. Again he rubbed and leaned against his mother's neck in mute appeal; again she mutely said, "Don't bother me," and flung him afar with a swing of her massive woolly jowl. Then did that small calf rise to the emergency in a way that filled me with glee; for, standing just beyond the sweep of mother's impatient horns, he backed and charged again and again, butting and pounding with his tiny budded nubbins of horns against her flank --her only tender spot—until she could stand it no longer and leaped to her feet.

Another glimpse of the family life, or at least the Indians' opinion of it, is afforded by the following, from the pen of Mr. C. E. Denny (*F. & S.*, 8 May, 1897). Referring to the rare and beautiful "beaver robe" occasionally found, he says: "The robe was nearly always from a cow, very fine and very light. Many explanations were given by the hunters for this peculiar coat, and the right one was no doubt that given by Montana Indians, that it was caused by the constant licking of many animals in the herd, to which some motherless calf belonged—it having become the pet of the band—and the animals testified their liking in that manner."

In all this pastoral scene there is a flock of small black birds, cowbirds or Buffalo birds they are called. They haunt the Buffalo as negroes do a Mississippi raft-house —sometimes on it, sometimes on the nearest land, but moving when it moves and recognizing this as headquarters.

The cowbirds (*Molothrus ater*) are well-known members of the Starling family. They are peculiar in this, they never pair, make a nest, or bring up their own young. Free love is the order of their day, and when the female is ready to lay she searches for the nest of some small bird and in it abandons her offspring to a foundling's chances with a strange foster-mother. Then, back she hikes to the merry group that live and revel around the Buffalo herd. Sometimes the cowbirds walk sedately behind their grazing monster, sometimes they flit over, snapping at the flies, and as often they sit in a line along the ridge-pole of his spine. Their attachment to the Buffalo was so obvious that an Indian myth tells of their nesting in the wool between the horns of the big bull. Rather a fearsome home site, one would think, during a combat of the bull with some huge rival. But there are some foundations for the myth. First, they do not nest elsewhere. Furthermore, I am told by old-timers, that skulls of Buffalo still clad in their black shock of hair were often used by little birds as nesting-places.



Buffalo map by Ernest Thompson Seton.

Compiled chiefly from the works and maps of Dr. J. A. Allen and W. T. Hornaday.
The black spots, on Yellowstone Park and near Lake Athabasca, represent the herds existing in 1906.

One more incident. In the Park of Silver Heights, Winnipeg, is a herd of a dozen Buffalo. All summer they are followed by the usual flock of cowbirds, which fly southward when cold weather arrives. But the autumn of 1900 came and there was one that stayed when the others flew. All through that Manitoba winter he remained with the Buffalo, and especially with the biggest bull of the herd. Its food was the Buffalo's food; by day it flitted near or warmed its toes in the wool of his back. By night it snuggled in a sort of a nestling hollow it had made in the wool just back of his

horns. He was its protector from famine, frost, animal and human foes, for he was so fierce that none dared go near him, even to inspect more closely the cowbird that had committed itself to his charge. This incident is attested by Dr. S. J. Thompson, the veterinary of the province, and Mr. George Grieve, the taxidermist, as well as by the keeper, Mr. Prescott.

Mr. Grieve tells me that he thinks the bird was wounded and unable to fly when its kinsfolk went South, and so made the best of the situation; and not so very bad it proved, for he came out fat and fit in the spring. It is interesting to note that upon their ranges the Red River Valley Buffalo were accompanied by the cowbird (*M. Ater*) and the Saskatchewan Buffalo by the white-winged Buffalo bird (*Calamospiza bicolor*).

As the summer grows warm, the Buffalo shed their coats in great broad flakes or wads of mothy-looking felt; the latter half of their bodies becomes positively naked. And now the mosquito millions are turned loose. I suppose that even a rhinoceros would be annoyed by these long-beaked stingers of the lush wet plains, and the Buffalo with their naked rears are driven to accept any promise of relief. A high knoll in a strong wind is said to be good "medicine for the flies." But such a combination is not always available and besides, it prevents feeding. A much more convenient remedy is a supplementary coat of mud. This they get by rolling hog-like in the muddy hollows that still dot the plains—hollows which the ignorant call fairy-rings, but which were always known to the hunters as "*wallows*."

The Buffalo bull is so exemplary in his behavior toward the calf that some observers believed the species monogamous. Thus Audubon and Bachman say, "The Bison bulls generally select a mate from among a herd of cows and do not leave their chosen one until she is about to calf.

"When two or more males fancy the same female, furious battles ensue and the conqueror leads off the fair cause of the contest in triumph." . . .

"It frequently happens, that a bull leads off a cow, and remains with her, separated during the season, from all the others, either male or female." ("Quad. Am.," p. 37-38.)

Others maintain that there is no mating, the species is promiscuous; and yet others that extreme polygamy is the rule—that the strongest bull drives the rest out and holds the herd as his harem.

Of the battle there can be no doubt. The annual ferment, the disturber of so much animal peace, sets in with July, earlier in the South, later in the North, and continues about two months. Catlin's picture is that of a man who had seen it many times.

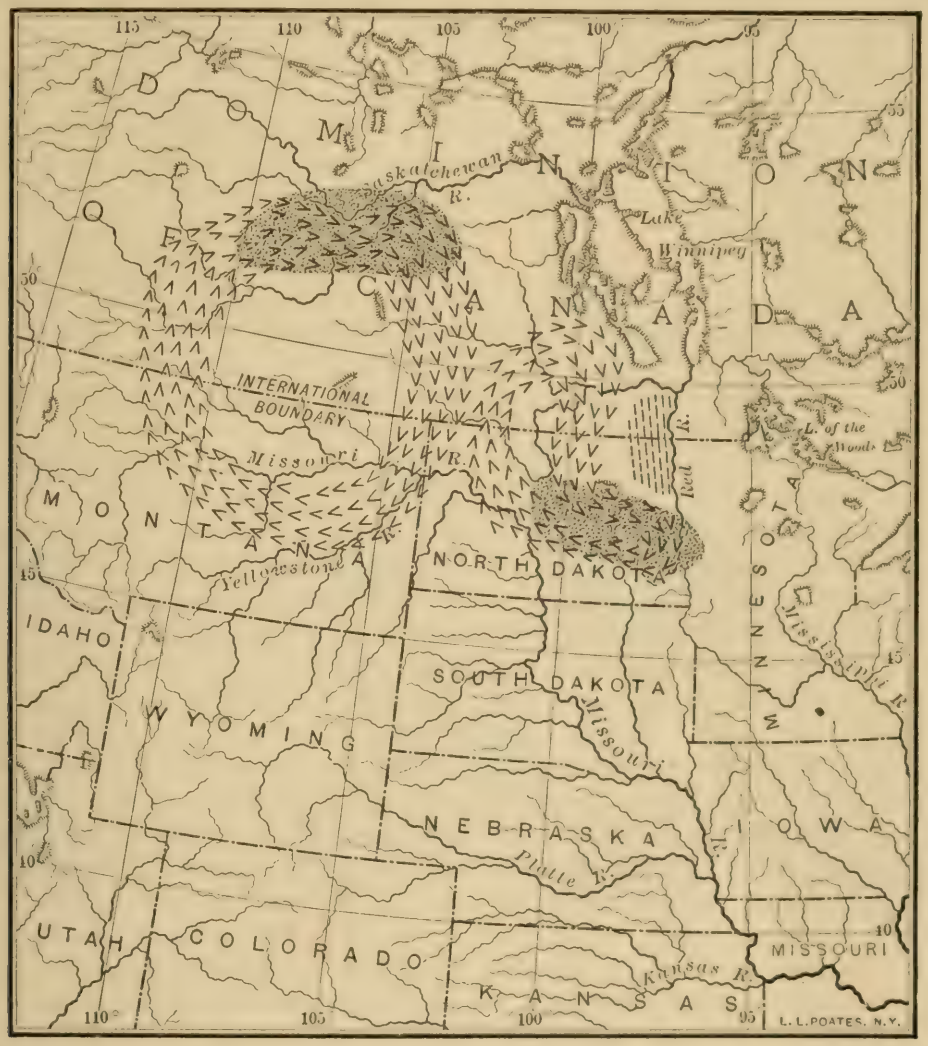
"The *running season*, which is in August and September, is the time when they congregate into such masses in some places, as literally to blacken the prairies for miles together. It is no uncommon thing at this season, at these gatherings, to see several thousands in a mass, eddying and wheeling about under a cloud of dust, which is raised by the bulls as they are pawing in the dirt, or engaged in desperate combats, as they constantly are, plunging and butting at each other in the most furious manner. In these scenes, the males are continually following the females, and the whole mass are in a constant motion; and all bellowing (or 'roaring') in deep and hollow sounds, which mingled together, appear, at the distance of a mile or two, like the sound of distant thunder." (Catlin, p. 249.)

There is on Antelope Island, Salt Lake, a herd of Buffalo (numbering twenty-eight in 1905). Friends in Salt Lake City have given me an idea of what has been going on in that herd ever since they were turned loose and left free to resume their tribal life. The strongest bull takes possession of all the best things, the wallow, the choice food, the shady spot in the summer and the sheltered nook in winter, as well as the majority of the cows. He would take all if he had the wit, and the cows accepted his view of the matter. The lesser bulls keep out of his way and take what they can get of his leavings. From time to time some growing, lusty young fellow tries a bout with the "boss," and usually gets the worst of it. But a time comes, soon or late, when the "boss is licked." He is driven out of the herd and far from it, forbidden to return at the peril of his life, for he has made enemies of all, and the new king reigns in his stead, to tyrannize over the cows and the lesser bulls. The reign of each boss is usually two or three years. I have no doubt that this explains the clan life of the Buffalo.

In August and September the herd has been mixed, of all ages and sexes. As Sep-

tember wanes the males lose interest in their partners and now, for the first time, we find the clan divided, the males in one herd, the females in another. Their lives go on as before, but they meet and pass without mixing. The bulls are poor in flesh at this time and subdued in spirit, but the rich pasturage to which they most assiduously devote themselves begins to tell. In October the good fare shows in all. Their new coats are sleek and growing, their bodies reinvigorated, their tempers more sociable, and when late November frosts send forth the word to move, it is usual to find the clan reunited, moving as before, with the old great-grandmother in advance, the young ones scattered through, the father and grandfather behind, and the great-great-great-grandfather dethroned and roaming alone in the offing.

These old bulls are rarely molested by hunters, human or brute. They are too tough for the one to eat, or for the other to kill. But sometimes the wolves, when hard pressed by hunger, will unite in a large band and attack even an old bull, if no better prey be in sight.



Buffalo migration according to Professor Hind's record.

The dark area in each case marks the winter range. The arrow-heads show direction of migration. Their ancient route along Red River is marked with straight dotted lines.

These solitary bulls are probably much over twenty years of age. Domestic bulls continue to breed till considerably over a dozen years old; these were past breeding, and the Buffalo seems to have been longer lived than the ordinary bovine. Senator R. F. Pettigrew, of South Dakota, tells me that a Buffalo bull calf that he caught in 1882 was still living in Buffalo City Zoo in 1902, and by its continued vigor gave every promise of a much more extended life. The cows seem equally long-lived. Mr. Chas. Payne tells me of a cow that was still breeding and vigorous in her twenty-sixth year. Colonel

Jones says: "The natural life of the Buffalo is much longer than is that of domestic cattle. I frequently saw animals so old their horns had decayed and dropped off, which indicated that they live to a patriarchal age. I saw a Buffalo cow in the zoölogical garden in Paris which was thirty-one years old, and I am sure I have seen wild ones from ten to fifteen years older." And since the cow begins to breed at three years and has a calf each spring, or every other spring, for about thirty years, the diminution of the Buffalo as a wild race cannot be, as some have claimed, due to infecundity.

The "Extermination of the Buffalo" has been so fully and admirably treated by Mr. W. T. Hornaday, in his volume of that name (1889), that I can do little more than condense his account, acknowledge my indebtedness, and add a few later facts.

About the beginning of the nineteenth century the Buffalo were cleared out of all the country east of the Mississippi.

In 1832, according to Catlin, 150,000 to 200,000 robes were marketed each year, which meant a slaughter of 2,000,000 or perhaps 3,000,000 Buffalo, by the plains Indians. The destruction and waste was already so great that Catlin prophesied the speedy extinction of the Bison. The drain was obviously greater than the natural increase and already the vast herds were visibly shrinking. About 1834 or 1835 they began to diminish very rapidly on the west slope of the Rockies, as Frémont records. But the east slope was the great Buffalo range. Concerning these two areas this famous explorer writes:

"The extraordinary abundance of the Buffalo on the east side of the Rocky Mountains, and their extraordinary diminution, will be made clearly evident from the following statement: At any time between the years 1824 and 1836, a traveller might start from any given point south or north in the Rocky Mountain range, journeying by the most direct route to the Missouri River; and, during the whole distance, his road would be always among large bands of Buffalo, which would never be out of his view until he arrived almost within sight of the abodes of civilization.

"At this time [1842] the Buffalo occupy but a very little limited space, principally along the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, sometimes extending their southern extremity to a considerable distance into the plains between the Platte and Arkansas rivers, and along the eastern frontier of New Mexico, as far south as Texas."

Frémont reckoned the annual market of Buffalo robes as 90,000; but robes were collected only during the four winter months; and not more than a third of those killed at the season were skinned, while half of the robes were used at home. Therefore 90,000 robes represented a slaughter of 1,620,000 of Buffalo. But the rate of killing was so much higher in summer that we may calculate the annual kill at 2,000,000 or 2,500,000 a year during these palmy Buffalo days. The herds shrank fast. The Buffalo Indians had been decreased by smallpox, but the white consumers more than made up the shortage.

In 1842 Frémont found distress among the Indians along the Platte on account of failure of the Buffalo. In 1852 the Buffalo was so far from the Red River country that Ross considered hunting it a thing of the past. In 1867, the Union Pacific Railway reached Cheyenne, penetrated the heart of the Buffalo country, carrying unnumbered destroyers with it, and split the remaining Buffalo range in two; thenceforth it was customary to speak of the "South herd" and the "North herd," each of which appeared to recognize a boundary in those sinister lines of steel.

In 1871, the Santa Fé Railway crossed Kansas, the favorite summer ground of the Southern herd, now reduced to about 4,000,000, according to Hornaday, and then began the great slaughter by the white skin-hunters. Taking as a basis the railway statistics of shipments and Colonel Dodge's observations, Mr. Hornaday has calculated the slaughter of the herd as follows:

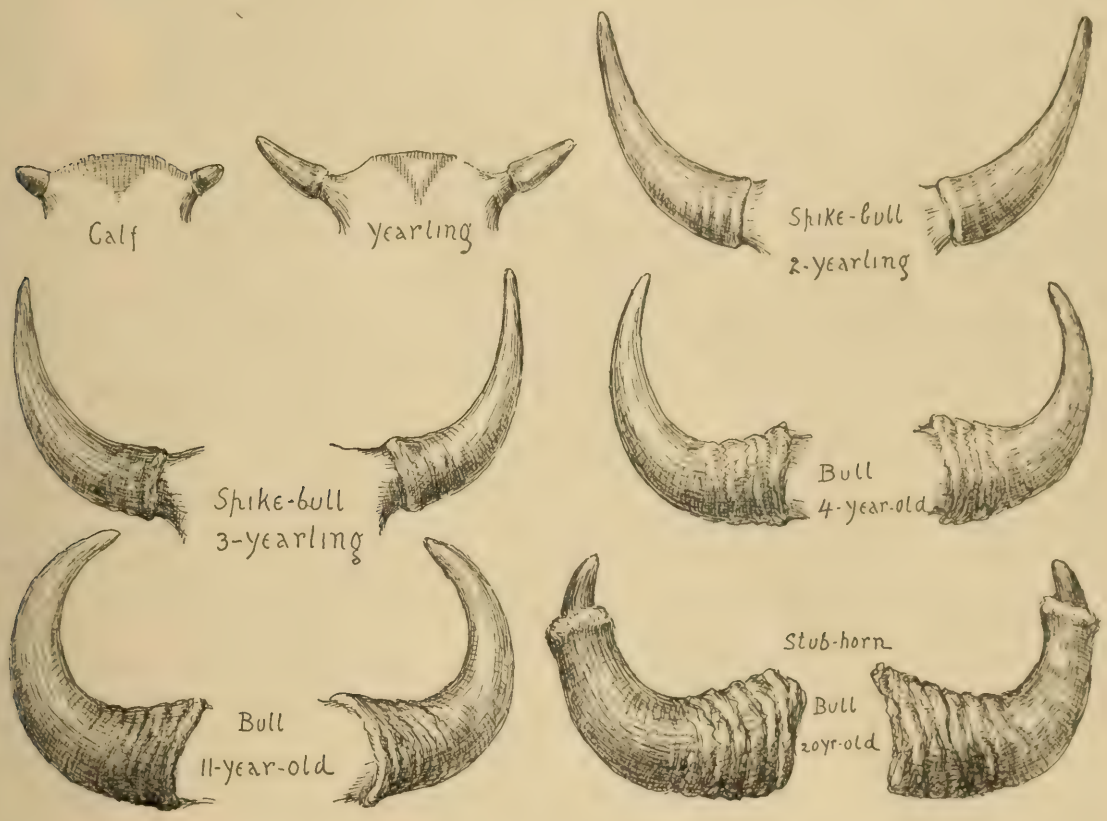
1872	1,491,489
1873	1,508,658
1874	158,583
Total	3,158,730
Killed by the Indians, same period	390,000
" " settlers and Indians	150,000
Total	3,698,730

These are the lowest estimates that I know of. Colonel Jones's figures are about double these. That was the end of the Southern herd.

A few scattered bands lingered in out-of-the-way places, but were relentlessly hunted

down. The last considerable herd that I can learn about was in 1886, described to me seven years afterward by Mr. Charles Norris, cowboy, of Clayton, New Mexico. His narrative is full of interesting detail. The date seemed to me very late for so large a herd, but cross-examination did not make him change it. He said:

"The last big bunch of Buffalo I ever saw was in the Panhandle of Texas. I came on in the May of 1886; I was driving a bunch of horses from Coldwater to Buffalo Springs, and when thirty-five miles east of Buffalo Springs, saw the Buffalo herd about three miles off. I knew at once they were Buffalo, because they were all of one color. I left the horses with the other man, as all he needed was a guide to this place, and the next day on returning, I saw them again about fifteen miles farther east. I rode in among them, some were lying down and some were grazing; they seemed about 200. There were only six little calves. As soon as they saw me they bunched like cattle and kept on milling around. Then one bull made a lead to stampede, but none followed him, so he came back to the bunch. Another bull thus started from the bunch tried to lead off; he ran about 100 yards, but none followed him at all, so he returned to the bunch. Then one in the bunch, he seemed a third larger than any other there, led out and all followed him. They strung out in a semicircle and I tried to cut across to the middle of it. But instead of getting right away, part of them hung back and it seemed as if they were going to surround me. I thought it wiser, then, to fall back and get out of the way. There they strung off after the big leader. I galloped behind trying to rope a calf, but the mother turned on me. I had no gun, my horse was tired, so I gave it up. I noticed that in running they pawed with one side low and after a while changed to the other. Then I went on fifteen miles south-east to our camp. A. N. Cranmer was in charge of the camp, which was by a small lake. He said: 'This is the only water in this region; they will be certain to come in here before three days.' So we waited, and on the second day the whole herd appeared. Now I had a good chance to count them, there were 186. They drank very heavily and then played about like calves. A num-



Series of Buffalo horns.

Redrawn from "Extermination of the American Bison," by W. T. Hornaday.

ber of them amused themselves by jumping off a bluff into the water four feet below them, then running around up a low place to jump off again. As soon as we had seen all we wished, we fired. I killed a cow and he killed a bull. We then started off to rope some calves. I caught one and he caught two. We had to kill the mother of the last, as she showed fight. Then we had to go. I saw no more of them. One of his calves died and I gave mine to his little boy, who sold it to Goodnight, and the other was traded to a passing stranger from Kansas for a span of colts.

"In the November of the same year, on the same trail I saw twelve head, and I have never seen one since."

The very last individuals that I have knowledge of were four found and killed in 1889, near Buffalo Springs, Texas. The account of it I got from Mr. W. Allen, cowboy, also of Clayton, New Mexico, four years after the event.

This ended the last of the Southern stragglers.

The great Northern herd was still in existence after the bulk of the Southern was wiped out. A colder winter and hostile Indians were their chief protectors. Hornaday calculated the Northern herd at about 1,500,000; most authors put it much higher. The Indians, he reckons, were then slaughtering them at the rate of 375,000 a year.

In 1876 the American troops drove the hostile Indians out of the country, opening the way for the skin hunters. In 1878 the last herd went South from the Saskatchewan and the few scattered bands there were killed off by the Indians in 1879. In 1880 the Southern Pacific Railroad opened a way into the central country of the last great herd, and the Southern story was repeated.

Condensing Mr. Hornaday's account,

In 1881 the skin hunters shipped out	50,000
" 1882 " " " "	200,000
" 1883 " " " "	40,000
" 1884 " " " "	300
" 1885 " " " "	0
	290,300

This was the end of the Northern herd.

The last survivors, twenty-eight in number, were killed on the Big Porcupine, in 1886, and mounted by Mr. Hornaday himself, for the National Museum. The only wild ones left are the band preserved in the Yellowstone Park and the herd of Wood Buffalo that finds a refuge in the woods and on the plains of the Athabasca region.

How many Buffalo, all told, are living now? This is a question put by all who are interested in the subject. For a clear expression of their numbers, their decline, and the rescue of the survivors, I shall set the various figures in columns.

Estimate of the Buffalo in primitive days	55,000,000
" " " " " 1800	40,000,000
" " " " " 1850	20,000,000
Mr. W. T. Hornaday's estimate in 1871	4,500,000
" " " " census (wild 635; captive in America 256, in Yellowstone Park 200) in 1889	1,091
About 1895 they probably reached a minimum of	800
Mr. Mark Sullivan's census in 1900	1,024
Mr. S. P. Langley's census, Feb. 6, 1902	1,394
Dr. Frank Baker's census, 1903	1,753
" " " " 1905	1,697

The apparent diminution in 1905 is due to the continued hunting of the wild ones in North-west Canada.

In 1903, Dr. Baker estimated these at 600; in 1905, at 400. They seem to be doomed; but the rest are captives in America and Europe; they have increased from the original stock of 256 in 1889 to 1,297 in 1905, and there is every prospect that they will continue as they have begun.

Many able pens have recorded the service that the Buffalo rendered man; it needs no telling here. His feeding of a quarter of a million and his clothing of twice as many human beings are well known, indeed, but they are ended.

Many good men, chief among them Buffalo Jones (Col. C. J. Jones) have made practical efforts to utilize the Bison as a domestic animal. They have above all attracted attention to it, and saved the remnant from extermination. Colonel Jones believes in a hybrid form between the Buffalo and the common cattle. This he calls a "Catalo." It has the advantages of being exceedingly hardy, fearless of blizzards, able to paw and root through the snow for grass where ordinary cattle would starve, and above all, produce a robe which, very superior even to that of a Buffalo, is worth as much as the entire ordinary steer. Alaska and Canada are the countries for which these experiments have an especial interest.

But the Buffalo as a wild animal is gone. The great herds will never again be seen roaming the plains.

Who is there of the present generation



Map of North America (exclusive of Mexico), after C. S. Sargent.

Showing coniferous forest in dark tint, deciduous forest in pale tint, prairies in dotted tint, and treeless plains in white tint.

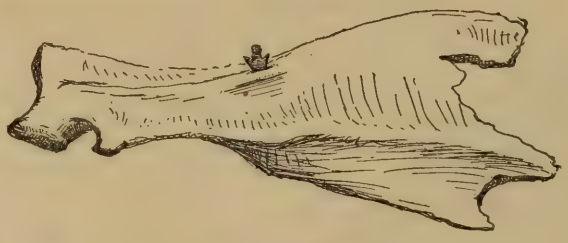
that does not feel profound regret at the thought and ask himself: "Why was I born too late? What would I not give to have seen the Buffalo days and people in their romantic prime?" All the hungry regret that Sir Walter Scott felt over the departed glories of the feudal life is felt by every boy and young man of our country now when he hears of the Buffalo days and the stirring times of the by-gone wildest West.

Why was it allowed? Why did not the Government act? And a hundred sad "might have beens" spring forth from

hearts that truly feel they lost a wonderful something when the butchers drawn from the dregs of border towns were turned loose to wipe out the great herds that meant so much to all who love wilds and the primitive in life.

There is one answer—*the extermination was absolutely inevitable*. The Buffalo ranged the plains that were needed by the outcrowded human swarms of Europe; producing Buffalo was not the best use for those plains; possessed of vast size and strength, and of an obstinate, impetuous disposition, that would stampede in a given line and keep that line to the utter destruction of all obstacles or of himself, the Buffalo was incompatible with any degree of possession by white men and with the higher productivity of the soil.

He had to go. He may still exist in small herds in our parks and forest reserves. He may even achieve success as a domestic animal, filling the gaps where the old-time cattle fail. But the Buffalo of the wild plains is gone forever, and we who see those times in the glamor of romance can only say: It had to be; he served his time and now his time is past.



A story of the plains.
Medicine Hat, Saskatchewan.



Freak Buffalo horn found on the Black Plateau.
Collected in 1895 by Frank H. Mayer.
Redrawn from photograph in *Outdoor Life*.



Freak horn from Saskatchewan.
In collection of James Hargraves, of Medicine Hat.

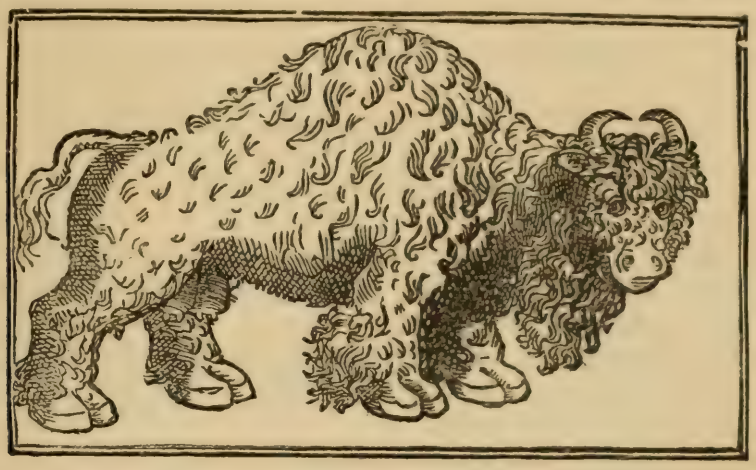
But there is a lasting monument he leaves behind. Who that knows the West has not seen the game trail grow into an Indian trail and the Indian trail into a pack trail, which again becomes a white man's road, and at last the pilot of the iron horse? The reason is simple: it is the easiest and shortest way through the hills that can be selected by long experience and thorough knowledge of the country. This idea has been worked out for the Buffalo by Mr. A. B. Hulbert, in his "Historic Highways of America." He points out that the Buffalo first planned the route through the Alleghanies, by which the white man entered and possessed the Mississippi Valley.

"It is very wonderful," he says, "that the Buffalo's instinct should have found the very best courses across a continent upon whose thousand rivers such great black forests were thickly strung. Yet it did, and the tripod of the white man has proved it, and human intercourse will move constantly on paths first marked by the Buffalo. It is interesting that he found the strategic passageways through the mountains; it is also interesting that the Buffalo marked out the most practical paths between the heads of our rivers, paths that are closely followed today by the Pennsylvania, Baltimore and Ohio, Chesapeake and Ohio, Cleveland, Terminal and Valley, Wabash, and other great railroads.

"A rare instance of this: the B. & O. R. R., between Grafton and Parkersburg (W. Va.), has followed the trail steadily throughout its course, and when it came to

a more difficult point than usual, the railway was compelled to tunnel at the strategic point of least elevation, and in two instances the trail runs exactly over the tunnel! This same thing occurs now in the building of new railways."

But the white man was not the first to follow the Buffalo's paths. Professor Mooney has proved to us that the Sioux Indians were a race of the Atlantic coast, that they migrated through the Alleghanies to the Mississippi Valley, and on, and yet farther on, they went. Doing what? We know to-day, from their traditions, from their life, and from their route. They were following the Buffalo — and followed them over the mountains by the paths the Buffalo themselves had made. They have followed them long and far. Will they still keep on, and do as many of their bravest wished to do, seek the herds no more on the vast Missourian plains, but over the borderland, in those perfect hunting-grounds where the mosquito, the smallpox, and the white man are unknown, and where alone will the Buffalo bands be seen, darkening the offing and "making the earth one robe"?



Earliest known picture of American Buffalo

From Gomara's "Historia de las Indias Saragossa," 1552–1553. Folio.
In New York Public Library (Lenox Building).

THAMMUZ

By William Vaughn Moody

DAUGHTERS, daughters, do ye grieve?
Crimson dark the freshes flow!
Were ye violent at eve?
Crimson stains where the rushes grow!
What is this that I must know?

Mourners by the dark red waters,
Met ye Thammuz at his play?
Was your mood upon you, daughters?
Had ye drunken? Oh, how gray
Looks your hair in the rising day!

Mourners, mourn not overmuch
That ye slew your lovely one.
Such ye are; and be ye such.
Lift your heads! The waters run
Ruby-bright in the climbing sun.

Raven hair and hair of gold,
Look who bendeth over you!
This is not the shepherd old,
This is Thammuz, whom ye slew,
Radiant Thammuz, risen anew!

DAUGHTERS OF ZION

SECOND REBECCA STORY

By Kate Douglas Wiggin

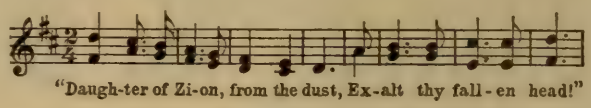
ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

ABIJAH FLAGG was driving over to Wareham on an errand for old Squire Winship, whose general chore-boy and farmer's assistant he had been for some years.

He passed Emma Jane Perkins's house slowly, as he always did. She was only a little girl of thirteen and he a boy of seventeen, but somehow, for no particular reason, he liked to see the sun shine on her thick braids of reddish-brown hair. He admired her china-blue eyes too, and her amiable, friendly expression. He was quite alone in the world, and he always thought that if he had anybody belonging to him he would rather have a sister like Emma Jane Perkins than anything else within the power of Providence to bestow. When she herself suggested this relationship a few years later he cast it aside with scorn, having changed his mind in the interval—but that story belongs to another time and place.

Emma Jane was not to be seen in garden, field, or at the window, and Abijah turned his gaze to the large brick house that came next on the other side of the quiet village street. It might have been closed for a funeral. Neither Miss Miranda nor Miss Jane Sawyer sat at their respective windows knitting, nor was Rebecca Randall's gypsy face to be discerned. Ordinarily that will-o'-the-wispish little person could be seen, heard, or felt wherever she was.

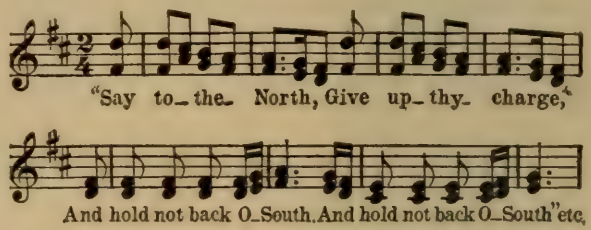
"The village must be abed, I guess," mused Abijah as he neared the Robinsons' yellow cottage, where all the blinds were closed and no sign of life showed on porch or in shed. "No, 'tain't, neither," he thought again, as his horse crept cautiously down the hill, for from the direction of the Robinsons' barn chamber there floated out into the air certain burning sentiments set to the tune of "Antioch." The words, to a lad brought up in the orthodox faith, were quite distinguishable:



Even the most religious youth is stronger on first lines than others, but Abijah pulled up his horses and waited till he caught another familiar verse, beginning:

"Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth."

"That's Rebecca carrying the air, and I can hear Emma Jane's alto. Land! ain't they smart, seesawin' up and down in that part they learnt in singin'-school! I wonder what they're actin' out, singin' hymn-tunes up in the barn chamber? Some o' Rebecca's doin's, I'll be bound! Git dap, Aleck!"



Aleck pursued his serene and steady trot up the hills on the Edgewood side of the river, till at length he approached the green Common where the old Tory Hill meeting-house stood, its white paint and green blinds showing fair and pleasant in the afternoon sun. Both doors were open, and as Abijah turned into the Wareham road the church melodeon pealed out the opening bars of the Missionary Hymn, and presently a score of voices sent the good old tune from the choir-loft out to the dusty road:

"Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?"

"Land!" exclaimed Abijah under his breath. "They're at it up here, too! That

explains it all. There's a missionary meeting at the church and the girls wa'n't allowed to come, so they held one o' their own, and I bate ye it's the liveliest of the two."

Abijah Flagg's shrewd Yankee guesses were not far from the truth, though he was not in possession of all the facts. It will be remembered by those who have been in the way of hearing Rebecca's experiences in Riverboro that the Rev. and Mrs. Burch, returned missionaries from the Far East, together with some of their children—"all born under Syrian skies," as they always explained to interested inquirers—spent a day or two at the brick house and gave parlor meetings in native costume.

These visitors, coming straight from foreign lands to the little Maine village, brought with them a nameless enchantment to the children, and especially to Rebecca, whose imagination always kindled easily. The romance of that visit had never died in her heart and among the many careers that dazzled her youthful vision was that of converting such Syrian heathen as might continue in idol-worship after the Burches' efforts in their behalf had ceased. She thought at the age of eighteen she might be suitably equipped for storming some minor citadel of Mohammedanism; and Mrs. Burch had encouraged her in the idea, not, it is to be feared, because Rebecca showed any surplus of virtue or Christian grace, but because her gift of language, her tact and sympathy, and her musical talent, seemed to fit her for the work.

It chanced that the quarterly meeting of the Maine Missionary Society had been appointed just at the time when a letter from Mrs. Burch to Miss Jane Sawyer suggested that Rebecca should form a children's branch in Riverboro. Mrs. Burch's real idea was that the young people should save their pennies and divert a gentle stream of financial aid into the parent fund, thus learning early in life to be useful in such work either at home or abroad.

The girls themselves, however, read into her letter no such modest participation in the conversion of the world, and wishing to effect an organization without delay, they chose an afternoon when every house in the village was vacant, and seized upon the Robinsons' barn chamber as the place of meeting.

Rebecca, Alice Robinson, Emma Jane Perkins, Candace Milliken, and Persis Watson, each with her hymn-book, had climbed the ladder leading to the haymow a half-hour before Abijah Flagg had heard the strains of "Daughter of Zion" floating out to the road. Rebecca, being an executive person, had carried, beside her hymn-book, a silver call-bell and pencil and paper. An animated discussion regarding one of two names for the society, The Junior Heralds or The Daughters of Zion, had resulted in a unanimous vote for the latter, and Rebecca had been elected president at an early stage of the meeting. She had modestly suggested that Alice Robinson, as the granddaughter of a missionary to China would be much more eligible.

"No," said Alice, with entire good-nature, "whoever is *elected* president, you *will* be, Rebecca—you're that kind—so you might as well have the honor; I'd just as lieves be secretary, anyway."

"If you should want me to be treasurer I could be, as well as not," said Persis Watson, "for, you know, my father keeps china banks at his store—ones that will hold as much as two dollars if you will let them. I think he'd give us one if I am treasurer."

The three principal officers were thus elected at one fell swoop and with an entire absence of that red tape which commonly renders organization so tiresome, Candace Milliken suggesting that she'd better be vice-president, as Emma Jane Perkins was always so bashful. "We ought to have more members," she reminded the other girls, "but if we had invited them the first day they'd have all wanted to be officers, especially Minnie Smellie, so it's just as well not to ask them till another time. Is Thirza Meserve too little to join?"

"I can't think why anybody named Meserve should have called a baby Thirza," said Rebecca, somewhat out of order, though the meeting was carried on with small recognition of parliamentary laws. "It always makes me want to say:

"Thirza Meserver,
Heaven preserve her!

or

"Thirza Meserver,
Do we deserve her?

She's little, but she's sweet, and absolutely without guile. I think we ought to have her."

"Is 'guile' the same as guilt?" inquired Emma Jane.

"Yes," the president answered; "exactly the same except one is written and the other spoken language." (Rebecca was rather good at imbibing information and a master hand at imparting it!) "Written language is for poems and graduations and occasions like this—kind of like a best Sunday-go-to-meeting dress that you wouldn't like to go blueberrying in, for fear of getting it spotted."

"I'd just as lieves get 'guile' spotted as not," affirmed the unimaginative Emma Jane. "I think it's an awful foolish word; but now we're all named and our officers elected, what do we do first? It's easy enough for Mary and Martha Burch; they just play at missionarying because their folks work at it, same as Living and I used to make believe be blacksmiths when we were little."

"It must be nicer missionarying in those foreign places," said Persis, "because on 'Afric's shores and India's plains and other spots where Satan reigns' (that's father's favorite hymn) there's always a heathen bowing down to wood and stone. You can take away his idols if he'll let you and give him a Bible and the beginning's all made. But who'll we begin on? Jethro Small?"

"Oh, he's entirely too dirty, and foolish besides!" exclaimed Candace. "Why not Ethan Hunt? He swears dreadfully."

"He lives on nuts and is a hermit and it's a mile to his camp; my mother'll never let me go there," objected Alice. "There's Uncle Tut Judson."

"He's too old; he's 'most a hundred and deaf as a post," complained Emma Jane. "Besides his married daughter has a class in a Sabbath-school—why doesn't she teach him to behave? I can't think of anybody good to start on!"

"Don't talk like that, Emma Jane," reproved Rebecca. "We are a copperated body named the Daughters of Zion, and, of course, we've got to find something to do. Foreigners are the easiest; there's a Scotch family at North Riverboro, an English one in Edgewood, and one Cuban man at Milliken's Mills."

"Haven't foreigners got any religion of their own?" inquired Persis curiously.

"Ye-es, I s'pose so; kind of a one; but foreigners' religions are never right—ours is the only good one," said Candace, the deacon's daughter.

"I do think it must be dreadful, being born with a religion and growing up with it and then finding out it's no use and all your time wasted!" sighed Rebecca, chewing a straw and looking troubled.

"Well, that's your punishment for being a heathen," retorted Candace, who had been brought up strictly.

"But I can't for the life of me see how you can help being a heathen if you're born in Africa," persisted Persis, who was well named.

"You can't," Rebecca answered. "I had that all out with Mrs. Burch when she was visiting Aunt Miranda. She says they can't help being heathen, but if there's a single mission station in the whole of Africa, they're accountable if they don't go there and get saved."

"Are there plenty of stages and railroads?" asked Alice, "because there must be dreadfully long distances, and what if they couldn't pay the fare?"

"That part of it is so dreadfully puzzly we mustn't talk about it, please," said Rebecca, her sensitive face quivering with the force of the problem. Poor little soul! She did not realize that her superiors in age and intellect had spent many a sleepless night over that same "accountability of the heathen."

"It's too bad the Simpsons have moved away," said Candace. "It's so seldom you can find a real big wicked family like that to save, with only Clara Belle and Susan good in it."

"And numbers count for so much," continued Alice. "My grandmother says if missionaries can't convert about so many in a year the Board advises them to come back to America and take up some other work."

"I know," Rebecca corroborated; "and it's the same with revivalists. At the Centennial picnic at North Riverboro a revivalist sat opposite to Mr. Ladd and Aunt Jane and me, and he was telling about his wonderful success in Bangor last winter. He'd converted a hundred and thirty in a month, he said, or about four and a third a day. I had just finished fractions, so I asked Mr. Ladd how the third of a man could be converted. He laughed and said it was just the other way; that the man was a third converted. Then he explained that if you were trying to convince a person of his sin



"We are a copperated body named the Daughters of Zion."—Page 408.

on a Monday, and couldn't quite finish by sundown, perhaps you wouldn't want to sit up all night with him, and perhaps he wouldn't want you to, so you'd begin again on Tuesday, and you couldn't say just which day he was converted, because it would be two-thirds on Monday and one-third on Tuesday."

"Mr. Ladd is always making fun and the Board couldn't expect any great things of us girls, new beginners," suggested Emma Jane, who was being constantly warned against tautology by her teacher. "I think it's awful rude anyway to go right out and try to convert your neighbors; but if you borrow a horse and go to Edgewood Lower Corner, or Milliken's Mills, I s'pose that makes it Foreign Missions."

"Would we each go alone or wait upon them with a committee, as they did when they asked Deacon Tuttle for a contribution for the new hearse?" asked Persis.

"Oh! we must go alone," decided Rebecca; "it would be much more refined and delicate. Aunt Miranda says that one man alone could never get a subscription from Deacon Tuttle, and that's the reason they sent a committee. But it seems to me Mrs. Burch couldn't mean for us to try and convert people when we're none of us even church-members, except Candace. I think all we can do is to persuade them to go to meeting and Sabbath-school, or give money for the hearse, or the new horse-sheds. Now let's all think for a minute or two who's the very hardest and most heathenish person in Riverboro."

After a very brief period of silence the words "Jacob Moody" fell from all lips with entire accord.

"You are right," said the president tersely, "and after singing hymn number 274, to be found on the sixty-sixth page, we will take up the question of persuading Mr. Moody to attend divine service or the minister's Bible class, he not having been in the meeting-house for lo! these many years.

"Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be.

Sing without reading, if you please, omitting the second stanza. Hymn 274, to be found on the sixty-sixth page of the new hymn-book or on page thirty-two of Emma Jane Perkins's old one."

It is doubtful if the Rev. Mr. Burch had ever found in Syria a person more difficult to persuade than the already "gospel-hardened" Jacob Moody of Riverboro. Tall, gaunt, swarthy, black-bearded—his masses of grizzled, uncombed hair and the red scar across his nose and cheek added to his sinister appearance. His tumble-down house stood on a rocky bit of land back of the Sawyer pasture and the acres of his farm stretched out on all sides of it. He lived alone, ate alone, ploughed, planted, sowed, harvested alone, and was more than willing to die alone, "unwept, unhonored and unsung." The road that bordered upon his fields was comparatively little used by anyone, and notwithstanding the fact that it was thickly set with choke cherrytrees and blackberrybushes, it had been for years practically deserted by the children. Jacob's red Astrakhan and Granny Garland trees hung thick with apples, but no Riverboro or Edgewood boy stole them; for terrifying accounts of the fate that had overtaken one urchin in times agone had been handed along from boy to boy, protecting the Moody fruit far better than any police patrol.

Perhaps no circumstances could have extenuated the old man's surly manners or his lack of all citizenly graces and virtues; but his neighbors commonly rebuked his present way of living, and forgot the troubled past that had brought it about: the sharp-tongued wife, the unloving and disloyal sons, the daughter's hapless fate, and all the other sorry tricks that Fortune had played him—at least that was the way in which he had always regarded his disappointments and griefs.

This, then, was the personage whose moral rehabilitation was to be accomplished by the Daughters of Zion. But how?

"Who will volunteer to visit Mr. Moody?" blandly asked the president.

Visit Mr. Moody! It was a wonder the roof of the barn chamber did not fall; it did, indeed, echo the words and in some way make them sound more grim and satirical.

"Nobody'll volunteer, Rebecca Randall, and you know it," said Emma Jane.

"Why don't we draw lots, when none of us wants to speak to him and yet one of us must?"

This suggestion fell from Persis Watson, who had been pale and thoughtful ever since the first mention of Jacob Moody. (She was passionately fond of choke-cherries and —well, we all have our secret memories!)

"Wouldn't it be wicked to settle it that way?"

"It's gamblers that draw lots."

"People did it in the Bible ever so often."

"It doesn't seem nice for a missionary meeting."

These remarks fell all together upon the president's bewildered ear the while (as she always said in compositions)—"the while" she was trying to adjust the ethics of this unexpected and difficult dilemma.

"It is a very puzzly question," she said thoughtfully. "I could ask Aunt Jane if we had time, but I suppose we haven't. It doesn't seem nice to draw lots, and yet how can we settle it without? We know we mean right, and perhaps it will be. Alice, take this paper and tear off five narrow pieces, all different lengths."

A voice from a distance floated up to the haymow—a voice saying plaintively: "Will you let me play with you? Huldah has gone to ride and I'm all alone."

It was the voice of the absolutely-without-guile Thirza Meserve, and it came at an opportune moment.

"If she is going to be a member," said Persis, "why not let her come up and hold the lots? She'd be real honest and not favor anybody."

It seemed an excellent idea, and was followed up so quickly that scarcely three minutes ensued before the guileless one was holding the five scraps in her hot little palm, laboriously changing their places again and



"We must think of it as a kind of a sign."

again until they looked exactly alike and all rather soiled and wilted.

The five Daughters of Zion approached the spot so charged with fate, and extended their trembling hands one by one. Then after a moment's silent clutch of their papers they drew nearer to one another and compared them.

Emma Jane had drawn the short one, becoming thus the destined instrument for Jacob Moody's conversion to a more seemly manner of life!

She looked about her despairingly, as if to seek some painless and respectable method of self-destruction.

"Do let's draw over again," she pleaded. "I'm the worst of all of us. I'm sure to make a mess of it till I kind o' get trained in."

Rebecca's heart sank at this frank confession, which only corroborated her own fears.

"I'm sorry, Emma, dear," she said, "but our only excuse for drawing lots at all would be to have it sacred. We must think of it as a kind of a sign, almost like God speaking to Moses in the burning bush."

"Oh, I *wish* there was a burning bush right here!" cried the distracted and recalcitrant missionary. "How quick I'd

step into it without even stopping to take off my garnet ring!"

"Don't be such a scare-cat, Emma Jane!" exclaimed Candace bracingly. "Jacob Moody can't kill you, even if he is cross. Trot right along now before you get more frightened. Shall we go 'cross lots with her, Rebecca, and wait at the pasture gate? Then whatever happens Alice can put it down in the minutes of the meeting."

In these terrible crises of life time gallops with such incredible velocity that it seemed to Emma Jane only a breath before she was being dragged through the fields by the other Daughters of Zion, the guileless little Thirza panting in the rear.

At the entrance to the pasture Rebecca gave her an affectionate embrace, and whispering, "*Whatever you do, be careful how you lead up,*" lifted off the top rail and pushed her through the bars. Then the girls turned their backs reluctantly on the pathetic figure, and each sought a tree under whose friendly shade she could watch, and perhaps pray, until the missionary should return from her field of labor.

Alice Robinson, whose compositions were always marked 96 or 97—100 symbolizing such perfection as could be attained in the mortal world of Riverboro—Alice, not only Daughter, but Scribe of Zion, sharpened her pencil and wrote a few well-chosen words of introduction, to be used when the records of the afternoon had been made by Emma Jane Perkins and Jacob Moody.

Rebecca's heart beat tumultuously under her gingham dress. She felt that a drama was being enacted, and though unfortunately she was not the central figure, she at least had a modest part in it. The short lot had not fallen to the properest Daughter, that she quite realized; yet would anyone of them succeed in winning Jacob Moody's attention, in engaging him in pleasant conversation, and finally in bringing him to a realization of his mistaken way of life? She doubted, but at the same moment her spirits rose at the thought of the difficulties involved in the undertaking. Difficulties always spurred Rebecca on, but they daunted poor Emma Jane, who had no little thrills of excitement and wonder and fear and longing to sustain her lagging soul. That her interview was to be entered as "minutes" by a secretary seemed to her the last straw. Her blue eyes looked lighter than usual and had the glaze of china saucers; her usually pink cheeks were pale, but she pressed on, determined to be a faithful Daughter of Zion, and above all to be worthy of Rebecca's admiration and respect.

"Rebecca can do anything," she thought with enthusiastic loyalty, "and I mustn't be any stupider than I can help, or she'll choose one of the other girls for her most intimate friend." So, mustering all her courage, she turned into Jacob Moody's dooryard, where he was chopping wood.

"It's a pleasant afternoon, Mr. Moody," she said in a polite but hoarse whisper, Rebecca's words "*Lead up! Lead up!*" ringing in clarion tones through her brain.

Jacob Moody looked at her curiously. "Good enough, I guess," he growled, "but I never have time to look at afternoons."

Emma Jane seated herself timorously on the end of a large log near the chopping-block, supposing that Jacob, like other hosts, would pause in his tasks and chat.

"The block is kind of like an idol," she thought; "I wish I could take it away from him, and then perhaps he'd talk."

At this moment Jacob raised his axe and came down on the block with such a stunning blow that Emma Jane fairly leaped into the air.

"You'd better look out, sissy, or you'll get chips in the eye!" said Moody, grimly going on with his work.

The Daughter of Zion sent up a silent prayer for inspiration, but none came, and she sat silent, giving nervous jumps in spite of herself whenever the axe fell upon the log Jacob was cutting.

Finally, the host became tired of his dumb visitor and leaning on his axe he said, "Look here, Sis, what are you here for? What's your errant? Do you want apples, or cider, or what? Speak out or *git* out, one or t'other."

Emma Jane, who had wrung her handkerchief into a clammy ball, gave it a last despairing wrench, and faltered: "Wouldn't you like—hadn't you better—don't you think you'd ought to be more constant at meeting and Sabbath-school?"

Jacob's axe almost dropped from his nerveless hand and he regarded the Daughter of Zion with unspeakable rage and disdain. Then, the blood mounting in his face, he gathered himself together and shouted: "You take yourself off that log and out o'



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Speak out or *git* out, one or t'other."—Page 412



Emma Jane obeyed orders, . . . scooting down the hill.

this door-yard double-quick, you imperdent sanct'omus young one! You just let me ketch Bill Perkins's child trying to teach me where I shall go, at my age! Scuttle, I tell ye! And if I see your pious cantin' little mug inside my fence ag'in on sech a business I'll chase ye down the hill or set the dog on ye! *Scoot, I tell ye!*"

Emma Jane obeyed orders summarily, taking herself off the log, out the door-yard, and otherwise scuttling and scooting down the hill at a pace never contemplated even by Jacob Moody, who stood regarding her flying heels with a sardonic grin.

Down she stumbled, the tears coursing over her cheeks and mingling with the dust

of her flight; blighted hope, shame, fear, rage, all tearing her bosom in turn, till with a hysterical shriek she fell over the bars and into Rebecca's arms outstretched to receive her. The other Daughters wiped her eyes and supported her almost fainting form while Thirza, thoroughly frightened, burst into sympathetic tears and refused to be comforted.

No questions were asked, for it was felt by all parties that Emma Jane's demeanor was answering them before they could be framed.

"He threatened to set the dog on me!" she wailed presently, when, as they neared the Sawyer pasture, she was able to control her voice: "He called me a pious cantin' young one, and said he'd chase me out o' the door-yard if ever I came again! And he'll tell my father—I know he will, for he hates him like poison."

All at once the adult point of view dawned upon Rebecca. She never saw it until it was too obvious to be ignored. Had they done wrong in interviewing Jacob Moody? Would Aunt Miranda be angry, as well as Mr. Perkins?

"Why was he so dreadful, Emmy?" she questioned tenderly. "What did you say first? How did you lead up to it?"

Emma Jane sobbed more convulsively and wiped her nose and eyes impartially as she tried to think.

"I guess I never led up at all; not a mite. I didn't know what you meant. I was sent on an errant and I went and done it the best I could! (Emma Jane's grammar always lapsed in moments of excitement.) And then Jake roared at me like Squire Winship's bull. . . . And he called my face a mug. . . . You shut up that secretary book, Alice Robinson! If you write down a single word I'll never speak to you again. . . . And I don't want to be a 'member' another minute for fear of drawing another short lot. I've got enough of the Daughters of Zion to last me the rest o' my life! I don't care who goes to meetin' and who don't!"

The girls were at the Perkins's gate by this time and Emma Jane went sadly into the empty house to remove all traces of the tragedy from her person before her mother should come home from the church.

The others wended their way slowly down the street, feeling that their promising missionary branch had died almost as soon as it had budded.

"Good-by," said Rebecca, swallowing lumps of disappointment and chagrin as she saw the whole inspiring plan break and vanish into thin air like an iridescent bubble. "It's all over and we won't ever try it again. I'm going in to do overcasting as hard as I can because I hate that the worst. Aunt Jane must write to Mrs. Burch that we don't want to be home missionaries. Perhaps we're not big enough, anyway. I'm perfectly certain it's nicer to convert people when they're yellow or brown or any color but white; and I believe it must be easier to save their souls than to make them go to meeting."

THE WALL OF WINDS

By Georgia Wood Pangborn

THEY have passed the wall of winds,
  Though we think we hear their voices
Crying through the barren trees,
  Finding words in midnight noises;

They, beyond the wall of winds,
  Half forgetful of the living,
Hear our voices' dim complaint,
  Like the wind at midnight, grieving.



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

"Look!" he said, and Miles swung about toward the ridge behind.—Page 424.

A MESSENGER

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Illustration by F. Walter Taylor

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pineons cleave
The flitting skyes, like flying Pursuivant,
Against fowle feendes to ayd us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright Squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love, and nothing for reward.
O! Why should heavenly God to men have such regard?

—*Spenser's "Fairie Queene."*

THAT the other world of our hope rests on no distant, shining star, but lies about us as an atmosphere, unseen yet near, is the belief of many. The veil of material life shades earthly eyes, they say, from the glories in which we ever are. But sometimes when the veil wears thin in mortal stress, or is caught away by a rushing, mighty wind of inspiration, the trembling human soul, so bared, so purified, may look down unimagined heavenly vistas, and messengers may steal across the shifting boundary breathing hope and the air of a brighter world. And of him who speaks his vision, men say "He is mad," or "He has dreamed."

The group of officers in the tent was silent for a long half minute after Colonel Wilson's voice had stopped. Then the General spoke.

"There is but one thing to do," he said. "We must get word to Captain Thornton at once."

The Colonel thought deeply a moment, and glanced at the orderly outside the tent. "Flannigan!" The man, wheeling swiftly, saluted. "Present my compliments to Lieutenant Morgan and say that I should like to see him here at once," and the soldier went off, with the quick military precision in which there is no haste and no delay.

"You have some fine, powerful young officers, Colonel," said the General casually. "I suppose we shall see in Lieutenant Morgan one of the best. It will take strength and brains both, perhaps, for this message."

A shadow of a smile touched the Colonel's lips. "I think I have chosen a capable man, General," was all he said.

Against the doorway of the tent the breeze blew the flap lazily back and forth. A light rain fell with muffled gentle insistence on the canvas over their heads, and out through the opening the landscape was blurred—the wide stretch of monotonous, billowy prairie, the sluggish, shining river, bending in the distance about the base of Black Wind Mountain—Black Wind Mountain, whose high top lifted, though it was almost June, a white point of snow above dark pine ridges of the hills below. The five officers talked a little as they waited, but spasmodically, absent-mindedly. A shadow blocked the light of the entrance, and in the doorway stood a young man, undersized, slight, blond. He looked inquiringly at the Colonel.

"You sent for me, sir?" and the General and his aide, and the grizzled old Captain, and the big, fresh-faced young one, all watched him.

In direct, quiet words—words whose bareness made them dramatic for the weight of possibility they carried—the Colonel explained. Black Wolf and his band were out on the war-path. A soldier coming in wounded, escaped from the massacre of the post at Devil's Hoof Gap, had reported it. With the large command known to be here camped on Sweetstream Fork, they would not come this way; they would swerve up the Gunpowder River twenty miles away, destroying the settlement and Little Fort Slade, and would sweep on, probably for a general massacre, up the Great Horn as far as Fort Doncaster. He himself, with the regiment, would try to save Fort Slade, but in the meantime, Captain Thornton's troop, coming to join him, ignorant that Black Wolf had taken the war-path, would be directly in their track. Someone must be sent

to warn them, and of course the fewer the quicker. Lieutenant Morgan would take a sergeant, the Colonel ordered quietly, and start at once.

In the misty light inside the tent, the young officer looked hardly more than seventeen years old as he stood listening. His small figure was light, fragile; his hair was blond to an extreme, a thick thatch of pale gold; and there was about him, among these tanned, stalwart men in uniform, a presence, an effect of something unusual, a simplicity out of place yet harmonious, which might have come with a little child into a scene like this. His large blue eyes were fixed on the Colonel as he talked, and in them was just such a look of innocent, pleased wonder, as might be in a child's eyes, who had been told to leave studying and go pick violets. But as the Colonel ended he spoke, and the few words he said, the few questions he asked, were full of poise, of crisp directness. As the General volunteered a word or two, he turned to him and answered with a very charming deference, a respect that was yet full of gracious ease, the unconscious air of a man to whom generals are first as men, and then as generals. The slight figure in its dark uniform was already beyond the tent doorway when the Colonel spoke again, with a shade of hesitation in his manner:

"Mr. Morgan!" and the young officer turned quickly. "I think it may be right to warn you that there is likely to be more than usual danger in your ride."

"Yes, sir." The fresh, young voice had a note of inquiry.

"You will—you will"—what was it the Colonel wanted to say? He finished abruptly. "Choose the man carefully who goes with you."

"Thank you, Colonel," Morgan responded heartily, but with a hint of bewilderment. "I shall take Sergeant O'Hara," and he was gone.

There was a touch of color in the Colonel's face, and he sighed as if glad to have it over. The General watched him, and slowly, after a pause, he demanded:

"May I ask, Colonel, why you chose that blond baby to send on a mission of uncommon danger and importance?"

The Colonel answered quietly: "There were several reasons, General—good ones. The"—that ghost of a smile touched the Colonel's lips again—"The blond baby has some remarkable qualities. He never loses his head; he has uncommon invention and facility of getting out of bad holes; he rides light and so can make a horse last longer than most, and"—the Colonel considered a moment—"I may say he has no fear of death. Even among my officers, who are, of course, brave without exception, he is known for the quality of his courage. There is one more reason: he is the most popular man I have, both with officers and men; if anything happened to Morgan the whole command would race into hell after the devils that did it, before they would miss their revenge."

The General reflected, pulling at his moustache. "It seems a bit like taking advantage of his popularity," he said.

"It is," the Colonel threw back quickly. "It's just that. But that's what one must do—a commanding officer—isn't it so, General? In this war music we play on human instruments, and if a big chord comes out stronger for the silence of a note, the note must be silenced—that's all. It's cruel, but it's fighting; it's the game."

The General, as if impressed with the tense words, did not respond, and the other officers stared at the Colonel's face, as carved, as stern as if done in marble—a face from which the warm, strong heart seldom shone, held back always by the stronger will.

The big, fresh-colored young Captain broke the silence. "Has the General ever heard of the trick Morgan played on Sun Boy, sir?" he asked.

"Tell the General, Captain Booth," the Colonel said briefly, and the Captain turned toward the higher officer.

"It was apropos of what the Colonel said of his inventive faculties, General," he began. "A year ago the youngster with a squad of ten men walked into Sun Boy's camp of seventy-five warriors. Morgan had made quite a pet of a young Sioux, who was our prisoner for five months, and the boy had taught him a lot of the language, and assured him that he would have the friendship of the band in return for his kindness to Blue Arrow—that was the chap's name. So he thought he was safe; but it turned out that Blue Arrow's father, a chief, had got into a row with Sun Boy, and the latter would not think of ratifying the boy's promise. So there was Morgan with his

dozen men, in a nasty enough fix. He knew plenty of Indian talk to understand that they were discussing what they would do with him, and it wasn't pleasant.

"All of a sudden he had an inspiration. He tells the story himself, sir, and I assure you he'd make you laugh—Morgan is a wonderful mimic. Well, he remembered suddenly, as I said, that he was a mighty good ventriloquist, and he saw his chance. He gave a great jump like a startled fawn, and threw up his arms and stared like one demented into the tree over their heads. There was a mangy-looking crow sitting up there on a branch, and Morgan pointed at him as if at something marvellous, supernatural, and all those fool Indians stopped pow-wowing and stared up after him, as curious as monkeys. Then to all appearances, the crow began to talk. Morgan said they must have thought that spirits didn't speak very choice Sioux, but he did his best. The bird cawed out:

"'Oh, Sun Boy, great chief, beware what you do!'

"And then the real bird flapped its wings and Morgan thought it was going to fly and he was lost. But it settled back again on the branch, and Morgan proceeded to caw on:

"'Hurt not the white man, or the curses of the gods will come upon Sun Boy and his people.'

"And he proceeded to give a list of what would happen if the Indians touched a hair of their heads. By this time the red devils were all down on their stomachs, moaning softly whenever Morgan stopped cawing. He said he quite got into the spirit of it and would have liked to go on some time, but he was beginning to get hoarse, and besides he was in deadly terror for fear the crow would fly before he got to the point. So he had the spirit order them to give the white men their horses and turn them loose instanter; and just as he got all through, off went the thing with a big flap and a parting caw on its own account. I wish I could tell it as Morgan does—you'd think he was a bird and an Indian rolled together. He's a great actor spoiled, that lad."

"You leave out a fine point, to my mind, Captain Booth," the Colonel said quickly. "About his going back."

"Oh! certainly that ought to be told," said the Captain, and the General's eyes turned to him again. "Morgan forgot to see young Blue Arrow, his friend, before he got away, and nothing would do but that he should go back and speak to him. He said the boy would be disappointed. The men were visibly uneasy at his going, but that didn't affect him. He ordered them to wait, and back he went, pell-mell, all alone, into that horde of fiends. Well, they hadn't got over their funk, luckily, and he saw Blue Arrow and made his party call and got out again all right. He didn't tell that himself, but Sergeant O'Hara made the camp ring with it. He adores Morgan, and claims that he doesn't know what fear is. I believe it's about so. I've seen him in a fight three times now. His cap always goes off—he loses a cap every blessed scrimmage—and with that yellow mop of hair, and a sort of rapt expression he gets, he looks like a child angel saying its prayers all the time he is slashing and shooting like a berserker." Captain Booth faced abruptly toward the Colonel. "I beg your pardon for talking so long, sir," he said. "You know we're all rather keen about little Miles Morgan."

The General lifted his head suddenly. "Miles Morgan?" he demanded. "Is his name Miles Morgan?"

The Colonel nodded. "Yes. The grandson of the old Bishop—named for him."

"Lord!" ejaculated the General, "Miles Morgan was my earliest friend, my friend until he died! This must be Jim's son—Miles's only child. And Jim is dead these ten years," he went on rapidly. "I've lost track of him since the Bishop died, but I knew Jim left children. Why, he married" —he searched rapidly in his memory—"he married a daughter of General Fitzbrian's. This boy's got the church and the army both in him. I knew his mother," he went on, talking to the Colonel, garrulous with interest. "Irish and fascinating she was—believed in fairies and ghosts and all that, as her father did before her. A clever woman, but with the superstitious, wild Irish blood strong in her. Good Lord! I wish I'd known that was Miles Morgan's grandson."

The Colonel's voice sounded quiet and rather cold after the General's impulsive enthusiasm. "You have summed him up by his antecedents, General," he said. "The church and the army—both strains are strong. He is deeply religious."

The General looked thoughtful. "Religious, eh? And popular? They don't always go together."

But Captain Booth spoke quickly. "It's not that kind, General," he said. "There's no cant in the boy. He's more popular for it—that's often so with the genuine thing, isn't it? I sometimes think"—the young Captain hesitated and smiled a trifle deprecatingly—"that Morgan is much of the same stuff as Gordon—Chinese Gordon; the martyr stuff, you know. But it seems a bit brash to compare an every-day American youngster to an inspired hero."

"There's nothing in Americanism to prevent either inspiration or heroism that I know of," the General affirmed stoutly, his fine old head up, his eyes gleaming with pride of his profession.

Out through the open doorway, beyond the slapping tent-flap, the keen, gray eyes of the Colonel were fixed musingly on two black points which crawled along the edge of the dulled silver of the distant river—Miles Morgan and Sergeant O'Hara had started.

"Sergeant!" They were eight miles out now, and the camp had disappeared behind the elbow of Black Wind Mountain. "There's something wrong with your horse. Listen He's not loping evenly." The soft cadence of eight hoofs on earth had somewhere a lighter and then a heavier note; the ear of a good horseman tells in a minute, as a musician's ear at a false note, when an animal saves one foot ever so slightly, to come down harder on another.

"Yessirr. The Lieutenant'll remimber 'tis the horrse that had a bit of a spavin. Sure I thot 'twas cured, and 'tis the kindest baste in the rigiment f'r a pleasure ride, sorr—that willin' 'tis. So I tuk it. I think 'tis only the stiffness at furrst aff. 'Twill wurruk aff later. Plaze God, I'll wallop him." And the Sergeant walloped with a will.

But the kindest beast in the regiment failed to respond except with a vicious kick and increased lameness. Soon there was no more question of his incapacity.

Lieutenant Morgan halted his mount, and, looking at the woe-begone O'Hara, laughed. "A nice trick this is, Sergeant," he said, "to start out on a trip to dodge Indians with a spavined horse. Why didn't you get a broomstick? Now go back to camp as fast as you can go; and that horse ought to be blistered when you get there. See if you can't really cure him. He's too good to be shot." He patted the gray's nervous head, and the beast rubbed it gently against his sleeve, quiet under his hand.

"Yessirr. The Lieutenant'll ride slow, sorr, f'r me to catch up on ye, sorr?"

Miles Morgan smiled and shook his head. "Sorry, Sergeant, but there'll be no slow riding in this. I'll have to press right on without you; I must be at Massacre Mountain to-night to catch Captain Thornton to-morrow."

Sergeant O'Hara's chin dropped. "Sure the Lieutenant 'll niver be thinkin' to g'wan alone—widout *me?*" and with all the sergeant's respect for his superiors, it took the Lieutenant ten valuable minutes to get the man started back, shaking his head and muttering forebodings, to the camp.

It was quiet riding on absolutely alone. There were a few miles to go before there was any chance of Indians, and no particular lookout to be kept, so he put the horse ahead rapidly while he might, and suddenly he found himself singing softly as he galloped. How the words had come to him he did not know, for no conscious train of thought had brought them; but they surely fitted to the situation, and a pleasant sense of companionship, of safety, warmed him as the swing of the old hymn carried his voice along with it.

> God shall charge his angel legions
> Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
> Though thou walk through hostile regions,
> Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

Surely a man riding toward—perhaps through—skulking Indian hordes, as he must, could have no better message reach him than that. The bent of his mind was toward mysticism, and while he did not think the train of reasoning out, could not have said that he believed it so, yet the familiar lines flashing suddenly, clearly, on the curtain of his mind, seemed to him, very simply, to be sent from a larger thought than his own. As a child might take a strong hand held out as it walked over rough country, so he accepted this quite readily and happily, as from that Power who was never far from him, and in whose service, beyond most people, he lived and moved. Low but

clear and deep his voice went on, following one stanza with its mate:

> Since with pure and firm affection
> Thou on God hast set thy love,
> With the wings of his protection
> He will shield thee from above.

And the simplicity of his being sheltered itself in the broad promise of the words.

Light-heartedly he rode on and on, though now more carefully; lying flat and peering over the crests of hills a long time before he crossed their tops; going miles perhaps through ravines; taking advantage of every bit of cover where a man and a horse might be hidden; travelling as he had learned to travel in three years of experience in this dangerous Indian country, where a shrub taken for granted might mean a warrior, and that warrior a hundred others within signal. It was his plan to ride as long as the moon lasted—until about twelve, that should be—to reach Massacre Mountain before its light went down, and there rest his horse and himself till gray daylight. There was grass there and a spring—two good and innocent things that had been the cause of the bad, dark thing which had given the place its name. A troop under Captain James camping at this point, because of the water and grass, had been surprised and wiped out by five hundred Indian braves of the wicked and famous Red Crow. There were ghastly signs about the place yet; Morgan had seen them, but soldiers may not have nerves, and it was good camping ground.

On through the valleys and half-way up the slopes, which rolled here far away into a still wilder world, the young man rode. Behind the distant hills in the west a glow like fire flushed the horizon. A rim of pale gold lifted sharply over the ridge; a huge round ball of light pushed faster, higher, and lay, a bright world on the edge of the world, great against the sky—the moon had risen. The twilight trembled as the yellow rays struck into its depths, and deepened, dying into purple shadows. Across the plain zigzagged the pools of a level stream, as if a giant had spilled handfuls of quicksilver here and there.

Miles Morgan, riding, drank in all the mysterious, wild beauty, as a man at ease; as open to each fair impression as if he were not riding each moment into deeper danger, as if his every sense were not strained, on guard. On through the shining moonlight and in the shadow of the hills he rode, and, where he might, through the trees, and stopped to listen often, to stare at the hill-tops, to question a heap of stones or a bush.

At last, when his leg-weary horse was beginning to stumble a bit, he saw, as he came around a turn, Massacre Mountain's dark head rising in front of him, only half a mile away. The spring trickled its low song, as musical, as limpidly pure as if it had never run scarlet. The picketed horse fell to browsing and Miles sighed restfully as he laid his head on his saddle and fell instantly to sleep with the light of the sinking moon on his damp, fair hair. But he did not sleep long. Suddenly with a start he awoke, and sat up sharply, and listened. He heard the horse still munching grass near him, and made out the shadow of its bulk against the sky; he heard the stream, softly falling and calling to the waters where it was going. That was all. Strain his hearing as he might he could hear nothing else in the still night. Yet there was something. It might not be sound or sight, but there was a presence, a something—he could not explain. He was alert in every nerve. Suddenly the words of the hymn he had been singing in the afternoon flashed again into his mind, and, with his cocked revolver in his hand, alone, on guard, in the midnight of the savage wilderness, his mouth framed the words that were not even a whisper:

> God shall charge his angel legions
> Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
> Though thou walk through hostile regions,
> Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

He gave a contented sigh and lay down. What was there to worry about? It was just his case for which the hymn was written. "Desert wilds"—that surely meant Massacre Mountain, and why should he not sleep here quietly, and let the angels keep their watch and ward? He closed his eyes with a smile. But sleep did not come, and soon his eyes were open again, staring into blackness, thinking, thinking.

It was Sunday when he started out on this mission, and he fell to remembering the Sunday nights at home—long, long ago they seemed now. The family sang

hymns after supper always; his mother played, and the children stood around her —five of them, Miles and his brothers and sisters. There was a little sister with brown hair about her shoulders, who always stood by Miles, leaned against him, held his hand, looked up at him with adoring eyes— he could almost see those uplifted eyes now, shining through the darkness of this lonely place. He remembered the big, home-like room; the crackling fire; the peaceful atmosphere of books and pictures; the dumb things about its walls that were yet eloquent to him of home and family; the sword that his great-grandfather had worn under Washington; the old ivories that another great-grandfather, the Admiral, had brought from China; the portraits of Morgans of half a dozen generations which hung there; the magazine table, the books and books and books. A pang of desperate homesickness suddenly shook him. He wanted them—his own. Why should he, their best-beloved, throw away his life—a life filled to the brim with hope and energy and high ideals—on this futile quest? He knew quite as well as the General or the Colonel that his ride was but a forlorn hope. As he lay there, longing so, in the dangerous dark, he went about the library at home in his thought and placed each familiar belonging where he had known it all his life. And as he finished, his mother's head shone darkly golden by the piano; her fingers swept over the keys; he heard all their voices, the dear never-forgotten voices. Hark! They were singing his hymn—little Alice's reedy note lifted above the others—"God shall charge his angel legions——"

God! Now! He was on his feet with a spring, and his revolver pointed steadily. This time there was no mistaking—something had rustled in the bushes. There was but one thing for it to be—Indians. Without realizing what he did, he spoke sharply.

"Who goes there?" he demanded, and out of the darkness a voice answered quietly:

"A friend."

"A friend?" With a shock of relief the pistol dropped by his side, and he stood tense, waiting. How might a friend be here, at midnight in this desert? As the thought framed itself swiftly the leaves parted, and his straining eyes, grown used to the darkness, saw the figure of a young man standing before him.

"How came you here?" demanded Miles sternly. "Who are you?"

Even in the dimness he could see the radiant smile that answered him. The calm voice spoke again: "You will understand all that later. I am here to help you."

As if a door had suddenly opened into that lighted room of which he dreamed, Miles felt a sense of tranquillity, of happiness stirring through him. Never in his life had he known such a sudden utter confidence in anyone, such a glow of eager friendliness as this half-seen, mysterious stranger inspired. "It is because I was lonelier than I knew," he said mentally. "It is because human companionship gives courage to the most self-reliant of us"; and somewhere in the words he was aware of a false note, but he did not stop to place it.

The low, even voice of the stranger spoke again. "There are Indians on your trail," he said. "A small band of Black Wolf's scouts. But don't be troubled. They will not hurt you."

"You escaped from them?" demanded Miles eagerly, and again the light of a swift smile shone into the night. "You came to save me—how was it? Tell me, so that we can plan. It is very dark yet, but hadn't we better ride? Where is your horse?"

He threw the earnest questions rapidly across the black night, and the unhurried voice answered him with a manner of gracious condescension that yet held no offence. "No," it said, and the verdict was not to be disputed. "You must stay here."

Who this man might be or how he came Miles could not tell, but this much he knew, without reason for knowing it; it was someone stronger than he, in whom he could trust. As the new-comer had said, it would be time enough later to understand the rest. Wondering a little at his own swift acceptance of an unknown authority, wondering more at the deep peace which wrapped him as an atmosphere at the sound of the stranger's voice, Miles made a place for him by his side, and the two talked softly to the plashing undertone of the stream.

Easily, naturally, Miles found himself telling how he had been homesick, longing for his people. He told him of the big familiar room, and of the old things that

were in it, that he loved; of his mother; of little Alice, and her baby adoration for the big brother; of how they had always sung hymns together Sunday night; he never for a moment doubted the stranger's interest and sympathy—he knew that he cared to hear.

"There is a hymn," Miles said, "that we used to sing a lot—it was my favorite; 'Miles's hymn,' the family called it, you know. Before you came to-night, while I lay there getting lonelier every minute, I almost thought I heard them singing it. I don't know if you're a churchman, of course, and you may not have heard it, but it has a grand swing. I always think"—he hesitated—"it always seems to me as if the God of battles and the beauty of holiness must both have filled the man's mind who wrote it." He stopped, surprised at his own lack of reserve, at the freedom with which, to this friend of an hour, he spoke his inmost heart.

"I know," the stranger said gently. There was silence for a moment, and then the wonderful low tones, beautiful, clear, beyond any voice Miles had ever heard, began again, and it was as if the great sweet notes of an organ whispered the words:

> God shall charge his angel legions
> Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
> Though thou walk through hostile regions,
> Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

"Great heavens!" gasped Miles. "How could you know I meant that? Why, this is marvellous—why, this"——he stared, speechless, at the dim outlines of the face which he had never seen before to-night, but which seemed to him already familiar and dear beyond all reason. As he gazed the tall figure rose, lightly towering above him. "Look!" he said, and Miles was on his feet with a quick spring. In the east, beyond the long sweep of the prairie, was a faint blush against the blackness; already threads of broken light, of pale darkness, stirred through the pall of the air; the dawn was at hand.

"We must saddle," Miles said, "and be off. Where is your horse picketed?" he demanded again.

But the strange young man stood still; and now his arm was stretched pointing. "Look," he said again, and Miles followed the direction with his eyes.

From the way he had come, in that fast-growing glow at the edge of the sky, sharp against the mist of the little river, crept slowly half a dozen pin points, and Miles, watching their tiny movement, knew that they were ponies bearing Indian braves. He turned hotly to his companion.

"It's your fault," he said. "If I'd had my way we'd have ridden from here an hour ago. Now here we are caught like rats in a trap; and who's to do my work and save Captain Thornton's troop—who's to save them—God!" The name was a prayer, not an oath.

"Yes," said the quiet voice at his side, "God"—and for a second of time there was a silence that was like an Amen.

Quickly, without a word, Miles turned to his horse and began to saddle. Then suddenly, as he pulled at the girth, he stopped. "It's no use," he said. "We can't get away except over the rise, and they'll see us there"; he nodded at the hill which rose beyond the camping ground three hundred yards away, and stretched in a long, level sweep into other hills and the west. "Our chance is that they're not on my trail after all—it's quite possible." There was a tranquil unconcern about the figure near him; his own bright courage caught the meaning of its relaxed lines with a bound of pleasure. "As you say, it's best to stay here," he said, and as if thinking aloud—"I believe you must always be right." Then he added, half-shyly, but as if his very soul would speak itself to this wonderful new friend: "We can't be killed unless the Lord wills it, and if he does it's right. Death is only the step into life; I suppose when we know that life, we will wonder how we could have cared for this one."

Through the gray light the stranger turned his face swiftly, bent toward Miles, and smiled once again, and the boy thought suddenly of the martyrdom of St. Stephen, and how those who were looking "saw his face as it had been the face of an angel."

Across the plain, out of the mist-wreaths, came rushing, scurrying, the handful of Indian braves. Pale light streamed now from the east, filtering over a hushed world. Miles faced across the plain, stood close to the tall stranger whose shape, as the dawn touched it, seemed to rise beyond the boy's slight figure wonderfully large and high.

There was a sense of unending power, of alertness, of great, easy movement about him; one might have looked at him, and looking away again, have said that wings were folded about him. But Miles did not see him. His eyes were on the fast-nearing, galloping ponies, each with its load of filthy, cruel savagery. This was his death coming; there was disgust, but not dread in the thought for the boy. In a few minutes he should be fighting hopelessly, fiercely against this froth of a lower world; in a few minutes after that he should be lying here still—for he meant to be killed; he had that planned. They should not take him—a wave of sick repulsion at that thought shook him. Nearer, nearer, right on his track came the riders pell-mell. He could hear their weird, horrible cries; now he could see gleaming through the dimness the huge head-dress of the foremost, the white coronet of feathers, almost the stripes of paint on the fierce face.

Suddenly a feeling that he knew well caught him, and he laughed. It was the possession that had held him in every action which he had so far been in. It lifted his high-strung spirit into an atmosphere where there was no dread and no disgust, only a keen rapture in throwing every atom of soul and body into physical intensity; it was as if he himself were a bright blade, dashing, cutting, killing, a living sword rejoicing to destroy. With the coolness that may go with such a frenzy he felt that his pistols were loose; saw with satisfaction that he and his new ally were placed on the slope to the best advantage, then turned swiftly, eager now for the fight to come, toward the Indian band. As he looked, suddenly in mid-career, pulling in their plunging ponies with a jerk that threw them, snorting, on their haunches, the warriors halted. Miles watched them in amazement. The bunch of Indians, not more than a hundred yards away, were staring, arrested, startled, back of him to his right, where the lower ridge of Massacre Mountain stretched far and level over the valley that wound westward beneath it on the road to Fort Rain-and-Thunder. As he gazed, the ponies had swept about and were galloping back as they had come, across the plain.

Before he knew if it might be true, if he were not dreaming this curious thing, the clear voice of his companion spoke in one word again, like the single note of a deep bell. "Look!" he said, and Miles swung about toward the ridge behind, following the pointing finger.

In the gray dawn the hill-top was clad with the still strength of a shining army. Regiment after regiment, silent, motionless, it stretched back into silver mist, and the mist rolled beyond, above, about it; and through it he saw, as through rifts in broken gauze, lines interminable of soldiers, glitter of steel. Miles, looking, knew.

He never remembered how long he stood gazing, earth and time and self forgotten, at a sight not meant for mortal eyes; but suddenly, with a stab it came to him, that if the hosts of heaven fought his battle it was that he might do his duty, might save Captain Thornton and his men; he turned to speak to the young man who had been with him. There was no one there. Over the bushes the mountain breeze blew damp and cold; they rustled softly under its touch; his horse stared at him mildly; away off at the foot-hills he could see the diminishing dots of the fleeing Indian ponies; as he wheeled again and looked, the hills that had been covered with the glory of heavenly armies, lay hushed and empty. And his friend was gone.

Clatter of steel, jingle of harness, an order ringing out far but clear—Miles threw up his head sharply and listened. In a second he was pulling at his horse's girth, slipping the bit swiftly into its mouth—in a moment more he was off and away to meet them, as a great body of cavalry swung out of the valley where the ridge had hidden them.

"Captain Thornton's troop?" the officer repeated carelessly. "Why, yes; they are here with us. We picked them up yesterday, headed straight for Black Wolf's war-path. Mighty lucky we found them. How about you—seen any Indians, have you?"

Miles answered slowly: "A party of eight were on my trail; they were riding for Massacre Mountain, where I camped, about an hour—about half an hour—awhile ago." He spoke vaguely, rather oddly, the officer thought. "Something—stopped them about a hundred yards from the mountain. They turned, and rode away."

"Ah," said the officer. "They saw us down the valley."

"I couldn't see you," said Miles.

The officer smiled. "You're not an Indian, Lieutenant. Besides, they were out on the plain and had a farther view behind the ridge." And Miles answered not a word.

General Miles Morgan, full of years and of honors, has never but twice told the story of that night of forty years ago. But he believes that when his time comes, and he goes to join the majority, he will know again the presence which guarded him through the blackness of it, and among the angel legions he looks to find an angel, a messenger, who was his friend.

WASHINGTON IN THE HANDS OF THE BRITISH

FROM THE DIARIES AND FAMILY LETTERS OF MRS. SAMUEL HARRISON SMITH (MARGARET BAYARD)

Edited by Gaillard Hunt from the collection of her grandson, J. Henley Smith

To Mrs. Kirkpatrick

Tuesday, July 20, 1813.

. . . I every day from the time I received Maria's, intended writing to press you to come on & pass a few weeks or more with us & to bring Fanny & Elizabeth. I believed such a jaunt might be highly serviceable to you all. But it is now out of the question & will be so while the British are such near neighbours & continue to menace us. Until the late alarm I have never been able to realize our being in a state of war; but now when such active preparations are made, when so many of our citizens & particular acquaintance have marched to meet the enemy, I not only believe but feel the unhappy state of our country. Mr. Seaton & Mr. Gales* are both with our troops at Warburton, & Mrs. Seaton & Miss Gales' anxiety naturally excite ours. It is generally believed impossible for the English to reach the city, not so much from our force at Warburton, tho' that is very large, as from the natural impediments; the river being very difficult of navigation. Every precaution has been taken to ensure the safety of the city. Fort Warburton is in a state of perfect defence & our troops are each day augmented by hundreds & thousands from the adjoining country who come pouring in. The presence of Genl. Armstrong & Col. Monroe animates & invigorates our soldiers. And our little army is full of ardour & enthusiasm. Mr. Gales & Seaton have each been up to look after the paper & give a most interesting & animating picture of the scene. There is so little apprehension of danger in the city, that not a single removal of person or goods has taken place,—a number of our friends have desired leave to send their trunks here & a number have determined to come themselves, should the British effect a passage by the fort, so you see we are esteemed quite out of danger. As for our enemy *at home* I have no doubt that they will if possible join the British; here we are, I believe firmly in no danger, as the aim of these in the country would be as quickly as possible to join those in the city & the few scatter'd s———s about our neighbourhood, could not muster force enough to venture on an attack.* We have however counted on the possibility of danger & Mr. S. has procured pistols &c. &c. sufficient for our defence, & we make use of every precaution which we should use were we certain of what we now only reckon a possibility. In the city & George town the gentlemen who by their age or other circumstances are exempted from service, have formed volunteer companies

* They were brothers-in-law and edited the *National Intelligencer* from 1812 to 1860, when Gales died. Gales acquired the paper from Mr. Smith in 1810.

* Wherever there were slaves there was terror of their insurrection.

both of horse & foot, who nightly patrol the streets. The members of congress have determined to join the citizens, in case of an attack & there are many old experienced officers amongst them. The affair of Hampton,* which I disbelieved until the publication in the Intelligencer, inspires us with a terror we should not otherwise have felt. There were 300 French men at that attack & it was chiefly these wretches who perpetrated these horrors. Their intention was to desert to our side & they march'd near to our militia with a view to surrender, but were fired on & so obliged to fight in their own defence,—20 did desert & are now at the fort. The French prisoners taken from the English jails, will it is supposed, & the Irish likewise all desert the moment they are landed. Mrs. Seaton behaves with admirable self command, I quite admire her composure & serenity, as I am certain loving as she loves her amiable husband, it must require great effort. We one & all resist the intrusion of useless anxiety & alarm. We go on regularly with our every day occupations. I spend the morning in my family affairs & school. Ann sits with our guests & after dinner we all assemble & while the rest sew, Miss Gales reads some amusing book. If we did not resolutely adhere to this plan of occupation our fancy would augment our fears & we should be sad enough. As it is we are quite animated, each strengthens the resolution of the other & since we have been so well provided with fire arms, my apprehensions have quite ceased. *For those whom I fear'd are easily intimidated.* Mr. Smith has this morning gone in to the Bank, & Mrs. Seaton & Miss Gales, to see Mr. Seaton who has come up to arrange the paper. If Susan is with you, read or show her this letter as you think proper, or if at Princeton & you think it may allay her anxiety, please to send it. Ann is quite a Heroine. She makes no protestations but her cheerfulness & freedom from unnecessary alarm shows that she is not easily intimidated. She is a dear good girl. I love her every day more & more. And if danger comes, I shall not think of or risque more for my children than her. We expect Mrs. Clay, her sister Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Catting & many others to come to us in case of a serious alarm. At present all the members & citizens say it is impossible for the enemy to ascend the river, and our home enemy will not assail us, if they do not arrive. . . .

M. H. S.

* The village of Hampton, Va., was sacked June 25, 1813, by the British and given over to pillage and rapine by Cockburn's orders.

To Mrs. Kirkpatrick

August [1814], Brookville [Md.].

On Sunday we received information that the British had debark'd at Benedict. They seem'd in no haste to approach the city, but gave us time to collect our troops. The alarm was such that on Monday a general removal from the city & George Town took place. Very few women or children remain'd in the city on Tuesday evening, altho' the accounts then received were that the enemy were retreating. Our troops were eager for an attack & such was the cheerful alacrity they display'd, that a universal confidence reign'd among the citizens & people. Few doubted our conquering. On Tuesday we sent off to a private farm house all our linen, clothing & other movable property, in the afternoon Dr. Bradley's family came from the city & took tea with us,—the Dr. said several citizens from the camp brought information of the enemy's remaining quiet at N. Malborough, but that 3 of the volunteer companies, . . . ,* Davidsons & Peters were order'd to attack the Pickets & draw the B—— on to a general engagement. This was the last news; until we were roused on Tuesday night by a loud knocking,—on the opening of the door, Willie Bradley called to us, "The enemy are advancing, our own troops are giving way on all sides & are retreating to the city. Go, for Gods sake go." † He spoke in a voice of agony, & then flew to his horse & was out of sight in a moment. We immediately rose, the carriage & horses were soon ready, we loaded a wagon with what goods remained & about 3 o'clock left our house with all our servants, the women we sent to some private farm houses at a safe distance, while we pursued our course. I felt no alarm or agitation, as I knew the danger was not near. I even felt no distress at the idea of forsaking our home. I could not realize the possibility of the B. gaining possession of the city, or of our army being defeated. We travel'd very slowly & as it

* Illegible

† The battle took place August 24.

was dark I walk'd part of the way. Ann was equally composed. At sunrise we stop'd to breakfast at Miss Carrol's & then pursued our journey. The girls were quite delighted with our flight, novelty has such charms at their age, that even the exchange of comfort & peace, for suffering & distress, has its charms. Even for myself, I felt animated, invigorated, willing to encounter any hardship, calmly to meet any danger, patiently to bear any difficulty. I suffer'd considerably pain during the ride, & fear'd every moment being taken ill, but happily I was not, & we all reach'd this place at one oclock in perfect health. We received a most kind reception from Mrs. Bently, & excellent accomodations. The appearance of this village is romantic & beautiful, it is situated in a little valley totally embosom'd in woody hills, with a stream flowing at the bottom on which are mills. In this secluded spot one might hope the noise, or rumour of war would never reach. Here all seems security & peace! Happy people may you never be obliged to fly from this peaceful spot, which now affords so hospitable a shelter to our poor citizens!

Thursday morning. This morning on awakening we were greeted with the sad news, that our city was taken, the bridges & public buildings burnt, our troops flying in every direction. Our little army totally dispersed. Good God, what will be the event! This moment a troop of horse have enter'd, they were on the field of battle, but not engag'd. Major Ridgely * their commander, disapproving Genl. Winder's order, refused to obey, left the army & is taking his troops home. E. Riggs, who was likewise there has given us a sad detail. He was in Loughbourough's, who with ten men form'd a reconnoitering party, & Riggs was employed in carrying messages from Winder. His account was that the first skirmish was near Malborough, where Peters, Davidson's & Strul's (?) companies were ordered to attack the enemies picquets, but on finding how inefficient their force were, order'd to retreat, which they did in great disorder. Winder finding the enemy marching on the Bladensburg turnpike, forsook the posts he had taken & march'd towards the city, where they station'd themselves on the hills near Bladensburg bridge. The enemy march on in solid column & attack'd with coolness, & order. The 5th regiment from Baltimore commenced the attack & stood their ground firmly, but for a short time only, they were almost destroy'd & our whole troops gave way & began a disordered retreat. The President who was on the ground, escap'd & has gone into Virginia. *Winder* with all the men he can collect are at the court house. He has directed our poor broken militia to make the best of their way to Baltimore. Every hour the poor wearied & terrified creatures are passing by the door. Mrs. Bently kindly invites them in to rest & refresh. Major Ridgely's troop of horse all breakfasted in town, that not a man was left to breakfast in the tavern. Ann & I hasten'd to assist Mrs. B. in getting their breakfast,—and Julia & Susan wanted to do something, help'd to set the table, &c.

Noon. We were much alarm'd by Mr. Milligan, who called & told Mr. Smith, Genl Winder had ordered him to come here for an express, that Montgomery C. H. was burnt by the British, who were then on their march for Frederick. But a person who knew him assured us he was crazy, his account afterwards proved untrue, as a great many have passed since. Our men look pale & feeble but more with affright than fatigue,—they had thrown away their muskets & blankets.

Just as we were going to dinner, a tremendous gust arose, it has broken the trees very much, in the midst of it, a wagon came to the door with a family going they knew not whither. Poor wanderers. Oh how changed are my feelings, my confidence in our troops is gone, they may again be rallied, but it will require a long apprenticeship to make them good soldiers. Oh my sister how gloomy is the scene. I do not suppose Government will ever return to Washington. All those whose property was invested in that place, will be reduced to poverty. Mr. Smith had invested a large portion of his in bridge stock,—both the bridges are destroy'd,—it serves to beguile the time to write, so my dear sister I will write a kind of journal to you, & send it when I can. I wish you to keep it. If better times come, it will serve to remind me of these.

Thursday evening. Our anxiety has been kept alive the whole day. Our poor men are coming in some two or three, sometimes

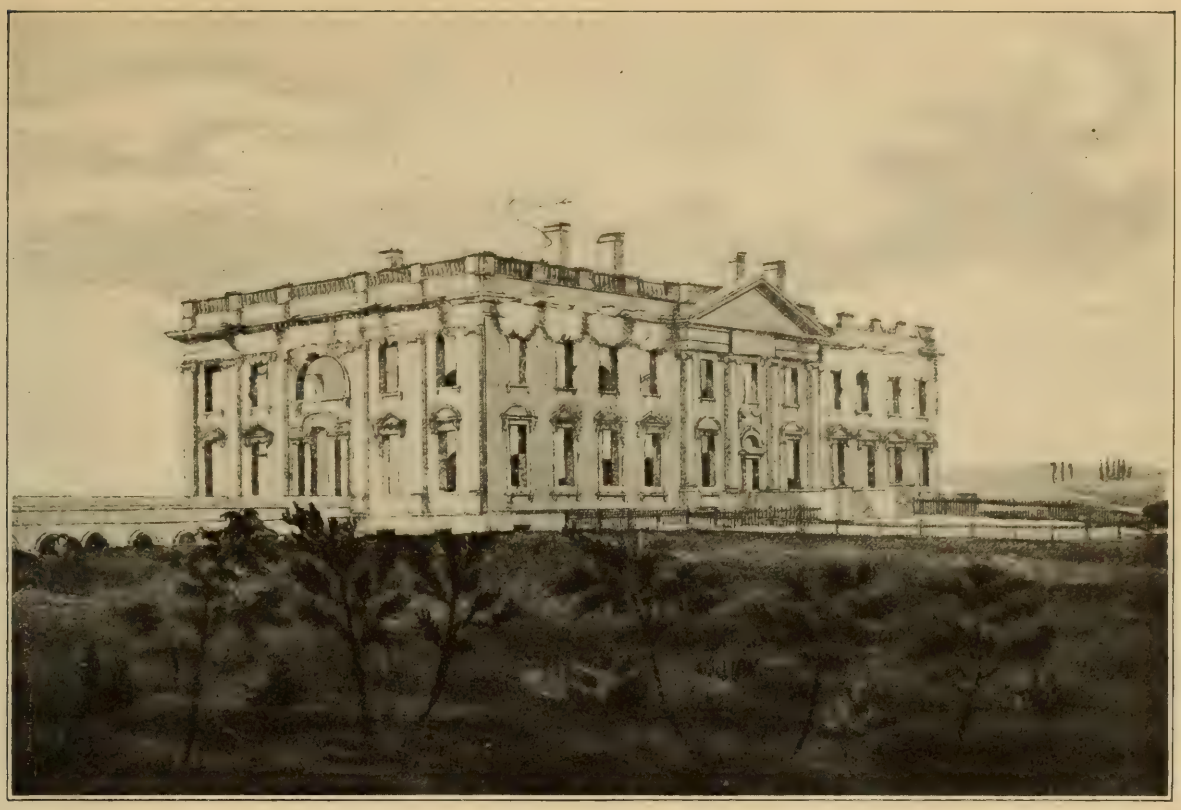
* One of the Maryland militia officers.

a dozen at a time, just now another troop of horse have come in, they have not been in the engagement, as they did not arrive until a retreat had been order'd. Mr. Carr one of the clerks of the Bank was here just now & has given us the most correct account we have yet had. Our position was a bad one, so placed that neither the artillery or cavalry could act. Barney* took a position on a hill, the enemy had to pass & as they ascended rak'd them prodigiously but they never halted one moment, but marched on in solid mass, disregarding the dead bodies that fell before them. Barney & his men did not leave their cannons until they were within 5 yrds, then spik'd them & retreated,—Barney badly wounded. They [the enemy] never left the turnpike but enter'd the city after our retreating army. They first march'd to the navy yard which is wholly consumed; then to Capitol Hill. They had great difficulty in firing the capitol, several houses on the hill were burnt by cinders from the Capitol, but none by design, the President's house, the Potomac bridge, & all the other public buildings. Mr. Lee went to their camp at Malborough (as a citizen unmolested) conversed with the officers, several of whom he had known in London. They told him that resistance would be vain; that instead of 7000, they wished we had 40,000 militia, as it would make the greater confusion. They bade Mr. Lee tell the citizens that private property would not be injured, if the houses were not deserted, or private persons molested, that they intended to destroy the public buildings & shipping, & then to march to Baltimore on one side while Lord Hill with his fleet would attack it by water. I left our house with reluctance, but when I urged Mr. Smith to let me remain to protect the house, he would not hear of it, his duty called him away, & my situation being so critical, he said no consideration would induce him to leave me, for altho' the troops when under their officers might behave well, yet small parties or drunken soldiers might alarm or injure me in my present situation. And Ann declared she would not leave me if she were to die by my side. I had therefore to yield. I am afraid the consequence of leaving the house empty will be its destruction. Our house in the city too is unprotected & contains our most valuable furniture. In a week more & we may be penniless! for I count little on the continuance of Mr. S.'s salary. God only knows when the executive government will again be organized. But I can say with truth, the individual loss of property, has not given me a moment's uneasiness. But the state of our country, has wrung tears of anguish from me. I trust it will only be momentary. We are naturally a brave people & it was not so much fear, as prudence which caused our retreat. Too late they discovered the dispreparation of our troops. The enemy were 3 to 1. Their army composed of conquering veterans, ours of young mechanics & farmers, many of whom had never before carried a musket. But we shall learn the dreadful, horrid trade of war. And they will make us a martial people, for never, never will Americans give up their liberty. But before that time comes, what sufferings, what reverses, what distress must be suffer'd. Already, in one night, have hundreds of our citizens been reduced from affluence to poverty, for it is not to be expected W—— will ever again be the seat of Govt. Last night the woods round the city & G. T—— were filled with women & children & old men & our flying troops. One poor woman, after wandering all night, found at day light she wander'd 10 miles,—a lady in our neighbourhood, the wife of one of Mr. S.'s clerks, went out of her senses, her son was in the army. Mrs. Genl. Mason,* that lovely woman whom you knew, is likewise laying dangerously ill. Her husband was in the engagement & her anxiety has render'd a common fever dangerous. I am going tomorrow to see her.

Night, 10 oclock. The streets of this quiet village, which never before witnessed confusion, is now fill'd with carriages bringing out citizens, & Baggage waggons & troops. Mrs. Bently's house is now crowded, she has been the whole evening sitting at the supper table, giving refreshment to soldiers & travellers. I suppose every house in the village is equally full. I never saw more benevolent people. "It is against our principles," said she this morning, "to have anything to do with war, but we receive & relieve all who come to us." The whole

* Captain Joshua Barney, U.S.N., was the only man who reaped glory in this, the greatest disgrace to American arms.

* Wife of Armistead Thomson Mason, then colonel of a cavalry regiment. He was killed in a duel by his brother-in-law, John M. McCarty. They fought with muskets at six paces on the famous Bladensburg duelling ground.



The President's house, Washington, after the conflagration of August 24, 1814.

settlement are quakers. The table is just spread for the 4th or 5th time, more wanderers having just enter'd.

I know not when you will get this letter. I suppose the mail will be impeded. How is Maria,—is N. Y. menaced. My health is improved, thank a kind Providence, the event so dreaded has not taken place & I now begin to think I shall continue well.

I have not yet read this letter. I know not what I have written. I thought you would be anxious for intelligence, for tho' you were no friend to Washington, yet the recent event is interesting to the nation. The enemy are in the centre of union!

I will now bid you good night,—let Maria & Susan Smith know we are safe. Susan particularly,—she will be miserable.

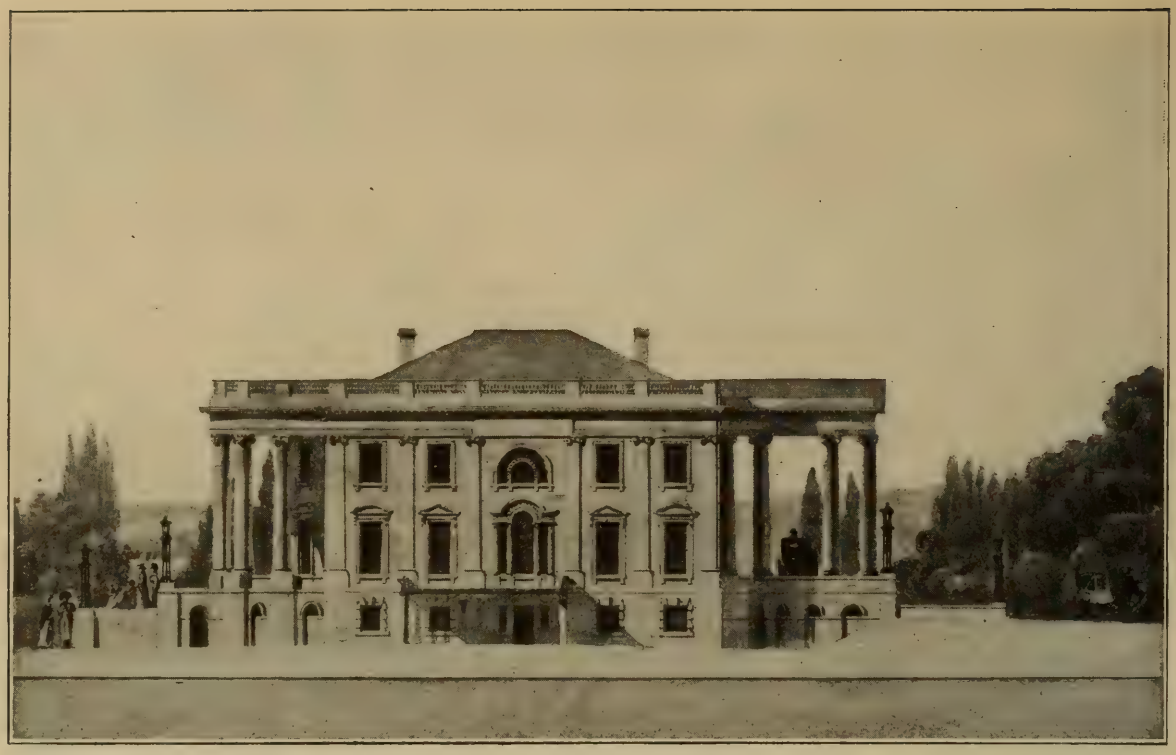
Farewell, dearest sister. God grant this letter may contain more news, than I may ever have occasion to write again.

Farewell,

To Mrs. Kirkpatrick

BROOKVILLE [August, 1814].

Saturday morning. On Thursday evening I closed my letter to you. The next morning soon after breakfast I went to see Mrs. Mason. She had found refuge in a farm house, with a poor but respectable family, about 4 miles from this place. She had her 3 eldest daughters with her & 2 servant maids. She was very ill, of a highly inflamatory billious fever. When I enter'd her chamber her spirits were much affected. She was too ill to talk, but when I offered to stay, gladly accepted the offer. She felt cheerless & desponding, had no confidence in her young physician or servants, who indeed seem'd very ignorant. She thought herself in danger, if not of her life, yet of derangement of mind, so continued & violent was the pain in her head. I immediately took on the functions of a nurse & being much accustomed to her disease, I soon succeeded in procuring her entire relief from the pain of her head, & other alarming symptoms. I did not leave her a moment during the day & sat up part of the night. Dr. Worthington, her physician arrived. He distress'd me excessively by his conversation. He exulted in the defeat of our army in the capture of our city. "Did I not tell this," said he, "I suppose, Mrs. Smith, your wise men will now believe a standing army a necessary thing & a navy in the bargain." "If they do" (I answer'd)



View of the east front of the President's house, with the addition of the north and south porticos.
From a drawing made in 1807 by B. H. Latrobe, surveyor of the public buildings, Washington.

"they will certainly aim at establishing them, for however mistaken in judgement, be assured sir, in all their measures, the administration have honestly & sincerely endeavour'd to promote the welfare of their country. It was believed, & all history has proved it to be so, that a standing army is an instrument of despotism; but if our liberties cannot be preserved without; the lesser evil will be chosen,—the risk run." "I do not allow," said he, "a standing army to be the instrument of despotism, but I allow it to be inseparable from a monarchy." "I am not competent to discuss such questions, Sir, but I beg at such a moment as this, you will not thus seem to rejoice at what every friend of his country must mourn over." The tears started in my eyes, & seeing my distress silenced him at the time, tho' every now & then his evident satisfaction broke forth. Surely it is not possible that such is the disposition of all the federal party, no, no, few I hope could speak as he did. On Saturday morning Genl. Mason arrived, this was joyful tidings for his poor wife. I left them together & did not see the Genl until breakfast. He appeared excessively harrass'd. He & Mr. Rush had never left the President since our disgraceful retreat. He had crossed over with him into Virginia, where he had collected troops & 2000 brave fellows then following his steps to our poor city, commanded by Genl. Hungerford a revolutionary officer. Wherever they pass'd, they as well as our flying forces were received with the most affectionate kindness, not only at large houses but at every hovel; the women came out with milk, bread, spirits, or something to offer the weary soldiers & to press them to rest & refresh. Everywhere he met indignation at the invading force & an alacrity to march against them, but the most prominent sentiment was mortification at the precipitate retreat of our army. The President & himself had arrived the night before & staid at Mrs. Bently's where we were. Mrs. Mason begged him not to stay one moment on her account, but urged him to depart that he might to the utmost serve his country. After breakfast he return'd to Brookville, soon after Mr. Smith sent for me & I was obliged to leave this amiable woman. She parted with me with reluctance as I was the only one near her who had any experience in her disease. When I arrived to-day at Brookville, the President & his suite had gone. The girls were very sorry I had been absent, as the scene in B. had been novel & interesting. Just at bed time the Presd. had ar-



The Capitol after the conflagration of August 24, 1814.

rived & all hands went to work to prepare supper & lodgings for him, his companions & guards,—beds were spread in the parlour, the house was filled & guards placed round the house during the night. A large troop of horse likewise arrived & encamp'd for the night, beside the mill-wall in a beautiful little plain, so embosom'd in woods & hills. The tents were scatter'd along the riverlet & the fires they kindled on the ground & the lights within the tents had a beautiful appearance. All the villagers, gentlemen & ladies, young & old, throng'd to see the President. He was tranquil as usual, & tho' much distressed by the dreadful event, which had taken place not dispirited. He advised Mr. Smith to return to the city, whither he was himself going. Mr. Monroe & some other gentlemen join'd him & about noon he set off for our suffering city. The rest of the day we pass'd tranquilly. It is now night, all around is quiet. All the inhabitants of this peaceful village sleep in peace. How silent! How serene! the moonlight gilds the romantic landscape that spreads around me. Oh my God, what a contrast is this repose of nature, to the turbulence of society. How much more dreadful is the war of man with man, than the strife of elements. On Thursday the hurricane which blew down houses, tore up trees & spread terror around, pass'd in a few minutes & nature recovered her tranquility. But oh my country, when will the destroying tempest which is now ravaging & destroying thy property & happiness, when will that be hushed to peace! At this moment, escaped from danger, I, & my family, all I hold most dear, are safe. But when I think of my good fellow citizens, when I think of our poor soldiers, flying on every part, sinking under fatigue & pain & hunger, dying alone & unknown, scattered in woods & fields—when I think of these horrors, I can hardly enjoy my own security.

Tuesday 30. Here we are, once more restored to our home. How shall I be sufficiently thankful for the mercies I have experienced. Once more the precious objects of my affection are gathered round me under our own roof. But how long shall I enjoy this blessing! The blast has pass'd by, without devastating this spot. But the storm is not yet over, dark, gloomy, lowering is the prospect, & far more dreadful scenes may be impending. Never did I feel so affected, so hopeless & sunk, as I did yesterday in the city. Oh my sister, what a sight! But to resume my journal. On Sunday morning we left Brookeville. Our

ride was pleasant. All the way we were conjecturing how we should find our dwelling. We saw no vestige of the late scene till we approach'd the gate that open'd into our farm, then in the woods we saw a cannon whose carriage was broken, near the ruins of our cottage. On descending the hill, at the foot of a tree we saw a soldier sleeping on his arms,—leaving the woods we saw four or 5 others crossing the field & picking apples. When we reach'd the yard, a soldier with his musket was standing by the gate & asked permission to get a drink. These men were only passing over the farm. We found the house just as we had left it, & the vestige of no enemy, but the hurricane of Thursday which had blown down fences & trees. Julia & Ann cook'd us up a little dinner & in the afternoon we rode to the city. We pass'd several dead horses. The poor capitol! nothing but its blacken'd wall remain'd! 4 or 5 houses in the neighbourhood were likewise in ruins. Some men had got within these houses & fired on the English as they were quietly marching into the city, they killed 4 men & Genl. Rosse's horse. I imagine Genl. R. thought that his life was particularly aim'd at, for while his troops remained in the city he never made his appearance, altho' Cockburn & the other officers often rode through the avenue. It was on account of this outrage that these houses were burnt. We afterwards look'd at the other public buildings, but none were so thoroughly destroy'd as the House of Representatives & the President's House. Those beautiful pillars in that R—— Hall were crack'd & broken, the roof, that noble dome, painted & carved with such beauty & skill, lay in ashes in the cellars beneath the smouldering ruins, were yet smoking. In the P. H. not an inch, but its crack'd & blacken'd walls remain'd. That scene, which when I last visited it, was so splendid, throng'd with the great, the gay, the ambitious placemen, & patriotic Heros was now nothing but ashes, & was it these ashes, now trodden under foot by the rabble, which once possess'd the power to inflate pride, to gratify vanity. Did we ever honour the inhabitants of this ruin the more for their splendid habitation,—was this an object of desire, ambition, envy? Alas, yes, and this is human grandeur! How fragile, how transitory! Who would have thought that this mass so solid, so magnificent, so grand, which seem'd built for generations to come, should by the hands of a few men & in the space of a few hours, be thus irreparably destroy'd. Oh vanity of human hopes! After this melancholy survey, Mr. Smith went to see the President, who was at Mr. Cutts' (his brother in law) where we found Mrs. Madison & her sister Mrs. Cutts. Mrs. M. seem'd much depress'd, she could scarcely speak without tears. She told me she had remained in the city till a few hours before the English enter'd. She was so confident of Victory that she was calmly listening to the roar of cannon, & watching the rockets in the air, when she perceived our troops rushing into the city, with the haste & dismay of a routed force. The friends with her then hurried her away, (her carriage being previously ready) & she with many other families, among whom was Mrs. Thornton & Mrs. Cutting with her, retreated with the flying army. In George town they perceived some men before them carrying off the picture of Genl Washington (the large one by Stewart) which with the plate, was all that was saved out of the President's house. Mrs. M. lost all her own property. The wine, of which there was a great quantity, was consumed by our own soldiers. Mrs. M. slept that night in the encampment, a guard being placed round her tent, the next day she cross'd into Virginia where she remained until Sunday, when she return'd to meet her husband. Men, soldiers, expresses were round the house, the President was in a room with his cabinet, from whence he issued his orders. The English frigates were laying before Alexandria & as it was supposed only waiting for a wind to come up to the city. The belief was that about 700 or more sailors were to be let loose in the city for plunder, dreadful idea. A universal despondency seem'd to pervade the people,—we every where met them in scatter'd groups, relating or listening to their fears. We drank tea at Mrs. Thornton's, who described to us the manner in which they conflagrated the President's H & other buildings,—50 men, sailors & marines, were marched by an officer, silently thro' the avenue, each carrying a long pole to which was fixed a ball about the circumference of a large plate, —when arrived at the building, each man was station'd at a window, with his pole & machine of wild-fire against it, at the word

of command, at the same instant the windows were broken & this wild-fire thrown in, so that an instantaneous conflagration took place & the whole building was wrapt in flames & smoke. The spectators stood in awful silence, the city was light & the heavens redden'd with the blaze! The day before Cockburn paid this house a visit & these will answer as a memento. I must take something too, & looking round, he seized an old hat a *chapeau de bras* of the President's, and a cushion off Mrs. M.'s chair, declaring these should be his trophies, adding pleasantries too vulgar for me to repeat. When he went to burn Mr. Gale's office, whom he called his "dear Josey";



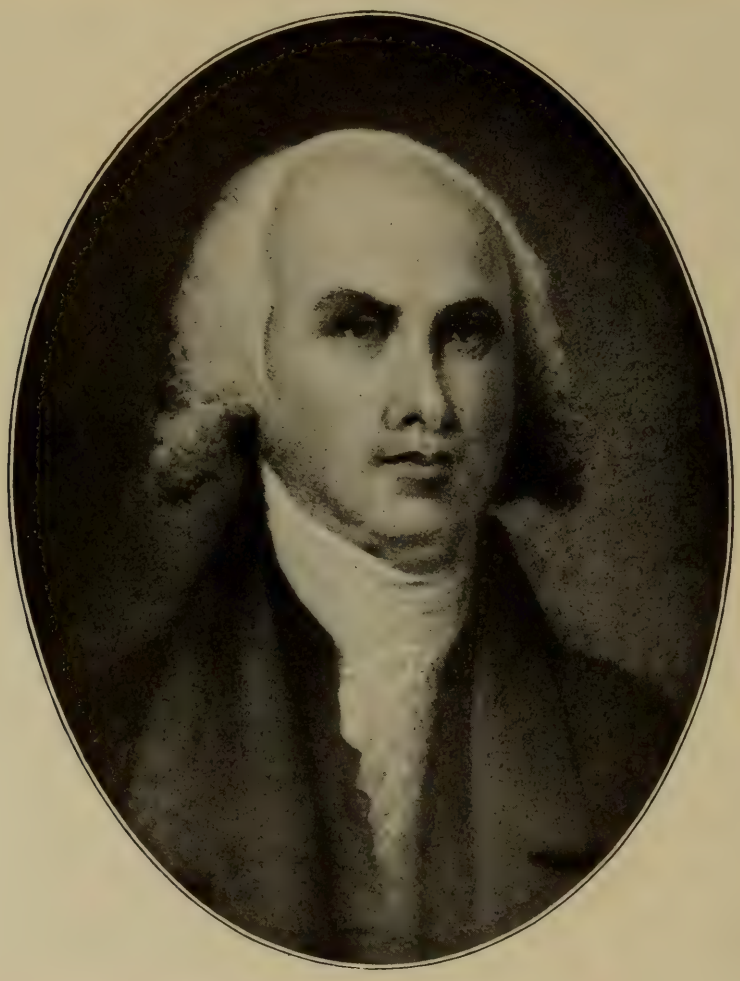
Mrs. James Madison.

From the steel engraving by J. F. E. Prudhomme, after the portrait by J. Wood.

Legislative
Ontar

forced a young gentleman of our acquaintance to go with him,—on entering the dining room they found the table spread for dinner, left precipitately by Mrs. M.,—he insisted on young Weightman's sitting down & drinking Jemmy's health, which was the only epithet he used whenever he spoke of the President. After looking round, he told Mr. W. to take something to remember this day. Mr. W. wished for some valuable article. No, no said he, *that* I must give to the flames, but here, handing him some ornaments off the mantel-piece, Mrs. Brush, Mrs. Stelle & a few citizens remonstrated with him, assuring him that it would occasion the loss of all the buildings in the row. "Well," said he, "good people I do not wish to injure you, but I am really afraid my friend Josey will be affronted with me, if after burning Jemmy's palace, I do not pay him the same compliment,—so my lads, take your axes, pull down the house, & burn the papers in the street." This was accordingly done. He told Mrs. Brush & several others, that no houses should be injur'd but such as were shut &

deserted. Mr. Cutting & Mrs. B. saved ours by opening the windows. Cockburn often rode down the avenue, on an old white mare with a long main & tail & followed by its fold to the dismay of the spectators. He, & all his officers & soldiers were perfectly polite to the citizens. He bade them complain of any soldier that committed the least disorder & had several severely punished, for very slight offences. All provisions were paid for. He stop'd at a door, at which a young lady was standing & enter'd into familiar conversation. "Now did you expect to see me such a clever fellow," said he, "were you not prepared to see a savage, a ferocious creature, such as Josey represented me? But you see I am quite harmless, don't be afraid, I will take better care of you than Jemmy did!" Such was his manner,—that of a common sailor, not of a dignified commander. He however deserves praise & commendation for his own good conduct & the discipline of his sailors & Marines, for these were the destroying agents. The land troops & officers were scarcely seen while in the city, but kept close qrs at the navy yard. Cockburn had ordered Col. Wharton's & Capt. Tingey's houses (both public property) and the barracks & arsenal to be burnt, but on a remonstrance from the citizens, & an assurance the fire would destroy private property he desisted, "I want to injure no citizen," said he, " & so your Barracks may stand." I must praise his moderation, indeed his conduct was such as to disarm the prejudices that existed. During the stay of their troops in the city, it was so still you might have heard a pin drop on the pavement. The negroes all hid themselves & instead of a mutinous spirit, have never evinced so much attachment to the whites & such dread of the enemy. I could fill sheets with similar anecdotes, but the above



James Madison.

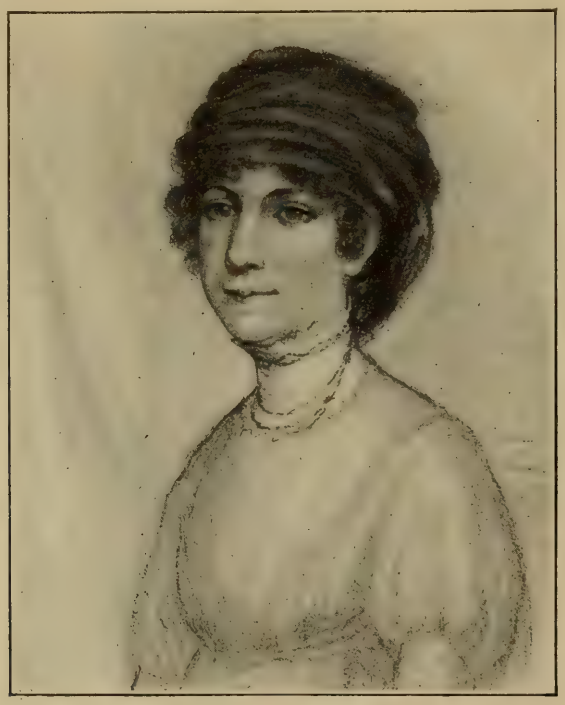
From a picture by Gilbert Stuart in the possession of T. Jefferson Coolidge.



Montpelier.
Madison's home near Richmond, Virginia.

will give you an idea of Cockburn. They left the city precipitately, from the idea that Winder was collecting his forces & would by going round them, cut off their retreat to their ships. And this could have been done, & our poor soldiers were willing & able for any enterprise, but their commanders,—Ah their commanders, Armstrong & Winder—on their shoulders lies the blame of our disastrous flight & defeat. Our men were all eager to fight & were marching on with a certainty of victory, more than 2000 had not fired their muskets, when Armstrong & Winder gave the order for a retreat, & to enforce that order added terror to authority! The English officers have told some of our citizens that they could not have stood more than 10 minutes longer, that they had march'd that day 13 miles, & were exhausted with thirst, heat & fatigue. It is said 2 Irish regiments wish'd to be taken & were on the point of joining us when the retreat commenced. I have conversed with many of our officers & men. All agree in this statement, that the troops wish'd to fight, & were full of spirit & courage. The English expected great resistance. Yesterday when in the city I conversed with a great many citizens, they were all desponding, dishearten'd. The President is determined on making a resistance in case the enemy return. But our citizens sent a deputation begging him not to attempt it, as it would be ineffectual, & would only be making them & the roofs that shelter'd them a sacrifice. "They now," they said, "had neither honor or property to loose. All they valued was gone." The President's orders, however, were enforced & all day yesterday while I was in the city I saw them collecting. Troops are order'd from all around, & 3000 are expected tonight. Alexandria has surrender'd its town with all their flour & merchandize & the frigates are now laying before that town, loading the Alexandria shipping with the goods of the citizens. What will be our fate I know not. The citizens who remain'd are now moving out, & all seem more alarm'd than before. I brought Eliza Doyne (that was) out with me. Mrs. Brush is coming out this evening & has sent out all her furniture. I prefer offering our house as an asylum to the poor than the rich. There is dreadful individual suffering,—one of Mr. S.'s clerk's was here this morning, his house & furniture were all burnt, even his clothing & he & his family are reduced to penury. Hundreds, I may say thousands of our flying troops pass'd thro our farm after the engagement. The

English got within half a mile of us & have plunder'd our neighbours on the adjoining farms,—the intervening wood hid us from them. On their retreat through Bladensburg they have done a great deal of injury, destroying furniture, carrying off cattle, &c. The consternation around us is general. The despondancy still greater. But *I* look forward with hope, our troops are again collecting & altho' the poor citizens are disgovernment, they were answer'd, Romans would never be driven from their homes, Rome should never be destroy'd. May a Roman spirit animate our people, & the Roman example be followed by the Americans. Meanwhile, you will ask for some domestic details. We are in that state of confusion, which with our clothes & furniture all removed you may imagine. Mrs. Brush & Mrs. Grammar (E. Doyne) are



Mrs. James Madison.
After a water-color by Dr. William Thornton.

hearten'd by the fate of their city, the rest of the army are still willing to fight. Universal execration follows Armstrong, who it is believed never wished to defend the city & I was assured that had he pass'd thro' the city the day after the engagement, he would have been torn to pieces. The district certainly was not in a state of preparation, whether from want of ability or want of inclination on the part of the administration we can not know. The city was capable of defence & ought to have been defended. But we will retrieve, yes I trust we will retrieve our character & restore our capital. Oh that I a feeble woman could do something! This is not the first capital of a great empire, that has been invaded & conflagrated; Rome was reduced still lower by the Goths of old, than we are, & when its senate proposed removing the seat of added to our family. Every hour brings a different rumour; we know not what to believe & scarcely what to hope. We are determined however not again to quit the house, but to run all risques here, as we find our enemy not so ferocious as we expected & that property is much endanger'd by quitting it. I shall persuade Ann to go to Brookville & take the children, if more alarming intelligence arrives. I am now so harden'd to fatigue & alarm, that I do not fear my health will suffer. The same external symtoms continue & I am astonished I am not much weakened by so long a continuation. But I am not [torn out] no depression, but feel wound up to be [torn out]. I trust when the hour of alarm or trial comes I shall be enabled to support it. Ann is as composed & easy as if all was peace. She is all that is kind & attentive to me & the

children, & in the absence of our servants, she & Julia do everything. Do not be so anxious about us my dearest sister. The back is fitted to the burden. As yet, my strength has not been tryed. I trust not in myself,—the firm, the innate, the deep felt conviction that every thing is over ruled by a great & a good God, reconciles me to every event. The late astonishing events in Europe, & the dreadful ones here, seems to have so sunk all human grandeur, all human concerns in my estimation, & human life appears so short, so very short, that instead of anxiety, I feel almost indifference. All will soon be past, whether life is spent in suffering or enjoyment, is of little moment, so that it is well spent,—we cannot suffer long. External circumstances are of little consequence, so that in all we do our duty. Such are my reflections; & my whole effort now, is not to escape from suffering & danger, but to be active in the performance of the duties they bring with them. Please to send my letter to Maria. I cannot write over,—dear, dear sister adieu. Do not be anxious about me—I am not uneasy myself.

To Mrs. Kirkpatrick

SIDNEY, Sept. 11 [1814].

. . . The affairs of our country grow more & more gloomy; last night the perusal of the paper made me quite melancholy, at Plattsburgh, N. London, N. Haven, all was consternation & alarm, families removing their property, & many, I suppose, as in this place wandering from their homes, without knowing where to find a shelter. All around our neighborhood was fill'd; those who could not get into houses encamp'd in the woods. In our old church there were 9 families. At Mrs. Fries 5 families with 18 children with scarcely anything to eat. Every day we are hearing of new instances of the cruelty of the soldiery & individual suffering. It has been the poor who have been the principle sufferers. At Bladensburgh which was inhabited chiefly by poor persons, the gentlemen having large houses & farms around the houses are much damaged by cannon ball &c.—many of them occupied by the British wounded & our wounded men. (The army left all of their wounded for us to take care of)—The poor owners thus excluded, their gardens, corn fields & enclosures laid waste; their horses all taken. In the army's march from Benedict they made tents & beds of all the green corn, for which purpose they cut down whole fields. I am told this country (from Benedict to Washington) is totally laid waste; you can scarcely get anything for man or horse to eat. They strip'd the people of their clothing, taking women's & even children's clothes. All this was done by the straggling parties of soldiers who robb'd only the poor. At Bladensburg, Malboro' & Wood Yard, the officers had guards placed around the houses of many considerable & wealthy persons & obtruded no further than to go to lodge, breakfast or dine with the gentlemen, except where they found houses empty & deserted, in which case they generally destroyed them. We ran a great risque in deserting ours. We are again establish'd & I now think nothing (excepting an army of Cossacks) shall induce me again to leave it. The battle was very near to us. In the next farm, there was skirmishing, & 10 dead bodies were found (of the enemy) some only 4 or 5 days ago. A poor old lady, one of our nearest neighbors, heard the bullets rattling around her house & has found a good many in the yard. I say I will remain, tho' all who did, say nothing would induce them to again go through such scenes. I have heard of two persons, I knew, who have lost their senses, & several I have seen are very much alter'd in their looks. Mrs. Bradley is the only one who would go thro' the same scenes again —she is generally timid, but she says when the hour of trial came, courage came with it. Several hundred of our flying troups were at her house, she dress'd their wounds & gave them meat & drink. I am persuaded the enemy lost many more than was at first supposed, as bodies are daily found, unburied, under bushes, in gulleys. Alas poor wretches, how many anxious hearts in England may be looking for your return! The wounded & prisoners who remain, all express themselves delighted with this country, many who have been in France & Spain, say they never saw so beautiful or so rich a country & wonder how so happy a people could go to war. It is supposed between 4 or 500 blacks have either [obliterated] taken. They have behaved well, been quiet, & [obliterated] in general appear to dread the enemy as much as we do. Thus we are spared one evil & the one I had most

dread of. Muskets, cartridge boxes, were found by 100's & in possession of the blacks, who have all cheerfully given them up, to the persons sent to look for & collect them. Our black men found 3 on our farm, which they immediately gave up. Citizens have returned & are slowly & despondently resuming business, but society & individuals have received a shock it will require a long time to recover from. I now begin to feel a little composed & able to resume my ordinary employments. Mr. Smith has lost considerably by the destruction of the Bridges, in both of which he had invested a large sum. We shall make some change in our living, so as to reduce our expenditures. We have given up our house in the city, as it was much wanted & we shall not go there next winter. Excuse me for writing on one subject only. It is the only one of which we talk or think. But our country, our poor country. It seems surrounded. No place seems safe. I will not begin on another sheet, but conclude this with begging you my dear sister to write as soon as you can. All our family are perfectly well. Matty as well as ever she was in her life, she was quite safe during the alarm, in an obscure farm I had sent her to.

*To Saml. Harrison Smith**

LONE HOUSE-BY THE WAY SIDE [1815].

What a novel letter I could write you if I but had the time & if the passing stage will not take me up, I shall have time enough, for here I must stay till they do, if its all day & night too. A few miles this side of Chester, our stage broke, but the mud was so deep, the gentlemen would not let me get out, we all sat on the upper side, (one of the braces was broke & the carriage rested on the axel) & were drag'd thro' the mud to this house, about two miles off. It was ten o'clock & the people all abed & it was a long time before we could waken them. At last the door was open'd by a nice good looking old quaker lady, with fear & trembling however. There were no men & no assistance of any kind—the moon was just down & the night so foggy that the driver said it would be very dark. I therefore begged the old lady to keep me all night. The gentlemen said they could get on the horses or walk & as they were anxious to get on, they bade me farewell & commended me to the lady's care. It was eleven o'clock before they got off, the stage supported by an old rail. I then begged my good quaker, to take me to the kitchen fire, as I was very cold & wet. My feet had been wet all day, & getting in & out of the stages in the rain, for it had rain'd hard all day, had wet my clothes. Two sweet looking young women got up & soon made a fine fire. I got into the chimney corner, for the chimney was like old Mrs. Tracy's, undress'd & dried & warm'd myself. I ask'd them if it would not be too much trouble, if they could give me something for supper. They said they really had nothing at all in the house, they didnt often accommodate people, it being a house just for the market folks to stop at. I told them a bowl of tea, with brown sugar would do, for I felt chilly & weary. They put on the tea kettle, & on my asking for an egg, found *one*. They seem'd curious about me, & when I told them that I came from *Washington*, I became an object of curiosity to them & they asked me a hundred questions,—particularly about its being taken by the British, & about slaves. While my kettle was boiling, I sat in one corner & the old lady in the other corner of the chimney. She was a pale, delicate looking woman, with an uncommonly sweet face. She regretted much having no better accomodation, but I told her truly it was more agreeable than a public house, that I could feel as if she was my mother, at least take as good care of me & that her daughters were just the age of mine. Here I must say, a few tears would in spite of me break from my full heart, at the thought of *home* dear home—dangers being now over my courage was over too. The dear old lady was so kind. In a few moments I went on with my history of the taking & burning of Washington, which all listen'd eagerly to, while we sat cowering over the fire. I related all the little anecdotes I could remember, our fears at Sidney, & when they heard that I could fire a pistol & had slept with a loaded pistol under my head, & Ann with a pen-knife in her bosom, they were lost in astonishment & look'd on me as something wonderful. The simplicity of the good folks amused me & their extreme interest excited me to tell them all about Ross Cockburn &c &c I could recollect & like the old soldier I sat

* Mrs. Smith was on her way to Philadelphia to visit her brother, Andrew Bayard, President of the Commercial Bank of Philadelphia. She finished the letter in Philadelphia.

by the "fire & show'd how fields were won" —lost I mean— Whenever I was about to pause, they begg'd me to go on. My little table was put in the corner by me, my bowl of tea & *one* egg & two crackers. I was wrapped in my flannel gown, & my clothes hung round the stove to dry. The sheets for my bed were hung on a chair before the blaze, & if I had indeed been her daughter she could not have been more careful of me, but there was a sick child upstairs whom they had to watch by. I therefore summon'd up courage to go to bed alone (the only thing I dreaded) they took me thro' five or six doors, into another house which had been built in addition to this. I requested the candle might be left. In vain I tried to sleep. It was raining & blowing, the windows & doors rattling. I became every moment more nervous, something in the room, threw a shadow on the wall exactly like a coffin—that night week dear Elizabeth had died—her image, almost herself was by me, the candle was almost out, I trembled so the bedstead shook under me. I felt almost sure if left in the dark I should fall into some kind of fit, at last I jump'd up & without waiting to put on my flannel gown, I took my almost expiring candle, determined to find my way to the kitchen, & if I could not find another candle, to sit in the chimney corner all night. I open'd the door of a chamber next me, hoping some one of the family might be there, but I saw a bedstead, the idea that some one might have just died there struck me. I dared not look farther, but found my way down stairs into a large empty room, with four doors, I opened the one nearest to me, the wind rushed in & blew out my candle. I then groped all round the room. Two doors were bolted, at last I found one that yielded to my hand, I open'd it, but knew not where I was & was afraid of falling down steps. I thought it best to return to my chamber, tho' with a horror I cannot describe—then I thought I would sit down in the empty room on the floor. The windows shook with the storm, as if they would have fallen in—the wind blew most violently & some open door was creaking & slaming. I shook, so I could scarcely stand & was quite unable to find the door at the foot of the stairs. At last, some one called out—Who's there? I answer'd & the old woman came to me with a light, & look'd quite frightened to see me there. She took me in the kitchen,—the fire was still burning, & they had been making up bread, &c. I told them I felt unwell & had come down for another candle—they mixed me a glass of toddy, as they saw me shaking as if I had an ague. After I got warm'd I began one of the stories that had interested them so much & was very eloquent indeed, in hopes of beguiling them to sit up an hour or two with me, but they were too sleepy, for even my most wonderful stories to keep them awake. At last finding neither Cochburn's murders, nor negro conspiricies, nor Georgia negro buyers could keep their eyes open, I again ask'd for a bed fellow & said I felt so lonely I could not sleep. But the daughter could not be spared, & I again return'd with a whole candle & crept into bed, where the kind girl tucked me in. But it was in vain, I repeated poetry & exerted my reason. I whose courage had that morning been so admired & extoll'd by my fellow travellers, when in danger of losing my life, was now ill with imaginary terrors. After about an hour, I heard doors opening & shutting, then foot steps ascending the stairs—then some one at my door, who whispered, "Are you awake?" To which I gladly answered "Yes," for even the entrance of robbers would have been welcome. But it was my good old lady, who feeling uneasy, had made her youngest daughter, a little girl the size of Anna Maria get up & brought her to me as a bed fellow. The moment I felt *warm* flesh & blood near me & her little arm round me my trembling & shiverings ceased & soon I drop't into a sweet sleep, from which I was awaken'd by a bright sun, shining in my windows. My pretty bed fellow assisted to dress me & when I went down in the sitting room, I found a fine looking grey-headed old man that put me in mind of Mr. K. He was the father of the family, & I had again in answer to his questions to relate my dangers & hair breadth escapes. A little breakfast table was set for me, & when done they cut this sheet of paper out of a book for me & with an old stub of a pen, I am sitting by the stove to write. No stage has yet pass'd. I think it probable the roads were so dangerous near the Susquehanah & so deep elsewhere, something may have happen'd & that they will not be along till in the evening or night, like us. I can find no book in the house, so for my own amusement as well as

yours will write on, if it is all day & by way of making it answer for a chapter in the great work, will go into details in the novel style—this will be killing two birds with one stone.

Now to begin my journal. Like all other times of war & peace, it affords little to say. My ride to Baltimore was as pleasant as on a summer's day, my companion a very agreeable man who knew everybody I knew in New York, & we talked of all the old acquaintance of twenty & 30 years back—he told me who he was, his business & family. I told him who I was, my husband's business & our family & before we reached Baltimore felt like old acquaintance. When the stage stopp'd we were taken into the stage office & found on enquiry, not a single passenger was going on to Philad. Mr. Dey, said if I would wait he would go to the other stage office & enquire. There were a parcel of men standing round, but no one offer'd me a chair. I asked one of them to carry my letter into Mr. Williamson. Soon after the bar keeper, came & asked me to walk into a parlour, where a very genteel young man, came & in the most respectful way, enquir'd what he could do for my accomodation, stating his father was very ill, but he would execute any commands I might give him. When he understood my wishes, he begg'd me to walk in a better parlour up stairs, while he would go to the other stage office & learn what passengers there were, begging me to feel quite at home & order what I pleased. He soon return'd, likewise Mr. Dey, with information there were two gentlemen going on to Philad. I then ordered a slight dinner, while Mr. D. went to take my seat & speak to the gentlemen & Mr.——

The stage stopp'd & I left off. In the stage were very clever people, but you may judge of the state of the roads, when I was four hours coming 15 miles. At four o'clock I got safely here, but alas not to find all as happy as I had hoped, the whole family were in the greatest anxiety as Sally was very ill. I did not see sister or Elizabeth until this morning, her life was in danger I believe for some hours, at one, the child was born—it was six months, it is still alive but no probability of its living. I hope Sally is out of danger, but poor sister & brother are very, very anxious. In this state of the family I feel in the way, 'tho' all are kind enough to persuade me to stay longer, I think it best to go tomorrow. Brother would have gone with me, had not this event occur'd. Oh how frail is the tenure of human felicity. This happy family may soon be plunged into the greatest grief. Mrs. Bayard, Caroline, Susan & Mrs. Hodge * & several other friends came in to see me & have been again this morning. I can scarcely steal time for a few lines, & am writing with them all around me. All are unsettled, going & coming from Sally's. I feel anxious but shall go tomorrow. I am perfectly well, all the better for the exposure & adventures I have met with. I meant to give you an account of the passage of the Susquehannah, & the rest of my journey, but now I feel in no spirits to write it. All our friends & connections of all the different families are in deep mourning. I do not want the girls to get any, but it might be as well to lay aside their gay ribbons. Things seem very different here & at Sidney—they have just come in to say Sally is much better & has fallen asleep. This is very favorable. I wrote those few lines from Elketon under the impression the mail to Washington would be missing, but it was the northern mail which was deranged. I cannot write more now, for every moment some one is coming in. Heaven bless you all.

M. H. Smith.

I cannot even read over what I have written.

* Mrs. Smith's mother, Col. Bayard's first wife (he was married three times), was Margaret Hodge.



By
EDWARD PENFIELD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

TWO donkeys with their noses close together stood on the earthen floor of the *posada*. The sun streamed through the cracks of the partly opened door, and the little beasts put back their ears in perverse obstinacy whenever the harness-maker came to fit their saddles, nor did they resume their contented attitude until Don Felipe's cigarette once more sent up quietly curling streams of blue smoke, as he resumed his work beside the high-wheeled, heavily hooded carts in the *patio*. A few more stitches, and one or two more holes punched, and everything would be ready for señor and his guide.

The gayly bedecked little beasts stood patiently waiting, with large heavy saddles, when Fernando and I entered the inn yard early the next morning. A fringed blanket shawl folded in a long roll was thrown over each pommel, the ends dangling fantastically around the fore feet. Another heavy blanket was folded over the saddle seat, from which hung the gay red-fringed saddle-bags. From heavy bridles hung long strips of tasselled leather, which fell over the forehead and nose, a protest to the cruel, persistent flies. Fernando's stirrups were yellow and mine were green, and as he handed me an "estock to make heem hurry," I climbed astride my little steed and led the way out of the inn yard, down the wide pavement, and under the Puerto del Toledo, out on the hard white smooth government road of flint.

Teams of as many as five mules, all in a row, with gay head-dresses, from which hung rows and rows of bells, tinkled in merry unison as they pulled faithfully at the heavily laden, high-wheeled, big-hooded carts with their load of earthenware or wine-casks hung from a swinging platform beneath the axle as well as piled high up above it. The drivers with their savage



A wine-shop on the roadside.

dogs sat lazily, curling their long lashes not only around the ears of their own patient beasts, but most generously distributing their efforts on all passing animals.

Small donkeys loaded with water-casks, live poultry, earth from a near-by excavation, passed by in single file, all encircled by their fantastic little harnesses of braided straw rope, with red and yellow worsted patterns and dangling purple pompons.

Well-ordered olive groves, the trees with their gnarled and twisted trunks withered and scarred, but sending forth shoots of new green branches, lined either side of the road, and as we left the signs of the town behind us the country became slightly rolling. The herbage grew scantily on the parched earth, ploughed and pulverized by the Romans, then by the Moors, and now by a people whose instinct of pillage is stronger than its desire for development.



A load of pottery.

Two forlorn burros yoked to a sharpened stick scraped the sun-baked ground and a patient raw-boned mule, blindfolded, trod a well-worn circle, drawing up water from a well, in earthern jars, and a Roman pillar, broken to the proper length and fastened to a rough-hewn framework, pressed seeds into the ground as it was rolled over it.

Presently we came to a low square building with sun-baked tiles upon the roof, and Fernando called from behind to stop; it was a wine-shop, and I found that on a road where the hot, dry sun beats mercilessly down, where the blue, blue sky becomes monotonous, and wine-shops are few, it is well to heed Fernando's well-meant interruption; so I dismounted and walked into the low whitewashed room. Two men sat over against the wall and I glanced curiously at a beggar in a long faded cloak who stood before the wine-seller. He had dropped his humble demeanor and stooped pose, and held his head in a lordly manner, for he was no longer the supplicant at the cathedral steps, but a man of capital spending his money, and commanded the proper courtesy from the shopkeeper, who showed his evident amusement at the proud and haughty demeanor of the well-schooled mendicant. When he was given his glass of wine and paid his penny, he graciously offered it to both of us with true politeness before he touched his greedy thick lips to the rim.



Drawn by Edward Penfield.

The beggar in the wine-shop.



A water wheel.

After our refreshment, we sat around on the low benches for some time, and I could



Encircled in a gay little harness.

see that my companion was as loath to remount as I was, for riding a donkey is something one must get used to; the short, quick-step of the burro produces a jogging that one cannot "rise" to as in horseback, but you must sit and "take it," and it requires time before the muscles are hardened enough to use the stick and your throat leathery enough to shout "a-rr-r-r—ray-y-y-y-y-y-O-O-O-O!*" so that a Spanish donkey will respect either.

The sun's rays grew more intense, absorbing the cool breeze from the snow capped Sierras, and as we continued along the road the little beasts, either realizing that they were on a long journey or that we used the "estocks" with a more professional swing, started on a quick walk, almost breaking into a trot.

We were farther from the city now, and there was only an occasional traveller on the road. The fields were parched, but here and there, in irrigated portions, the grass grew a little greener Occasional small dilapidated walled villages, marked by the spire of a cathedral, were on the hillsides, and often very small hamlets had very big cathedrals. As we approached one of these villages, a man carrying a big jug and riding astride of an old mule came out to meet us. He was preceded by a woman dressed in black and taking very long strides. When he came nearer he waved his hand, and before we knew it the farmer who helped us in buying the donkeys at the market, was beside us and inquired how the beasts were behaving, while his good wife stood and looked on with good-nature and solicitude.



A country gentleman

* Spelled arrhé.

The compliment of being assured that his judgment was good put him in a fine humor, and he invited us to lunch out in the fields of his farm under one of the few small trees that grew about his irrigating well. So here we enjoyed the proverbial loaf of bread and jug of wine, but his wife was thoughtful enough to go back to the house and add a hot tortilla to the repast, and then while the farmer's patient mule, blind-folded, walked round and round the treadmill of the water-wheel and the donkeys nipped the new sweet buds that grew about the well, we all spread our blankets on the ground and took a *siesta* in the soft air, sweetened by the sun-dried grass.

Late in the afternoon Fernando gently shook me by the shoulder. The farmer's day's work had been done, which consisted of watching his mule draw up enough water to the storage reservoir to enrich his fields, and as he had offered us the hospitality of his house for the night and there was also a wedding in the village, we threw the grass, saddles, and saddle-bags over our donkeys and all three were soon on our way to the pile of low, yellow-roofed houses clustered around the cathedral in the village.

The wedding dance was being held in a long, narrow building near a fountain, and we entered on a smooth earth floor; seats were ranged about the sides of the white-washed room, and the low rafters were draped and festooned with fancy wall-paper with gold scrolls in it. The music was furnished by a piano organ at one end of the long room, turned in rotation by a number of small boys in their clean blue blouses and brown corduroy breeches, who felt their importance; and at the other end of the room a table was spread with cakes and bread and a wine concoction very sweet and pleasant but seductive. The women, some bringing their babies, were a pleasant set but not beautiful, although a few, with their large dark eyes, came very near to it. They did not wear the gay costumes of my imagination, but their dresses showed great care and conscientious patching. A gay handkerchief was often folded around the neck and across the breast and large ear-rings and big breast-pins were the vogue even among the young women. The men wore broad-brimmed black felt hats and clean blue blouses, corduroy trousers, either



The patio of a posada

light tan or brown, and the long red or black sash belt called a "faja," wound many times about the waist, the folds serving as pockets for cigarettes, tobacco-pouch, and the villainous knife that everyone carries.

The dances were "round," interspersed with a square dance, where four people comprised a set—a sort of fandango, with lots of stamping and attempts at lithe, serpentine motions, with the hands raised above



A desolate stretch.

the head. There was a very old man who danced with great gusto and amused the crowd of young people, who encouraged him with clapping of hands. When, at last, we left the wedding, and passed the fountain where the laborers from the fields were watering their mules, the rose-color was slowly fading from the sky, and we made our way to the farmer's house, which was in the village. The front had the square prison-like effect so common—iron bars, delicately wrought, before each window, and a huge heavy double wooden door filled with big iron-headed nails, giving the entire place the look of a strong box. We entered the *patio*, a square yard around which the house was built. There was a high-wheeled cart resting on its shafts on the cobble floor, the heavy brass studded harness thrown across the dashboard. Dried vegetables and grasses hung from beams and rafters, and dangling down in the center of all the chaos was an electric light, a single bulb, cobwebbed and soiled, but giving out its feeble ray in strange contrast.

All the lower rooms opened out on the court and a broad stairway of tiles led to the bedrooms on the floor above.

Out from the kitchen, dining-room, and stairway came my host's family, displaying no end of curiosity. Later, over a large pan of rabbit stew, from which we all helped ourselves, my host asked many questions and told many little anecdotes of his large family. Four sons and two daughters, all married and living in this large, rambling, thick-walled house, made a family of twenty-two children (many of them were still at the wedding), and the eldest son tried to show with gestures the appearance of the stairway at Christmas time, when twenty-two pairs of shoes were laid there to receive the gifts of the honored and kindly saint. Many well-meant questions were asked regarding *my history*. Telling them that I was an American caused no cessation in their hospitality (I afterward learned that an American in Spain can come from North or



Drawn by Edward Penfield.

A Spanish tramp.



Our town for the night was silhouetted in blue.

South America or Cuba or the West Indies, if he wishes, but a *Yankee* is the only man who hails from our glorious United States); but when I expressed my disappointment over the unromantic appearance of the wine-shops, where I had expected to find the brave toreador trumming a guitar in unison with a fair señorita's lithe motions, my host, placing his finger beside his nose and drawing down the inner corner of his eye, promised to arrange an entertainment at the wine-shop of the village that night, that would, he was sure, restore my old ideals. His sons played the mandolin, and evidently belonged to a musical club, for four other young men came with their mandolins and sat around the great circular table in the wine-shop. In their flat-brimmed sombreros, hair banged and brushed forward over their ears, in imitation of the bull-fighters, sun-browned faces, short, black velvet coats and red sashes tightly binding their narrow hips, they made a picture, and played their weird, wild music, touched with pathos, well into the night.

Although no request was made of me, the code required strangers to furnish wine, and Fernando ordered a large jug to be placed upon the table and kept full. The villagers who could, crowded into the shop and others stood at the doors and windows, and everyone had access to the flowing bowl; but before they drank they saluted me gravely, and no one was rude or stared or took advantage of the occasion.

Fernando and I were given a large room on the upper floor of the farmer's house. There were two beds, one at either end; the floor was tiled with big square red bricks and heavy oaken blinds at the windows opened on a balcony. The beds and the room were sweet and clean, much better accommodations than the pretentious hotel at Madrid.

In the morning, our host, carrying a long heavy cane, accompanied us as far as a cross beside a small church, on the outskirts of the village, where we bade him farewell and continued our journey. The road lay over treeless rolling hills; sparse grain grew in meagre patches that ended abruptly on barren wastes with flocks of feeding goats on the red sun-baked earth, which took on rose hues in the sunshine or deep plum color in the floating cloud shadows. Purple bush flowers, clustered in the copperas green of the grass or poppies, waved their heads above the struggling blades. Then we came to waste tracts of light-gray clayey land; tufts of sage held savagely to life under the blazing sun, and the road, hard and white, showed us we were on the main highway. We passed more of the high-wheeled carts (some now held families, on the way to the larger towns for market-day) pulled by a mule in the shafts and often a dimin-

utive donkey in the lead. On an uphill pull a high-wheeler's load shifted too far back of the axle for perfect balance. The slow creak gave way to excited female voices in a high key and the deep angry exclamations of men as the shafts pointed skyward and the mules' hind feet left the ground.

We seized the shafts and did our best to bring about order in Sancho's family as they laughingly endeavored to extricate themselves.

The road was not without its pathos. We passed some people too poor even to travel on donkey-back or in carts. One family—a grandmother, the mother, and three children, the youngest having to be carried, under the only umbrella in the party—with a scanty supply of provisions, shoes and sandals worn and patched and tied on with strips torn from skirts and aprons, were walking a distance of two hundred miles to join their men, who had found work in a distant town. They answered our questions, but did not ask for money—far from beggars were they—but after we passed, the babies' little fists held a few shining silver pesetas.

We met tramps who were thoughtful enough of the future to carry a heavy ragged blanket over their shoulders to protect them from the cold night blasts and a small earthen pot for cooking food that might be given to them. Cigarettes were always received with great pleasure; but they were fain to talk. Stone structures, about six or seven feet high, whitewashed and reminding one of a kiln, occurred frequently on the road and were placed for wayfarers to spend the night in, and we passed several large buildings with a cluster of these gentlemen of the road before them, each with his earthen bowl full of steaming food.

As the sun sank that day, the sky casting its purple veil over all, we passed into a beautiful little town, all gardens and bridges and ornate gate-posts, placed there when Spanish rulers were lavish and indifferently maintained by the present King. We found the *posada* a short distance from the palace, and after the donkeys' trappings were taken off and locked in a room for safety and the little animals were led off to the stable, we stooped and entered the kitchen. Señor could have anything he preferred, but after a deal of hunting about for chickens, the larder narrowed down to rabbit stew; so two rabbits were killed and prepared before us (I noticed in other *posadas* our food was always "alive" when we ordered it) and placed in a large bowl in the centre of the table, out of which we helped ourselves. At a table near by a group of carters sat around a larger bowl of "stew." The politeness of the Spanish was ever present, for they formed an orderly group, and each wore a clean blouse and broad-brimmed hat, which he must have carried in his wagon—a sort of dinner dress. There were some sleeping-rooms above, but a "fiesta" in the town had brought many people, and we were obliged to lay down on bags of chopped hay, placed on the floor where the mules, donkeys, and horses were, but well out from their heels. I wrapped myself up in the great blanket shawl that swung from my saddle and lay down on the long bag, tired after the day's ride. Although I lay very still, sleep would not come to me, for I could not shut out the terrible noise of the bells that hung from the mules' gayly bedecked bridles, which with every movement of the jaw sent out a tormenting jangle. A flickering lamp on the post near by waved a sickly glimmer over the sleeping men and rested on the haunches of the taller animals. Centuries of cobwebs hung from the rough rafters like lowering clouds overhead, and during the momentary silence of the bells deep snoring reached my ears. How many honest souls and how many bandits were there among this crowd of black-haired, travel-worn men? They each had that long blade in their belts. The night was cold and I was far from home. As I lay there so still, watching them all, the blanket on a bag over back of the post moved, a head stuck up and looked about. I kept very still. The head raised, and the man sat on his bed and reaching around, drew out a thick rope that had been heavily knotted on both ends and torn apart in the middle. After assuring himself that all was safe, his short overworked, underfed form crept stealthily to the side of a raw-boned mule. He removed the good rope at the halter, and substituted the rope he held in his hand, tying one knotted end in the manger ring and the other on his mule's halter, and then slipped back under his blanket. The old mule tossed his head, backed out of his

standing room, went from one mule's manger to the other, and greedily ate the remaining fodder. Imaginary fears gave way to impending danger, and I raised up and gave a protesting cry to the man behind the post. He did not respond, but the carter beside me rubbed his eyes and sat up in time to see in the pale light the wandering mule beside his own. With a shout and a yell, he jumped up and caught the offending brute. In a minute all were aroused. Where was the sneaking scoundrel who would not buy his mule food, but must needs turn him loose to feed on others. Where was he? All wanted to know. At last he was found and pulled out of his assumed sleep. "Get up and explain!" The apparently amazed man went to the old mule and dramatically seizing the frayed end of the heavy rope, began to tug and pull frantically at it to show how strong he had been tied, and was it a fault of his if a mule could break a hawser fit to hold a boat at the quay? But protests and excuses were in vain. Ready hands and feet pushed and kicked mule and man out into the *patio*, past the covered carts, to the big oak door. The inn-yard keeper heard the noise and came to unlock the door and add his sandal. Out on the road in the cold moonlight the deceiver was left to continue his way on his poor beast, over the bleak rolling hills.

A few hours of sleep must have come after this, for Fernando was gently shaking me when I opened my eyes the next morning.

Our journey now lay over a road through a very isolated country where we would find few places for refreshment, so a loaf of bread and a leather jug of wine was stuffed in either saddle-bag. When we passed out of the pleasant garden-like town, down a road under large cool trees, and through two very tall gate-posts that once must have been very elaborate, we found ourselves, after passing a few irrigated fields, out in a barren sun-baked country. Small shrub bushes grew in clusters and looked as if a very fine gray powder had been dusted over them. The sun beat down mercilessly on the green umbrella, and its heat was reflected from the hot cinders of hell underneath and the quick dart of an occasional huge green lizard was the only form of life we saw in miles and miles of slightly rolling country, treeless and bare, with the heat shimmering the horizon line.

I could hear Fernando's little beast back of me, picking his way through the sage or shaking his ornamented head in fighting the aggravating flies.

"Good placa for a wine-shop, señor," comes to me through the heated air. No Spanish explorer looked more anxiously than did Fernando and I for some place to shelter us. About noon a long row of beautiful cool trees could be seen, stretching along the horizon, a novel sight in all this barren desert.

An hour later and the donkeys were eating the moist grass; the saddle-bags were relieved and on our blankets in the cool shade we had our "loaf of bread and jug of wine" while the creak, creak, of the rough machinery of a well, the soft notes of a cuckoo, and a voice giving orders in a distant field broke the drowsy silence.

To one who is brought up on this diet, it may be very satisfying, but as I chewed off hunks of soggy bread and swallowed it in gulps of almost bitter wine, I was thankful that "thou" was not there for me to apologize to for the menu. We finished off with cigarettes, and until the heat of the day was over, we laid our lengths on the cool ground for a quiet *siesta*.

I opened my eyes a few hours after to see a man with a wide belt over his shoulder, on which was a large oval brass sign. He carried a gun, a short carbine affair, and looked ugly. He turned out to be the warder or keeper of this fertile spot we were on. "Ten minutes and we must be gone!" "Why did we feed our donkeys on his master's grass?" "Did we not have enough money to go to a *posada?*" Fernando did not have to be asked to hurry in saddling that time, and we tried to "save our face," as the Chinese say, when we departed by offering the keeper cigarettes. He politely received them and his *adios* followed us, as Fernando said, "out of the Garden of Eden." Several hours' riding brought us to an occasional house and the desert gradually melted into fields of sparsely growing grain. The crops were being gathered not by machinery, but by men with small scythes, who cut down the wheat by handfulls. They worked fast and thoroughly, and the little they dropped was gathered up by boy gleaners, so that when they had passed not a single straw of grain could be found. The country now was slightly rolling. Fields

green with grass, yellow with ripe grain, or freshly ploughed made our spirits rise; and way beyond, the hills, on the crest of which our town for the night was silhouetted in blue against a late afternoon sky.

Wine-shops, big covered carts, and patient little donkeys filled the road as we neared the city. When we climbed the hill and passed through the big Moorish gate, the cool blue veil of evening brought out the shining yellow lights; the shepherds were driving their flocks of goats into the city and the small iron shoes of our burros beat a lively tattoo on the stone pavements of the narrow hilly streets, that wound and twisted, like a maze, until we found ourselves at the gate of the *posada*. Here we did not have to sleep with the animals, but each had a comfortable clean room which opened through a green door on to the balcony above the *patio*. The town was a most interesting one, containing remnants of its Roman occupants, built around gorgeously by its Moorish conquerors and now occupied in decay and semi-preservation by the Spanish. Here we rested and explored before taking up again our journey over the bleak, stern wastes of poor old tired-out Spain.

THE TRAVELLER

By Robert Gilbert Welsh

WHAT matter that his crippled feet
About his room scarce carry him,
His spirit finds adventures meet
In Fez, Fashoda, Suakim.

How can his world seem small and bare,
When his brown eyes, so kind yet keen,
May welcome friends from here and there,
And see in them what they have seen?

When summer seethes in his confines
He dreams of woodlands cool and dim;
He strolls in Dante's haunts, the pines
Of San Vitale sing to him.

And yet at times, when hours creep by,
Measured by couch and crutch and chair,
His cloistered body seems to cry
For the free world of Otherwhere.

Ah! Some day, when he shall have drawn
The final, ineffectual breath,
He will set out across the dawn
On that great journey men call death.

A KNIGHT OF THE CUMBERLAND

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY F. C. YOHN

THE AURICULAR TALENT OF THE HON. SAMUEL BUDD

III

BEHIND us came the Hon. Samuel Budd. Just when the sun was slitting the east with a long streak of fire, the Hon. Samuel was, with the jocund day, standing tiptoe in his stirrups on the misty mountain top and peering into the ravine down which we had slid the night before, and he grumbled no little when he saw that he, too, must get off his horse and slide down. The Hon. Samuel was ambitious, Southern, and a lawyer. Without saying, it goes that he was also a politician. He was not a native of the mountains, but he had cast his fortunes in the highlands, and he was taking the first step that he hoped would, before many years, land him in the National Capitol. He really knew little about the mountaineers, even now, and he had never been among his constituents on Devil's Fork, where he was bound now. The campaign had so far been full of humor and full of trials—not the least of which sprang from the fact that it was sorghum time. Everybody through the mountains was making sorghum, and every mountain child was eating molasses.

Now, as the world knows, the straightest way to the heart of the honest voter is through the women of the land, and the straightest way to the heart of the women is through the children of the land; and one method of winning both, with rural politicians, is to kiss the babies wide and far. So as each infant, at sorghum time, has a circle of green-brown stickiness about his chubby lips, and as the Hon. Sam was averse to "long sweetenin'" even in his coffee, this particular political device just now was no small trial to the Hon. Samuel Budd. But in the language of one of his firmest supporters—Uncle Tommie Hendricks:

"The Hon. Sam done his duty, and he done it damn well."

The issue at stake was the site of the new Court-House—two localities claiming the right undisputed, because they were the only two places in the county where there was enough level land for the Court House to stand on. Let no man think this a trivial issue. There had been a similar one over on the Virginia side once, and the opposing factions agreed to decide the question by the ancient wager of battle, fist and skull—two hundred men on each side—and the women of the county with difficulty prevented the fight. Just now, Mr. Budd was on his way to "The Pocket"—the voting place of one faction—where he had never been, where the hostility against him was most bitter, and, that day, he knew he was "up against" Waterloo, the crossing of the Rubicon, holding the pass at Thermopylæ, or any other historical crisis in the history of man. I was saddling the mules when the cackling of geese in the creek announced the coming of the Hon. Samuel Budd, coming with his chin on his breast—deep in thought. Still his eyes beamed cheerily, he lifted his slouched hat gallantly to the Blight and the little sister, and he would wait for us to jog along with him. I told him of our troubles, meanwhile. The Wild Dog had restored our mules—and the Hon. Sam beamed:

"He's a wonder—where is he?"

"He never waited—even for thanks."

Again the Hon. Sam beamed:

"Ah! just like him. He's gone ahead to help me."

"Well, how did he happen to be here?" I asked.

"He's everywhere," said the Hon. Sam.

"How did he know the mules were ours?"

"Easy. That boy knows everything."

"Well, why did he bring them back and then leave so mysteriously?"

The Hon. Sam silently pointed a finger at the laughing Blight ahead, and I looked incredulous.

"Just the same, that's another reason I told you to warn Marston. He's already got it in his head that Marston is his rival."

"Pshaw!" I said—for it was too ridiculous.

"All right," said the Hon. Sam placidly.

"Then why doesn't he want to see her?"

"How do you know he ain't watchin' her now, for all we know? Mark me," he added, "you won't see him at the speakin', but I'll bet fruit cake agin gingerbread he'll be somewhere around."

So we went on, the two girls leading the way and the Hon. Sam now telling his political troubles to me. Half a mile down the road, a solitary horseman stood waiting, and Mr. Budd gave a low whistle.

"One o' my rivals," he said, from the corner of his mouth.

"Mornin'," said the horseman; "lemme see you a minute."

He made a movement to draw aside, but the Hon. Samuel made a counter-gesture of dissent.

"This gentleman is a friend of mine," he said firmly, but with great courtesy, "and he can hear what you have to say to me."

The mountaineer rubbed one huge hand over his stubbly chin, threw one of his long legs over the pommel of his saddle, and dangled a heavy cowhide shoe to and fro.

"Would you mind tellin' me whut pay a member of the House of Legislatur' gits a day?"

The Hon. Sam looked surprised.

"I think about two dollars and a half."

"An' his meals?"

"No!" laughed Mr. Budd.

"Well, look-ee here, stranger. I'm a pore man an' I've got a mortgage on my farm. That money don't mean nothin' to you—but if you'll draw out now an' I win, I'll tell ye whut I'll do." He paused as though to make sure that the sacrifice was possible. "I'll just give ye half of that two dollars and a half a day, as shore as you're a-settin' on that hoss, and you won't hav' to hit a durn lick to earn it."

I had not the heart to smile—nor did the Hon. Samuel—so artless and simple was the man and so pathetic his appeal.

"You see—you'll divide my vote, an' ef we both run, ole Josh Barton 'll git it shore. Ef you git out o' the way, I can lick him easy."

Mr. Budd's answer was kind, instructive, and uplifted.

"My friend," said he, "I'm sorry, but I cannot possibly accede to your request for the following reasons: First, it would not be fair to my constituents; secondly, it would hardly be seeming to barter the noble gift of the people to which we both aspire; thirdly, you might lose with me out of the way; and fourthly, I'm going to win whether you are in the way or not."

The horseman slowly collapsed while the Hon. Samuel was talking, and now he threw the leg back, kicked for his stirrup twice, spat once, and turned his horse's head.

"I reckon you will, stranger," he said sadly, "with that gift o' gab o' yourn." He turned without another word or nod of good-by and started back up the creek whence he had come.

"One gone," said the Hon. Samuel Budd grimly, "and I swear I'm right sorry for him." And so was I.

An hour later we struck the river, and another hour upstream brought us to where the contest of tongues was to come about. No sylvan dell in Arcady could have been lovelier than the spot. Above the road, a big spring poured a clear little stream over shining pebbles into the river; above it the bushes hung thick with autumn leaves, and above them stood yellow beeches like pillars of pale fire. On both sides of the road sat and squatted the honest voters, sour-looking, disgruntled—a distinctly hostile crowd. The Blight and my little sister drew great and curious attention as they sat on a bowlder above the spring while I went with the Hon. Samuel Budd under the guidance of Uncle Tommie Hendricks, who introduced him right and left. The Hon. Samuel was cheery, but he was plainly nervous. There were two lanky youths whose names, oddly enough, were Budd. As they gave him their huge paws in lifeless fashion, the Hon. Samuel slapped one on the shoulder, with the true democracy of the politician, and said jocosely:

"Well, we Budds may not be what you call great people, but, thank God, none of us have ever been in the penitentiary," and he laughed loudly, thinking that he had scored a great and jolly point. The two young men looked exceedingly grave and Uncle Tommie panic-stricken. He plucked the Hon. Sam by the sleeve and led him aside:

"I reckon you made a leetle mistake thar. Them two fellers' daddy died in the penitentiary last spring." The Hon. Sam whistled mournfully, but he looked game enough

when his opponent rose to speak—Uncle Josh Barton, who had short, thick, upright hair, little sharp eyes, and a rasping voice. Uncle Josh wasted no time:

"Feller-citizens," he shouted, "this man is a lawyer—he's a corporation lawyer;" the fearful name—pronounced "lie-yer"—rang through the crowd like a trumpet, and like lightning the Hon. Sam was on his feet.

"The man who says that is a liar," he said calmly, "and I demand your authority for the statement. If you won't give it—I shall hold you personally responsible, sir."

It was a strike home, and under the flashing eyes that stared unwaveringly through the big goggles, Uncle Josh halted and stammered and admitted that he might have been misinformed.

"Then I advise you to be more careful," cautioned the Hon. Samuel sharply.

"Feller-citizens," said Uncle Josh, "if he ain't a corporation lawyer—who is this man? Where did he come from? I have been born and raised among you. You all know me—do you know him? Whut's he a-doin' now? He's a fine-haired furriner, an' he's come down hyeh from the settlemints to tell ye that you hain't got no man in yo' own deestrict that's fittin' to represent ye in the legislatur'. Look at him—look at him! He's got *four* eyes! Look at his hair—hit's *parted in the middle!*" There was a storm of laughter—Uncle Josh had made good—and if the Hon. Samuel could straightway have turned bald-headed and sightless, he would have been a happy man. He looked sick with hopelessness, but Uncle Tommie Hendricks, his mentor, was vigorously whispering something in his ear, and gradually his face cleared. Indeed, the Hon. Samuel was smilingly confident when he rose.

Like his rival, he stood in the open road, and the sun beat down on his parted yellow hair, so that the eyes of all could see, and the laughter was still running round.

"Who is your Uncle Josh?" he asked with threatening mildness. "I know I was not born here, but, my friends, I couldn't help that. And just as soon as I could get away from where I was born, I came here and," he paused with lips parted and long finger outstretched, "and—I—came—because—I *wanted*—to come—and *not* because *I had to*."

Now it seems that Uncle Josh, too, was not a native and that he had left home early in life for his State's good and for his own. Uncle Tommie had whispered this, and the Hon. Samuel raised himself high on both toes while the expectant crowd, on the verge of a roar, waited—as did Uncle Joshua, with a sickly smile.

"Why did your Uncle Josh come among you? Because he was hoop-poled away from home." Then came the roar—and the Hon. Samuel had to quell it with uplifted hand.

"And did your Uncle Joshua marry a mountain wife? No! He didn't think any of your mountain women were good enough for him, so he slips down into the settlemints and *steals* one. And now, fellow-citizens, that is just what I'm here for—I'm looking for a nice mountain girl, and I'm going to have her." Again the Hon. Samuel had to still the roar, and then he went on quietly to show how they must lose the Court-House site if they did not send him to the legislature, and how, while they might not get it if they did send him, it was their only hope to send only him. The crowd had grown somewhat hostile again, and it was after one telling period, when the Hon. Samuel stopped to mop his brow, that a gigantic mountaineer rose in the rear of the crowd.

"Talk on, stranger; you're talking sense. I'll trust ye. You've got big ears!"

Now the Hon. Samuel possessed a primordial talent that is rather rare in these physically degenerate days. He said nothing, but stood quietly in the middle of the road. The eyes of the crowd on either side of the road began to bulge, the lips of all opened with wonder, and a simultaneous burst of laughter rose around the Hon. Samuel Budd. A dozen men sprang to their feet and rushed up to him—looking at those remarkable ears, as they gravely wagged to and fro. That settled things, and, as we left, the Hon. Sam was having things his own way, and on the edge of the crowd Uncle Tommie Hendricks was shaking his head:

"I tell ye, boys, he ain't no jackass—even if he can flop his ears."

At the river we started upstream, and some impulse made me turn in my saddle and look back. All the time I had had an eye open for the young mountaineer whose interest in us seemed to be so keen. And now I saw, standing at the head of a gray

horse, on the edge of the crowd, a tall figure with his hands on his hips and looking after us. I couldn't be sure, but it looked like the Wild Dog.

IV

TWO hours up the river we struck Buck. Buck was sitting on the fence by the roadside, barefooted and hatless.

"How-dye-do?" I said.

"Purty well," said Buck.

"Any fish in this river?"

"Several," said Buck. Now in mountain speech "several" means simply " a good many."

"Any minnows in these branches?"

"I seed several in the branch back o' our house."

"How far away do you live?"

"Oh, 'bout one whoop an' a holler." If he had spoken Greek the Blight could not have been more puzzled. He meant he lived as far as a man's voice would carry with one yell and a halloa.

"Will you help me catch some?" Buck nodded.

"All right," I said, turning my horse up to the fence. "Get on behind." The horse shied his hind quarters away, and I pulled him back.

"Now, you can get on, if you'll be quick." Buck sat still.

"Yes," he said imperturbably; "but I ain't quick." The two girls laughed aloud, and Buck looked surprised.

Around a curving corn-field we went, and through a meadow which Buck said was a "nigh cut." From the limb of a tree that we passed hung a piece of wire with an iron ring swinging at its upturned end. A little farther was another tree and another ring, and farther on another and another.

"For heaven's sake, Buck, what are these things?"

"Mart's a-gittin' ready fer a tourney-ment."

"A what?"

"That's whut Mart calls hit. He was over to the Gap last Fourth o' July, an' he says fellers over thar fix up like Kuklux and go a-chargin' on hosses and takin' off them rings with a ash-stick—'spear'—Mart calls hit. He come back an' he says he's a-goin' to win that ar tourneyment next Fourth o' July. He's got the best hoss up this river, and on Sundays he an' Dave Branham goes a-chargin' along here a-picking off these rings jus' a-flying'; an' Mart can do hit, I'm tellin' ye. Dave's mighty good hisself, but he ain't nowhar 'longside o' Mart."

This was strange. I had told the Blight about our Fourth of July, and how on the Virginia side the ancient custom of the tournament still survived. It was on the last Fourth of July that she had meant to come to the Gap. Truly civilization was spreading throughout the hills.

"Who's Mart?"

"Mart's my brother," said little Buck. "He was over to the Gap not long ago, an' he come back mad as hops——." He stopped suddenly, and in such a way that I turned my head, knowing that caution had caught Buck.

"What about?"

"Oh, nothin'," said Buck carelessly; "only he's been quar ever since. My sisters says he's got a gal over thar, an' he's a-pickin' off these rings more'n ever now. He's going to win or bust a belly-band."

"Well, who's Dave Branham?"

Buck grinned. "You jes axe my sister Mollie. Thar she is."

Before us was a white-framed house of logs in the porch of which stood two stalwart, good-looking girls. Could we stay all night? We could—there was no hesitation—and straight in we rode.

"Where's your father?" Both girls giggled, and one said, with frank unembarrassment:

"Pap's tight!" That did not look promising, but we had to stay just the same. Buck helped me to unhitch the mules, helped me also to catch minnows, and in half an hour we started down the river to try fishing before dark came. Buck trotted along.

"Have you got a wagon, Buck?"

"What fer?"

"To bring the fish back." Buck was not to be caught napping.

"We got that sled thar, but hit won't be big enough," he said gravely. "An' our two-hoss wagon's out in the corn-field. We'll have to string the fish, leave 'em in the river and go fer 'em in the mornin'."

"All right, Buck." The Blight was greatly amused at Buck.

Two hundred yards down the road stood

his sisters over the figure of a man outstretched in the road. Unashamed, they smiled at us. The man in the road was "Pap"—tight—and they were trying to get him home.

We cast into a dark pool farther down and fished most patiently; not a bite—not a nibble.

"Are there any fish in here, Buck?"

"Dunno—used ter be." The shadows deepened; we must go back to the house.

"Is there a dam below here, Buck?"

"Yes, thar's a dam about a half mile down the river."

I was disgusted. No wonder there were no bass in that pool.

"Why didn't you tell me that before?"

"You never axed me," said Buck placidly.

I began winding in my line.

"Ain't no bottom in that pool," said Buck.

I never saw any rural community where there was not a bottomless pool, and I suddenly determined to shake one tradition in one community. So I took an extra fish-line, tied a stone to it, and climbed into a canoe, Buck watching me, but not asking a word.

"Get in, Buck."

Silently he got in and I pushed off—to the centre.

"This the deepest part, Buck?"

"I reckon so."

I dropped in the stone and the line reeled out some fifty feet and began to coil on the surface of the water.

"I guess that's on the bottom, isn't it, Buck?"

Buck looked genuinely distressed; but presently he brightened.

"Yes," he said; "ef hit ain't on a turtle's back."

Literally I threw up both hands and back we trailed—fishless.

"Reckon you won't need that two-hoss wagon," said Buck.

"No, Buck, I think not." Buck looked at the Blight and gave himself the pleasure of his first chuckle. A big crackling, cheerful fire awaited us. Through the door I could see, outstretched on a bed in the next room, the limp figure of "pap" in alcoholic sleep. The old mother, big, kind-faced, explained—and there was a heaven of kindness and charity in her drawling voice.

"Dad didn' often git that a-way," she said; "but he'd been out a-huntin' hawgs that mornin' and had met up with some teamsters and gone to a political speakin' and had tuk a dram or two of their mean whiskey, and not havin' nothin' on his stummick, hit had all gone to his head. No, 'Pap' didn't git that a-way often, and he'd be all right jes' as soon as he slept it off a while." The old woman moved about with a cane and the sympathetic Blight merely looked a question at her.

"Yes, she'd fell down a year ago—and had sort o' hurt herself—didn't do nothin', though, 'cept break one hip," she added, in her kind, patient old voice. Did many people stop there? Oh, yes, sometimes fifteen at a time—they "never turned nobody away." And she had a big family, little Cindy and the two big girls and Buck and Mart—who was out somewhere—and the hired man, and yes—"Thar was another boy, but he was fitified," said one of the big sisters.

"I beg pardon," said the wondering Blight, but she knew that phrase wouldn't do, so she added politely:

"What did you say?"

"Fitified—Tom has fits. He's in a asylum in the settlements."

"Tom come back once an' he was all right," said the old mother; "but he worried so much over them gals workin' so hard that it plum' throwed him off ag'in, and we had to send him back."

"Do you work pretty hard?" I asked presently. Then a story came that was full of unconscious pathos, because there was no hint of complaint—simply a plain statement of daily life. They got up before the men, in order to get breakfast ready; then they went with the men into the fields—those two girls—and worked like men. At dark they got supper ready, and after the men went to bed they worked on—washing dishes and clearing up the kitchen. They took it turn about getting supper, and sometimes, one said, she was "so plumb tuckered out that she'd drap on the bed and go to sleep ruther than eat her own supper." No wonder poor Tom had to go back to the asylum. All the while the two girls stood by the fire looking, politely but minutely, at the two strange girls and their curious clothes and their boots, and the way they dressed their hair. Their hard life seemed

to have hurt them none—for both were the pictures of health—whatever that phrase means.

After supper "pap" came in, perfectly sober, with a big ruddy face, giant frame, and twinkling gray eyes. He was the man who had risen to speak his faith in the Hon. Samuel Budd that day on the size of the Hon. Samuel's ears. He, too, was unashamed and, as he explained his plight again, he did it with little apology.

"I seed ye at the speakin' to-day. That man Budd is a good man. He done somethin' fer a boy o' mine over at the Gap." Like little Buck, he, too, stopped short. "He's a good man an' I'm a-goin' to help him."

Yes, he repeated, quite irrelevantly, it was hunting hogs all day with nothing to eat and only mean whiskey to drink. Mart had not come in yet—he was "workin' out" now.

"He's the best worker in these mountains," said the old woman; "Mart works too hard."

The hired man appeared and joined us at the fire. Bedtime came, and I whispered jokingly to the Blight:

"I believe I'll ask that good-looking one to 'set up' with me." 'Settin' up' is what courting is called in the hills. The couple sit up in front of the fire after everybody else has gone to bed. The man puts his arm around the girl's neck and whispers; then she puts her arm around his neck and whispers—so that the rest may not hear. This I had related to the Blight, and now she withered me.

"You just do, now!"

I turned to the girl in question, whose name was Mollie. "Buck told me to ask you who Dave Branham was." Mollie wheeled, blushing and angry, but Buck had darted cackling out the door. "Oh," I said, and I changed the subject. "What time do you get up?"

"Oh, 'bout crack o' day." I was tired, and that was discouraging.

"Do you get up that early every morning?"

"No," was the quick answer; "a mornin' later."

A morning later, Mollie got up, each morning. The Blight laughed.

Pretty soon the two girls were taken into the next room, which was a long one, with one bed in one dark corner, one in the other, and a third bed in the middle. The feminine members of the family all followed them out on the porch and watched them brush their teeth, for they had never seen tooth-brushes before. They watched them prepare for bed—and I could hear much giggling and comment and many questions, all of which culminated, by and by, in a chorus of shrieking laughter. That climax as I learned next morning, was over the Blight's hot-water bag. Never had their eyes rested on an article of more wonder and humor than that water-bag.

By and by, the feminine members came back and we sat around the fire. Still Mart did not appear, though somebody stepped into the kitchen, and from the warning glance that Mollie gave Buck when she left the room I guessed that the newcomer was Dave. Pretty soon the old man yawned.

"Well, mammy, I reckon this stranger's about ready to lay down, if you've got a place fer him."

"Git a light, Buck," said the old woman. Buck got a light—a chimneyless, smoking oil-lamp—and led me into the same room where the Blight and my little sister were. Their heads were covered up, but the bed in the gloom of one corner was shaking with their smothered laughter. Buck pointed to the middle bed.

"I can get along without that light, Buck, I said, and I must have been rather haughty and abrupt, for a stifled shriek came from under the bedclothes, in the corner and Buck disappeared swiftly. Preparations for bed are simple in the mountains—they were primitively simple for me that night. Being in knickerbockers, I merely took off my coat and shoes. Presently somebody else stepped into the room and the bed in the other corner creaked. Silence for a while. Then the door opened, and the head of the old woman was thrust in.

"Mart!" she said coaxingly; "git up thar now an' climb over inter bed with that ar stranger."

That was Mart at last, over in the corner. Mart turned, grumbled, and, to my great pleasure, swore that he wouldn't. The old woman waited a moment.

"Mart" she said again with gentle imperiousness, "git up thar now, I tell ye—you've got to sleep with that thar stranger."

She closed the door and with a snort Mart

piled into bed with me. I gave him plenty of room and did not introduce myself. A little more dark silence—the shaking of the bed under the hilarity of those astonished, bethrilled, but thoroughly unfrightened young women in the dark corner on my left ceased, and again the door opened. This time it was the hired man, and I saw that the trouble was either that neither Mart nor Buck wanted to sleep with the hired man or that neither wanted to sleep with me. A long silence and then the boy Buck slipped in. The hired man delivered himself with the intonation somewhat of a circuit rider.

"I've been a-watchin' that star thar, through the winder. Sometimes hit moves, then hit stands plum' still, an' ag'in hit gits to pitchin'." The hired man must have been touching up mean whiskey himself. Meanwhile, Mart seemed to be having spells of troubled slumber. He would snore gently, accentuate said snore with a sudden quiver of his body and then wake up with a climacteric snort and start that would shake the bed. This was repeated several times, and I began to think of the unfortunate Tom who was "fitified." Mart seemed on the verge of a fit himself, and I waited apprehensively for each snorting climax to see if fits were a family failing. They were not. Peace overcame Mart and he slept deeply, but not I. The hired man began to show symptoms. He would roll and groan, dreaming of feuds, *quorum pars magna fui*, it seemed, and of religious conversion, in which he feared he was not so great. Twice he said aloud:

"An' I tell you thar wouldn't a one of 'em have said a word if I'd been killed stone-dead." Twice he said it almost weepingly, and now and then he would groan appealingly.

"O Lawd, have mercy on my pore soul!"

Fortunately those two tired girls slept—I could hear their breathing, but sleep there was none for me. Once the troubled soul with the hoe got up and stumbled out to the water-bucket on the porch to soothe the fever or whatever it was that was burning him, and after that he was quiet. I awoke before day. The dim light at the window showed an empty bed—Buck and the hired man were gone. Mart was slipping out of the side of my bed, but the girls still slept on. I watched Mart, for I guessed I might now see what, perhaps, is the distinguishing trait of American civilization down to its bed-rock, as you find it through the West and in the Southern hills—a chivalrous respect for women. Mart thought I was asleep. Over in the corner were two creatures the like of which I supposed he had never seen and would not see, since he came in too late the night before, and was going away too early now—and two angels straight from heaven could not have stirred my curiosity any more than they already must have stirred his. But not once did Mart turn his eyes, much less his face, toward the corner where they were—not once, for I watched him closely. And when he went out he sent his little sister back for his shoes, which the night-walking hired man had accidentally kicked toward the foot of the strangers' bed. In a minute I was out after him, but he was gone. Behind me the two girls opened their eyes on a room that was empty save for them. Then the Blight spoke (this I was told later).

"Dear," she said, "have our roommates gone?"

Breakfast at dawn. The mountain girls were ready to go to work. All looked sorry to have us leave. They asked us to come back again, and they meant it. We said we would like to come back—and we meant it—to see them—the kind old mother, the pioneer-like old man, sturdy little Buck, shy little Cindy, the elusive, hard-working, unconsciously shivery Mart, and the two big sisters. As we started back up the river the sisters started for the fields, and I thought of their stricken brother in the settlements, who must have been much like Mart.

Back up the Big Black Mountain we toiled, and late in the afternoon we were on the State line that runs the crest of the Big Black. Right on top and bisected by that State line sat a dingy little shack, and there, with one leg thrown over the pommel of his saddle, sat Marston, drinking water from a gourd.

"I was coming over to meet you," he said, smiling at the Blight, who, greatly pleased, smiled back at him. The shack was a "blind Tiger" where whiskey could be sold to Kentuckians on the Virginia side and to Virginians on the Kentucky side. Hanging around were the slouching figures of several moonshiners and the villainous fellow who ran it.

"They are real ones all right," said Marston. "One of them killed a revenue officer at that front door last week, and was killed by the posse as he was trying to escape out of the back window. That house will be in ashes soon," he added. And it was.

As we rode down the mountain we told him about our trip and the people with whom we had spent the night—and all the time he was smiling curiously.

"Buck," he said. "Oh, yes, I know that little chap. Mart had him posted down there on the river to toll you to his house—to toll *you*," he added to the Blight. He pulled in his horse suddenly, turned and looked up toward the top of the mountain.

"Ah, I thought so." We all looked back. On the edge of the cliff, far upward, on which the "blind Tiger" sat was a gray horse, and on it was a man who, motionless, was looking down at us. "He's been following you all the way." said the engineer.

"Who's been following us?" I asked.

"That's Mart up there—my friend and yours," said Marston to the Blight. "I'm rather glad I didn't meet you on the other side of the mountain—that's "the Wild Dog." The Blight looked incredulous, but Marston knew the man and knew the horse.

So Mart—hard-working Mart—was the Wild Dog, and he was content to do the Blight all service without thanks, merely for the privilege of secretly seeing her face now and then; and yet he would not look upon that face when she was a guest under his roof and asleep.

Still, when we dropped behind the two girls I gave Marston the Hon. Sam's warning, and for a moment he looked rather grave.

"Well, he said, smiling, "if I'm found in the road some day, you'll know who did it."

I shook my head. "Oh, no; he isn't that bad."

"I don't know," said Marston.

The smoke of the young engineer's coke ovens lay far below us and the Blight had never seen a coke-plant before. It looked like Hades even in the early dusk—the snake-like coil of fiery ovens stretching up the long, deep ravine, and the smoke-streaked clouds of fire, trailing like a yellow mist over them, with a fierce white blast shooting up here and there when the lid of an oven was raised, as though to add fresh temperature to some particular malefactor in some particular chamber of torment. Humanity about was joyous, however. Laughter and banter and song came from the cabins that lined the big ravine and the little ravines opening into it. A banjo tinkled at the entrance of "Possum Trot," sacred to the darkies. We moved toward it. On the stoop sat an ecstatic picker and in the dust shuffled three pickaninnies—one boy and two girls—the youngest not five years old. The crowd that was gathered about them gave way respectfully as we drew near; the little darkies showed their white teeth in jolly grins, and their feet shook the dust in happy competition. I showered a few coins for the Blight and on we went—into the mouth of the many-peaked Gap. The night train was coming in and everybody had a smile of welcome for the Blight—post-office assistant, drug clerk, soda-water boy, telegraph operator, hostler, who came for the mules—and when tired, but happy, she slipped from her saddle to the ground, she then and there gave me what she usually reserves for Christmas morning, and that, too, while Marston was looking on. Over her shoulder I smiled at him.

That night Marston and the Blight sat under the vines on the porch until the late moon rose over Wallens Ridge, and, when bedtime came, the Blight said impatiently that she did not want to go home. She had to go, however, next day, but on the next Fourth of July she would surely come again; and, as the young engineer mounted his horse and set his face toward Black Mountain, I knew that until that day, for him, a blight would still be in the hills.

(To be concluded.)

THE DRAWN SHUTTERS

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE HARDING

NO sooner had the *Midnight* let go her anchor in the cove than a door opened in the topmost little house on the rocks. Carefully an old man came down to the beach, with some difficulty launched his boat, and presently was alongside.

The skipper himself took the old man's painter. "Come aboard, Mister Kippen," he said heartily.

"Thankee, captain, but not this mornin'." He hesitated perceptibly ere he put the question. "No word, captain?" There was more of inquiry in the old man's eyes than in what came from his faltering lips—worn old eyes, in which was a pitiable plea for hope. "No word yet o' the *Pallas*, Captain Butler?"

"None yet, Mister Kippen."

"Wh-h-h——" the sigh shook the old body. "Such a fine, able vessel as she was, too. My boy thought he was made when he got her, captain."

"And well he might, Mister Kippen."

"And the proud man I was when I saw him sail out o' Carouge Cove that day. I followed him across the bay to old Weebald, you mind, in my little jack, captain, though 'twas a risin' gale and I had to lay to Lark Harbor for two days after afore it moderated so I could put back. But the grand American schooners, they'll make easy work of this, I says, and warn't I proud to think of him sailin' that able American vessel! The first Bay of Islands boy that ever went master of a Gloucesterm'n. They'll few o' 'em show *him* the course to Gloucester, I says. Aye, I did. And—" again the eyes dulled—"and no word o' him since, you say, captain? Sure there's no word?"

"Well, not when we left home, Mister Kippen, though we didn't come straight from Gloucester. We stopped at St. Pierre on the way. Maybe Murray, who's just come to anchor below, has some word. He left home two days after we did."

"Did he, now? Two days? Yes, yes. I'll drop below and see him. Thankee, captain, but not this mornin'. Ay, I could one time, and dance as I drinked, but my bitters be'n't what they were to me. No, my bitters don't taste right now; but thankee, captain, for all that."

The old man reseated himself in his little boat, resumed his oars, and was off. Captain Butler watched him until he had reached the side of Murray's vessel.

"There, he's aboard. He'll ask the same question, and Murray'll give him the same answer. Nobody with the heart to tell him the truth."

"And what *is* the truth, captain?"

"The truth? The whole story? Well, you must go back some little way for that—back to six weeks yesterday, when three of us were on this very spot ready to leave for Gloucester—Wesley Marrs in the *Lucy Foster*, old Kippen's son in the *Pallas*, and myself in this one. We were all of one tonnage, and there was rivalry between us to see who'd take the biggest load of herring. Each of us took on two thousand barrels salt herring, and I know I thought that for our tonnage we all had enough. Well, that night the three of us met at a dance, and after the dance there was supper and a few drinks of smuggled stuff. There was more or less talking too, you know, before the girls, and somebody remarked how deep the vessels were loaded—too deep for that time of the year. We were, as a matter of fact, pretty deep; but Wesley said: 'Deep hell! the *Lucy* could take another two hundred and fifty barrels and not know she had 'em.'

"Well, you know there are people in the world who are made of meanness and envy. There was a fellow there who was quite a little man when the American skippers weren't around. He'd been in the rear row for some time, but now he comes to the front again. He looks across at Wesley. 'That's good talk, captain. Could—you say you could, but *would* you?'



"No word yet o' the *Pallas*, Captain Butler?"—Page 460.

"'Would? Yes, and *will*,' fires back Wesley. 'Have you two hundred and fifty barrels handy?'

"'I will have 'em alongside in the morning.'

"'Then in the afternoon they'll be aboard,' says Wesley.

"'I'll have 'em there. That's certainly something *like* a load of herring,' goes on this chap. 'I wonder now if any of our people here would——' and looks over to young Kippen.

"'What's that,' asks Kippen, 'about carryin' a load of herrin'?'

"The fellow repeated what he'd said, and Kippen flares right up. Bring him another two hundred and fifty barrels and see what he'd do with them! You see, he had double reasons for it. There was the girl that he was trying to work into windward of, and making good weather of it, too, naturally—a husky, good-looking young skipper—and this the night before he was to leave on what was generally reckoned a hard trip to Gloucester at this time of year. And then, too, he was the first man out of this place ever went master of a first-class American fisherman. And the natives hereabout were that proud of him! 'H-m!' they'd say, 'and so they has to come here to wild Newf'undland for skippers as well as men?' and could hardly keep from shouting, some of 'em, at our fellows as they went by. And maybe 'twas from knowing something of that spirit that Wesley Marrs was so quick to make his boast.

"Anyway, whatever Wesley Marrs says drunk he'll make good sober. So when our friend was there with any quantity of salt herring next morning, Wesley took his two hundred and fifty barrels. And you may be sure the *Lucy* did set something scandalous in the water when she'd got 'em on deck —a good plank deeper than any vessel leaving Bay of Islands that month.

"'I misdoubt you'll ever get her home, Captain Marrs, if you meets heavy weather,' was the cheerful word of one native.

"'No?' says Wesley. 'No? Well, we'll see,' and goes around with an auger plugging up her regular scuppers and boring new ones under the top rail. The natives couldn't keep their admiration to themselves when they saw it.

"Simon Kippen, the old man's son, listened to that talk for a while, and then for the honor of the Bay of Islands—and the thought of the girl, too, I guess—he said he'd stand by what he said the night before. 'What one man could do another man could do,' and also went around plugging up the regular scuppers and boring holes under his top rail.

"Tried to stop him, did Wesley. 'Now you don't need to do that, Kippen,' he says, 'just because you had a glass of liquor in you last night.'

"'Why not, as well as you?' says Sim, stung you see. 'Why can't a Newf'undlander do what any American-born can do?'

"'Why, no reason at all why he can't, gen'rally speaking, if he's got the right stuff in him, which I know you have; but I'll tell you why, and no discredit to you, Sim, that in this partic'lar case you can't. It's true I'm no older than you, but I've been handling big fishermen ten times as long. I've been carrying sail since I was a boy 'most. I know what a vessel c'n do. I know what no man learns except by hard experience, and then he's lucky if he lives to brag about it afterward. I know just how far a vessel c'n roll down before she rolls down to stay. You don't learn that in one year, or two years, or five years of driving. And you're damn lucky if, after you've learned it, you don't get lost yourself—yourself and your vessel and all hands—some day, experimenting further. And more than that, Sim,' says Wesley. 'I've been making passages from here to Gloucester for eight or ten winters now. I know every foot of the road, and no credit to me, while this is your first passage as master.'

"'Maybe so,' says Simon Kippen to that; 'but I've been hand for many a passage—as many as you, for that matter.'

"'Maybe you have,' says Wesley; and through it all he was good-tempered as could be. I mind how he looked, standing with one foot on the quarter-rail and smiling, though we all knew it might be no smiling matter soon. 'Maybe you have, Sim,' says he, smiling over at young Kippen, 'but when you're master and the whole responsibility on you alone, you get to thinking a little deeper. So if you take my advice, and no harm meant, you won't take aboard that deck-load of herring.'

"'You put ashore your deck-load and I won't take mine aboard,' says Sim.

"'No,' says Wesley. 'I've shipped mine—it is in the papers now—and what I've shipped I'll take home or wash overboard—or,' he added after a little pause, 'go down with.'

"'Well, maybe I'll go down with mine, too.'

"'Maybe you will, too,' says Wesley; 'but what good will that do?'

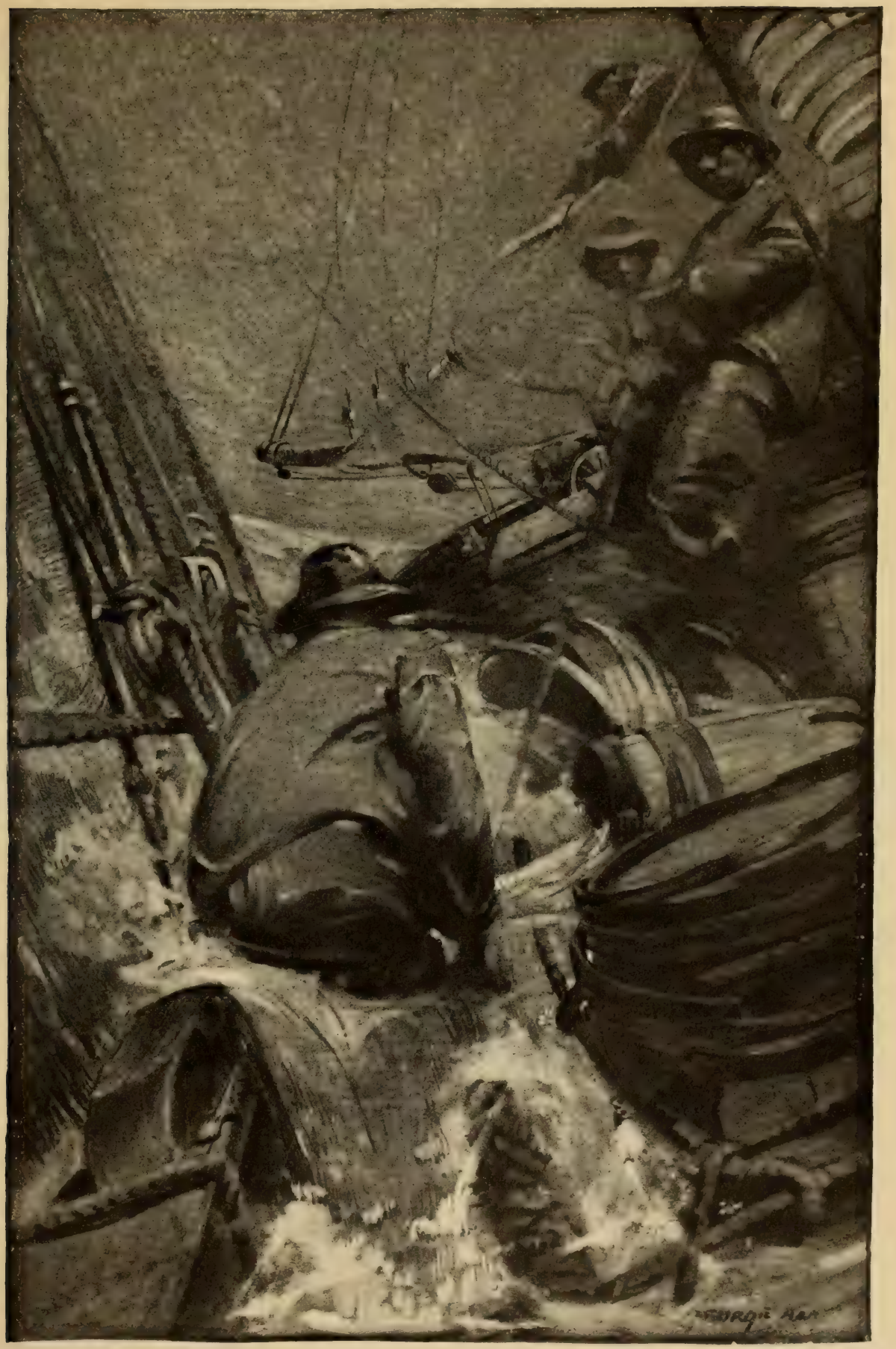
"So they put out. I warn't quite ready to sail—had to reeve a new main-sheet—and I remember I cast off—we were all three tied together—first Kippen's line, and then Wesley's.

"'Good-by!' calls out Sim to me.

"'Fair wind,' I answered.

"'I'll see you in Gloucester,' was Wesley's word—'that's if all goes well,' he added. Wesley was always like that, adding little last words after a little study. He'd lived too long on the sea, I s'pose, to make the mistake of ever saying he'd surely do this or cert'nly do that. But Sim warn't that way. He was drunk with the pride of sailing the *Pallas* out of the Bay of Islands, where all his old chums could see him, and his father, too,—to say nothing of the girl he was in love with. To the dock she'd come to see him off. And there he kissed her and hopped aboard the *Pallas*. 'Good-by, dad,' he hollered back to the old man. 'I'll be back in a month, and maybe be in Gloucester in three or four days; certainly in a week with anything like a fair chance. Maybe somebody'll be showing you a Gloucester paper with an account of the trip in it before I get back.'

"They sailed out, and I followed next day. And, of course, what further happened to them I didn't learn till afterward. But they had it out from the beginning. They were no sooner clear of the bay, hardly into the gulf, with Kippen maybe a mile or two in the lead, than they drove into a westerly gale. And all the way down this tough west coast to Cabot's Strait they had it.



Drawn by George Harding.

"The deck-load began to loosen up."—Page 464.

Both of 'em had on more sail than they should, more than was any mortal use to 'em; but after two days and two nights together, sometimes so close they could hail each other, they warn't either of 'em taking any of it in. Kippen ought to have, because —I meant to have said before—the *Pallas*, while as fine and able-looking a vessel as almost any man would want to see, was what's called a crooked vessel. Her deck wasn't flat enough, and she was too low in the waist—the kind that would fill up amidships and sometimes not get rid of it in time, while the *Lucy's* flat as a ball-room floor. That was the biggest reason why we didn't want to see Sim load too deep. But you couldn't tell Kippen there was any fault with the *Pallas*—he'd eat you alive.

"Well, Kippen held on, the gulf behind them, till they butted into the Atlantic and into that hard south-easter, the hardest gale in maybe two winters. I met it two days later, and though I warn't loaded near so deep as Wesley and Kippen, I was glad enough to put into Sydney for a harbor. And I warn't carrying any whole mains'l, either. So you can imagine what weather they made of it. Loaded deep with salt herring a vessel might's well be fastened with a long rod to the bottom of the ocean. There's no lift or heave to her. The sea breaking over her gives her no chance at all. Well, the bother in a case like that—a logey cargo, a big sea, a gale of wind, and a press of canvas—is that you're most sure to get caught sooner or later and hove down; and a vessel hove down with an overload of salt herring is in a bad way. Gen'rally she don't leave you long in doubt. That's what must have happened to the *Pallas* with her crooked deck. Up to five o'clock that particular afternoon, after twenty-four hours in the south-easter, those on the *Lucy Foster* could easily make out the *Pallas* astern. She'd hung on well up to that time—Wesley didn't pass her till they were clear of the New-f'undland coast; but now coming on dark this day the *Pallas* began to drop back, and soon after, when she'd put up her lights, they could hardly be seen from the *Lucy*. Now all this time they'd been having desp'rate times aboard the *Lucy*. There was forty times they thought she was going, but somehow or other, just like her, she'd come up just in time. Then the deck-load of two hundred and fifty barrels began to loosen up under the battering. Now it would have been a great blessing all around if the deck-load had gone—to all but the owners, that is, and even they'd rather lose the deck-load than the vessel and the two thousand barrels in the hold, not to speak of the crew. But Wesley wouldn't let 'em go. 'No,' he says, 'I'll get 'em home. Nobody'll have it to say in Gloucester we got scared so soon. I know Kippen. He'll try and hang on to *his* deck-load long's he can.' And with lines about them Wesley and his gang went into the swash and put extra lashings to the barrels on deck. By the time they got that job done 'twas good and dark, and they could barely see the staggering red light of the *Pallas* astern. After that they had no time for anybody but themselves. The worst of it was on them then. And it was well Wesley did get his deck-load double-griped. But tough as it was on the *Lucy* it must have been tougher still on the vessel that was lurching along behind them. And thinking of that, after two terrible seas had all but finished the *Lucy*, Wesley looked back for the lights of the *Pallas* again.

"Wesley looked long to where he had seen the red light before. He brushed the spray from his eyes and looked again. No light could he see. He sent men into the rigging—he was lashed to the wheel himself —and they looked back over the water. No light anywhere—nothing but what looked like a patch of foam.

"And though he dreaded it, Wesley hove to his vessel. 'Suppose she isn't gone, and suppose she's not hove to and he keeps her goin', he'll cert'nly have the laugh on Wesley Marrs, but what of that? We may not be a bit of use, but we'll wait here till morning.'

"Which they did. But no *Pallas*, not even a bit of wreckage. Like a rock she must have gone down, as a vessel loaded like that and caught wrong is bound to. Anyway, Wesley was satisfied she was gone, and next day went on his way, and after another ten days battled into Gloucester.

"Is she gone? Of course we all know she's gone. Two months ago that was. Her list was published in the Gloucester papers just before we left, but nobody here will tell that to old Kippen. He still thinks she was blown out to sea or maybe clear back into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where she is now drifting around dismantled and



Together they stood and gazed over the water.—Page 466.

unable to help herself, but still afloat and the boy that left here six weeks back still walking her battered hulk."

The master of the *Midnight* glanced down toward Murray's vessel. From there his eyes roved toward the little old house perched high up on the rocks, and back then to Murray's vessel, where now old Kippen could be seen shoving off his boat. The old man made but feeble progress, and the tide set him over toward the *Midnight*. Clearly he was very tired, but when he called out to Captain Butler there was a more hopeful ring to his words: "Captain Murray says 'tis possible the *Pallas* was drove clear back through the gulf to the Labrador coast, drove ashore like, and they might be there now, he says. Hard livin' on that coast, captain, in winter."

"It must be."

"Aye, but they has their herrin', and what fresh fish they can ketch. Simon will make out."

"I hope so, Mister Kippen."

The old man rowed on to the beach, where, after drawing his boat above high-tide mark, he laboriously made the ascent of the rocks. Now they could see him, and



Resettled her shawl about her shoulders, and came away.—Page 467.

again he would disappear beyond some intervening shack in the winding path. Neighbors were evidently hailing him on the way, for here and there he would halt and, half turning, nod his head, say a few words, of further hope doubtless, and pass along. Twice he paused, apparently for breath.

Arrived at his house he did not at once enter, but turned and gazed out over the bay. He stood so until the door opened and his old wife appeared; and together they stood on the flat rock that served for a doorstep and gazed over the water. It gave one a shiver to see their old gray heads bared to the cold winter air.

Not until the old woman clutched him by the arm did he turn his face from the sea, and even then he returned to it, sweeping his thin arm toward the north-west with hopeful emphasis. She bent her head to his ear then, and evidently asked a disturbing question, for he dropped his arm and shook his head, whereat, stepping heavily, she went within the door. The old man lingered for one more long look across the bay and out toward the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Then he, too, went within.

The master of the *Midnight* sighed heavily. "Isn't that tough? The old woman hasn't his faith, you see. But he'll go on hoping and praying, and none of us with courage to tell him. Maybe 'twould 've been better to tell him."

As he spoke a neighbor was seen to stop at the door of the house on the hill and knock. The old man came to the door. The neighbor handed him a newspaper and was about to make off, but the old man called after him. The neighbor opened up the paper, pointed hurriedly to something in it and rushed away. The old man gazed after him and then at the paper, before he closed the door. "He can't read," commented the master of the *Midnight*, "but his wife can. God! she'll get it first and have to tell him—what we might have told him before!"

In perhaps an hour the door of the little shack reopened. It was the old woman who came out. With some effort, for the wind was high, she closed all the shutters, and without further look around, stepped within the door again.

Presently another woman, a younger woman this, was seen to climb the winding path and stop at the door. The master of the *Midnight* unconsciously bent over the rail. "See now—the poor girl!"

After some hesitation the young woman knocked. Again she knocked. And yet once more. No answer coming, she rapped

on one of the closed shutters, and still receiving no response, she stood on her toes in an effort to peek through the diamond opening. She was not tall enough for that, and, stepping back, again she essayed the door. She rattled the latch; but no word.

Throwing back her head, she stared anew at the blank walls; but nothing coming of that, she made a despairing gesture with her hands, resettled her shawl about her shoulders, and came away. Neighbors, from behind jarred doors, peered out on her, but none spoke to her; and so still was it that from the deck of the *Midnight* they could hear her heels clicking as she hurried down the rocky pathway.

THE GIRL FROM THE MACHINE

By Jesse Lynch Williams

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FLETCHER C. RANSOM

I

THE girl slipped into the shadow of a tree just beyond the crowd and listened, smiling appreciatively as she thought how disconcerted "the eloquent young candidate" would be to know that she was there. He was emitting burning words about the wickedness of the corporations, and her father was president or director of a score of the most conspicuous.

The speaker's efforts to convince the people that he was one of them, despite well-known handicaps of birth and inheritance, appealed to her as too delicious to keep to herself. The money enabling him to fight corporate wealth happened to have been inherited from a corporation. But the anticipated relish of mimicking him at home burned out in a blush as she suddenly realized that this would involve acknowledging that she had taken the trouble to go and hear him—a thing she did not care to proclaim. Perhaps the blush showed the real reason for this secret expedition.

Abstractly he was absurd, as represented by the papers (controlled by her father), but concretely he looked very nice as he stood up there with the flaring light overhead casting deep, interesting shadows upon his clean-cut face while he forgot himself in the vehemence with which he swayed the silent crowd before him.

Davidge, unaware of Miss Hallowell's proximity, presently caught a glimpse of the familiar figure of the Hallowells' butler, he being her escort, and his figure being of a sort inconvenient to hide in the shadow of middle-aged trees—hardly an æsthetic sight, but the orator sweeping grandly on to his peroration experienced the usual leap of the heart occasioned by the presence of anybody or anything even remotely associated with her. Subconsciously he kept wondering what the deuce old Gray might be doing in this remote edge of a dirty town miles away from the Hallowells' place at an hour usually claimed by the Hallowells' dinner.

As a lover, Davidge was grimly grateful that even this member of the household cared to come and hear him talk. As a politician he reminded himself that a servant's opinion counts as much as his master's at the polls—more, incidentally, than his mistress's—and resolved to seek out Gray at the conclusion of the speech to thank him for his interest.

So the girl behind the tree was caught.

"Nell!" he exclaimed with a burst of delight; "how sweet of you!" The vote was forgotten; he had her hand in his, he was making obeisance over it. The crowd was still cheering his name; he did not hear it.

"Oh, you needn't think it was because I admire you," she said, smiling easily. She withdrew her hand and retreated a little from him.

"I don't," he said in a lower tone; "but you came!" His voice was vibrant from speaking, his eye flashing, his atmosphere dominant.

"Oh," said the girl in an indolent manner, "I was just passing by this way."

"But you stopped!"

"I couldn't get through this crowd of



Drawn by Fletcher C. Ransom.

He touched her elbow gently. She bristled.—Page 469.

yours with the machine. We haven't all had your experience in getting around the 'peopul,' Tom."

He laughed applaudingly at that. "You could have gone around the block, you know—if you'd wanted to." He drove his gaze down into her eyes, which fluttered like cowards and sought the shadow.

"Not with a broken-down machine," she returned glibly. "I had to put in the time somehow. You're not much of a speaker; are you?"

He paid no attention to the last. "Broken down?" he asked, a sudden plan coming into the back of his head. Politicians learn to see opportunities quickly.

"It's all right now."

"Oh!" he sighed, disappointed. Then looking sceptically at the fat, incompetent house servant, "Who fixed it?" he asked.

He kept demolishing her defences. Safety lay in flight. "Perhaps you'll be convinced that it's fixed if you'll take the trouble to get it for me," she answered. "I'm late enough as it is." He kept on gazing quizzically at Gray as she pointed down the dark side-street where the automobile stood. "But it would take him forever," she whispered, smiling, "to get through this crowd of yours."

"That's what I was counting on, Nell," he muttered and started off in the direction she pointed, adding, "I suppose you saw that."

She did see it; she felt it, too; her breast was thumping with it—another reason for her panicky desire to be rid of him.

She watched him as the crowd parted before him, some of them turning to point him out, to gaze after the hero, as he brushed by, ignoring their adulation. She had come here to be amused. . . . So she smiled satirically.

As usual after one of his moments Davidge had felt the jubilant glow that comes of masterly self-assertion, a delicious form of intoxication known to a few preachers, some actors, and to "born" orators. But the momentary sense of invincibility now only made him rebel the more at being thwarted in the thing he desired beyond all the public power the world could offer. The natural man within him raged, and he had to battle with a suffusing impulse to rush back, snatch her up in his arms, and make off with her to the uttermost ends of the earth, there to fight and keep her for his own to the end of time.

Presently the civilized man returned to the lady and her servant in a snorting forty-horse-power touring car.

"That's not my machine," she remarked, annoyed.

"It's mine," he said, jumping out beside her; "but I'll let you go home in it," he added with bantering condescension, and then stretched out an assisting hand deferentially.

The girl turned away with a manner calculated to freeze him. "Gray, will you be good enough to get my runabout?"

"Yes, Gray, get Miss Hallowell's runabout," put in Davidge, "and have it hauled to that garage half a mile down Main Street. I've telephoned them to expect it."

The girl turned in amazement.

"Whoever fixed your car," he said calmly, "bungled the job pretty badly; the vibration screws are gone."

"The vibration screws!"

"What did you think was the trouble?"

There had been no trouble, but she could not confess it now. She stood looking down the side-street, trapped, irritated, but considerably interested.

"Hurry, please," he said in a matter-of-fact manner; "I have another speech to make this evening." He touched her elbow gently. She bristled. He should have remembered how she always disliked being seized by the elbow.

"I do not care to go with you," she said.

"I know, but I'm afraid there's no way out of it, now," he replied with elaborate sympathy. "Gray has gone to hunt up a horse. Hurry, Nell, I'm due in Carusey in forty-five minutes."

"I'm not going with you, Tom!"

"Oh, yes you are!"

She felt that he was willing her toward the step. "It will be thirty miles around by your place," he whispered; "but I'll risk it—to please you."

She drew back abruptly. "Thanks," she said with sarcastic distinctness; "I'd hate to make you late!"

"Think how that would please your father," he returned. "Come, Nell, it's to be the speech of my life!"

"I'm not interested in your silly career."

"But I am!" he cried, and picking her up in his arms, he sprang into the car, threw in the clutch, and dashed for the open country.

II

At first she said nothing, sinking into the depths of her fur collar and giving herself up to the soothing sensations of speed and the joyous fright of abduction, perhaps a heritage from former ages. He, too, said nothing, being still in a region of vehicles and frequent crossings. Finally her dignity compelled her to let him see a little of her disapproval.

"The vibration screws," she remarked, looking straight down the road, "were all right when I left the machine."

"I know," he said; "it was done after you came to hear me speak."

"How do you know?"

"I saw it done."

"Who did it?"

"Some foe of the money power."

"Why didn't you stop it?"

"But I'm a friend of the people."

"You did it!"

"Of course; putting the money power's machine out of business is my job, at present. Ask your father."

She looked at the fleeting landscape, the rising moon, and then at him. "I suppose you think you're very clever," she remarked sneeringly.

"It doesn't matter about that. I've got you."

"When we come to the trolley, I'll get out, if you please."

He reached down, engaged the high-speed gear, opened the throttle, and advanced the spark. "At this rate of speed, Nell? Really, I couldn't let you think of it."

"I prefer to go home by trolley."

"I'm fighting the trolleys."

There was a silence. They raced on through the cool, open country, the coil purring in high notes of delight as the car ate up the white road, bounding over bridges with a roar, dashing past farm-houses, disappointing eager dogs which could not reach the fence in time to bark at them.

Presently the girl spoke again, still deep in her coat and still looking straight ahead:

"Of course you realize that after this I can never have anything more to do with you; that I shall never speak to you; that I shall never come near you, that I—oh, oh!"

They were rounding a curve at rather high speed and centrifugal force had its way with her. She came very near him, indeed, and now was constrained to speak to him, too—a stiff apology for having clutched his arm. Perhaps it was his elbow.

"Your apology is accepted," he said, turning his face away.

She knew he was laughing at her.

"Witty, aren't you?" she flung out.

"It *was* a pretty good joke on you, Nell, when you stop to think of it. You would come to hear me speak, would you? Well, I'll teach you how to trifle with a reformer."

"Quite proud of yourself!"

"I'm proud of one thing."

She kept silent for a bounding half-mile.

He was bending over the wheel. "I'm sure you want to know what I'm so proud of," he said, tooting for the trolley crossing.

"I do not."

"Then I'll tell you. *I*," he said deliberately, "am honest about it, at any rate."

"You mean that I'm not?" Her cheeks flushed.

"Here are your vibration screws. Even your father's crowd acknowledges that I'm honest."

Oh, to jump out and break her neck so that the blame would fall upon him and he should have remorse all the days of his life! But she didn't; they seldom do. Between her teeth she said, "If you only knew how I hated you!" her voice shaking with it.

He observed the interesting curl of her lips and under it the momentary flash in the moonlight as he replied luxuriously: "Is that the reason you came to see me—'way over there, without any dinner?"

"I dined before starting, thank you."

"Did you? Nice of you to think of ordering dinner early, stirring up old Gray, coming all that distance—all to hear me speak."

"Oh, I admit being curious——"

"Aha!"

"To see you make a spectacle of yourself."

"But you liked my speech—you know you did. *I* know you did. A man can always tell."

"You convinced me of one thing: What they say about you is true."

"They say so many things. Do *you* believe them, Nell?"

He seemed serious and a little nicer in

that tone; but it did not save him. "You have convinced me that you are just as conceited as a man can be."

"That isn't true, Nell. I could be still more conceited—if you would only let me."

She hurried away from that at once. "Also you amused me. It must amuse your 'peo-pul' too, pretending to be one of them—coming in an imported car to do it. Ha, ha!"

"It's sweet of you, Nell, to be so much concerned about my success. But don't you worry about the people," he went on in a calm, conversational tone, as if they were the best of friends. "That is just the mistake so many of the bosses—so many reformers make, too. The people know me pretty well by this time, so much better than you do, Nell. And they understand the issues of this campaign so much better, too. Did you ever stop to think how little you appreciate all this? I don't believe you even understood what I was talking about."

"Oh, you don't?" she returned disdainfully. There was not enough difference in their ages to make her wish that he were younger, but there was quite enough to make her wish often that she were a little older. Just to show him that she was not the ignorant child he thought her, she now outlined his entire address. When she finished she found him bending over the wheel shaking with laughter.

"You dear thing! you lovely thing!" he cried jubilantly. "Conceited? Oh," he shouted aloud to the passing trees, echoing his horn from the distant hills, "there never was a man so conceited! Why, Nell, you must have been there the whole time! You must have listened to the whole speech!" Then, suddenly in the other tone, he said: "Oh, if I could only make you listen to me when I talk to you alone! No, don't be afraid, Nell, I won't. I know my place. But, oh, you dear, dear girl!" His voice came closer even though he did not. "If you only knew how I am missing you these days! If you only knew how I'm needing you! But that's all right, I'll shut up." He turned his gaze down the road again.

The combination of her emotions was almost too much for her. Just when he seemed to be taking her less seriously than ever he suddenly became devoted and deferential; while still showing her that he despised her he let her see how he loved her. She resented his masculine arrogance, his mannish tactlessness, and she hated herself for wanting to cry. So because she felt her heart giving way a little in spite of everything she pushed forth these words to him in desperation:

"The reason I came to hear you, the reason I listened so closely, if you must have it"—her clear voice rang defiantly in the frosty air—"I wanted to see whether you attacked my father!"

"Was that it, Nell?" he asked quietly.

"That was it."

The horn tooted dismally for a curve. He said nothing more.

It suddenly occurred to her for the first time why her father's name had been so consistently spared in the candidate's speeches. It opened a rift in the clouds that had gathered over them of late. It was the sort of thing to appeal to a girl, and it set her thinking.

The silence continued for so long that she became exceedingly uncomfortable. She had wanted to sting, but not to injure. His actions and his words this evening were hard to forgive, but it was harder to forget the reason for them. Besides, even if he did play the game roughly, it was all in the spirit of banter and good sport; whereas she felt that she had now done the nasty, cattish thing. Straightway, like her impulsive sort, she wanted to take all the blame. But girlish pride closed her lips, so she bit them, hating herself, her sex, her situation.

As for the young man, he too was taking her remark with undue seriousness, being in love with her. He had, to be sure, made jocular allusions to his fight with her father's interests—just as he and the old man himself were accustomed to do when they met at the club—because it seemed more sensible and civilized than to ignore the matter with a humorless silence which would only proclaim it uncomfortably. But the girl's serious reference to the affair, whether she really had suspected him or not, seemed in very bad taste. He had not thought it of her. It made him rather bitter as he reflected how little she realized the kind of attack he could make on Colonel Hallowell, if he wanted to, and at what a sacrifice he refrained.

The candidate sighed and still held his peace. He no longer felt strong and confident; he felt weak and discouraged. The

cold, whistling air had cleared his brain of excitement and gayety. The reaction had now set in from the elation following his speech, a thing to be expected with temperaments of his sort, though he had never yet learned to expect it.

What was the use of doing the nice thing, when this was the way it was received by the one for whom it was done. Under all his romping badinage there had been a real craving for a little sympathy and understanding, the kind women can give. He was very tired. He had been going on his nerves for the past fortnight, and like a runner in the last lap, it sometimes seemed impossible to keep up the present pace until that terrible Tuesday, now only three days away.

Within the last two weeks a reaction, subtly abetted by the machine, had also set in with the reform movement throughout the State. Every day his managers reported that he was losing ground. A month ago he could have won easily, but now even his most enthusiastic followers predicted a close finish; and Colonel Hallowell, Davidge happened to know, was as confident in private as he was blatant in public. He predicted that his man Holmes would be elected governor by fifty thousand majority. This would mean not merely the death of Davidge's political aspirations, but what mattered a great deal more to him (at least he thought it did), it would also mean that the reform movement would die, as so many others have, in ridicule and despair, with the machine more firmly riveted to the government than ever.

There was a way out, and the girl had reminded him of it in an unfortunate manner. One day two years ago when Davidge was still a regular party man the old gentleman had said: "Tom, there's an envelope at my office containing twenty-five thousand dollars. Of course I know you don't want any of it for yourself, but you better tell the boys to come around."

In itself it was not very astonishing; they all did it, all the corporations; but Davidge hadn't expected it of Colonel Hallowell. It had been, indeed, one of the things that had set the young man thinking and had helped to disgust him with the game as it was played. Now, at that time, perhaps it might not have excited an apathetic public, but in these two years the country had become more sensitive about such matters. That much, at least, investigations, reform movements, and magazine exposures had accomplished. If this charge were made now against a man of Colonel Hallowell's standing it would be political capital worth far more than twenty-five thousand dollars to Davidge. . . .

Finally, it reduced itself in his mind to a question of whether or not he really had any right to suppress truth which meant so much to the good cause merely out of a selfish sentiment for a girl (who did not appreciate him). He had the average human capacity for self-deception, you see, and therefore saw his duty now in a light that was denied him as long as he had any hope of winning the girl's approval. Therefore, not being of the sort to waste time in feeling his pulse or analyzing his motives, he straightway began to outline a new speech for Carusey which would arouse the whole State. It was Saturday night. The thing would soak in effectively by Tuesday morning.

It was not to be much of a meeting; the machine had bought up all the available places in Carusey, except an assembly-room in the same building as the opera-house, where the opposition was holding its grand rally. Apparently the only reason the machine allowed them to have this place was because it had been undergoing repairs which were still unfinished. But it did not matter about the size of the audience as long as it included the inevitable reporters. They would do the rest.

Another sharp curve swept the girl almost into his arms. Her feet, clutching vainly at the rubber-covered floor of the car, slipped out from under her, and despite the low partition between the seats, Davidge felt the sweet weight of her slenderness against him. It was not a great weight, but it made him gasp, and his open lips caught a wind-swept wisp of odorous hair, which tingled him like a live wire. He had the sensitiveness of his kind to such influences and in his present overwrought nervous state the occurrence made him tremble as he clutched the wheel.

She recovered her balance quickly and merely remarked, with the comical drollness of the old days when things went better with them: "After all, we seem to be thrown together a good deal of late."

It was so like her to rise with smiling su-

periority to a thing which would have embarrassed maidens of the blushing, bridling order. It was one of the qualities in her that had first made her seem worth while, and now it came up to him, with its train of precious associations, far more potent than her physical allure. He had to face what he loved and would lose to-night. His Carusey speech might help his chances for the governorship; it would kill his chances with the girl.

He had made no reply to her facetious remark and they rode on in silence, wasting several more miles of moonlight.

"Why don't you talk to me?" she asked.

"I've got to think about my speech," he said, trying hard to do so.

Then after a pause, "Tell me about your speech, Tom."

"You wouldn't understand it," he answered abruptly.

"Oh, indeed!" she said. "Do you mind if I play with my dolls?"

He paid no attention to her fooling; seemed not to hear her, so intent was he upon his speech, bending abstractedly over the wheel.

Her father, who, with good-natured cynicism, took it for granted that this efficient young man would get over "the reform stage" and come around to a practical view of certain matters after his approaching defeat, had once remarked to Nell that Tom had great powers of concentration. She turned now and looked at him, saying to herself, "He has great powers of concentration."

With that something happened he knew nothing of. Somehow or other there had suddenly come to her at last the old feminine desire to belong to a man; the thing she had struggled against so long, feared and liked, hated and wanted to happen. Her shoulder was against his and she shuddered and rejoiced as her heart leaped out to him. He seemed so brave and fine, fighting on with his back to the wall for an unselfish cause against an outnumbering foe and yet scorning their methods. It suddenly dawned upon her that she had a hero at her feet, and that she had only trampled upon him. He had said that he needed her; it was sweet to be needed by him. He looked drawn and tired. Oh, to be of some real use, to make up for all that had gone before! The preliminary struggle of the captive was over. She was ready to yield to him now.

They were rapidly picking up familiar landmarks. Home would be upon them soon. She looked at him once more and smiled chaffingly. "I suppose you think you're going to make a very fine speech at Carusey," she said.

"The speech of my life," he muttered, without turning.

She laughed aloud at his momentous tone, not dreaming of what had been going on within his mind. "Plotting murder, or suicide—which is it?"

He laughed with her. "Murder," he said glibly. "One must make his choice in this world, Nell," he went on; "I'm done with suicide. We all come to it sooner or later: The survival of the fittest; your life or mine. It's the scheme of the universe, and we happen to be part of the universe. Ideals is only another name for obstacles. The logical conclusion of self-sacrifice is self-annihilation; and surely the object of being *can't* be non-being. Yes, I'm done with suicide."

She looked round at him as if bored by his sententiousness. "Dear me," she said, "I'm terribly afraid of you!"

"What's more to the point," he replied, with an answering smile, "I'm not afraid of *you*, either!"

She did not like this. "Aren't you?" she asked.

They glared at each other for a moment in the moonlight.

"Not a scrap," he said. "Shall we go on down to the east drive or is the new road finished?"

"You needn't trouble," she said; "I'm going to Carusey with you!"

"The deuce you are!"

"Don't you want me?"

"No."

"Oh, yes, you do."

"What makes you think so?"

"I'm sure you do. Why did you put my car out of order? Why did you run away with me? Why did you come so far out of your route?"

"Oh, just for a lark."

"Nonsense! You wouldn't risk missing the speech of your life just for a lark. You know it's because you were simply crazy to have me with you. *I* know it, too. A woman can always tell!"

"I suppose you think that's an imitation of my voice," he said, but could not help

laughing at the way she was throwing his own words back at him.

She, too, seemed to enjoy it, and replied: "It doesn't matter about that; I'm going to Carusey!"

He turned and looked at her with new interest, smiling at her with amused admiration, and withal a bit nervous. If Nell were in the audience what would become of his speech—and the governorship? "I really believe you think you are going," he said condescendingly.

"Perfectly positive of it," she replied complacently; "just as positive as that you really want me, though you won't acknowledge it."

"Talk about my conceit!"

"We aren't talking about you at all just now. We talked about you enough. I'm doing it, now."

He laughed with the sheer joy of her, ignoring subsurface thoughts for the moment. "Who's running this car, anyway?" he demanded.

"You're running *it*," she returned suggestively.

He smiled banteringly. "Well, you needn't swagger so," he said.

"But I *am* proud of one thing," she said; "*I* am honest about it. I want to hear that 'speech of meh life,' and you're trying to make out that you don't want me to."

Davidge had stopped smiling banteringly. "Your feminine idea of wit, I suppose," he remarked, looking down the road.

"It *is* rather a good joke on you, Tom, when you stop to think about it; caught in your own trap! You would put the 'Money Powers'' machine out of commission, would you? This is what you get for it." She felt herself, for some reason, gaining the ascendency more and more every moment. Her vitality went up as his went down. Perhaps one reason for this was because, previously, she had had something to conceal; now he had. The girl turned and laughed at him, jeered at him, felt sure of him, looked around at him again, and loved him.

He was becoming really alarmed, a premonition of defeat, perhaps. "You can't seriously think of travelling all over the State with me, Nell. Why, it'll be midnight when we get back!"

"The moon will be so bully, then," she said in a low tone, tempting him.

"Think of what your father would say."

"Father's dining out. That's how I managed to slip away to hear you—all to hear you, Tom," she added with burlesque sentimentality. It was what he had accused her of a few minutes ago.

"Your father," said Davidge with an air of settling the matter, "is at Carusey."

She looked at him with the devil in her sweet eyes and said, "But not at *our* meeting, Tom."

"If you are really so much interested in 'our' meeting," he said desperately, "how do you expect me to account for a pretty woman, unchaperoned, late at night? Remember, they have spies all over looking for chances to make trouble for me."

"Oh, ho! you think you can *shock* me out of it, do you? Well, you can't! Tell everybody it's Colonel Hallowell's daughter; it will be a great card for the eloquent young reformer. Maybe they will think you've reformed *me*." She smiled and looked up at him artfully. "Perhaps you can—if you try."

He turned his face away. "You unscrupulous little flirt!"

"I'm not flirting with you, Tom; I'm really very much impressed by you this evening. Won't you please let me go?"

"No," he shouted, "I won't."

She was laughing at him, palpably laughing, she felt so sure of victory, revelling in it joyously as she watched him wriggle in silence.

"Here's the lodge," he growled, and slowed up, swerving out to turn the car in between the posts.

Her hands closed on his. There was a momentary struggle for the guidance of the car. "Quick, Tom, or we'll run smash into the gate!"

He put on the brakes and stopped short. The car was still in the road. Her hands still clutched his, and through the two thicknesses of gloves he felt her determination. She looked sparklingly up at his face. The moon, being high enough by this time, looked down upon her face, which was sweet and very near, as perhaps she realized.

Suddenly he had her in his arms. "Let go of that wheel," he whispered, gulping, "or I'll kiss you, Nell!"

"I'm going with you," she said steadily, "and you will never kiss me unless I allow it.

I know you too well, Tom." She kept her gaze boldly upon his eyes, not twelve inches from her own, instinctively realizing the danger of flinching now. Thus they wasted several seconds (which might have been employed, for instance, in going to Carusey). Then slowly, with her free hand, she brought out of her sleeve her trump card. It was a small, folded, filmy thing called a handkerchief. With this she covered her laughing eyes while her body sobbed in his relaxing arms.

The candidate for governor turned on full power and the car leaped down the Carusey road with the coil singing higher and higher in ecstasy.

"Now we are even," thought the girl, smiling under her handkerchief.

III

"But I have to go around by the stage door," said Tom, "so what'll you do? Told you not to come."

"Oh, that doesn't matter," she answered, full of resource. "Here come some very nice-looking women; I'll just follow them in as if I belonged to their party, and no one will know the difference. Good-by, Tom; make a good speech."

"I'll look for you here when the meeting is over," said Davidge, and he disappeared.

It was not until Nell had passed into the foyer, lined with pictures of Holmes, that she discovered that Tom had shunted her into the wrong meeting. But as there seemed to be nothing else to do, she followed the women with a bland smile, until she found them entering a box with the conscious air of the fat wives of prominent citizens whose husbands are to sit upon the platform. Whereupon they turned and looked coldly at the pretty stranger in the automobile coat, and then at the committee man with a large ribbon who had claimed the honor of being their usher. They now had the air of telling him that they had never seen this young person before in their lives.

"Have I made a mistake?" asked Nell, smiling sweetly at the ladies; then turning to the committeeman, "Did my father happen to tell you where I was to sit?"

The committeeman inquired the name of the father. She supplied the information. He looked up. So did the fat ladies.

"If you are separated from your party," Miss Hallowell," put in one of them, glancing at another, who nodded, "won't you come in here and sit with us? There's an extra seat, you see." They not only gave her a seat, but put her in front, where everybody in the audience could see that Miss Hallowell was their guest.

"Here comes your father," said one of the ladies; "he doesn't often attend political gatherings."

"Neither do I," said the girl, watching her father being led to a place of honor not far from the chairman of the meeting, which forthwith started off with a rush.

With Davidge things were not going so favorably. The moment he entered the smaller hall upstairs he discovered why he had been allowed by the machine to have it. In the course of the repairs still under way the partitions between the two rooms had been torn down and were not yet entirely put up—the machine had seen to that. The opening had been covered by a back-drop. Tom's room was two flights above the opera-house. The opening between the two was near the top of the wings of the opera-house stage and directly adjoining the stage of the smaller auditorium; in other words, all the noise of the big meeting was pouring up into the smaller meeting as through a megaphone. That was why the machine's committee had secured such a large and loud band; that was why every prominent man who entered the opera-house was cheered so enthusiastically. The Independents' rally was a failure. No other building was obtainable. So they decided to go out and parade some more—they had been parading since seven o'clock—and then have a meeting with sky-rockets in the open air.

Tom promised to join them in time to make his speech. Meanwhile, having heard his name mentioned from below in no uncertain tone, he decided that as long as his own meeting was broken up he would linger to look in on theirs. So he lit a cigar and simply crawled out upon the dark rafters, surrounded by scenery-tackle and dusty drops and gauzes. Looking down from here he could see the crowded stage below and a segment of the audience. He soon found the face he was searching for. Nell was looking on with considerable interest from the front of the proscenium box. He watched her eagerly. She could have descried him

if she had looked up, but like all the rest down there, she was too intent upon what was going on.

Holmes, Tom's rival for the governorship, was speaking, and he seemed to be getting the audience on the run, rousing great enthusiasm by his condemnation of Davidge. Holmes was a good orator, with a self-confident manner and the gift of ridicule. His line of attack was all very old to Davidge, but it was new to Nell. The audience seemed to like it.

Holmes accused his young rival of having "the enthusiasm of youth!" Tom saw Nell smiling at this. Then he talked oratorically about boy alarmists and discoursed upon the necessity of having a man in office, "a man you can trust in times of danger and excitement, a man capable of meeting the burning issues of these perilous times with calmness and discretion." Nell put her head on one side and thought it over.

Next Holmes called upon the audience to tell him what this stripling, this traitor to his own cast, was "doing all this for, anyway? What's in it for him?" Then, reaching over as if to take hold of the audience with his long hands, he confided to them the damning reason: "He's not in this for his health, my friends. Do you know what's the matter with him? Listen! he's ambitious; *ambitious!* I tell you, AMBITIOUS!" Nell thought a man would not be worth much without ambition, so she didn't feel very badly over that.

But from this point on Holmes began by innuendo and implication to defame his rival to some purpose. Practically he accused Davidge of doing with his money what the reformer accused the machine of doing with their unlimited resources. It was merely the naughty boy's retort of "you're another" put into more or less grown-up language, but it would be effective, Davidge knew, launched at the eleventh hour of the campaign when too late thoroughly to counteract it. It was an old dodge, saving the big gun for the decisive moment, but it had not occurred to him that they would question his honesty. By dint of gathering in a few innocent facts and by enlarging upon inconsistencies such as may be found in every thinking man's political past, Holmes was enabled to create an impression which was as incriminating as it was false, and he led his now perfectly silent audience on from step to step with the telling effect of cumulative evidence.

"Well," thought Davidge, sensing the mind of the audience as an expert in audiences, "it looks as if he had 'em. It shows he's more afraid of me than I thought he was, anyway," he added grimly.

Tom was angry, but he took it all as a part of the game. Nell, however, had never attended a political rally before, and she took it very personally. She was becoming more and more furious with every applauded period. The ladies had whispered to her of the breaking up of poor Tom's meeting. She was glad, at any rate, that he was not at this one to hear these outrageous lies, and to see them countenanced, apparently, by her father.

Tom heard the lies and admired their cleverness, even while they made him hot, but he did not waste time in looking at her father. On Nell's unconscious face, with the foot- and top-lights shining full upon it, Davidge now saw something which made him wonder whether he cared, after all, to stoop to the machine's level, to pick up dirt and soil his fingers throwing it. If the reform movement had to resort to such methods to win, perhaps, there were worse things than losing. For that is how the so-called logical sex talks to itself sometimes when it thinks it is thinking and is really only feeling. The girl's hands were twisting in her lap, her lips were parted, her breath was coming fast. Tom, out upon his rafter, smoking voluminously, kept staring so intently at her blazing eyes that, with unconscious telepathy, despite her absorption, he suddenly drew her gaze up to his.

She started, gasped, and repressed an involuntary ejaculation. The ladies with her, startled by this sudden occurrence in the tense stillness of the house, followed her gaze and saw the unaccountable sight of a man crawling along the rafters; for Tom was about to leave. Also they beheld, in a bright shaft of light against the surrounding blackness above him, a moving cloud of smoke, which they thought accounted for all the rest.

"Fire!" screamed one of them shrilly. The speaker stopped. The woman pointed. Someone else screamed. It was a man this time. In a moment the place was in confusion. In a moment more it would be a panic, then a stampede, then a great dis-



Drawn by Fletcher C. Ransom.

"Hurrah!" cried a girl's voice excitedly in the wings behind them.—Page 479.

aster. Colonel Hallowell and several others on the platform sprang forward to quiet the crowd; some of the rest ran off the stage. "Keep your seats," someone in the orchestra kept shouting excitedly.

"There isn't any fire; there isn't any fire!" called Nell. No one heard her.

Out across the stage hanging to a rope swung Tom, streaked with dust. He dropped near the box, jumped across the footlights, and then back again with the girl in his arms. "You're safe, my darling, anyway, he cried as he made through the crowd for the property-room. He knew a short cut here for the street.

At last she made him understand. "Quick, Tom! Stop them! You must! Lives depend on it. There isn't any fire. It was your cigar smoke."

Now the psychology of the mob shows that it thinks and feels much more slowly than individuals. Many in the audience were still in their senses. They were making toward the exits faster and faster, but no one as yet was hurt.

But even Davidge's famous voice proved as futile as Colonel Hallowell's in the uproar. It was like shouting to Niagara Falls to stop. Wild gesticulation did not decrease the unreasoning alarm. Tom's face and clothes, streaked with the black dust of years, helped to terrorize them.

"Here, take this!" cried Nell, running out from the property-room with Raymond Hitchcock's fire-trumpet, used in the week's run of "Easy Dawson." "No, don't say that; they won't believe you, now. Say the fire's out!"

"The fire's out!" bellowed Tom through the speaking trumpet.

"Tell them you put it out!"

"I put it out, I tell you!"

"Show them your trumpet!"

"See! I'm a fireman!" He waved his trumpet. "All out! All over!"

"Show them your clothes and your face."

"See how I got blackened by it! I put the fire out!" he bellowed grandly, and repeated it all over again, his voice gaining power as he went on. Like children, men and women at such times require a sign more than an argument. It helped some of them wonderfully, the sight of that trumpet. "Why, you don't suppose I'd stay here just for the fun of talking!" he laughed good-naturedly through his trumpet. "If the fire weren't out I'd run with the first of 'em!" Perhaps the humor of it had got into Davidge's voice, or else it was merely the unconsciously transmitted conviction that there was no fire. At any rate, he was now even affecting that part of the mob seething near the exits. In a moment more the fatal trampling and piling up would have begun. the thing most feared in such disasters His calm, magnetic voice went on reassuringly: "Wait just a second, and I'll tell you all about it. Can't you wait? Funniest thing you ever saw! Just a minute—plenty of time to leave after my story."

Colonel Hallowell and the other would-be pacificators yielded to him. Naturally they were not so calm for they were unaware of the origin of the panic. In the excitement they had not recognized his dust-streaked face, but they seemed to recognize that this man was the natural leader, and that his calmness was gradually communicating itself to the terror-stricken crowd. Davidge now had them somewhat quieted down. Many of them were actually waiting expectantly for him to tell them all about it.

"Nell," he whispered, taken aback, "what the deuce'll I tell 'em now?"

"The truth—someone saw you smoking."

"It was simply this way—are you listening? Well, *make* 'em shut up back there. It was this way: a lady in the audience—I say a lady—deceived by cigar smoke—up in the wings. My cigar. I put the cigar out. See?"

The crowd now began to buzz with interest and reassurance; some of them laughed nervously. A few were still making for the doors, but the crucial moment had been turned in the direction of safety.

Davidge was about to turn away. The girl darted out to him again. "Quick, Tom, you idiot, you've got them now! Talk to them; they love you! Tell them the things he said about you were lies."

The inspiration was hers, but in some respects the masculine mind also has its superiority. Tom saw a better way than that, and waving his arms for silence, was off like a horse at the post:

"Friends: Far be it from me to attempt to continue the speech so unhappily interrupted by this amusing incident. I can only reiterate what the distinguished candidate has so ably and so eloquently said. I agree with him that you need a safe man, a

man you can trust in peril—where is Holmes? You want a conservative man, a man you can rely upon in these days of alarmists! Where is Holmes? A man who can calmly and discreetly meet the burning issues of this campaign. Where is Holmes? I'm afraid, ladies and gentlemen, that Holmes's discretion is the better part of his valor; it has carried him home. I often wondered why he was called Holmes." Even the pun went now. The people were laughing hysterically. Some of those who had left the stage also flocked back at this point.

Tom went on, partly addressing the latter. "This is not my meeting. This is Holmes's meeting; but as long as he didn't seem to want it I thought I'd take it. Seemed a shame to waste such a fine large meeting. I don't suppose many of you recognize my face with all this dust on it, any more than you recognize my voice through the megaphone. There doesn't seem to be any chairman on deck—on the burning deck, eh?—to introduce me, so, with your very kind permission, I'll introduce myself! Ladies and gentlemen," throwing down the trumpet and applying his handkerchief, "my name is Thomas Davidge. If Holmes doesn't care enough for your votes to stay and ask for them, I do! This is the first and only time I ever stood on the enemies' platform. I would not have done so now, but that I felt that you needed me. And I think you do need me—not only now, but for two years—at the capitol! Friends, I have saved your lives to-night! If you care to, you can return the favor next Tuesday!"

A mighty roar of yells and applause went up, and at that point Holmes came running back upon the stage. Someone had told him what was going on. He grasped the arm of the chairman, appearing from the other wing, "For heaven's sake, shut him off," Holmes panted, "or he may win out, after all."

Colonel Hallowell, who had been quietly observing the whole procedure with a thoughtful scowl, now raised his authoritative hand; his two excited underlings stopped, obedient, but perplexed. "What do you mean?" faltered Holmes.

The astute old reader of the popular fancy pointed to the reporters, whose pencils were already busy once more. "*May* win!" he snarled sarcastically; "you're licked already."

"Hurrah!" cried a girl's voice excitedly in the wings behind them.

"What were you doing here, Nell?" asked her father, approaching. Someone in the departing audience was leading a cheer for Davidge.

"Oh, I came over with Tom," she said quietly.

"Well, you go back with me!" said the colonel, turning to go. Davidge was approaching.

"I think I'll go back with Tom," she replied casually.

Colonel Hallowell turned about fiercely. "You will, eh?" he growled. Then, looking from one to the other of the two determined mouths, the scowl modulated into the suspicion of a smile, as the astute old reader of the popular fancy added, "Yes, I guess you will."

THE SUN

By Margaret Sherwood

GREEN, sun-warmed leaf and crimson-petalled rose
Share the deep secret of swift passing breath;
Consuming flame to fairest beauty grows.
And life is kindled by impassioned death.



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

The Moose Call.

THE POSITION AND INFLUENCE OF POPE

By T. R. Lounsbury

IN the history of Shakespearean controversy a problem of peculiar difficulty presents itself. How happens it that the one man whose learning and acumen are now generally recognized as having done more for the restoration to its pristine integrity of the text of Shakespeare than has been accomplished by any of his predecessors or immediate successors should nevertheless have gained the reputation of being exceptionally dull? Pope had indeed made Theobald, the critic of his edition of the great dramatist, the hero of the original "Dunciad." While this did not impose upon their contemporaries, yet an apparently inexplicable condition of things arrests at once the attention. The superiority of Theobald's edition of Shakespeare was fully conceded from the outset. The high opinion originally taken of it continued not merely to exist, but to become more generally accepted as time went on. But while the reputation of the work steadily rose, the reputation of the man who produced it just as steadily fell.

The fact itself is possessed of more than individual significance. It is one of the most striking examples to be found in literary history of the losing fight carried on, under ordinary conditions, against a man of genius by a man who, as regards the particular matter under discussion, may be far his superior both in knowledge and ability. If the possessor of genius is also the possessor of extensive popularity, success, difficult before, becomes then practically impossible. Faith in the man for the things for which he deserves faith extends to everything he says or does. Accordingly, the solution of the problem just presented lies largely in the belief in both the intellectual and the moral supremacy of Pope which came to prevail during the eighteenth century. The intrigues, the double dealings, the discreditable devices to which he resorted to build up his own reputation and pull down that of others, have been fully exposed in the course of the last fifty years. Though suspected while he was living, they were credited but by few. What is now known to every student of the period, what was in a measure known to a goodly number at the time, would not have been believed by the general public, had one risen from the dead to confirm its truth.

Few men of our day comprehend the commanding intellectual position held by Pope during the latter period of his life, and for a long period after his death. There has never been anything approaching it in the history of our own literature or of any literature. In the opinion of vast numbers he was not merely the greatest English poet of his time, but the greatest English poet of all time; not merely the greatest of English poets, but the greatest of all poets that ever existed. Even those who took the lowest estimate of his character—and of such there was no small number—entertained the highest admiration for his genius. They expressed themselves with an extravagance of praise which astounds the modern reader, too apt to go to the other extreme of unwarranted depreciation. They did not content themselves with according him mere greatness; to him belonged perfect greatness. It was assumed by his friends as a matter of course; it was conceded by the indifferent and even by those personally hostile. As one illustration out of many, a poem appeared in 1733 entitled "An Epistle to the Little Satyrist of Twickenham." It was full of the severest reflections upon Pope's character. It spoke of him as an object of universal scorn. It charged him with being under the influence of ill-nature, spleen, envy, malice, and avarice. Yet it admitted that not only in early youth did he surpass others, but that his powers had increased with advancing years,

> Till to perfection you at last arriv'd,
> Which none have e'er excell'd that ever liv'd.

This was no sentiment of a solitary individual. It was a wide-spread feeling at the time; and it did not die out suddenly. If

anything, the belief increased in strength after Pope's death. We can get some idea of its force by the few verses summing up his character, which were immediately produced by the man against whom, for a quarter of a century, the poet had been directing the shafts of his satire. The year before Pope died Colley Cibber had been substituted in place of Theobald as the hero of "The Dunciad." He had every reason to feel and express the bitterest resentment against the author of the satire, so far as a nature almost absolutely free from rancor could entertain such a sentiment. Yet of his persistent detractor he said in all sincerity in the poem which he called an epitaph,

None e'er reached such heights of Helicon.

If men who felt hostility, or had a right to feel hostility, could indulge in tributes of this sort to his greatness, we can easily imagine what would be the attitude of the so-called impartial or of the partisan. Two or three quotations will suffice to show their point of view. In 1752 Chesterfield wrote to a foreign correspondent that, in the face of the collective pedants of the universe, he dared to say that the Epistles and Satires of Pope had all the good sense and propriety of Horace's with a thousand times more spirit. A much more emphatic opinion of the poet's abilities had been expressed a few years before by a somewhat noted miscellaneous author of the time. In a treatise published in August, 1747, William Guthrie was good enough to commend Shakespeare and Otway as dramatists. He added, however, that he was not afraid to say that when "they commenced poets, they make a sorry figure." Nor was he further afraid to declare that similar would have been the fate of "the greatest of our modern poets, and perhaps a poet whose superior antiquity never saw, and whose equal posterity must not expect," if he in turn had attempted to write a tragedy.

But a more striking instance still is the dispute that went on between Spence and Henry Brooke, who preserves a lingering reputation as a novelist, though his poetry has long been forgotten. The former maintained that Pope was the greatest poet the world had ever produced. The latter at the time of the conversation was unwilling to take ground so extreme. He declared that Virgil gave him equal pleasure, Homer equal warmth, Shakespeare greater rapture, and Milton more astonishment. But he saw later, according to his own assertion, that he had been indisposed to accord the poet his due praise. He had not then really entered into the spirit of his work. He had now come, he said, to the conclusion that any one of Pope's original pieces was indisputably a more finished and perfect piece than had ever been written by any one man. But his genius was dwarfed to the eye by the excellence of so many different parts. Each distinct performance was as the performance of a separate author. As no single one was large enough to contain the poet in his full dimensions, he, though perfectly drawn, appeared too much in miniature. Brooke was inclined to be angry that Pope had devoted so much time to improving Homer. He should have spent it in excelling him in his own way.

In so expressing himself Brooke declared that he was speaking "the ruder parts" of his sincerity. Imagination exhausts itself in conceiving what he could have said had he set out to impart the more urbane revelation of his feelings. But the view he took, however ridiculous it seems to us, was shared by large numbers of his contemporaries, perhaps by the majority. A few years after Pope's death a similar attitude was assumed by the essayist, John Brown. This author is now known to most of us, so far as he is known to any of us, by the treatise called "An Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times." This work was published in 1757, just as England had entered upon that career of conquest and glory which she achieved in the Seven Years' War. It demonstrated in a way that could not be gainsaid that, in consequence of the general prevalence of luxury and effeminacy, the country was on the downward road, that she was henceforth destined to failure and to take a distinctly lower place among the nations. Brown's literary judgments were on a par with his political. He wrote a poetical "Essay on Satire," which was printed in 1748 in Dodsley's "Collection." In it the author laid down the proposition that no one could express adequately the greatness of Pope's genius unless he had himself the genius of Pope:

Who yonder star's effulgence can display
Unless he dip his pencil in the ray?
Who paint a God, unless the God inspire?
Who catch the lightning but the speed of fire?
So, mighty Pope, to make thy genius known,
All pow'r is weak, all numbers—but thy own.

As if a belief of this sort were not enough, Pope succeeded in gaining with the multitude of readers a reputation for moral elevation which was the complement of his intellectual greatness. This was as little the result of accident as it was of desert. It was a direct consequence of patient and persistent effort directed to that very end. In its way it was for Pope a greater triumph than was his translation of Homer. It was achieved in the face of difficulties to all appearance far more insuperable; for his devious ways were well known to numbers among his contemporaries. Any exposure of them, however, he could and did profess to regard as the outcome of envy, hatred, and malignity. His admirers, who were legion, were certain to disbelieve what he was charged with doing and were equally certain to believe everything about himself which he kept saying. Hence, while engaged in practices from which an honorable man would have shrunk with disgust, while making declarations which a truthful man would have regarded with abhorrence, his voice could be constantly heard, enunciating the noblest sentiments, proclaiming the loftiness of his motives, the integrity of his character, his scorn of everything that was underhand and discreditable and mendacious. To the modern reader, now rendered fully aware of his method of proceeding, there is something almost comical in the assertion he made in one of the greatest of his poems, that it was

> One poet's praise
> That if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways.

If there was one quality of character of which Pope had seemingly no appreciation, it was that of manliness. Yet he deceived others as to his possession of it; let us charitably hope that he deceived himself.

It was about 1730 that Pope started out actively in the practice of the profession of being a good man. Henceforth he was to be animated by an overpowering love of virtue and an overpowering hatred of vice. The attitude he took then he maintained until the day of his death. His reputation as a poet, he asserted, or intimated, was but little in his thoughts; what he desired to be considered was a man of virtue. His heart, he wrote to Broome, was better than his head. Broome's opinion did not entirely coincide with that of his correspondent; but he wisely judged it best to keep it to himself. To Aaron Hill, Pope wrote that he had never thought much of his own poetical capacity; but he knew that his moral life was much superior to that of most of the wits of the day. Hill brushed aside almost contemptuously this shallow pretence of indifference to literary reputation; but Pope was wiser than his correspondent. He knew that in the controversies in which he was concerned reputation as a man of virtue would stand him in much better stead than reputation as a man of letters. He was therefore not to be deterred from continuing to give expression to the same admirable sentiments. It might be, he conceded, that it was his poetry alone that would cause him to be remembered. "But it is my morality only," he continued solemnly, "that must make me beloved and happy." Errors in his writings he was willing to confess; "but of my life and manners," he added, "I do not repent one jot."

Tributes, therefore, to Pope's intellectual greatness, he let it be understood, could never be paid him at the expense of his uprightness. "I much more resent," he added, "any attempt against my moral character, which I know to be unjust, than any to lessen my poetical one, which for all I know may be very just." This fiction of a preference for being a man of virtue to being a man of genius he never ceased to uphold. Seven years later he wrote again to Hill that his character as an honest man he desired to have spared. On the other hand, anything could be said in praise or blame of him as a poet, and it would remain unanswered. This pretended lack of concern about his literary, and deep-seated regard for his moral reputation crops out every now and then in his correspondence. It even extended to the assertion that he, perhaps the most sensitive and vindictive author that ever flourished, had become entirely free from the slight traces of those characteristics which once had possibly been latent in his nature. "I never had," he wrote to Lord Marchmont in 1741, "any uneasy desire of fame or keen resentment of injuries, and now both are asleep together." This picture of the halcyon repose which had overtaken his nature required revision the very next year. Then he set out recasting "The Dunciad" in consequence of the furious anger into which he was thrown by the letter addressed to him by Cibber.

Many outside circumstances contributed to the spread of the belief he was anxious to inspire. Important among them was the character of his later writings. The line of poetry which Pope soon took up after the publication of "The Dunciad" was peculiarly favorable to the creation and extension among the multitude of that opinion of his moral character which he sought to have established. He thenceforth produced largely pieces of a didactic character; but didactic poetry written with a point and fervor and fire the want of which has usually constituted its most distinguishing characteristic. To use his own words, he left off wandering in the maze of fancy, but "stooped to truth and moralized his song." It was during the years in which Theobald's edition of Shakespeare was preparing for the press that Pope kept constantly bringing out a succession of works which spread far and wide his reputation not merely as a poet, but as a moralist of the highest type. It was the year following the publication of that edition that witnessed the culmination and complete success of these efforts.

This year, 1735, was an eventful one in Pope's life. During it he may be said to have set the seal upon his reputation for the highest moral excellence, while at the same time extending and enhancing his literary fame. He opened it with one of the most brilliant pieces he ever wrote. This was the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot." Under the guise of an apology for his life it was a renewed attack upon the whole host of his adversaries, containing, as it were by accident, glowing panegyrics upon himself, wrung from him with apparent naturalness by the calumnies with which he had been wantonly pursued for years and which he had hitherto borne in silence. Never was a work better fitted to effect the object designed. The piece, to be sure, is full of disingenuous assertions and contained a number of positively false statements; but none of these things were its readers in a position to know. In it was insidiously inculcated the view, which he was afterward to elaborate still more fully, that in whatever he wrote he was animated by the loftiest motives. In satirizing those he disliked he was simply laboring in the cause of virtue.

The "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot" gave the impression that Pope was even more virtuous than he was great. Another agency now came in not merely to confirm this view, but to establish the truth of it beyond question. This was the publication of his correspondence. It came out a little later in this same year, 1735, from the printing-house of Curll. Its immediate effect was to raise the popular conception of Pope's character to the highest point. The trickery has now been laid bare by which the poet contrived to bring about an apparently pirated publication of his letters, thereby forcing him to follow it by a later edition authorized by himself. In his own age the fact was more than suspected; to several persons it was perhaps actually known. But there is something known now that was not even suspected then. The lucky chance that led to the discovery, about a half-century ago, of Caryll's copies of Pope's letters disclosed the various ways in which he had tampered with his own correspondence in order to prepare it for publication. The letters, as printed, were frequently not the letters as written. The correspondence, in short, was to no small extent a manufactured one. It had been manufactured, too, for the express purposes of fortifying statements made by the poet, which were not only doubtful, but had been doubted; and even more for the sake of extending his reputation for being actuated by the loftiest motives. Part of it had not been written to the persons to whom it purported to have been written. Furthermore there was a limited portion of it which had pretty clearly never been written to anyone at all.

Still, as the manipulation to which this correspondence had been subjected was unknown, both at the time and for more than a century after, English literary criticism and literary history have been naturally permeated with false impressions about the poet and his contemporaries caused by the belief in its genuineness. Nor have we as yet recovered entirely from its effects. We can in some cases, to be sure, arrive at fairly certain conclusions. We can no longer doubt that a portion of the letters nominally sent to Addison were never received by the man to whom, as printed, they were addressed. We can now guess pretty accurately the nature of the relations between the two authors, and comprehend the difference between what actually took place and what Pope said took place. We are

further safe in saying that he published a reconstructed correspondence with Wycherley. This he did, according to his own account, "to rescue his memory" from the hands of "an unlicensed and presumptuous mercenary"—by whom he meant Theobald. He forgot, however, to mention that this unlicensed and presumptuous mercenary was the very man who had been selected by the family to edit the posthumous works of the dramatist. We can feel altogether confident it was by interpolations and alterations and omissions in this correspondence that he succeeded in producing upon the world the impression that the man whose memory he set out to rescue was a vain, contemptible, and irritable old dotard, who resented the good advice given him by his young friend. Still we cannot overcome entirely the influence of the printed page. To this the publication of the original letters, whenever they existed at all, would have unquestionably furnished an ample corrective.

The correspondence itself of Pope is not really interesting. His prose was much inferior to his poetry; but the prose of his letters was much inferior to his other prose. A large number of them, indeed, hardly deserve the name of letters. There is nothing about them at all spontaneous. They are little moral essays which produce the impression that the writer had set out to think noble thoughts in order to utter them. But they fully accomplished for him the object for which they were intended. Even before they were published he had largely succeeded in creating the belief that he was animated by the most exalted motives. Virtue and verse, wrote one of his contemporary panegyrists, were the objects that filled his soul. But his manifold correspondence now proved, in a way that could not be gainsaid, that the claims he had made for himself in his "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot" were fully justified. Here was what must have seemed to them the unanticipated revelation of what was in his inmost heart, which had been disclosed to those he loved in the artless confidence which is begot of the sanctity of private communication. Who could rise from reading these unguarded effusions of the soul poured forth in the privacy of intimate friendship, but now exposed to the world by the machinations of a scoundrelly publisher, without feeling that in their writer was revealed one of the most unselfish and benevolent of men, one of the purest and loftiest of natures, indifferent to mere literary fame, but consumed with a sacred love for the advancement of morality and virtue?

The result of these machinations, manipulations, and fraudulent devices was that during the last years of his life Pope occupied a position in popular estimation that has never been held by any other author in our literature. He was regarded as not only the sublimest of poets, but as the best of men. In the eyes of his admirers he was given up to the pursuit of virtue. In the seclusion of his home rolled unheeded over his head the din made by those who resented the fact that he was the unflinching foe of the vain, the proud, and the wicked. Never before or since has moral pre-eminence been obtained by means so immoral. He stood forth to his admiring countrymen as the champion of virtue and the scourge of vice. In the opinions of large numbers his utterances made or unmade reputations. So great is the power of self-delusion that it is not impossible, perhaps it is probable, that Pope believed fully in himself. At an earlier period he assured Swift, in all apparent sincerity, that he would not render the characters he portrayed "less important and less interesting by sparing vice and folly or by betraying the cause of truth and virtue."

But whatever in his secret heart he thought of himself, there is no question as to what was thought of him by his multitude of readers. In their eyes he was one who loved righteousness and hated iniquity; therefore he was an object of hatred to wicked men. There was a minority—and during his life a strong and not uninfluential minority—who saw through the hollowness of his pretensions and recognized the wide difference between his professions and his practices. Their feelings were well expressed by Curll, who, as a rascal himself, had a keen scent for rascality in others. In a letter to Broome he expressed the then not uncommon opinion that Pope was as well acquainted with the art of evasion as he was with the art of poetry. "Crying came our bard into the world," he said later in print, "but lying, it is greatly to be feared, he will go out of it." But the opinions of those who disbelieved in him carried little

weight outside of the circle to which they belonged. Any voice lifted up in protest was largely drowned in the clamorous enthusiasm of his admirers. As those, too, who were fully acquainted with his devices left behind them no record of what they knew, and rarely even of what they thought, the information they possessed and the beliefs they held usually died with them. Pope's reputation for virtue came in consequence to increase after the death of himself and of those who knew him too well.

So well and widely established became this estimate of the purity and loftiness of his character that, if we can trust the testimony of the swarm of elegies that followed immediately upon his decease, and indeed continued for several years afterward, the death of Pope was not so much to be deplored as a loss to English literature, irreparable as that was, as it was a loss to English morals. To adopt the language of a writer who was so little one of his devotees that he mingled censure with his praise, "universal goodness felt the shock." It was the prevalent feeling that now he was gone, wicked men would come forth from their hiding-places and wickedness would once more abound in the land. Dodsley burst out in a eulogistic elegy upon the dead poet, in which he gave vent to his grief at this particular prospect. According to him,

> Vice, now secure, her blushless front shall raise,
> And all her triumphs be thro' Britain borne,
> Whose worthless sons for guilt shall purchase praise,
> Nor dread the hand that pointed them to scorn.

The following epigram conveying the same idea is reported to have been spoken extempore on the death of the poet:

> Vice now may lift aloft her speckled head,
> And front the sun undaunted: Pope is dead.

The periodical publications of the time and the times immediately succeeding contain plenty of revelations of this sort of feeling. According to contemporary testimony there was no longer any possible escape from the reign of wickedness. More than a year after Pope was dead, a bard who called himself "a young gentleman" attempted, as he said, an epitaph on the poet. He was manifestly a very young gentleman. The idea pervading his piece was the hopelessness of saving the world from ruin, since the main bulwark against the encroachments of iniquity had been taken away. In the following lines the writer gave expression to his sense of the peril that was threatening the future of the nation:

> Now thou art gone, O ever wondrous bard,
> Who shall foul vice's rapid course retard?
> Who shall in virtue's sacred cause arise?
> Who lash the villain who the law defies?
> Or brand the atheist who his god denies?
> These did thy volumes, fraught with vast delight,
> And virtue shin'd by thee supremely bright.
> And now she droops, flown is her pleasing hope,
> Virtue now mourns that e'er she lost her Pope.

About this same time William Thompson, a poet once somewhat highly thought of, but now forgotten, announced that the dreaded calamity had already arrived. There was no longer any chance for virtue to maintain her ground. The mournful result is indicated in lines celebrating the intellectual greatness of Pope, but diverging in the following words to his moral greatness:

> Born to improve the age and cheat mankind
> Into the road of honor!—Vice again
> The gilded chariot drives:—For he is dead.

This view of the poet's character was neither confined to a limited number nor to a limited period. Plenty of illustrations of it could be quoted. Several years later the Rev. John Delap, a writer never much regarded, and now never remembered, reflected the general sentiment in one of his elegies, in which he referred to Pope as being the "sole terror of a venal age." Mason, in that dreadful monody entitled "Musæus," not content with celebrating the poet's greatness as a poet, extolled the courage he had evinced in carrying on his warfare against vice in the highest places. He had been the one author who

> could brave
> The venal statesman or the titled slave:
> Brand frontless vice, strip all her stars and strings,
> Nor spare her basking in the smile of kings.

This belief in the myth of Pope's virtue, though doubtless having many private disbelievers, met with scarcely an expression of public dissent till the last decade of the eighteenth century. Indeed Hayley discovered that it was philanthropy pure and simple that had led the poet to the composition of his satires. For the sake of overthrowing vice he sacrificed the performance of what he could have achieved in the higher

fields of literature. "His moral virtues," wrote Hayley, "have had a tendency to diminish his poetical reputation." Faith in this fiction of his surpassing virtue gave way with the better knowledge of the period which men came to possess. But how late it retained its hold anyone can see for himself in Thackeray's "Lectures on the English Humorists," a work belonging to the middle of the nineteenth century.

THE TERROR ON THE BOILING WATER

By Francis Lynde

Illustrations by Frank B. Masters

IT began while Brice, the general manager of the D. & U. P. Short Line, was two thousand miles away, getting married; and Upham, whose hold on the men would have counted for something, was also out of reach, figuring as Brice's best man. And it was as far beyond any rational explanation as a panic among the horses in a burning stable.

Its heralding was in mid-afternoon of a perfect day in June. Brice and Upham were a week gone on the wedding errand, and Rader, the general manager's assistant, was carrying double; keeping his chief's office in touch with the traffic world, and holding down the details of the operating department for Upham. Incidentally, everything on the three divisions of the Short Line was on the hilltop of disciplinary good behavior; trains running on time, employee loyalty on its mettle, the various cog-wheels of the traffic machine intermeshing without a jar, and as smoothly as the mechanism of the electrically synchronized clock on the wall of Chief-Despatcher Dawson's room in the Castle Cliff headquarters.

At the fateful moment Rader was in the superintendent's office, arranging, with Reddick, the general passenger agent, a special schedule for a train-load of Iowa excursionists due to arrive from the East the following morning. Into the schedule-making broke little Cranston, Upham's chief clerk, carefully closing the door behind him.

"There's a solemn old crank out yonder who refuses to do business with me; says it's him for the biggest boss in the outfit. What shall I do with him?" was Cranston's wording of his dilemma.

"What does he want?" queried Rader, keeping his place on the Iowa schedule with the pencil point.

"I'm trying to tell you that's what I can't find out," complained the chief clerk, who was ordinarily a past adept at prying into the inner consciousness of the visitor with a grievance to air or an axe to grind. "He says his name is Hinchcliffe; and he looks as if he might be the father of all the cattlemen, with a claim for a whole herd killed on the right-of-way."

"Oh, well; send him in," grumbled Rader. "There is no choking these claim-pushers off till they've climbed to the top round of the ladder."

Cranston disappeared, and a moment later the door opened to admit the supposed claimant. He was an old man, white-haired and bearded like the caricatures of the Populist Senators; decently clothed, but with the white dust of the desert thick on shoe and trouser-leg.

"Well, Mr. Hinchcliffe," said Rader briskly, "what can I do for you?"

The old man's voice went with his bent shoulders and way-wearied attitude. "Air you the gineral manager of this here railroad?" he began.

"No; but I represent him. Mr. Brice is away. Rader is my name."

The "father of all the cattlemen," as Cranston had dubbed him, stood awkwardly fumbling his dusty hat. Reddick, looking on, marked the blue powder burns in the weathered face and the battered knuckles of the drill-holding left hand;

miner's tokens, these, and no stockman's, he decided. And the old man's next word confirmed the shrewder guess.

"My claim is up yonder on Sombre headwaters, and I've been sont here," he went on in the shaken voice. "I allowed to the good Lord that it wouldn't make no differ' to a faithless and onbelievin' gineration; but He laid it on to me, and I had to come. I reckon you all don't believe none in visions o' the night?" he concluded, with an appealing look from one to the other of his auditors.

Neither of the two laughed outright. Age is in some sort venerable, even in this the century of the young. But Rader shook his head.

"I don't know about Mr. Reddick, here. He is a passenger man. But I have never had one that a late supper wouldn't sufficiently account for."

"I was lookin' to be scoffed at," said the graybeard patiently. "The Good Book say, 'There shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts.' Nev'theless, I must cry aloud and deliver my own soul. Harken at me, young man, and ricollect that I've tromped twenty-five mile in the cold o' the mornin' and the heat o' the noonday to bring the shore word of prophecy. There's goin' to be a terr'ble smash-up on your railroad at four o'clock to-morrow, jes' before day."

Rader's thought went instantly to train-wreckers. How else could a disaster be so confidently predicted? "Go on," he said, gravely. "How do you happen to know this, Mr. Hinchcliffe?"

"I've seen it in a vision o' the night," was the solemn rejoinder, and Rader breathed freer. "I was settin' on top of a high rock, lookin' down into a narrer slit of a gulch. Down at the bottom of the gulch was a river, bigger thern the Sombre, a-foamin' and tumblin' over the rocks; and a railroad track twisted down one side o' the gulch and crossed over on a slanch-wise bridge to the other, so"—illustrating with the work-worn hands on the flat top of the counter-rail.

Rader and the general passenger agent exchanged glances of startled intelligence. The old man was describing very accurately Black Rock Canyon and bridge, on the upper Boiling Water.

"One moment," Rader interrupted. "You know our line—you've been over it, Mr. Hinchcliffe?"

The old man shook his head.

"I been six year in the Sombre country, and I came in afoot acrosst the Taylor range before your road was built. I never sot eyes on a rail of it till to-day—that is, not in the flesh," said the seer.

"All right; go on."

"Well, as I was sayin', I sot on top o' that high rock, lookin' down at the river and the railroad and the bridge. Bimeby I heard a train comin' from somewheres up along in the gulch. Down she come, rippin' and snortin' and th'owin' fire; and when she hit the bridge—*bing!* there she was! a mixed-up mess o' broke-up keers and twisted irons piled down into the river. Hit was a passenger train, and I could see 'em tryin' to climb out through the winders; and—and say, I can hear 'em groanin' and shriekin' even to this minute!"

Reddick got up and walked to the window. After a little he heard Rader say: "But about the time—how do you know this is to happen to-morrow morning?"

"I cayn't tell," was the muttered reply. "But when I waked up—with the cold sweat standin' out all over me—them figgers was runnin' in my head: Four o'clock, June twenty-three. That's to-morrow, ain't it?"

When Reddick faced about Rader was filling out a pass in his book of blanks, and saying, "I wish our Dolomite line ran right up to your cabin door, Mr. Hinchcliffe. But we can give you a lift as far as the camp, anyway. That will still leave us under the greatest obligations to you; you'll understand that, won't you?"

"But you don't believe a single word I've been tellin' ye," said the old man suspiciously.

"Don't I? I can assure you there will be no accident at Black Rock bridge to-morrow morning if we can prevent it. Here is your pass to Dolomite. Good-day, and good luck to you."

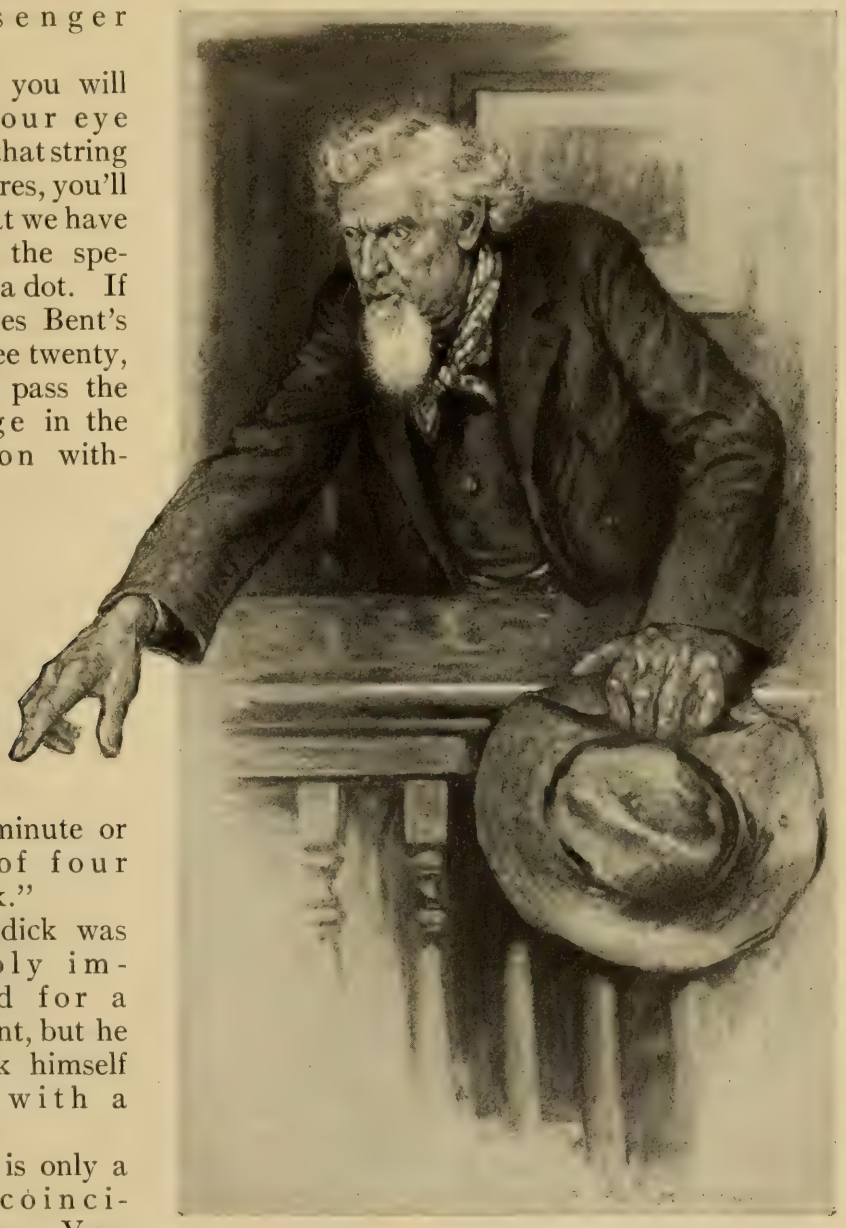
There was silence in the superintendent's office while the shuffling footsteps of the prophet of evil could be heard in the corridor. It was Reddick who broke it with a remark critical.

"There is one screw loose in the prophecy, and it's a rather important one, when you come to think of it. If our trains are

anywhere near on time, we shall have no passenger within thirty miles of Black Rock bridge at four o'clock in the morning."

Rader smiled and tossed the pencilled schedule of the Iowa excursion special across to the passenger agent.

"If you will run your eye down that string of figures, you'll see that we have timed the special to a dot. If it leaves Bent's at three twenty, it will pass the bridge in the canyon within a minute or two of four o'clock."



"*Bing!* there she was! a mixed-up mess o' broke-up keers." —Page 488.

Reddick was visibly impressed for a moment, but he shook himself free with a laugh.

"It is only a raw coincidence. You don't let that old man's fantastic pipe-dream weigh an ounce, and you know it, Rader."

"Perhaps not. But you are opening up a big vein when you sling a pick on that claim. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred will laugh and tell you that superstition has been choked out and reasoned out long since, with witchcraft and all the devil-business of the ignorant ages. Yet ninety-eight of the ninety-nine have their own little private hoodoos which they worship like so many Voudooists."

"Nonsense!"

"The superstition is, but the fact remains. Only yesterday, I overheard as sober a man as Mac Bostwick telling Haskell, the roundhouse foreman, that there were Fridays when the 1219 would not mind throttle or brake."

"Oh, pshaw! I know the men say such things. But they don't really believe them."

"Don't they? Possibly not. Just the same, I wouldn't have this old fellow's dream story get wind on the line for a farm in God's country. It might be laughed at; and then again it might not. Even you were a little startled when he described a bit of scenery he has never seen."

"Bosh! Assuming that he wasn't lying, there are a dozen ways in which he might, consciously or subconsciously, have obtained his picture of Black Rock bridge without having actually seen it. I saw a very striking photograph of it in a shop-window the last time I was in Dolomite; and you forget that our own advertising matter, which is scattered far and wide, carries many cuts of our scenic points. But to come back to business: you won't change the schedule of the Iowa train? The Dolomite Board of Trade is to breakfast

these people, and I have promised to get the train to Dolomite by eight o'clock, sharp."

"No, we won't change any schedules. But I shall have Holtkampf go up on Two and examine that bridge; and it will be watched until after the Iowa train passes it to-morrow morning."

"By Jove!" laughed the skeptic. "I half believe you're touched yourself, Rader."

"Not necessarily. But suppose the old man's story does leak out, and by some trick of coincidence there should be a wreck to fit it? I know railroad human nature well enough to do a little prophesying on my own account. Every man in the service might take the sensible view of it; but the chances are ten to one the other way."

Reddick had made a copy of the Iowa train's schedule, and his hand was on the door-knob.

"Then let us hope the old gentleman won't talk. We don't want to spoil Mr. Brice's honeymoon with a calamity howl."

Unhappily, the seer of visions did talk. He had two full hours to wait before the departure of the Dolomite train, and in the interval he chanced to foregather with Sanborn, the Castle Cliff baggage agent. Sanborn was a New Hampshire man, with an itch for prying into the mental interstices of other folk. He got the story of the Hinchcliffe vision, scoffed at it in his own inner consciousness, but did not fail to pass it on to Jurgins, the hostler who brought Number Two's engine up from the coal track.

From Jurgins it spread to the waiting engine crews at the round-house, losing nothing in transmission; and before night other details were added. For example, it was whispered about that Chief-Engineer Holtkampf had gone up on Two to examine the bridge; that a special track gang had been told off to watch it during the night; that the engineer of the excursion train had verbal orders to run cautiously in Black Rock Canyon.

From this the story got on to the wires, and by midnight of the 22d every man in the train service had heard some version of it, and the conditions were psychologically ripe for wreckings, mental and material.

After all, nothing happened in Black Rock Canyon. Holtkampf found the bridge in perfect condition—he had the steel-loaded cars of a material train backed upon it, testing it to a strain far above that of any passing traffic. The watchers saw nothing amiss; and in due time, at precisely four o'clock, as it chanced, the Iowa excursion safely crossed the dead line and steamed briskly on its way to Castle Cliff and Dolomite.

But the psychological mischief was done. Two nights later, Goodhue, engineer of the 1217, tailing a long string of boxes down the canyon, had a case of "nerves," superinduced by the sight—or the fancied sight—of an obstruction between the rails.

With ample time and space to make a safe stop, he clapped on the air and slammed the 1217 into the reverse motion, taking the back slack so suddenly with the heavy engine that the long train buckled on the curve, spread the rails, and a dozen of the boxes were piled neatly into the Boiling Water.

Rader was in the despatcher's office at Castle Cliff when the wreck was reported. What he said was profanely objurgatory and quite unprintable, and it included the false prophets in general and one Hinchcliffe in particular. Later, he ordered out the wrecking train, and while it was making up in the yard he laid down the law to Dawson.

"Don't you let any of this crazy foolishness get into the despatching, Tom," he snapped. "It's bad enough to have it rattling every third train-man on the line."

Dawson looked up from his key and grinned good-naturedly. He was a big, smooth-faced, cold-blooded man, as a despatcher should be; a man devoid of imagination, with a mind soberly mathematical and warranted to run inexorably, like a piece of well-adjusted mechanism.

"You needn't worry about this end of the string," he said confidently. "If the men read their orders straight, we'll keep the wheels turning."

So much for the brave word, yet it was precisely in Dawson's office that the next phase of the terror developed.

It was in Mart Carnagan's trick, between midnight and morning. As the trains were scheduled, the hours between one o'clock and four were the least strenuous in the despatcher's office. Carnagan never left his key; he was too conscientious to do that. But he was given to reading blood-and-thunder stories—this to keep from dozing in the quieter intervals.



Drawn by F. B. Masters.

Did not fail to pass it on to Jurgins, the hostler.—Page 490.

It was on the morning of the 27th, at half-past two o'clock, and exactly forty-eight hours after the Goodhue episode in Black Rock Canyon, when Carnagan put down his paper-back at a most exciting crisis in the history of certain famous train robbers to answer a stuttering call from Callidonia.

He cut in on the wire promptly, and, "Orders for Train 202," clicked from the Callidonia end.

Now Carnagan's brain was still only on the returning way to its normal acuteness, owing to the stirring crisis in the robber tale; but he was well convinced that Train 202 had been provided for two stations west of Callidonia.

"What's the matter with you?" he clicked back. "Two-two had orders at Quirada."

"Train here without orders," was the answer. "Send them."

It was like a blow in the dark, and it left Carnagan groping. A glance at the train-sheet, the record of all moving trains, served only to confuse him the more completely. The proper entries stared up at him from the figured sheet; Train 202 to meet Train 105 at the blind siding at Arreta; and there was the "O. K." of the operator at Quirada, twenty miles west of Callidonia. How could he have made the entry unless the order had been given?



Slammed the 1217 into the reverse motion.—Page 490.

Carnagan rubbed his eyes and touched the hot bulb of the electric light to make sure he was awake. "You're crazy," he snapped back at the Callidonia man. "Make Two-two's crew show up."

"Crew here; no orders," came the monotonous repetition.

The night despatcher, still groping, steadied himself with a left-hand grip on the table's edge and sent them: "Train Two-two, Henson, conductor, Hollingsworth, engineer, to meet Train One-five, Gurley, conductor, Bostwick, engineer, at Arreta." Almost instantly the "O. K." rattled through the office sounder, and Carnagan drew a deep breath and dipped his pen to make the corrected entries on the record.

In the act he saw a thing to make the electric lights go red and the room to spin like a top with a certain set of ink-black figures for its axis. Train 202, a heavy freight, had been on time up to Quirada, the station where the original meeting order seemed to have been given, but not received. At Callidonia, however, it was thirty minutes late. Hence, it would be thirty minutes late at Arreta, where there was no station—no operator; and Train 105, a passenger with the right of road, would wait ten minutes, and five more for a possible variation of watches, and then proceed to a head-end collision with the delayed freight!

The night man pounced upon his key and rattled the Callidonia call, "Cn, Cn, Cn," thickly interspersed with, "Hold Two-two," and presently the circuit was broken and the response came. "Two-two is pulling out of upper yard. Clancy has gone to try to flag her down. Hold wire."

Carnagan held the wire open, and great drops of sweat ran down his face and fell upon the train-sheet. Two other minutes of the soul-killing suspense would have finished him, but the interval was shortened. "Couldn't catch Two-two," was the



"Don't you let any of this crazy foolishness get into the despatching."—Page 490.

unnerving reply, and Carnagan sprang up, overturning his chair and raving as one suddenly gone mad.

There was no hope; no telegraph station between Callidonia and the meeting-point where he could intercept the freight, and none east of Arreta where he could catch and hold the passenger. In a blind frenzy he began to walk the floor so mechanically that he fell over a chair without seeing it. The shock set his brain at work again. Though there was no station at Arreta, there was a private wire to the shaft-house of the Arreta mine, a short half-mile up the mountain above the fatal blind siding. Branziger, the mine superintendent, was a self-taught operator, but he would be abed and asleep. Carnagan did not know whether or not he slept within sound of the telegraph instrument; but there was the slenderest of chances, and he sat down to snip out the Arreta mine call in endless repetition, breaking now and then to sign his own office call.

Again and again he tried, and once more the cold sweat trickled from his face. The minutes passed swiftly; the hands on the clock-face seemed to flick forward by jerks. In his ears was the drumming of One-five's wheels, and in his mind's eye he could



The night despatcher gibbering and mowing at his reflection.—Page 495.

see the fast passenger train flying down the long tangents and racing onward, nearer and ever nearer to the meeting-point. Now she was passing Boyer's; now she was pitching up to the summit where her head-light would search out the switches at Arreta; now she was standing, air-brake palpitant, at the siding, and the engineer and conductor would be comparing watches and swearing wrathfully at the delay.

And still the mine wire was dead to his clamoring. It must be as he feared; the telegraph instruments were doubtless in Branziger's office, and his bed was somewhere else. Carnagan's hand fell from the key upon the handle of the drawer where the file of train-sheets was kept. He opened the drawer mechanically. A revolver lay in one corner, and his hand was creeping toward it when the sounder snapped hesitantly once or twice and he started alive again. The snipping clicks were spelling out his office call and signing "Arreta."

In a fierce fury of hope revived he fell upon the key and sent his beseeching, in briefest form, for now the very seconds were priceless. Yet he had to send it slowly to enable Branziger to get it at all. "Get word quick to night passenger, now on mine siding. Hold it till freight passes."

The answer was encouraging. Branziger would go himself, and report later.

Martin Carnagan was a young man when that first clicking call from Callidonia made him put down the paper-back tale of train robbers to reply to the demand for orders for Train Two-two. But before the Arreta mine call had broken for the second time into the horrible silence of the Castle Cliff wire office, he was staggering up and down under a weight of years crowded into minutes; and once he had stopped in front of

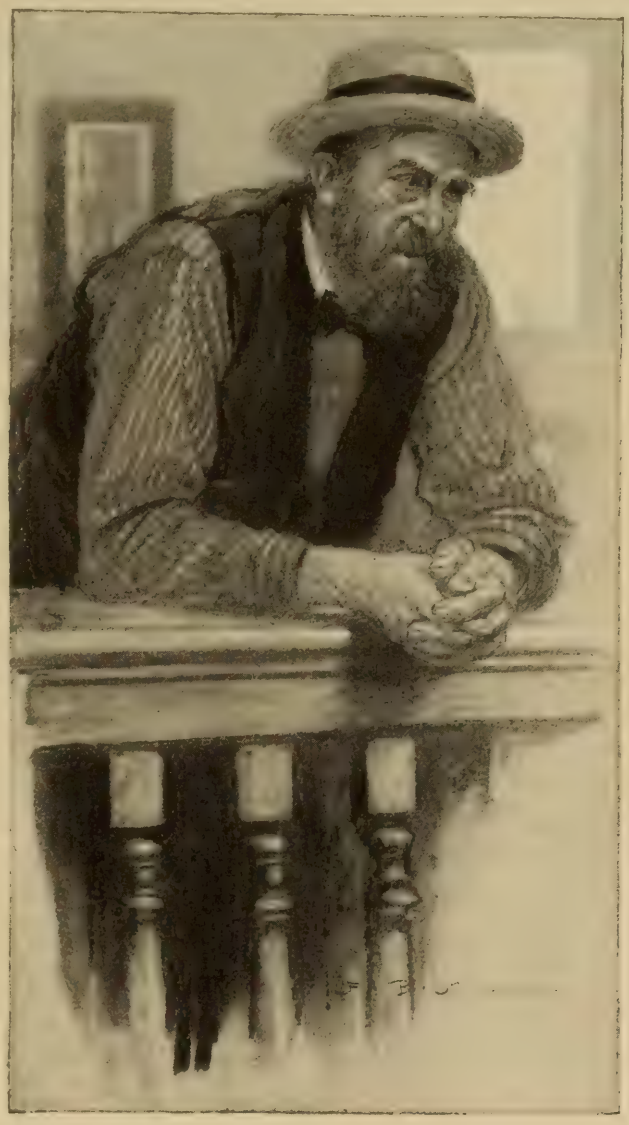
the little toilet-stand mirror in the corner of the room to look at his haggard face in the glass, and to wonder if the morning light would show his hair whitening at the temples.

At last, after what seemed like a lifetime of torturing suspense, the call came. He reeled across to the table and answered it. Then, slowly, as from the difficult sending of an unpractised hand, the letters and words dribbled out upon the silence.

"Too late. One-five pulled out before I could get down mountain.

"Branziger."

The night man locked his forehead between his hands and staggered to a chair. The last hope was gone, and for the moment he wished to die. Then the strong hand of routine laid hold upon him and he did what remained to be done: sprung the electric alarm for Dawson, whose sleeping-room was in the other end of the building, and sat down to his key to call up the master-mechanic and the emergency crew for the wrecking train.



"Every last man of 'em will tell you there's another one due."
—Page 496.

It was a pretty bad collision, and it set every nerve of the D. & U. P.—nerves already at panic tension—quivering afresh. Bostwick, engineer of the passenger, had a leg broken, and his fireman was killed outright. Hollingsworth and his fireman jumped before the crash, but they were both severely injured. A car-load of mail was burned, and the postal clerk in charge lost an arm in the telescoping of his car by the tender of the colliding engine.

Carnagan, happily or unhappily, was out of it. When Dawson had come hurrying and half dressed at the summons of the electric alarm, he had found the night despatcher gibbering and mowing at his reflection in the little looking-glass; past cursing, past discharging, past everything save a strait-jacket and a padded cell. Hence the mystery of the double order entry on the train-sheet remained a mystery.

Rader, roused by the call-boy who turned out the members of the emergency crew, came down in the gray twilight of the dawn and found Dawson patiently unravelling the tangle caused by the blocking of the line and Carnagan's abandonment of the wires.

By this time the report of the wreck was in over the Arreta mine wire, and a relief train was hurrying to the scene in the wake of the wrecking outfit. Rader stepped into the breach, praying for a cool head. The sight of Dawson's massive face, calmly hard and impassive, was comforting, and he felt that the wires, at least, were in safe hands while the chief despatcher could keep up.

Elsewhere, however, the terror was in full swing. Out in the yards, where the night crew was making up the east-bound freight, a man came running with the news that a switchman had been caught in coup-



Dolan's big freight-puller.—Page 498.

ling. A little later word came from the yard office that Jurgins, the hostler, had backed the 1310 over an open switch. At breakfast time when Train Three arrived from the night run down the Boiling Water, the remains of a mangled steer bespattered the front end of the engine, and the two enginemen were pallid under the coal grime, and shaking like the ague-smitten.

Rader telephoned for Grimmer, the master-mechanic, and found he had gone out with the wrecking train. Then he summoned Haskell, the round-house foreman, a big-boned, bearded giant of a man whose very bulk bespoke hard-headed sanity.

"Haskell, what are the men saying? Do they charge this head-ender at Arreta to—to the hoodoo?"

The big foreman lounged across the counter-rail and nodded.

"There's a caucus of 'em over yonder in the house, right now. You'd think they was a lot of scared kids," he added, contemptuously.

Rader was tramping the floor with his head down and his hands behind him.

"Haskell, Grimmer's away, and I've got to depend on you. Size up the men as they come down to take their runs, and 'phone me the names of the rattled ones."

"That'll be about three out of every two," said the giant.

"I can't help it. I'll not let a crazy crew take a train out of this yard—not if I have to abandon every other number on the time-card. But I hope you won't find it as bad as you talk."

Haskell shook his shaggy head.

"These here things run in streaks, Mr. Rader. I've seen 'em before—on a better-manned road than the D. & U. P., if you'll lemme say so. It's a plum' loco, and it's like the Rooshan grip; it ain't no respecter o' persons."

Rader sat down and swung his chair to face the open desk.

"There is a way to cure it, if I only knew how to find it," he said, half to himself; and the big foreman took him up promptly.

"Not at this stage o' the game, there ain't. You couldn't make a single one o' the locoed bunch believe that it'll stop short o' three bad smashes; not if you'd get an angel to come down here and holler at 'em through his golden bugle. Goodhue's buckle-up in the canyon counts one; this here head-ender this morning counts two; and every last man of 'em will tell you there's another one due."

"Oh, hell!" said Rader, and it came from his heart. Then he dismissed Haskell and sat for a silent half-hour wrestling with an idea suggested by the foreman's summing up of the matter.

"It's as crazy as anything that's been done since the world began, but it may do to think about," he mused, when little Cranston came in with the train mail from Number Two. "But we'll fight it out in the open first."

An hour beyond this, when Rader went to his belated breakfast, three crews had been laid off and one freight had to be abandoned for the lack of sane men to man it. In spite of his shrewdest efforts to resist, Rader was finding it fiercely hard to keep clear of the infection in his own proper person. All through the day, whenever the office door opened he expected to see Dickson, the office operator, coming in with the report of a fresh disaster.

He had already wired Upham and the general manager, assuming that they would read the Associated Press report of the collision in the afternoon papers. When he went out to supper there was still no reply from either of the absent officials; but this mattered little. Their last address had been Mount Desert, and it would require three days of the swiftest steaming to bring either the superintendent or the general manager to Colorado. Rader scowled and forgot to order when the waiter brought the *menu* card. For three days, at the shortest, he must carry the crushing load of responsibility, and in much less than three double circles of the clock-hands he, too, would be panic-mad, like the others.

That night he had Dawson's cot carried into the despatcher's office, and with Dickson to help out with a set of duplicate train-sheets, he stood watch and watch with the wearied chief.

There was need for cool heads and unceasing vigilance. The terror was no longer confined to the train-men. It had by now crept into the telegraphic nerves of the system. The plainest language in a train order seemed open to misconstruction; and before morning one of the three men at the wires was constantly "tracing"—following each moving train from station to station, and checking and rechecking the running orders by every device known to the craft of despatching.

It imposed a crucial strain on the office force throughout the long night; and the day succeeding was scarcely less anxious. All day reports of minor accidents, every one of them due to the general demoralization of the service, trickled in over the wires; and Rader was on the ragged edge of despair. Still there was no word from Upham or Brice; no signs of relief on the eastern horizon.

"How much longer can we keep this up, Dawson?" he asked desperately, when the second night watch of the wires began.

The despatcher's smile was sardonic. "Till one or the other of us falls asleep over the key and pulls down the very thing we're trying to stand off, I reckon."

"But there must be a let-up, sometime," insisted Rader. "It can't last forever."

"It'll last until we have that third smash, all right," said Dawson grimly.

"You don't believe any such rotten superstition as that, Tom; you know you don't. Why has there got to be three?"

"Because three out of every four of the men think so—that's all. And they'll keep on thinking so till it *is*."

"Will they come down to earth again after the third rip-up?"

"I never knew it to fail," said the despatcher, snapping his key to reopen the battle with the fates. "About all you can do is to pray it won't be a man-killer."

Rader flung himself upon the cot to snatch a little rest, and harassed as he was, sleep came quickly. Dawson called him at ten o'clock, made the transfers, and gave his verbal report.

"Worse and more of it, David; you'll have to hold them down hard. Every man jack of 'em is looking for that third wreck, and wondering if he is going to be in it."

Rader took his place at the train table, and for an hour his hands were full. Then came a lull, and he sat back, soberly thoughtful. At midnight the rush was on again, and he called Dawson.

When the shift was made, he found his overcoat and struggled into it. "I'm not sleepy this time," he explained. "I think I'll go out and get a breath of fresh air. It's miserably close in here."

In the yards there was the profound stillness of midnight—in the mountain skyland where there are no night choruses by Nature's orchestra. The abandonment of two more freight trains had shortened the hours of the second switching crew, and the silence was breached only by the hiss and click of the high arc-lights and the muffled gas-roar in the firebox of the switching engine blocked on the shop track.

Rader walked the length of the yard between the broken lines of freight-cars strung in apparent disorder upon the various tracks. Down toward the round-house, where the many tracks converged, the

switches were picked out in high relief by the broad beam of a head-light; the light of an engine standing, as Rader made out, at one of the coal chutes.

When he came nearer, he saw that the head-lighted engine was Dolan's big freight-puller, bulletined to go east with the California fruit line at one o'clock. It was standing on the coal track, ready for its crew, and at irregular intervals the safety-valve stuttered, roared, and reseated itself with a spiteful "*phut!*" The tender had its lading of coal, and there was no one in the cab.

These details Rader noted from his halt in the shadow of the round-house. There was an open window a few steps farther on, the window in Haskell's tool-room; and between the stutterings of the safety-valve Rader could hear voices which he recognized as Haskell's and Dolan's. He had no thought of eavesdropping, but a sentence in Dolan's rich brogue drifted through the open window and caught him.

"'Tis all right for you, Johnny Haskell, that don't have to pound your ear on these ould scrap-heaps wid the iron flyin' undher yez a good thirty mile an hour, and the wife and babies at home. But I'm tellin' ye plain—till thot third smash comes, 'tis meself 'll be lukin' for ut the yon side of ivery curve!"

Rader strolled over to the deserted engine. From where he paused, in the shadow cast by the high boiler, the head-light traced the glistening steel trail through the yards over which Dolan would presently trundle the big ten-wheeler. The switches were set to lead to the main line in the upper yard, all save one, the last in the swerving trail, which showed green instead of red. Rader knew the yard by heart. The misplaced switch led to the repair track, full now with cars waiting for the mechanics and with the "cripples" from the late collision. At the moment Rader disregarded it, knowing that Dolan would stop on the way out to let his fireman drop off and turn the switch. Then——

Dolan, Haskell, and the fireman had come to the door of the tool-room, the latter with his oil-can and lantern.

"Well, I s'pose it's my life and Johnny Shovel's for ut, wan more time," the Irishman was saying. "Dommed if I——"

He stopped open-mouthed; and the fireman dropped the oil-can and lantern and started to run across the tracks. Then Dolan came alive with a shrill yell. "Catch her!" he shouted; but it was too late. With a sudden grinding of fire from under her wheels and a roaring thunder of quickening exhausts from the stack, the big freight-puller had shot away up its tortuous steel trail, masterless.

When Rader entered the despatcher's office a few minutes later, he was sweating profusely, though the midsummer night—like all the upland nights—was autumn cool.

"How are they chasing?" he asked; and Dawson noticed that his voice had a curious unlikeness to itself.

"Rocky as ever," was the gloomy reply.

Rader had thrown off his coat and dropped heavily into a chair.

"It's come," he said in the same strained tone; "the third one, you know. Dolan's engine, the 1017, got away from him on the coal track just now and ran amuck up the yard. There are a good many more 'cripples' on the repair track now than there were a few minutes ago."

"What! " said Dawson. Then his cold eyes lighted up. "Was Dolan on her?"

"No; she was standing alone at the coal chute—the bin men had just finished coaling her. Throttle jumped open of its own accord, I guess. Those new balanced throttles have a way of doing that when the latch gets a little worn. Reckon it will pass for wreck number three—the charm?"

Dawson's eyes had narrowed to thin reptilian slits.

"We'll put it on the wires for that, anyhow," he said slowly. "Luckily, Grimmer was just talking from Rachab Junction. I'll report it to him, and every plug operator on the line will have his ears open to catch it."

"Do it," said Rader; and while the sounder was clicking he fell asleep in his chair.

The gray dawn was dimming the incandescent lights in the despatcher's room when Dawson aroused the sleeping substitute. A relief despatcher from the mountain division was at the train-sheet, and Rader sat up, rubbing his eyes.

"Why the devil didn't you call me to take my trick?" he demanded crustily.

Dawson's laugh showed his strong white teeth.

"There wasn't any need of it. Lewison

came down on Three, and so did Mr. Brice and Mr. Upham. They both said to let you sleep, and I did. Come on down to the lunch-counter and we'll have a cup of coffee. You look as if you were dead on your feet."

On the way around the end of the building Rader gave only a passing glance at the havoc wrought by the runaway engine; havoc but just now getting itself viewed by a curious throng of railway employees and townspeople.

"Did it do the business?" he asked quietly.

"It did for a fact. I could feel the pressure easing from the very minute it got on the wires." Then, with a sharp side-glance at his companion: "The men are calling it a miracle; is it, David?"

"I guess maybe we'd better let it go at that," said the substitute gravely. "To balance old man Hinchcliffe's pipe dream," he added. All this soberly and without a tremor. But a moment later he was shaking like a man in an ague fit and saying brokenly: "My God, Tom, when I saw that engine go tearing up the yard——"

Dawson nodded. "I know. There might have been somebody hanging round that string of 'cripples,' after all. It took nerve."

They were turning in at the door of the men's waiting-room, and Rader had recovered his self-control as suddenly as he had lost it.

"Nerve to watch it?" he said. "Oh, not so much as you might think."

Dawson had drawn out two of the high stools at the lunch-counter. He shoved Rader in rough good comradeship toward the nearest and climbed to his own place on the other, sniffing the stimulating fragrance of the bubbling coffee-urn.

"I wasn't born yesterday, David," he said in mild sarcasm. "I meant nerve to do it. Two coffees, Jimmie, and let 'em come good and black. We've been carrying the banner all night—Mr. Rader and I."

TO FANCY IN THE LATER DAYS

By Arthur Davison Ficke

I

Wearied with the hearths of home,
Wearier still of days aroam,
Unto thee the heart must turn.
And when dawn or even burn
Their soft lights of gray or rose,
Then again my forehead knows
Cool winds of thy starry sphere,
And the days of gold are here.

O Fancy, leave me not each hour!
Bring thy mystery of power,
By a secret lovely change
Filling earth with visions strange;
Or my guide and watcher be

To the green depths of the sea.
Come with me upon this shore
Unto which the long waves roar.
We will watch the breakers come,
Curling over into foam,
And the moment ere they fall
Dart into the clear green hall
And be shut within the cave
Of the glimmering hollow wave.
Through its galleries we go,
Past the groves where salt trees grow,
Over the sea-weed's ebb and flow.
We will come into the walls
Of those deep dim castle halls
Built of veinless emeralds,
Where dwell all things sweet and dead
That from garish earth have fled.
There I know that we shall find
The lost voice of the night-wind.
There will be the perfect note
Which has ever seemed to float
Just beyond the yearning reach
Of earthly music's trembling speech.
Ah, perhaps, there will be there
Lights on long-dead sunny hair,
Dear loves that were for earth too fair!

II

If, O Fancy, thou wouldst bring
All these joys, that I might sing
Of their beauty, could I ask
More of thee who let me bask
In the dawn-light of thy smiles
Round about thy fairy isles?

Yea, I ask thee for a greater,
Harder boon—a charm to bring
Unto a sadder world and later
All it's youth's remembering.
To bring back to wiser faces
Fervor of their youth's desire—
Hope to seek the Guarded Places,
Strength to find the Holy Fire.
For I know that thou canst fill
With thine impulse every mind,
Touch the eyes that now are blind,

Wake the soul that now is still,
Make the deadened spirit thrill
Like a branch in April wind.

Thou hast loved the poet's dreaming
Haunted chamber, hushed and lone.
Now come forth where tides are streaming
Of stern life—where break and moan
In the streets these weary streams.
Leave the poet with his dreams.
He needs not thy loving beams
As do these, thy lost, thine own.

For they are sad and worn with too long waiting
For the great word, the solving touch of life.
And all is sordid grown—their rest, their strife,
Death and desire and the sweet bloom of mating
Are common things; and all their hope of life
Fades out into a pallor, and is gone.

III

They have forgot. The fairest things
Pall; and they seek their joys in strife,
Panting for what the morrow brings,
The fleeting morrow of worn life.
The silences of twilight hours,
The voices of each woody spot,
The very beauty of small flowers
They have forgot.

The sunset burns for them in vain.
To them the sacramental dawn
Is but new lease of trivial pain
Which must be drowned in pressing on
To strange fierce joys. No milder balm
Brings any easing of their lot.
The soft, the beautiful, the calm
They have forgot.

They pray to God with hope of heaven,
Yet nightly have no heart to see
Orion and the shining Seven
Move through the dusk's infinity.
What if to them the death-hour brings
Knowledge which life has given not—
That heaven lies in the little things
They have forgot?

A PROFESSORIAL MEDITATION

By Grant Showerman

WHEN the college Professor picked up the December *Atlantic* and saw on its first page the title "Riches: A Christmas Essay" of course he was unable to resist the peculiar fascination which such a subject has for his class, and began to read. Not that he had any business to be interested in such a topic, or that he *was* really or vitally interested in it; but college professors, like small boys at holiday time, are sometimes given to gazing with distant eyes into the display window of the world's glittering toys and wondering what they would do if the kind fairy should suddenly make her appearance and transport them to the realm of possession and enjoyment. He began to read with only a mild and contemplative curiosity, knowing perfectly well the futility of allowing himself to be concerned with a theme like that.

But when the Professor came to the affirmation that heads of American families, with not more than four children, and with incomes of fifteen thousand dollars a year, had nearly as much money as was good for them, though fifteen thousand dollars a year was not riches, he suddenly sat up, rubbed his eyes, and took a second look. Yes, there it was, fifteen thousand dollars—it had been no mistake of his vision. From that moment he was attentive. After convincing himself of the accuracy of his senses, his first thought was that the author of the essay was indulging in mean and unworthy irony at the expense of simple people like himself, and he began to feel resentful. But no, it was serious enough—fifteen thousand dollars a year, *though it was not riches*, represented so nearly as much money as was good for the head of an American family with not more than four children that he could well afford to be particular about what he did to make his income bigger.

Here, indeed, was a fruitful theme for meditation! The Professor sank back in his chair, closed his eyes, and set his imagination to work, or rather let it loose for a holiday, in the attempt to spend that fifteen thousand dollars a year which was not riches. His imagination was of the sober, steadfast, and demure kind, not accustomed to play, much less work, with material of such magnitude, and at first he found it somewhat difficult to get it into action; but after recovering from a momentary paralysis it did fairly well.

Fifteen thousand dollars a year! He could have a home of his own, with calm peace and quiet, instead of inhabiting a Procrustean domicile which was forever interfering with both his physical and spiritual comfort; he could have his own shelves, and fill them with his own books, and be relieved of the necessity of either working amid the wooden surroundings of the college library or carrying to and from it armfuls of borrowed volumes, if indeed it afforded him the works most needful; he could afford a cook, a nurse-girl, and a maid to relieve his wife of the too great burden of domestic care; he could make more abundant provision for her future and that of their children by taking out another policy, and incidentally contribute a trifle more to the salary of his neighbor, the life insurance president—he liked to do a good-natured thing; he could afford his sons and daughters their fraternity and sorority expenses without depriving himself and his wife of ordinary comforts; he could even send them away to college—to some faculty with which he was not so intimately acquainted, and in which he therefore placed greater confidence—and relieve both them and himself of embarrassment; he could be independent in his choice of breakfast foods, and set his table with a view to health rather than economy; or, following the reasoning of Mr. Dooley, to the effect that " 'tis not what y' ate that gives y' th' indigistion—'tis the rint," he could roll from his shoulders the anxieties of meeting the monthly bills, and escape the nervously prostrating annoyance of being obliged to refuse his wife and daughters the quarterly bonnet and gown; he could afford a season in Europe once in a half dozen years

(he had to afford it, whether able or not, or drop into the background both in his abilities and in the esteem of his fellows) without wearing himself thin with economy and actual deprivation in the intervals; he could meet without hardship the, for him, really great expense of annual attendance at the gatherings of his two or three learned societies, where his duty alike to himself and to his institution (indeed the wishes of his president were so plainly expressed as to amount almost to compulsion) called him to read, in the name of scholarship, some reams of uninteresting manuscript on uninteresting subjects never heard of before to uninterested audiences who would never hear of them again—at least, if their wishes were consulted; he could feel less dependent upon promotion, and more indifferent to the Juggernaut of original research, and go on building into the character of his young men and women students the knowledge already piled up and waiting to be used, leaving the writing of learned volumes to those whom Nature had begotten for that purpose; he could meet the demands of benevolent and religious organizations like his neighbors, without its costing him ten times as much in proportion to his salary as it did them; he could look forward to an old age not unseemly, when he should neither be an object of Carnegie charity nor suffer indignity or contempt at the hands of younger men who had forgotten his long and faithful service and not yet discovered that wisdom was not to die with them; he could indulge in a canoe, or a launch, or treat his wife to a drive occasionally, or discard that rusty, creaking bicycle, out of date years ago, which had long made him a conspicuous mark for the shafts of the small boy's wit in a woodless and bearless generation.

But the Professor opened his eyes, and they rested upon the reality. He had hardly realized the extent of his poverty hitherto. Here was a sober estimate which placed a comfortable annual living expense, not riches, at fifteen thousand dollars—something like ten times the amount he was receiving! If fifteen thousand a year was not riches, what was his own income to be denominated? He analyzed the situation, and somewhat more fully than he had ever done before. He looked about in the community upon those who possessed, if not the fifteen thousand, at least a great deal more than he himself received. Many of them were associates of himself and of his fellows in the faculty, and some of them were faculty men of independent means. He recognized, and without conceit, that he was possessed of as much culture as they, that his morals were as good as theirs, that they were not better churchmen than he, nor better citizens. He was their equal morally, socially, religiously, legally, and politically—and a charitable public sometimes went so far as to give him credit, in spite of his profession, for something like as much common sense as they possessed. They were his friends; he moved in the same social circle with them, and was welcome—dined with them, went to church with them, contributed toward the same benevolences, educated his children in the same way, shared in the same ideals, wore the same quality of clothing, was bound by the same conventions—in short, participated in their life. Why should he not do so, endowed as he was with all the gifts of personality enjoyed by them? But the fact of which he could not dispose was that he was participating in a life whose pace was determined by them, not by him, and on the basis, not of the things they possessed in common with him, but on that of money, the one item in which he was unable to vie with them, and the pace was not accommodated to his financial circumstances. He was their equal in all but income. That was the troublesome factor in the problem. That was the *atra cura* which climbed up behind his classroom desk with him, and stood waiting at his bedside every morning when he woke.

But more than that, other people in the community did not view the matter from his angle. There lay one root of his difficulty. The community in which the Professor lived did not judge him according to his salary, nor indeed did they take the trouble to inquire what it was; but ignorantly, though reasonably, classed him among the rich with whom he kept company. From the tailor and grocer down to the plumber and the ashman, all based the valuation of their services to him on the assumption that he was rich; the milliner and dressmaker served his wife on the same assumption; the church looked to him for generous donations of time and money; he was solicited for contribution to every benevolent project which arose; the Improvement Association levied upon him for funds to keep up public

drives over which he had never driven; the lawyer charged him the same fees he did the merchant or banker whose income was five times his; the surgeon expected as much from him for the removal of his appendix as he did from the rich lawyer or broker or his rich neighbor of independent fortune; his sons associated with the sons of corporation magnates; his wife's intimate friends in the Woman's Club were among the richest women in town, and she and her daughters looked to him to dress them like the daughters and wife of the banker. His whole salary went in the attempt to meet all these demands; his whole life was a more or less unsuccessful effort to appear worthy of the circle in which his family seemed intended by nature to move. This was why his library was as full of gaps as his purse was of cobwebs; this was why his clothes were so dangerously near being threadbare; this was why he had grown wrinkled and gray in the effort to piece out his salary by struggling with magazine articles during the midnight hours of term time and through the vacation days which should have been given up to an attempt to regain something of the elasticity of mind lost during the year; this was why his digestion was impaired, and why some of the delight of teaching had left him, and something of the sunshine of his presence had begun to be missed by his students. Clearly, it was an impossibility. Clearly, either the company of his choice had set up a wrong ideal, or he had chosen the wrong company.

The Professor cast about for remedies. Naturally, his first thought was that his own income ought to be greater. Why should the lawyer, the physician, the life insurance president, the broker, or the banker, whose professional preparation had been no more protracted and no more expensive than his own, and whose services to the commonwealth were no more valuable, receive a reward so much greater than that received by him? In justice, either his own reward should be greater, or theirs less; and in either case he could live on terms of greater equality with them.

But the Professor could see well enough that neither of these remedies would be wrought in time for his own salvation. His speculation took another direction. He remembered that his first year's service had brought him just eight hundred dollars, and that he had managed to make it support his household; that the second year he had received a thousand, which had gone no farther than the eight hundred; and that of twelve, fourteen, fifteen, eighteen hundred, and two thousand no greater sum remained at the end of the year than had remained of the eight hundred; and that the expenses which took all his income now seemed to him as natural and necessary, and as little extravagant, as those of the first year. His needs had sprung into being as fast as his salary had risen to meet them. His increases of salary had contributed appreciably to the comfort of mind and body of the tradesmen with whom he had dealt, and had temporarily relieved his family of what seemed to them real need; but as for himself, he had become a stranger to peace of mind, and had almost as little peace of body. He had yielded to pressure, and allowed himself to be bound by new needs as they arose one by one, until he was hopelessly entangled in the meshes of an interminable net.

If he could only have headed off the new needs from the beginning! . . . If he could only begin now. . . . Here might lie a remedy. Why *not* begin now? He called to mind the golden words of Thomas Carlyle: *The fraction of life increases in value not so much by increasing the numerator as by lessening the denominator.* He had not properly kept his denominator down, he saw. He remembered the equally golden words of Stevenson: *To be truly happy is a question of how we begin, and not of how we end, of what we want, and not of what we have.* That he had allowed himself to want too much was now very clear to him. He remembered his Horace, too:

> *Contracto melius parva cupidine*
> *Vectigalia porrigam*
> *Quam si Mygdoniis regnum Alyattei*
> *Campis continuem. Multa petentibus*
> *Desunt multa: bene est cui deus obtulit*
> *Parca quod satis est manu.*

He remembered the reply of wise old Socrates, whose property was worth about one hundred dollars all told, to Kritoboulos, who had a hundredfold that amount: he himself, said the homely philosopher, was the rich man of the two, for his possessions satisfied his wants, while Kritoboulos, whose income was only a third the sum needed to satisfy his, was the poor man. He also thought he saw in his mental storehouse a

text or two from the Scriptures, though through a glass somewhat darkly, for he had gradually dropped the old-fashioned habit of quoting, discouraged by the mystified look on the faces of his pupils and associates. Nevertheless, he recalled, by dint of effort, that the life was more than meat, and the body more than raiment, and that a man's life consisted not in the abundance of the things he possessed.

After all, had he not been beguiled by false ideals? Had he been right in thinking it necessary to meet his richer friends on their own ground—to make his dinners as elaborate as theirs, to dress his family as they dressed theirs? Was it desirable, after all, that he have a launch or an automobile, or even a carriage, or that his wife have a cook, a nurse-girl, and a chamber-maid? Had not his idea as to what constituted kindness to his family been, after all, a trifle distorted? Was it, after all, desirable that his wife spend her time exclusively in social and intellectual pursuits? Would she be a whit happier with no housework to do and no children to care for? Was it, after all, necessary, or even desirable, for his sons and daughters to belong to fraternities and sororities? Was it absolutely necessary that he live in a large house in the wealthy quarter of the city, and that his furniture, rugs, and china be as fine as those of his rich neighbors? Did those neighbors, after all, require it of him? Could he not retain their friendship and esteem by the dignified pursuit of an even course of life according to his own income? If not, why would it not be better to keep to his own course, nevertheless, and rely upon nature to form him his circle of friends from among those who did the same? Why follow the many-headed beast of society at all? Was there no geniality and no sociability for men of less than fifteen thousand dollars income? Was there no friendly intercourse without elaborate dinners? Was there any law of nature, or any principle of common sense, which made it necessary for an educator of the youth of a democracy to have in his wardrobe three styles of hat, four styles of coat, two or three styles of shoe, and all the appurtenances thereto? Where was the ideal of plain living and high thinking? Why not austere living and high thinking, if necessary?

These thoughts the Professor, in communion with himself. He had been pursuing a false ideal, and had got into the wrong company. Clearly, he could not increase the numerator; ergo, he would lessen the denominator. He would amend his ways, and be happier; the simple life for him henceforth. All his good resolutions he made on the Ides, and on the Kalends began to break them. He could not free himself from the meshes—and his struggles were, to tell the truth, not very violent. The incomes of his associates must come down, or his own must come up, or society be made over, before he is relieved of his burden, or ceases to be haunted by the vision of old age and the charity fund.

Meanwhile, his consolation is in the nobility of his calling and in the delight of pursuing it.

THE POINT OF VIEW

HE who in passing through Connecticut, on his way between New York and Boston, has heard people boarding or leaving the train at Norwich pronounce the name of that city "Nor-wich" (as it is spelled), instead of "Norrich," has been brought face to face with a problem of no inconsiderable magnitude—as Mr. Pickwick said of the study of politics. This problem is the strong influence of spelling upon pronunciation, of written language, as translated to the ear by the eye, upon spoken language.

In using our own language we Americans are particularly exposed to this influence. Our first colonization, and more especially our separation from England by the Revolution, brought about a certain disruption in old traditions; time-honored pronunciations of words, especially of proper names, were gradually forgotten, and we began to pronounce those names as we saw them written —at times to a considerable veiling of their derivation. Take, for instance, the town of Waltham, in Massachusetts; every Yankee nowadays pronounces the name "Wal-tham" (the second *a* like that in "ham" or "jam"), oblivious of the fact that the name really belongs to the same general family as Birmingham, Walsingham, etc., that the *t* and *h* were not originally fused into a compound consonant, that the syllabic division came after the *t*, not before it, and that the English pronunciation was "Walt'am" (the second *a* having the obscure sound of *u* in "sum"). That this pronunciation at once reveals the meaning of the name—the Home of Walt' or Walter—seems of little importance to him who argues; "If W-a-l-t-h-a-m does not spell 'Wal-tham,' what does it spell?"

The Influence of Spelling upon Pronunciation

The pronunciation "Waltham" is but one out of many instances of the preponderance of what I will call the *spelling sense* in our relations to spoken language; it seems as if two of those three R's which form the basis of our education had so taken hold of our whole nature that we were incapable of looking at language, save through the media of reading and writing. We seem to have an insuperable instinct to pronounce words as they are spelled.

If this influence of spelling is strikingly exemplified in our use of our own language, think what hold it must have on us when we try to learn a foreign one! To be sure, long experience has shown that by far the best way to learn a new language is through the ear, from *viva-voce* speech, rather than from books and written exercises. But how few of us are willing to lend ourselves receptively and flexibly to the process! So much of our knowledge has been acquired by reading, through the eye, that we have grown insensibly to distrust our ear, and feel that we have not fully mastered a new word until we know how it looks in black and white. Notice anyone asking a Frenchman the French word for a common object; what first strikes his ear is little better than a jumble of hardly articulate-seeming sounds which he cannot at once arrange in his mind according to any system known to him; after helplessly asking again and again, he at last takes refuge in, "How do you spell it?" Now, the answer to this last question is in most cases precisely the one most likely to throw him off the right track; for his accustomed phonetic interpretation of his own alphabet has become so ingrained in his mind, has taken such entire possession of him, that he is well-nigh irresistibly impelled to fashion his pronunciation in accordance with it. When most of us ask for a foreign word, what we really are after is not how the foreigner pronounces it, but how we ourselves should pronounce it if we knew how it was spelled. This is no peculiarity of ours. People of other nations are quite as bad as we.

I had a characteristic example of this tendency not long ago, when an Englishman and I were trying to get a Pole to pronounce

the word "pot" as we do. For a while our best-meant endeavors were futile; our Polish friend stuck like grim death to his highly modulated Slavic *o*, which is not in the least our short *o*. At last it occurred to me that he spoke excellent Russian, having lived some years in St. Petersburg; so I said to him, "Will you please pronounce the Russian word *achotnikie?*" He did so at once, and of course correctly. "Now," said I, "you have given the sound I am trying to get from you; your hard Russian *a*, in the first syllable of *achotnikie*, is exactly like our short English *o*, now say 'pot' as if the vowel were a hard Russian *a*." He did so without the slightest difficulty; the whole Slavic sound of the *o* had vanished. But he had to have some familiar written symbol of that sound in his mind before his ear could accurately grasp it. Yet, like Desdemona, he was an excellent musician!

On another occasion an American friend of mine, who spoke no German, was telling me of the trouble he had had on German railways. "They are so stupid," said he, "at the ticket-offices! In Berlin I told the man distinctly that I wanted *erste Klasse*" (pronouncing the first syllable of *erste* like our English "erst"), "and he gave me a second-class ticket." I told him the mistake was really his; that, instead of catching by ear the sound as Germans pronounce it, he had followed his own ideas of English spelling; that the pronunciation "urste" would never suggest the spelling e-r-s-t-e to a German, but the spelling ö-r-s-t-e, with the two dots over the *o*; and, as there was no such word as *örste* in the German language, the man naturally did not catch his meaning. If he had pronounced it "airstè," the man would have understood. "Ah," said my friend, "I see my mistake; yes, the sound I gave was more like 'orste'" (now pronouncing the vowel like the *o* in "horse"). "Hold hard there!" said I; "now you are going just as wrong as before, by spelling and not by ear. You heard me say something about an *o*, and immediately go and give it the sound of our English *o*. I did not say 'orste,' but '*örste*'; yet the mere knowledge that there was an *o* somewhere in the business was enough to close your ears and run you off the track!"

Why do we persist in thus building up an impenetrable wall between ourselves and the pronunciation of a foreign language? It almost seems as if we could not help it. And it must be admitted that we are abetted in our error just where we ought to be shown the right way—or, if not shown the right, at least warned against the wrong; by the abominable so-called phonetic spelling of foreign words in dictionaries and vocabularies. Did it ever occur to the compiler of bilingual vocabularies that, in trying to indicate the correct pronunciation of, say, French words by more or less ingenious arrangements of the letters of the English alphabet, premising our accustomed English phonetic interpretation of the same, he was attempting the impossible? For, leaving consonants out of consideration, how can vowel sounds that do not exist in our language be indicated by any combination of the letters of our alphabet? Consider the matter a moment, and see its utter hopelessness. Let us take French as an example, as good as another.

Exceedingly few of our English vowel sounds are to be found in the French language. Our broad *a* (in "father") is the French circumflex *â*; our short *e* (in "met") has very nearly the sound of the French vowel in the words *mes* and *les* (when correctly pronounced, as at the Comédie-Française; not as more generally pronounced on the Paris boulevards, where the sound tends toward the close, acute *é*); our double *o* (in "boot") is exactly the French *ou*; our short *u* has in a few cases nearly the sound of the French *eu*—for instance, the difference between "burr" and *beurre* lies more in the *r* than in the vowel—but in by far the greater number of cases the sounds are quite different; the pronunciation of "bun" is better indicated to a Frenchman by *bonne* than by the conventional would-be-phonetic *beunne*. And here, I think, the list of vowel sounds which the two languages have in common ends.

For the French short *a* we have no equivalent; our broad *a* has the same quality, but is too long drawn out. When it comes to the French acute *é* (of all Gallic sounds the most difficult for the average Englishman or American) and circumflex *ô*, we have no vowels nor combinations of vowels that even distantly approach them. Our long *a* (in "hate") and long *o* (in "note") are slightly diphthongal in character, the *a* ending with a hint at *ee*, and the *o*, with a similar hint at *oo*; the French acute *é* and circumflex *ô* are perfectly pure and unmodulated. Our short *i*

(in "pit") and short *o* (in "pot") are equally lacking in French equivalents, and are indeed almost impossible to a Frenchman; and so on to the end of the list.

Realizing all this, we can see that when a dictionary gives "aytay" as the pronunciation of *été*, or "lah mahl" as that of *la malle*, it commits an actual crime; it goes as far as it possibly can from the true French sounds without running the risk of detection by the least wary; if it went further, every child would see the error.

I surely have no infallible system of phonetics to propose; I am far rather arguing that no such system is possible with the letters of our alphabet in their ordinary phonetic interpretations. But I especially wish to emphasize the fact that the system now generally employed in French-English dictionaries is fundamentally and thoroughly vicious. Instead of helping the student, it does all that is needed to mislead him. And what is true of French-English dictionaries is equally so of all modern bilingual dictionaries I know. They try to do what cannot be done.

Instead of trying to improve a bad system, I would advocate throwing it overboard altogether; for it is, in the last analysis, but part and parcel of that tyranny which spelling tends everywhere to exercise over pronunciation. A dictionary is, after all, but a book; and, being such, can teach only a written language, never a spoken one. Let it then rest content with teaching a written language, and not deceive the unsuspicious by attempting the impossible. And the mere teaching of a written language is something! I once knew a woman, of a now by-gone generation, exceedingly bright, intellectual, and cultivated, one of the keenest-edged minds I ever had to do with, who in her girlhood had studied French at school as if it had been a dead language; that is, purely and simply as a written language, without a thought of pronunciation. She could speak only a very few words of French, and badly at that; spoken French she could not understand at all; but the whole of French literature was open to her; she could take a French book and read aloud from it at sight in English with complete ease, without any hesitation. The fact is, she never really read French; she saw the French sentences on the page, to be sure, but read them, even to herself, in English. Now, a power like that is by no means despicable; and not pronouncing French at all is surely better than mispronouncing it.

But for learning a spoken language let everyone first trust to his ear alone: in other words, let him learn a foreign language by sheer imitation—as every child learns its own when it begins to talk. This training of the ear is not so difficult a matter as may be imagined; much can be accomplished by going to work in the right way. The results are at times astonishing. The most perfect English I ever heard spoken by a foreigner was spoken by Mr. Constant Coquelin, who practically did not speak English at all (at the time I am thinking of), but had caught a few sentences by ear; these he spoke without the faintest tinge of French accent, precisely like an educated Englishman. There are not a few of us who, with his ear-training, could speak just as pure French, German, Italian, or Spanish. But it is at least worth thinking of, although perhaps not absolutely indispensable, that it would be a great help to such ear-training *not to know* how the words were spelled; for this knowledge is in general the prime stumbling-block.

THE FIELD OF ART

THE BENEFICENCE OF ART MUSEUMS

THE interest in art museums shown throughout the country has brought the subject within The Field of Art. This department has already published some data concerning certain of the newer museums, and is to carry those inquiries still further.*

It will be with much interest that the inquiry extends itself to those other institutions of similar plan and purpose which have since grown up, and presents some of the artistic assets open to the public at the Fine Arts Academy of St. Louis, the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburg, the Corcoran Gallery of Washington, the Art Museum of Boston, and other art galleries, municipal or of private initiative. These institutions have so opened up the world of art to critics and connoisseurs, that a marked effect on general art criticism has been one of its results.

What passed for criticism during long years was a kind of literature bearing on æsthetics and supplemented by inexact biographical data and unverified attributions. This, as a matter of course; for how, before the days of art museums, numerous and intelligently managed, could the connoisseur inform himself, with so slight means of becoming acquainted with the great works of antiquity?

Incomplete collections, unauthoritative catalogues, inexact methods of reproduction, inexpert copies by color or engraving, and vague appreciation through personal examination; these were formerly the only channels through which to become acquainted with the great works of the past. When we also bear in mind that scarcely a year now goes by that does not change the attribution of some masterpiece we readily discover a cause of the modernity of art knowledge in the field of general culture. Much common sense has entered of late years into the theories held by writers of the influences which contribute to the production of works of art, and of the periods which are supposed to be conducive to art effort, the appearance and growth of fine art in a country.

It is personal study of the works themselves that has cleared up many misconceptions that have been created concerning them by writers who used art often as a beautiful theme. Theories in regard to the geographical position of the country, the climate, the environment; the government, democratic or monarchical, as affecting art; heredity, or the absence of hereditary influence, have presented themselves to the art writer, and become subjects of thought and discussion by those who would penetrate the mystery of art creation. But a careful survey of the periods of production, and of the countries that have enriched the world by great works, show that art, like love, "goes where it is sent," and that nothing sure can be predicted of its rise or its decline. Much of this knowledge is of modern acquisition, and it has been attained through the facilities of study and inquiry afforded by museums and the many appliances of art reproduction whose basis is photography. Where formerly the world at large was dependent for acquaintance with art objects on the inaccurate medium of engraving, or of painted copies, it is now possible, by means of photography or half-tone processes, to multiply and spread broadcast the very lines of the artist's drawing. This truly enriches the reference department of an art institution, and discloses to the student the masterpieces of the world.

The familiarity thus gained is of the greatest service to the critic, while it has so stimulated the taste of the general public that an almost new set of faculties has developed among the class that forty years ago would have been contented with inartistic copies of Raphael and Titian. This new set of faculties coming into play extends the range of those pleasurable emotions that it is the province of art to excite.

This, then, is one beneficent function of

* See the February, March, and September numbers of The Field of Art.

art museums—to promote the public good in contributing to human joy. The ills of life are lessened as the means of happiness extend; and the variety of faculties to which a well-equipped museum makes appeal is the measure of the human good it promotes. Form, color, beauty of metal, or perfection of porcelain, successful glazes or intricacies of carving, details of architecture, well-controlled design in bronzes or textiles, these are among the treasures that call for study and appreciation, that give the individual that mental "fillip" which takes one out of one's self and stirs that unselfish excitement which is, in itself, a factor of health.

It is only of late years, then, that the attempt has been made in museums to arrange chronologically, to fill in as opportunity offered, some missing link in the chain of art sequence; and it is not often, as yet, that the best examples are found with which to supply this chain with the links which are missing. None the less, the effort is a praiseworthy one, and it has resulted in greatly increasing the effectiveness of the collections where this course has been pursued.

It is difficult to perceive at once all the advantages of the present administration of museums over those of the comparatively recent past. Many old masters are but now coming into their own. Painters who for centuries were misunderstood are being discovered for their true worth; for there were painters who too greatly anticipated the future to receive any wide appreciation by their contemporaries. Velasquez, Frans Hals—painters who were devoted to the science of painting, who expressed themselves legitimately by means of pigment—are found to have employed both their brushes and their eyes in a manner that is entirely of the genius of to-day; they are essentially modern. Their influence upon art is still young, but it is powerful—it is of to-day, in a measure which is far beyond that of many masters who found much earlier acceptance.

In studying the works of Frans Hals at Haarlem—the great corporation pictures—it is surprising, the sense in which they are distinctly modern. The method is that which has received the applause of the best practitioners of painting to-day, if that form of flattery which is said to be the sincerest may also be termed approval. Hals prepares the general color and value of a surface to receive the fitting note of light or dark. The actual corporeity of an object—its contour, its bulk, its thickness—is presented to the eye without the refinements of modelling and construction. When this is done, the final touches are made, and the form, the figure, the planes, then spring into existence in perfect corporeal construction.

As a demonstration of the science of painting, the technique, the actual way to lay the pigment in order to secure a vivid presentation of an object, it is complete. As a method, a means, the history of painting has perhaps shown none superior. Everything falls into its place, takes its just importance in the area represented in his pictured scheme. Wrought pattern on velvet or silk lies upon the surface of the material, with the exact relief that it sustains in the fabric he depicts; and with a kind of wizard touch he defines the salience or depression of the design as it appears or disappears in revealing the form beneath. For sureness of vision and obedience of hand Hals has probably been equalled by no painter of the past; and had he been master of no other qualities than those of deftness and address he would have been highly valued for these. He did, however, possess many other attributes of an artist, although it was not perhaps within the range of such ready and direct methods to secure great richness of color.

Velasquez, a modern also by virtue of a certain sincerity of vision, was so perfect a workman that the secret of his means is as difficult to discern as the ways of nature herself when she wraps all objects in surrounding air and bathes them in the visual subtleties of light. Objects emerge from, or vanish into obscurity much as those we become conscious of in the natural world, and are as evasive. So consummate is his manner of presenting them the mind does not grasp his method, as in the case of the Dutchman, delighting in his touch, but simply sees and is satisfied—is sufficed as nature suffices.

It would be interesting, however, to inquire in what consists such mastery. Is it not the result of the greatest sureness of vision and obedience of hand? His eye seems to travel over the surfaces of objects much as light in nature touches the forms of things, now coming into salience, or merging into the background as the character of the form it strikes receives or is deprived of illumination.

In addition to this, Velasquez seems pos-

sessed of that large vision which takes in form without too precise a limitation of contour. Enveloped in surrounding air, an object exists for him with that generosity of outline with which vibrating atmosphere always invests it. The mind generally does not make allowance for this enlargement of an object as it swims in air—that of Velasquez did—and in a degree that few if any delineators of nature have equalled. Not only this—there is nothing obvious in the brushwork of this painter. Hals, as we have said, definitely explained, as it were, the constructive strokes by which an object assumed shape under his brush, while with Velasquez the touch was no more marked than is to be seen in Nature herself when everything falls into its place without apparent effort.

These two men, then, we repeat, are the painters whose influence on the art of to-day, although still young, is actual and real.

The museum has greatly helped to foster this kind of appreciation, and it is through these conservatories of past art that the public is beginning to identify this eminently modern note in these two early men. Through the museum, therefore, one trains oneself for that close scrutiny which results in a just estimate of the artist; it is by this intelligent observation that the comparative value of different painters is ultimately reached.

It is not enough, however, that the early painters be well represented in the museums of to-day—the more recent workers should find a place here. Particularly should that class of bold innovators in modern "seeing" be treasured, among whom we will cite Monet, Sisley, Manet, Degas, Morizot, Cassatt, and Renoir, those painters who completely broke with tradition, each one seeming, as Emerson says, "an endless seeker with no Past at his back," who apparently threw away form, the most of them, that they might weave compositions by means of the color waves received by the retina, and painted by them in almost the primary colors juxtaposed, thus forming a dim arabesque of shapes, human and material, as they reach the eye.

Monet, perhaps the greatest of them all, worked with such conviction that he has been able to communicate through pigment the incommunicable. His series of Thames pictures, shown here last year, seemed the last word almost of what paint could do, for in them, by means of impasto and films of pigment, are made to glimmer the towers and bridges of London through depths of colored air—effects inconceivably evanescent, but of a substantial reality.

The vicissitudes, slights, neglects, that these names call up because of their audacious unconventionality make it hard to believe that they have become valued, cherished, and in some instances even popular; and if history has a lesson for us they may yet come to be regarded as conservative. Cabanel believed Bastien-Lepage to be trifling with his future, because of the boldness of his break from academic dogmas, while, on the other hand, the then extremist Degas said of him, "A Bouguereau of the modern movement." Cabanel meant that the ordered "arrangement" upon which traditional composition is founded—balance of light and shade and the suppression of parts to emphasize the central effect—was ignored in the practice of Bastien-Lepage, who chose naïvely to reproduce what he saw in nature. This was unscholarly, unacademic, from Cabanel's point of view, hence bad.

Degas, however, saw a facile worker who, faithful to the appearances of things, was still the servant of sentimentality—truthful to the aspects of nature which Bouguereau was not, but not truthful enough to the spirit of the matter—hence a sentimentalist, a Bouguereau, but of the "modern movement."

Art museums should present ample opportunities for comparison and study. Here, with the whole range of art practically under one roof, splendid copies of architecture and sculpture filling these halls, in addition to verified examples of nearly all schools of painting, the student, the connoisseur, the scholar, might familiarize himself with all periods of human culture. This is a great advance over former conditions of art study, and it has resulted in creating a new method of inquiry and a new school of expert commentators, on productions the authenticity of which had been lost in the mists of the past or so confused by resemblances to other work that they have but now received their rightful attribution.

Through the new interest that has been infused into the study of the schools by the inquiries of the latest investigators, the Morellis, Bodes, Berensens, and others, there is opened to the coming age a closer and more secure acquaintance with the authentic productions of the past. These searchers, besides possessing personal qualifications fit-

ting them for this keen insight, seem to enter the field of inquiry with an enthusiasm which, although subjecting them to mistakes at times, is, on the whole, clarifying the atmosphere that for long years and sometimes centuries has shrouded important works in a confusion of mist and doubt.

Such inquirers, and there will be more of them, will naturally be brought to the service of great art institutions, either in the capacity of consulting experts or in permanent authority and guardianship of the treasures they contain. Here, surrounded by the works they love and understand, empowered by their knowledge and the resources of the place, they serve to increase its splendid contents, they will not only protect its interests, but will find extended opportunities to add to their own acquirements and, in the form of treatises, to give forth to the world the results of their exhaustive acquaintance with objects of art.

All things seem to point to the development and great ultimate efficiency of art museums the world over. The very fact that expert inquiry has been stimulated, that attributions are more closely considered, that order is coming out of the confusion of great collections which have not always been organized for effective results; the fact that the New World possesses a nucleus that already in certain respects equals similar great institutions of the Old, is of encouraging portent. For instance, at the Metropolitan Art Museum, New York, the collection of architectural casts is unsurpassed by any in Europe, while the Marquand room * of old masters is a fair match for many a single room in the best galleries abroad. It is interesting, however, to note that the evolution of the Metropolitan Art Museum is to be traced directly to the latent needs of our active citizens who have had recourse to this form of diversion as a distraction from the interests and cares of business life.

There are men in editorial chairs, presidents of banks, and others in less exalted positions of daily affairs, who look with delight on Grecian terra-cottas, who study with real pleasure the vigorous sinuosities of Barye's tigers, and to whom the daring designs and perfection of firing to be found in rare Chinese porcelains are a solace for rumors of Continental wars or the latest "deal" in railroad manipulation. These men will tell you in which emperor's reign such or such a vase was painted; they will detect the success or failure of its different parts, and note the fact, perhaps, that the top or cover shows the touch of another hand from that which traced the pattern on the body of the object. Do not let us laugh at "fads" and "hobbies"; they are often the balance-wheels of active minds.

It is the appreciation of beauty that can do this; and it will the more effectively attain this end, possess this quality of saneness, this power, the more the expression of beauty is understood as being inherent in the manner of production independent of the subject. No literary reminiscence will add one jot to the æsthetic value of a work, for, as has been well said, "the channels by which all noble work in painting can touch, and does touch, the soul, are not those of truth of life or metaphysical truth."

The true way, therefore, to bring the mind into a ready response to beauty is by studying great examples of art and becoming imbued with those traditions of beauty that have been accepted in the past and have stood the test of time. In this spirit, then, the museum becomes a temple of delight. It is a very real pleasure to trace from its beginnings the stream of art, to follow it through periods when its true function has been discerned, and when, perhaps, it has been diverted to the service of princes for their personal aggrandizement, or into the uses of religion for its ethical significance. It is safe to say that the greatest passages of painting are not to be found in the telling of sacred story, historical incident, or sentimental theme, any relation of which can best be left to the field of verbal narration—to literature. The great achievements of art are to be found rather where the artist has been left to his own choice of subject, or where he has been requested to create an object of art for its own sake, the sake of beauty.

FRANK FOWLER.

*This room has been changed since writing the above.



Drawn by George Wright.

"HE WAS COMING DOWN THE LADDER SLOWLY."

—"Against Orders," page 587.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XL NOVEMBER, 1906 NO. 5

RUSSIA'S GREATEST PAINTER—ILIA RÉPIN

By Christian Brinton

ONLY vaguely it is known outside of Russia that there is living and painting to-day in St. Petersburg one of the foremost of modern masters. Only dimly is it realized that in Ilia Répin the shifting pageant of Slavic life and scene finds one of its ablest interpreters. Yet for personal fervor, national feeling, or plastic vigor this forceful, veracious genius deserves to rank close beside Turgénev, Dostoévsky, and Tolstóy in prose and Chaykóvsky in music. The story of Répin's career and achievement is the story of Russia during the past two-score years. On his canvases glows the history of his country with all its possibilities, all its eager, baffled effort and sullen, misdirected power. His series of portraits constitutes a Pantheon of Russia's leading spirits; his naturalistic and mediæval compositions reflect with consummate conviction a troubled present and a sumptuous, barbaric past. The art of Répin is above everything a distinctly racial expression. It is to Russia, and Russia alone, that he has consecrated the clarity of his vision and the surety of his hand. And these gifts he has not dedicated to the narrow province of æsthetics, but to a broader, more beneficent humanity. At first his message seemed merciless in its unflinching truth, yet gradually it took on more and more outward radiance and inward beauty. Gradually the stern accuser who had so long continued taciturn and sardonic exhaled sympathy and fellowship. Though he seems to stand alone, Répin in essence belongs to that great succession of academic realists at whose head remained for so long the diminutive yet masterful Adolf von Menzel. Once the facts of life are at his command, Répin groups them with resistless scenic appeal. He composes as well as observes. His art is both individual and typical; it is both portraiture and panorama.

Early in November, a trifle over forty years ago, there knocked at the portals of the Imperial Academy of Arts in the city by the Neva a young Cossack from the Government of Khárkov. He was pale and shy of manner, with masses of brown hair clustering about brow and ears, and under his arm carried a portfolio of sketches. The lad had come all the way from Chugúyev, an isolated village amid the steppes of Little Russia, his entire capital consisting of fifty roubles and a consuming desire to become a painter. Born in 1844 of a martial father and a gentle, solicitous mother, Ilia Répin soon displayed a taste for graphic expression. When a mere child he used to draw pictures for his sister and her playmates as well as cut figures out of cardboard and model animals in wax. Though delicate, he was sent to the communal school and later to the near-by Topographical Institute, but on the closing of the latter was apprenticed, at the age of thirteen, to Bunákov, a local painter of sacred images. So rapid was the boy's progress that within three years he was able to support himself, receiving anywhere from two to five, and even twenty roubles for a religious subject or the portrait of some wealthy villager. It was while working in the church of Sirótin that Répin first heard of the eager, ambitious life of the capital with its possibilities so far beyond the limitations of provincial endeavor. Certain of his comrades told him not only of

Copyright, 1906, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

the Academy, but of Kramskóy, the leader of the new spirit, who had lately paid a visit to Ostrogórsk, bringing with him the fashions of St. Petersburg and the ferment of fresh social and æsthetic ideas. When, at nineteen, he finally stood facing the twin sphinxes that solemnly guard the temple of art on the Vassíly Óstrov, Répin realized that he must begin anew, that much he had so laboriously learned by himself must be forgotten. After spending a year in preliminary study, during which he met Kramskóy, who expounded to him with compelling magnetism the gospel of reality, Répin entered the Academy, naturally finding its stilted routine cold and listless beside the rigorous, wholesome creed of his earlier master.



Ilia Répin.

It would have been impossible for a young artist to have come to the capital at a more inspiring period. The era of reform which followed the liberation of the serfs was daily gathering impetus. Radiant ideas of freedom and progress permeated all classes of society. On every side were signs of regeneration, of a vast political and spiritual awakening. While the influence of such ardent apostles of the poor and the homely as Písemsky, Nekrásov, and Shchedrín found echo in the paintings of Pérov and Yarochénko, it was not, however, until the very month Ilia Répin journeyed northward from his distant home that the movement, so far as art was concerned, took specific shape. On November 9, 1863, under the leadership of Kramskóy, thirteen of the ablest students of the Academy rebelled against soulless officialism, left the institution, and formed themselves into an independent body. The little band struggled precariously along for a while, but by 1870 was strong enough to establish the Peredvízhnaya Vístavka, or Society of Wandering Exhibitions. It is to this society, with its hatred of classic and mythological themes and its frank love of refreshing outdoor scene, that Russian painting owes its present vitality. It was this clear-eyed, open-minded group of enthusiasts who first made it possible for the Slavic artist to go among the people, to listen to the secret song of the steppe.

Although he passed six years at the Academy, Répin was never in sympathy with its ideals, nor did he in any degree absorb its traditions. Beyond everything he strove to attain an explicit truthfulness of rendering. The grip of the external was already strong upon him, the magic of visible things exercised its own imperative appeal. So conspicuous was the young radical's talent that in 1869 he was awarded the small gold medal, and the following term, for his "Raising of Jairus's Daughter," obtained the large gold medal and the travelling scholarship. The summer after winning his academic laurels Répin went on a sketching trip down the Vólga—an event which, more than anything, opened his eyes to that serene beauty of nature and sorrowful lot of man which so long proved his inspiration. On his return, boldly and without prelude, Répin, at six and twenty, proceeded to paint what is generally acknowledged to be the first masterpiece of the modern Russian school.

It is difficult to realize the vast distance which separates the "Barge-towers of the Vólga" from all that went before. These shaggy, sun-scorched creatures who wearily drag their heavy grain ship along endless sandy flats signify something more than a mere band of *burláky*. Gathered from every corner of the empire, of different ages and different sizes, they are one in dumb resignation, in fruitless, despairing revolt,



The Cossacks' Reply to the Sultan Mohammed IV.

NEWTON FREE LIBRARY

and in ceaseless, debasing effort. Each pulls on the same sagging line, this one stolidly, that one savagely, their feet deep in the mire, their eyes downcast or lifted toward the shimmering canopy of a blue, cloud-flecked sky. They are the eternal slaves of toil. Their melancholy, barbaric song and the steady rhythm of their straining bodies suggest a great symphony of suffering, a whole cycle of human endeavor which began long since and must continue forever. The effect of the canvas is that of fulfilling mastery. The composition is inevitable, each of the types is accurately individualized, and everywhere radiates the glory of the free outdoors, not the bitumen and brown sauce of the galleries. At one stroke Répin placed himself at the head of his colleagues; with a single picture he may be said to have discounted decades of rococo and romanticism. His triumph over formula was complete and his fame as sudden and widespread as that of the young officer who, years before, had penned with unconscious verity "The Cossacks" and "Sevástopol Sketches."

While his "Burláky" was being exhibited in St. Petersburg and Vienna, Répin had already begun a sojourn abroad which only served to intensify his love for his native land. The Continental museums, with their remote, grandiose appeal, held no message for his observant, nature-loving temperament. He succumbed neither to the mute antiquity of Rome nor to the gracious animation of Paris. All he cared for was the ferment of café and street life, but he could never forget those shabby, smoke-filled student rooms where political and artistic questions were discussed with sacred ardor, nor those far-off stretches of waving



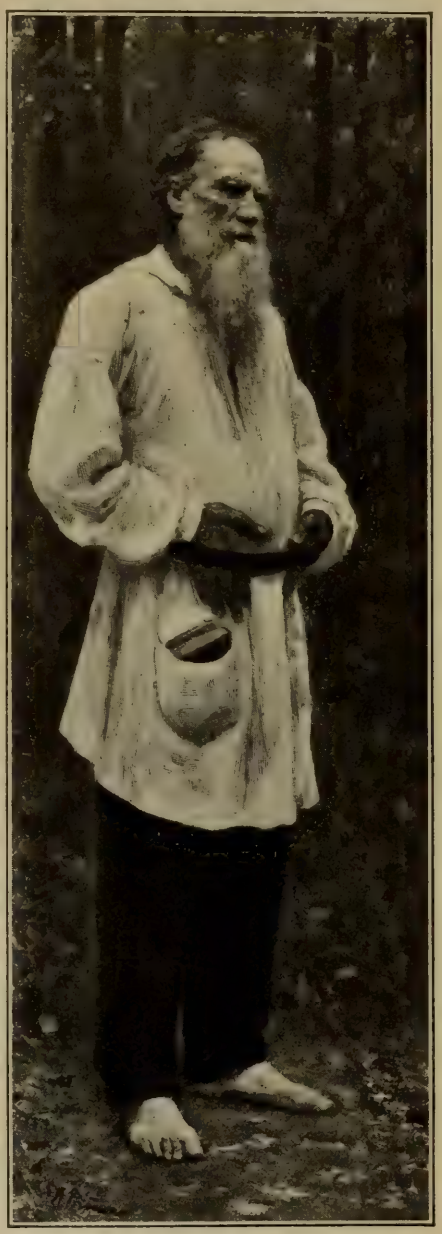
Nicholas the Miracle Worker.



Barge-towers of the Vólga.

plume grass. The only work of consequence to come from Répin's brush during this period was a touching bit of symbolism entitled "Sádko in the Wonder Realm of the Deep," in which the painter-exile seems to have suggested his own loneliness and home longing. There proved, indeed, to be a prophetic note to the picture, for he returned to Russia before his allotted time had expired, having, like Sádko, responded to the call of Chernavúshka, the beseeching embodiment of the Slavic race spirit.

Once back amid the scenes of his early efforts Répin devoted his entire energy to furthering the cause of national artistic expression. He immediately cast his lot with the Society of Wandering Exhibitions, in which he became the dominant figure. At first he settled in Moscow, but later removed to St. Petersburg, where he accepted a professorship in the reorganized Academy, which, under the vice-presidency of Count Iván Tolstóy, gathered back to the fold certain of the former recalcitrants. For diversity of theme, for vigor of presentation and searching fidelity of accent, few painters have excelled the succession of canvases which Répin herewith began to offer an enthralled public. Year after year each picture was in turn hailed as the evangel of actuality or greeted as an incomparable evocation of the past. At times a sombre, ascetic severity would darken his vision, but perhaps the next work would glory in a Byzantine richness of costume, the gleam of jewels, and the glint of polished metal. Though he often gazed backward across surging centuries, never, after student days, did he choose a subject not defiantly Muscovite.



L. Tolstóy.

It is absorbing to trace from canvas to canvas the unfolding of Répin's genius. His principal works are not the result of a single, consecutive transcription of something clearly formulated in the mind; they are the outcome of prolonged effort and adjustment. As many as a hundred preliminary studies were made for "The Cossacks," of which, during some ten years, he painted three finished versions. He is never satisfied, he constantly strives to attain a verity which seldom seems final. Although certain of his pictures are owned by the imperial family and the nobility, the majority are in the Trétiakov Gallery, in Moscow. In this low, rambling building across the gleaming river from the Krémlin are gathered upward of two thousand representative examples of Russian art, sixty of which, including sketches and portraits, are by Répin. Such works as "The Tsarévna Sophie Confined to the Novodévitchy Monastyr during the Execution of the Strélitz," "The Tsar Iván the Terrible and his son Iván Ivánovitch," "Nicholas the Miracle Worker" and "The Cossacks' Reply to the Sultan Mohammed IV" reveal Répin as an historical painter of incontestable mastery. While "The Tsarévna Sophie" is scarcely more than a tense and harrowing study in physiognomy, "Iván the Terrible and his Son" challenges comparison with the grim Spaniards at their best. In one of the sombre chambers of the Granovítaya Paláta, Iván, in a passion of demoniacal ferocity, struck down his favorite son, and an instant later,



Russian Dancers.

realizing what he had done, clasped the bleeding, shattered boy to his breast. It is this swift transition from murder to agonizing remorse that Répin has depicted with a primitive directness only equalled by Ribera. So overpowering is the tragic horror of the scene that when the canvas was first placed on view women fainted and men turned away aghast. Yet the picture is more than a mere gruesome episode. It conjures up as nothing has ever done that dark inheritance, while they gather about the rude, card-strewn table. Like Gógol before him, Répin has here rolled back a few hundred years. We are again in the days of Tarás Búlba and his pirates of the steppe, that stormy inland sea over which used to roam Kazák and Pole, Tatár and Turk.

Yet all the while he was steeped in the past Répin never lost identity with the issues of his own day. Side by side with the painter of history worked the painter of ac-



The Duel.

those brooding centuries of barbaric splendor and relentless savagery which form the background of present-day Russia. In "Nicholas the Miracle Worker," who is that holy Nicholas of Myra who prevented the execution of certain Christians during the reign of Emperor Licinius, Répin bathes his figures in a suffusion of light which heightens the solemnity and dramatic suspense of a situation that so narrowly escapes becoming one of brutal butchery. "The Cossacks," which is notably popular abroad, perhaps best displays Répin's effective grouping, his robust, almost Flemish opulence of color, and his characteristic gift for portraiture. The mocking bravado of each countenance tells its own story. You can literally hear the derisive laughter of these liberty-loving Zaporózhtsi as the regimental scribe pens their defiant answer

tuality. The war of '77–78 furnished him with several themes, and in what is known as the "Nihilist Cycle," consisting of "The Conspirators," "The Arrest," "The Unexpected Return," etc., he portrayed with minute, penetrating intensity that smouldering social volcano which has been responsible for so many generations of anguish and self-immolation. Among the numerous works of this period are two that merit special attention—"Vechernítsi," or, as it is generally called, "Russian Dancers," and the "Religious Procession in the Government of Kursk," which was supplemented by a somewhat similar "Procession." Nowhere has Répin's Little Russian origin displayed itself so humanly as in these simple, naïve merrymakers who meet at some far-away *traktír* and pass the night before their wedding dancing by candle-light to the tune



Religious Procession in the Government of Kursk.

of violin, pipe, and *balalaïka*. There is a humor, an almost tender playfulness to the episode that shows Répin is not always the austere martyr painter. In the "Procession," with its struggling, seething mass of humanity, its fat, gold-robed priests, stupid peasants, wretched cripples, cruel-mouthed officials, and pompous rural dignitaries, Répin seems to have given us a synthesis of Russia. Borne aloft are the sacred images; banners and festoons flutter on the dust-laden air, and in the midst of all, close beside crucifix and pleading Virgin, whistles to right and left the knout. While simply a scene one might witness any day on the parched highways of Southern Russia, the picture possesses deeper significance. In essence it is a condemnation, and one all the more severe because clothed in the inflexible language of fact.

During the past decade Répin has painted three memorable pictures, and this, despite his duties as professor at the Academy, despite continuous commissions for portraits, and his huge panels commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Senate. "The Duel," which was awarded the medal of honor at the Venice Exposition of 1897, is unquestionably one of his most dramatic and subtly poetic conceptions, though "Follow Me, Satan!" and "What Boundless Space!" were received with equal enthusiasm. The last shows a young man in the uniform of a university student and a young woman standing hand in hand amid a madly plunging torrent. On account of its symbolism the public has experienced a certain difficulty in divining the meaning of this picture. Is it a warning, or is it a call to self-sacrifice? Whichever it may be, there is no question that Répin's heart is with this fearless, exultant couple in their hour of peril or of triumph.

Although Ilia Répin's reputation abroad is chiefly due to the larger, more pictorial compositions, many of his countrymen claim that the portraits represent a higher level of attainment. It is obvious that these likenesses of Tolstóy, Písemsky, Mussórgsky, Surikóv, Glinka, Rubinstein, and dozens of statesmen, authors, generals, and scientists possess matchless vigor and personality. They are invariably vital in conception and precise in characterization. Face to face with his sitter, Répin is a rapid workman, jealous of essentials and scornful of details. The prophet of Yásnaya Polyána he has painted scores of times—behind the plough, at his bare writing-table, or strolling abroad, a convinced disciple of Father Kneipp. Not only has Répin sketched, modelled, and painted Tolstóy, but he has also illustrated a number of his books. Their friendship, like that between Bismarck and Lenbach, has extended over many years, growing closer as the time of parting draws near.

In his summer studio in Finland, or his roomy, workmanlike quarters in the Academy, before the doors of which he once paused an unknown, aspiring provincial, Répin is passing the remainder of his days. Although he has already placed to his credit a lifetime of achievement, creative enthusiasm still persists. One by one his companions have gone, leaving him an isolated, and for that reason an even more conspicuous, figure. Of those who survive, Makóvsky has fallen sadly behind in accomplishment, and Stássov has never forgiven him for returning to the Academy. His chief source of pleasure is found in teaching, and it is significant to note that his pupils, who revere him, usually carry off most of the prizes. It is impossible to measure the extent of his influence upon the younger men. The most brilliant among them, such as Sérov, Malíavin, Braz, Schmárov, Ivanóv, etc., owe much of their success to his inspiration and counsel. Throughout his entire career Ilia Répin has remained a rebel and a fighter, an enemy, by inference at least, of Church and State. The political as well as the strictly artistic influence of his paintings has been immense. At various times he has approached the danger line of audacity, but always, instead of his being disciplined, the offending picture has been purchased for private edification by the Tsar or some grand duke. So open has occasionally been popular approval of his more radical works that they have been removed from public gaze within a few hours after being placed on exhibition. At the bare feet of Leo Tolstóy, when the accompanying portrait [page 518] of him was first shown, were daily heaped so many floral tributes that the cautious authorities were moved temporarily to sequester the picture.

The invincible naturalistic tradition represented alike by Répin in painting and by his contemporaries in letters is the legacy of



Répin in his studio.

their day and generation. Its appeal is not to the imagination, it is in no sense a vivid, compelling revelation of the spirit, but rather a convincing transcription of the outward and visible. Like Turgénev, Répin is one of those instinctive realists who can create only from the living model. Never, even in his most powerful and concentrated moments, does he wander from the wealth of fact always at hand. The stricken, tortured countenance of Iván's dying son is practically a portrait of poor Garshín in the final stages of insanity and suicide. The confused, haunted expression on the face of the exile in "The Unexpected Return" was suggested to the painter by the appearance of Dostoévsky when he came home after years of Siberian imprisonment. Yet it need not be assumed that Répin is a slave to the literal and explicit. The predominant quality of his work is its emotional intensity. In his feeling for nature there seems always to linger the vitalizing magic of things fecund and elemental.

Seated in his quiet studio amid the gathering twilight of late afternoon, gray, shaggy, with contracted brow and keen, questioning eye, you spontaneously think Répin less the painter or poet than the man of science. When he came on the scene the Byronic outbursts of Púshkin and the eloquent heart hunger of Lérmontov had long since been swept away; the age of observation followed, carrying all before it. Imprisoned between Byzantine hierarchy and Gallic prettiness, Répin boldly freed himself and became a zealous apostle of nature. It was the kingdom of earth which he inherited, not the restless, baffling kingdom of dreams. In all its outlines the art of Répin typifies the painter's own specific epoch; it definitely incarnates the spirit of his race and his time. Like Courbet in France, Ilia Répin has fought almost single-handed a long, and in the end, a victorious battle. He possesses, too, something of the primal energy of the rugged democrat of Ornans, but to that quality adds the knowledge and graphic mastery of a Menzel. And yet, however formidable his achievement may now seem, it is by no means the final word of Russian painting. Already a younger generation is pressing close about him.



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

There sits Rebecca, then, in the open door of the Sawyers' barn chamber.—Page 526.

REBECCA'S THOUGHT BOOK

THIRD REBECCA STORY

By Kate Douglas Wiggin

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

THE "Sawyer girls'" barn still had its haymow in Rebecca's time, although the hay was a dozen years old or more, and sadly juiceless in the opinion of the occasional visiting horse. It still sheltered, too, old Deacon Israel's carryall and mowing-machine, with his pung, his sleigh, and a dozen other survivals of an earlier era, when the broad acres of the brick house went to make one of the finest farms in Riverboro.

There were no horses or cows in the stalls nowadays; no pig grunting comfortably of future spareribs in the sty, no hens to peck the plants in the cherished garden patch. The Sawyer girls were getting on in years, and mindful that care once killed a cat, they ordered their lives with the view of escaping that particular doom, at least, and succeeded fairly well until Rebecca's advent made existence a trifle more sensational.

Once a month, for years upon years, Miss Miranda and Miss Jane had put towels over their heads and made a solemn visit to the barn, taking off the enamelled cloth coverings (occasionally called "emmanuel covers" in Riverboro), dusting the ancient implements, and sometimes sweeping the heaviest of the cobwebs from the corners or giving a brush to the floor.

Deacon Israel's tottering ladder still stood in its accustomed place propped against the haymow, and the heavenly stairway leading to eternal glory scarcely looked fairer to Jacob of old than this to Rebecca. By means of its dusty rounds she mounted, mounted, mounted far away from time and care and maiden aunts, far away from childish tasks and childish troubles, to the barn chamber, a place so full of golden dreams, happy reveries, and vague longings that as her little brown hands clung to the sides of the ladder and her feet trod the rounds cautiously in her ascent, her heart almost stopped beating in the sheer joy of anticipation.

Once having gained the heights, the next thing was to unlatch the heavy doors and give them a gentle swing outward. Then, oh, ever new Paradise! then, oh, ever lovely green and growing world! for Rebecca had that something in her soul that

> Gives to seas and sunset skies
> The unspent beauty of surprise.

At the top of Guide Board Hill she could see Alice Robinson's barn with its shining weather-vane, a huge burnished fish that swam with the wind and foretold the day to all Riverboro. The meadow with its sunny slopes stretching up to the pine woods was sometimes a flowing sheet of shimmering grass, sometimes—when daisies and buttercups were blooming—a vision of white and gold. Sometimes the shorn stubble would be dotted with "the happy hills of hay," and a little later the rock maple on the edge of the pines would stand out like a golden ball against the green; its neighbor, the sugar maple, glowing beside it, brave in scarlet.

(It was on one of these autumn days with a wintry nip in the air that Adam Ladd (Rebecca's favorite "Mr. Aladdin"), after searching for her in field and garden, suddenly noticed the open doors of the barn chamber and called to her. He never forgot the vision of the startled little poetess, book in one mittened hand, pencil in the other, dark hair all ruffled, with the picturesque addition of an occasional blade of straw, her cheeks crimson, her eyes shining.

"A Sappho in mittens!" he cried laughingly, and at her eager question told her to look up the unknown lady in the school encyclopædia.)

Now, all being ready, Rebecca went to a corner of the haymow and withdrew a thick blank book with mottled covers. Out of her gingham apron pocket came a pencil, a bit of rubber, and some pieces of brown paper, then she seated herself gravely on the floor and drew an inverted soap-box nearer to her for a table.

The book was reverently opened and there was a serious reading of the extracts already carefully copied therein. Most of them were apparently to the writer's liking,

for dimples of pleasure showed themselves now and then, and smiles of obvious delight played about her face; but once in a while there was a knitting of the brows and a sigh of discouragement, showing that the artist in the child was not wholly satisfied. Then came the crucial moment when the budding author was supposedly to be racked with the throes of composition; but seemingly there were no throes. Other girls could wield the darning or crochet or knitting needle, send the tatting-shuttle through loops of the finest cotton, hemstitch, oversew, braid hair in thirteen strands, but the pencil was never obedient in their fingers and the pen and ink-pot were a horror from early childhood to the end of time. Not so with Rebecca; her pencil moved as easily as her tongue, and no more striking simile could possibly be used. Her handwriting was not Spencerian; she had neither time (nor patience, it is to be feared) for copybook methods, and her unformed characters were frequently the despair of her teachers; but write she could, write she would, write she must and did, in season and out; from the time she made pothooks at six, till now, writing was the easiest of all possible tasks, to be indulged in as solace and balm when the terrors of examples in least common multiple threatened to dethrone the reason, or the rules of grammar loomed huge and unconquerable in the near horizon.

As to spelling, it came to her in the main by free grace, and not by training, and though she slipped at times from the beaten path, her extraordinary ear and good visual memory kept her from many or flagrant mistakes. It was her intention (especially when saying her prayers at night) to look up all doubtful words in her small dictionary before copying her Thoughts into the sacred book for the inspiration of posterity; but when genius burned with a brilliant flame, and particularly when she was in the barn and the dictionary in the house, impulse as usual carried the day.

There sits Rebecca, then, in the open door of the Sawyers' barn chamber—the sunset door. How many a time had her grandfather, the good deacon, sat just underneath in his tipped-back chair, when Mrs. Israel's temper was uncertain and the serenity of the barn was in comforting contrast to his own fireside! (The open doors swinging out to the peaceful landscape, the solace of the pipe, not allowed in the "settin'-room"—how beautifully these simple agents have ministered to the family peace in days agone! "If I hadn't had my barn *and* my store, I couldn't never have lived in holy matrimony with Maryliza!" once said Mr. Watson feelingly.)

But the deacon, looking on his waving grass fields, his tasselling corn and his timber lands, never saw such visions as Rebecca, bright and honest as were his eyes. The child, transplanted from her home-farm at Sunnybrook, from the care of the overworked, but easy-going mother, and the companionship of the scantily fed, scantily clothed, happy-go-lucky brothers and sisters—she had indeed fallen on shady days in Riverboro. The blinds were closed in every room of the house but two, and the same might have been said of Miss Miranda's mind and heart, though Miss Jane had a few windows opening to the sun, and Rebecca already had her unconscious hand on several others. Brick house rules were rigid and many for a little creature so full of life, but Rebecca's gay spirit could not be pinioned in a strait-jacket for long at a time; it escaped somehow and winged its merry way into the sunshine and free air; if she were not allowed to sing in the orchard, like the wild bird she was, she could still sing in the cage, like the canary.

If you had opened the carefully guarded volume with the mottled covers you would first have seen a wonderful title-page, constructed apparently on the same lines as an obituary, or the inscription on a tombstone, save for the quantity and variety of information contained in it. Much of the matter would seem to the captious critic better adapted to the body of the book than to the title-page, but Rebecca was apparently anxious that no cloud of doubt should rest upon the principal personages of the story:

THOUGHT BOOK
of
Rebecca Rowena Randall
Really of
Sunnybrook Farm
But Temporily of
The Brick House Riverboro.
Own niece of Miss Miranda and Jane
Sawyer
Second of seven children of her father
Mr. L. D. M. Randall
(Now at rest in Temperance cemmetary

and there will be a monument as soon as we pay off the morgage on the farm)
Also of her mother Mrs. Aurelia Randall

In case of death the best of these Thoughts
May be printed in my Remerniscences
For the Sunday School Library
Which needs more books
And I hereby Will and Testament them
To Mr. Adam Ladd
Who bought 300 cakes of soap from me
And thus secured a premium,
A Greatly Needed Banquet Lamp
For my friends the Simpsons.
He is the only one that incourages
My writing Remerniscences and
My teacher Miss Dearborn will
Have much Valuable Poetry
and Thoughts
To give him unless carelessly destroyed.

The pictures are by the same hand that
Wrote the Thoughts.

It is not now decided whether Rebecca Rowena Randall will be a painter or an author, but after her death it will be known which she has been.

Finis.

From the title-page, with its wealth of detail, the book ripples on like a brook, and to the weary reader of problem novels it may have something of the brook's refreshing quality.

Extracts From

REBECCA'S THOUGHT BOOK

Our Diaries

All the girls are keeping a diary because Miss Dearborn was very much ashamed when the school trustees told her that most of the girls and all of the boys' compositions were disgraceful, and must be improved next term. She asked the boys to write letters to her once a week instead of keeping a diary, which they thought was girlish like playing with dolls. The boys thought it was dreadful to have to write letters every seven days, but she told them it was not half as bad for them as it was for her who had to read them.

To make my diary a little different I am going to call it a Thought Book (written just like that, with capitals). I have thoughts that I never can use unless I write them down, for Aunt Miranda always says Keep your thoughts to yourself. Aunt Jane lets me tell her some but does not like my queer ones and my true thoughts are mostly queer. Emma Jane does not mind hearing them now and then and that is my only chance.

If Miss Dearborn does not like the name Thought Book I will call it Remerniscences (written just like that with a capital R.) Remerniscences are things you remember about yourself and write down in case you should die. Aunt Jane doesn't like to read any other kind of books but just lives of interesting dead people and she says that is what Longfellow (who was born in the State of Maine and we should be very proud of it and try to write like him) meant in his poem:

> Lives of great men all remind us
> We should make our lives sublime,
> And departing, leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time.

I know what this means because when Emma Jane and I went to the beach with Uncle Jerry Cobb we ran along the wet sand and looked at the shapes our boots made, just as if they were stamped in wax. Emma Jane turns in her left foot (splay-foot the boys call it, which is not polite) and Seth Strout had just patched one of my shoes and it all came out in the sand pictures. When I learned The Psalm of Life for Friday afternoon speaking I thought I shouldn't like to leave a patched footprint, nor have Emma Jane's look crooked on the sands of time, and right away I thought Oh! what a splendid thought for my Thought Book when Aunt Jane buys me a fifteen cent one over to Watson's store.

. . . . . .

REMERNISCENCES

I told Aunt Jane I was going to begin my Remerniscences and she says I am full young, but I reminded her that Candace Milliken's sister died when she was ten, leaving no footprints whatever, and if I should die suddenly who would write down my Remerniscences? Aunt Miranda says the sun and moon would rise and set just the same and it was no matter if they didn't get written down, and to go up attic and find her piece-bag, but I said it would, as there was only one of everybody in the world and nobody else could do their remerniscensing for them.

My dictionary is so small it has not many genteel words in it, and I cannot find how to spell Remerniscences, but I remember from the cover of Aunt Jane's book that there was an "s" and a "c" close together in the middle of it, which I thought foolish and not needful.

All the girls like their diaries very much, but Minnie Smellie got Alice Robinson's where she had hid it under the school woodpile and read it all through. She said it was no worse than reading anybody's composition, but we told her it was just like peeking through a keyhole, or listening at a window, or opening a bureau drawer. She said she didn't look at it that way, and I told her that unless her eyes got unscealed she would never leave any kind of a sublime footprint on the sands of time. I told her a diary was very sacred as you generally poured your deepest feelings into it expecting nobody to look at it but yourself and your indulgent heavenly Father who seeeth all things.

Of course, it would not hurt Persis Watson to show her diary because she has not a sacred plan and this is the way it goes, for she reads it out loud to us:

"Arose at six this morning—(you always arise in a diary but you say get up when you talk about it). Ate breakfast at half-past six. Had soda biscuits, coffee, fish hash and doughnuts. Wiped the dishes, fed the hens and made my bed before school. Had a good arithmetic lesson, but went down two in spelling. At half past four played hide and coop in the Sawyer pasture. Fed hens and went to bed at eight."

She says she can't put in what doesn't happen, but as I don't think her diary is interesting she will ask her mother to have meat hash instead of fish, and she will feed the hens before breakfast to make a change. We are all going now to try and and make something happen every single day so the diaries wont be so dull and the footprints so common.

. . . . . .

AN UNCOMMON THOUGHT

We dug up our rosecakes to-day, and that gave me a good Remerniscence. The way you make rosecakes is, you take the leaves of full blown roses and mix them with a little cinnamon and as much brown sugar as they will give you, which is never half enough except Persis Watson, whose affectionate parents let her go to the barrel in their store. Then you do up little bits like sedlitz powders, first in soft paper and then in brown, and bury them in the ground and let them stay as long as you possibly can hold out; then dig them up and eat them. Emma Jane and I stick up little signs over the holes in the ground with the date we buried them and when they'll be done enough to dig up, but we never can wait. When Aunt Jane saw us she said it was the first thing for children to learn,—not to be impatient,—so when I went to the barn chamber I made a poem.

IMPATIENCE

We dug our rose cakes up oh! all too soon.
'Twas in the orchard just at noon.
'Twas in a bright July forenoon.
'Twas in the sunny afternoon.
'Twas underneath the harvest moon.

It was not that way at all; it was a foggy morning before school, and I should think poets could never possibly get to heaven, for it is so hard to stick to the truth when you are writing poetry. Emma Jane thinks it is nobody's business when we dug the rosecakes up. I like the line about the harvest moon best, but it would give a wrong idea of our lives and characters to the people that read my Thoughts, for they would think we were up late nights, so I have fixed it like this:

IMPATIENCE

We dug our rose cakes up oh! all too soon,
We thought their sweetness would be such a boon.
We ne'er suspicioned they would not be done
After three days of autumn wind and sun.
Why did we from the earth our treasures draw?
'Twas not for fear that rat or mole might naw,
An aged aunt doth say impatience was the reason,
She says that youth is ever out of season.

That is just as Aunt Jane said it, and it gave me the thought for the poem.

. . . . . .

A DREADFUL QUESTION

Which has the most benefercent influence on character—punishment or reward?

This truly dreadful question was given us by Dr. Moses when he visited school to-day. He told us we could ask our families what they thought, though he would rather we wouldn't, but we must write our own words and he would hear them next week.

After he went out and shut the door the scholars were all plunged in gloom and you could have heard a pin drop. Alice Robinson cried and borrowed my handkerchief,

and the boys looked as if the schoolhouse had been struck by lightning. The worst of all was poor Miss Dearborn, who will lose her place if she does not make us brighter and smarter soon, for Dr. Moses has a smart daughter all ready to put right in to the school and she can board at home.

Miss Dearborn stared out the window and her mouth and chin shook like Alice's, for she knew, ah! all too well, what the coming week would bring forth.

Then I raised my hand for permission to speak, and stood up and said: "Miss Dearborn, don't you mind! Just explain to us what 'benefercent' means and we'll write something real interesting; for all of us know what punishment is, and have seen others get rewards, and it is not so bad a subject as some." And Dick Carter whispered, "*Good on your head, Rebecca!*" which meant he thought we could write something too.

Then teacher smiled and said benefercent meant good or healthy for anybody, and would all rise who thought punishment made the best scholars and men and women; and everybody sat stock still. And then she asked all to stand who believed that rewards produced the finest results and there was a mighty sound like unto the rushing of waters, but really was our feet scraping the floor and the scholars stood up and it looked like an army, though it was only nineteen, because of the strong belief that was in them. Then Miss Dearborn laughed and said she was thankful for every whipping she had when she was a child, and Living Perkins said perhaps we hadn't got to the thankful age, or perhaps her father hadn't used a strap, and she said oh! no, it was her mother with the open hand, and Dick Carter said he wouldn't call that punishment and Sam Simpson said so too.

I am going to write about the subject in my Thought Book first, and when I make it into a composition I can leave out anything about the family or not genteel.

. . . . . .

PUNISHMENT

Punishment is a very puzzly thing but I believe in it when really deserved, only when I punish myself it does not always turn out well. When I leaned over the new bridge and got my dress all paint and Aunt Sarah Cobb couldn't get it out, I had to wear it spotted for six months which hurt my pride, but was right. I stayed at home from Alice Robinson's birthday party for a punishment and went to the circus next day instead, but Alice's parties are very cold and stiff, as Mrs. Robinson makes the boys stand on newspapers if they come inside the door, and the blinds are always shut, and Mrs. Robinson tells me how bad her liver complaint is this year. So I thought, to pay for the circus and a few other things, I ought to get more punishment, and I threw my pink parasol down the well, as the mothers in the missionary books throw their infants to the crocodiles in the Ganges river. But it got stuck in the chain that holds the bucket and Aunt Miranda had to get Abijah Flagg to take out all the broken bits before we could bring up water.

I punished myself this way because Aunt Miranda said unless I improved I would be nothing but a Burden and a Blight.

There was an old old man used to go by our farm carrying a lot of broken chairs to bottom, and mother used to say—"Poor man! his back is too weak for such a burden!" and I used to take him out a doughnut, and this is the part I want to go into the Remerniscences. Once I told him we were sorry the chairs were so heavy, and he said *they didn't seem so heavy when he had et the doughnut.*

This is a beautiful thought and shows how the human race should have sympathy, and help bear burdens.

I know about a Blight, for there was a dreadful east wind over at our farm that destroyed all the little young crops just out of the ground, and the farmers called it the Blight. And I would rather be hail, sleet, frost, or snow, than a Blight, which is mean and secret, and which is the reason I threw away the dearest thing on earth to me, the pink parasol that Miss Ross brought me from Paris, France. I have also wrapped up my bead purse in three papers and put it away marked not to be opened till after my death unless needed for a party.

I must not be Burden, I must not be Blight,
The angels in heaven would weep at the sight.

. . . . . .

REWARDS

A good way to find out which has the most benefercent effect would be to try rewards on myself this next week and write my composition the very last day, when I see how my character is. It is hard to find

rewards for yourself, but perhaps Aunt Jane and some of the girls would each give me one to help out. I could carry my bead purse to school every day, or wear my coral chain a little while before I go to sleep at night. I could read Cora or the Sorrows of a Doctor's Wife a little oftener, but that's all the rewards I can think of. I fear Aunt Miranda would say they are wicked but oh! if they should turn out benefercent how glad and joyful life would be to me! A sweet and beautiful character, beloved by my teacher and schoolmates, admired and petted by my aunts and neighbors, yet carrying my bead purse constantly, with perhaps my best hat on Wednesday afternoons, as well as Sundays!

. . . . . .

STORIES AND PEOPLE

There are people in books and people in Riverboro, and they are not the same kind. They never talk of chargers and palfreys in the village, nor say How oft and Methinks, and if a Scotchman out of Rob Roy should come to Riverboro and want to marry one of us girls we could not understand him unless he made motions; though Huldah Meserve says if a nobleman of high degree should ask her to be his,—one of vast estates with serfs at his bidding—she would be able to guess his meaning in any language.

Uncle Jerry Cobb thinks that Riverboro people would not make a story, but I know that some of them would.

Jack o' Lantern, though only a baby, was just like a real story if anybody had written a piece about him: How his mother was dead and his father ran away and Emma Jane and I got Aunt Sarah Cobb to keep him so Mr. Perkins wouldn't take him to the poor farm; and about our lovely times with him all summer, and our dreadful loss when his father remembered him in the fall and came to take him away; and how Aunt Sarah carried the trundle bed up attic again and Emma Jane and I heard her crying and stole away.

Mrs. Peter Meserve says Grandpa Sawyer was a wonderful hand at stories before his spirit was broken by grandmother. She says he was the life of the store and tavern when he was a young man, though always sober, and she thinks I take after him, because I like compositions better than all the other lessons; but mother says I take after father, who always could say everything nicely whether he had anything to say or not; so methinks I should be grateful to both of them. They are what is called ancestors and much depends upon whether you have them or not. The Simpsons have not any at all. Aunt Miranda says the reason everybody is so smart around here is because their ancestors were all first settlers and raised on burnt ground. This should make us very proud.

Methinks and methought are splendid words for compositions. Miss Dearborn likes them very much, but Alice and I never bring them in to suit her. Methought means the same as I thought but sounds better. Example: If you are telling a dream you had about your aged aunt:

> Methought I heard her say
> My child you have so useful been
> You need not sew to-day.

This is a good example one way, but too unlikely, woe is me!

This afternoon I was walking over to the store to buy molasses, and as I came off the bridge and turned up the hill, I saw lots and lots of heelprints in the side of the road,—heelprints with little spike-holes in them.

"Oh! the river drivers have come from up country," I thought, "and they'll be breaking the jam at our falls to-morrow." I looked everywhere about and not a man did I see, but still I knew I was not mistaken for the heelprints could not lie. All the way over and back I thought about it, though forgetting the molasses, and Alice Robinson not being able to come out I took playtime to write a story. It is the first grown-up one I ever did, and is intended to be like Cora the Doctor's Wife, not like a school composition. It is written for Mr. Adam Ladd, and people like him who live in Boston, and is the printed kind you get money for, to pay off a morgage.

. . . . . .

LANCELOT OR THE PARTED LOVERS

A beautiful village maiden was betrothed to a stallwart river driver, but they had high and bitter words and parted, he to weep into the crystal stream as he drove his logs, and she to sigh and moan as she went about her round of household tasks.

At eventide the maiden was wont to lean over the bridge and her tears also fell into the foaming stream; so, though the two unhappy lovers did not know it, the river was

their friend, the only one to whom they told their secrets and wept into.

The months crept on and it was the next July when the maiden was passing over the bridge and up the hill. Suddenly she spied footprints on the sands of time.

"The river drivers have come again!" she cried, putting her hand to her side for she had a slight heart trouble like Cora and Mrs. Peter Meserve, that doesn't kill.

"They *have* come indeed; *especially one you know*," said a voice, and out from the alder bushes sprung Lancelot Littlefield, for that was the lover's name and it was none other than he. His hair was curly and of living gold. His shirt, while of flannel, was new and dry, and of a handsome color, and as the maiden looked at him she could think of naught but a fairy prince.

"Forgive," she murmured, stretching out her waisted hands.

"Nay, sweet," he replied. "'Tis I should say that to you," and bending gracefully on one knee he kissed the hem of her dress. It was a rich pink gingham check, ellaborately ornamented with white tape trimming.

Clasping each other to the heart like Cora and the Doctor, they stood there for a long while, till they heard the rumble of wheels on the bridge and knew they must disentangle.

The wheels came nearer and lo! it was the maiden's father.

"Can I wed with your fair daughter this very moon," asked Lancelot, who will not be called his whole name again in this story.

"You may," said the father, "for lo! she has been ready and waiting for many months." This he said not noticing how he was shaming the maiden.

Then and there the nuptial day was appointed and when it came, the marriage knot was tied upon the river bank where first they met; the river bank where they had parted in anger, and where they had again scealed their vows and clasped each other to the heart. And it was very low water that summer, and the river always thought it was because no tears dropped into it but so many smiles that like sunshine they dried it up. R. R. R.

Finis.

. . . . . .

A GREAT SHOCK

The reason why Alice Robinson could not play was, she was being punished for breaking her mother's blue platter. Just before supper my story being finished I went up Guide Board hill to see how she was bearing up and she spoke to me from her window. She said she did not mind being punished because she hadn't been for a long time, and she hoped it would help her with her composition. She thought it would give her thoughts, and to-morrow's the last day for her to have any. This gave me a good idea and I told her to call her father up and beg him to beat her violently. It would hurt, I said, but perhaps none of the other girls would have a punishment like that, and her composition would be all different and splendid. I would borrow Aunt Miranda's witchhayzel and pour it on her wounds like the Sumaritan in the Bible.

I went up again after supper with Dick Carter to see how it turned out. Alice came to the window and Dick threw up a note tied to a stick. I had written: "*Demand your punishment to the full. Be brave, like Dolores' mother in the* Martyrs of Spain."

She threw down an answer and it was: "*You just be like Dolores' mother yourself if you're so smart!*" Then she stamped away from the window and my feelings were hurt, but Dick said perhaps she was hungry. And as Dick and I turned to go out of the yard we looked back and I saw something I can never forget. (The Great Shock) Mrs. Robinson was out behind the barn feeding the turkies. Mr. Robinson came softly out of the side door in the orcherd and looking everywheres around he stepped to the wire closet and took out a saucer of cold beans with a pickled beet on top, and a big piece of blueberry pie. Then he crept up the back stairs and we could see Alice open her door and take in the supper!

Oh! what will become of her composition, and how can she tell anything of the benefercent effects of punishment, when she is locked up by one parent, and fed by the other? I have forgiven her for the way she snapped me up for, of course, you couldn't beg your father to beat you when he was bringing you blueberry pie. Mrs. Robinson makes a kind that leaks out a thick purple juice into the plate and needs a spoon, and blacks your mouth, but is heavenly.

. . . . . .

A DREAM

The week is almost up and very soon Dr. Moses will drive up to the school house like

Elijah in the chariot and come in to hear us read. There is a good deal of sickness among us. Some of the boys are not able to come to school just now, but hope to be about again by Monday, when Dr. Moses goes away to a convention. It is a very hard composition to write, somehow. Last night I dreamed that the river was ink and I kept dipping into it and writing with a penstalk made of a young pine tree. I sliced great slabs of marble off the side of one of the White Mountains, the one you see when going to meeting, and wrote on those. Then I threw them all into the falls, not being good enough for Dr. Moses.

Dick Carter had a splendid boy to stay over Sunday. He makes the real newspaper named The Pilot published by the boys at Wareham Academy. He says when he talks about himself in writing he calls himself "we," and it sounds much more like print, besides conscealing him more.

Example: Our hair was measured this morning and has grown two inches since last time. . . . We have a loose tooth that troubles us very much. . . . Our inkspot that we made by negligence on our only white petticoat we have been able to remove with lemon and milk.

I shall try it in my composition sometime for of course I shall write for The Pilot when I go to Wareham Seminary.

I have never been more good than since I have been rewarding myself steady, even to asking Aunt Miranda kindly to offer me a company jelly-tart, not because I was hungry but for an experement I was trying, and would explain to her sometime. She said she never thought it was wise to experement with your stomach, and I said, with a queer thrilling look, it was not my stomach but my soul, that was being tried. Then she gave me the tart and walked away all puzzled.

The new minister has asked me to come and see him any Saturday afternoon as he writes poetry himself, but I would rather not ask him about this composition. Ministers never believe in rewards, and it is useless to hope that they will. We had the wrath of God four times in sermons this last summer, but he cannot be angry all the time, —nobody could, especially in summer.

. . . . . .

MY CAREER

N. B. I have decided to be a painter like Miss Ross. Uncle Jerry did not like my story Lancelot or The Parted Lovers.

. . . . . .

(The pathetic announcement of a change in the career and life purpose of Rebecca was brought about by her reading the grown-up story to Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Cobb after supper in the orchard. Uncle Jerry was the person who had maintained all along that Riverboro people would not make a story; and Lancelot or The Parted Lovers was intended to refute that assertion at once and forever; an assertion, which Rebecca regarded (quite truly) as untenable, though why, she certainly never could have explained. Unfortunately Lancelot was a poor missionary, quite unfitted for the high achievements to which he was destined by the youthful novelist, and Uncle Jerry, though a stage-driver and no reading man, at once perceived the flabbiness and transparency of the Parted Lovers the moment they were held up to his inspection.

"You see Riverboro people *will* make a story!" asserted Rebecca triumphantly as she finished her reading and folded the paper. "And it all came from my noticing the river drivers' tracks by the roadside, and wondering about them; and wondering always makes stories, the minister says so."

"Ye-es," allowed Uncle Jerry reflectively, tipping his chair back against the apple-tree and forcing his slow mind to violent and instantaneous action, for Rebecca was his pride and joy; a person, in his opinion, of superhuman talent, one therefore to be "whittled into shape" if occasion demanded. "It's a Riverboro story, sure enough, because you've got the river and the bridge and the hill, and the drivers all right there in it; but there's something awful queer 'bout it; the folks don't act Riverboro, and don't talk Riverboro, 'cordin' to my notions. I call it a reg'lar book story."

"But," objected Rebecca, "the people in Cinderella didn't act like us, and you thought that was a beautiful story when I told it to you."

"I know," replied Uncle Jerry, gaining eloquence in the heat of argument. "They didn't act like us, but 't any rate they acted like 'emselves! Somehow they was all of a piece. Cinderella was a little too good, mebbe, and the sisters was most too thunerin' bad to live on the face o' the earth, and that there old lady that kep' the punkin'

coach up her sleeve—well, anyhow, you jest believe that punkin' coach, rats, mice, and all, when you're hearin' 'bout it, 'fore ever you stop to think it ain't so. I don' know how 'tis, but the folks in that Cinderella story seem to match together somehow; they're all pow'ful onlikely—the prince-feller with the glass slipper, and the hull bunch; but jest the same you kind o' gulp 'em all down together. But land, Rebecky, you can't swaller that there village maiden o' your'n, and as for that what's-his-name Littlefield, that come out o' them bushes, such a feller never'd 'a' be'n *in* bushes! No, Rebecky, you're the smartest little critter there is in this township, and you beat your Uncle Jerry all holler when it comes to usin' a lead pencil, but I say that ain't no true Riverboro story! Look at the way they talk! What was that 'bout being '*betrothed*'?"

"Betrothed is a genteel word for engaged to be married," explained the crushed and chastened author; and it was fortunate the doting old man did not notice her eyes in the twilight, or he might have known that tears were not far away.

"Well, that's all right, then; I'm as ignorant as Cooper's cow when it comes to the dictionary. How about what's-his-name callin' the girl 'Naysweet'?"

"I thought myself that sounded foolish," confessed Rebecca; "but it's what the Doctor calls Cora when he tries to persuade her not to quarrel with his mother who comes to live with them. I know they don't say it in Riverboro or Temperance, but I thought perhaps it was Boston talk."

"Well, it ain't!" asserted Mr. Cobb decisively. "I've druv Boston men up in the stage from Milltown many's the time, and none of 'em ever said Naysweet to me, nor nothin' like it. They talked like folks, every mother's son of 'em! If I'd 'a' had that what's-his-name on the 'harricane deck' o' the stage and he tried any naysweetin' on me, I'd 'a' pitched him into the cornfield, side o' the road. I guess you ain't growed up enough for that kind of a story, Rebecky, for your poetry can't be beat in York County, that's sure, and your compositions are good enough to read out loud in town meetin' any day!"

Rebecca brightened up a little and bade the old couple her usual affectionate goodnight, but she descended the hill in a saddened mood. When she reached the bridge the sun, a ball of red fire, was setting behind Squire Bean's woods. As she looked, it shone full on the broad, still bosom of the river, and for one perfect instant the trees on the shores were reflected, all swimming in a sea of pink. Leaning over the rail, she watched the light fade from crimson to carmine, from carmine to rose, from rose to amber, and from amber to gray. Then withdrawing Lancelot, or the Parted Lovers from her apron pocket she tore them into bits and dropped them into the water below with a sigh.

"Uncle Jerry never said a word about the ending!" she thought; "and that was so nice!"

And she was right; but while Uncle Jerry was an illuminating critic when it came to the actions and language of his Riverboro neighbors he had no power to direct the young mariner when she "followed the gleam," and used her imagination.)

COMPOSITION

Which has the most benefercent effect on the character, punishment or reward?

by

Rebecca Rowena Randall.

(This copy not corrected by Miss Dearborn yet.)

We find ourselves very puzzled in approaching this truly great and national question though we have tried very ernestly to understand it, so as to show how wisely and wonderfully our dear teacher guides the youthful mind, it being her wish that our composition class shall long be remembered in Riverboro Centre.

We would say first of all that punishment seems more benefercently needed by boys than girls. Boys' sins are very violent, like stealing fruit, profane language, playing truant, fighting, breaking windows, and killing innocent little flies and bugs. If these were not taken out of them early in life it would be impossible for them to become like our martyred presidents, Abraham Lincoln and Ulysses S. Grant.

Although we have asked everybody on our street, they think boys' sins can only be whipped out of them with a switch or strap, which makes us feel very sad, as boys when not sinning the dreadful sins mentioned above seem just as good as girls, and never cry when switched, and say it does not hurt much.

We now approach girls, which we know better, being one. Girls seem better than boys because their sins are not so noisy and

showy. They can disobey their parents and aunts, whisper in silent hour, cheat in lessons, say angry things to their schoolmates, tell lies, be sulky and lazy, but all these can be conducted quite ladylike and genteel, and nobody wants to strap girls because their skins are tender and get black and blue very easily.

Punishments make one very unhappy and rewards very happy, and one would think when one is happy one would behave the best. We were acquainted with a girl who gave herself rewards every day for a week, and it seemed to make her as lovely a character as one could wish; but perhaps if one went on for years giving rewards to onesself one would become selfish. One cannot tell, one can only fear.

If a dog kills a sheep we should whip him straight away, and on the very spot where he can see the sheep, or he will not know what we mean, and may forget and kill another. The same is true of the human race. We must be firm and patient in punishing, no matter how much we love the one who has done wrong, nor how hungry she is. It does no good to whip a person with one hand and offer her a pickled beet with the other. This confuses her mind, and she may grow up not knowing right from wrong.*

*The striking example of the pickled beet was removed from the essay by the refined but ruthless Miss Dearborn, who strove patiently, but vainly, to keep such vulgar images out of her pupils' literary efforts.

We now respectfully approach the Holy Bible and the people in the Bible were punished the whole time, and that would seem to make it right. Everybody says Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth; but we think ourself, that the Lord is a better punisher than we are, and knows better how and when to do it having attended to it ever since the year B. C. while the human race could not know about it till 1492 A. D., which is when Columbus discovered America.

We do not believe we can find out all about this truly great and national subject till we get to heaven, where the human race, strapped and unstrapped, if any, can meet together and laying down their harps discuss how they got there.

And we would gently advise boys to be more quiet and genteel in conduct and try rewards to see how they would work. Rewards are not all like the little rosebud merit-cards we receive on Fridays, and which boys sometimes tear up and fling scornfully to the breeze when they get outside, but girls preserve carefully in an envelope.

Some rewards are great and glorious, for boys can get to be governor or school trustee or road commissioner or president, while girls can only be wife and mother. But all of us can have the ornament of a meek and lowly spirit, especially girls, who have more use for it than boys. R. R. R.

COMPENSATION

By Louisa Fletcher Tarkington

You are not gone. I find you everywhere;
In every fragrance trembling on the air,
In every color that you loved to wear,
I find you there.

Each melody you sang, each tale you knew,
The paths we traced together, and the blue
Reflected in the willowed pool, renew
The thought of you.

I must not grieve. I must be sure the clear
White dawn is but a sign of you, nor fear
Lest sometime, in a sweet, uncounted year,
I'll find you, dear.

IN THE BLACK PINES OF BOHEMIA

By Mary King Waddington

MARIENBAD, August, 1905.

THE pines looked black indeed as we came in sight of Marienbad, a straggling little white village standing really very high (we had been going up steadily since Eger), but looking as if it were in a hollow, so shut in on three sides by high hills—rather like a crescent in shape, with a long stretch of green meadows running down the valley. It had been raining, and the great masses of pines on the hillsides looked black and impenetrable, rising up into the gray clouds, so low in some places that they made a great belt of mist along the sides of the mountains, the tops of the trees just emerging from a sea of clouds. It was very damp and chilly, rather depressing; but the next day's beautiful blue sky and bright sun quite effaced the first melancholy impression.

It is a pretty little place. One long street—the Kaiserstrasse—most animated with hotels, shops, and people, and smaller streets running off on each side to the Promenade and baths. There are villas and apartment houses in every direction, all looking tempting, clean, and airy—a great many balconies with chairs and awnings. Evidently everything is arranged for as much out-of door life as possible. The early morning hours at the Promenade are most amusing and interesting for a student of human nature in all its forms. One sees every type and hears every language under the sun. It is the height of the season, and there are three or four long rows of people stretching quite far down the Promenade, all with glasses in their hands, advancing about an inch at a time, and so afraid of losing their places in the line that they hardly move to let one pass through. There are some terrible monstrosities—such protruding stomachs and massive legs and arms that one wonders how they can get transported here in any kind of conveyance. One or two well-known figures, old habitués, whom the people all stop and look at, as they would at the fat woman or the two-headed child at a country fair. Poor people; one can understand that they would go through any sort of fatigue and stand for hours in a line waiting for a glass of the wonderful water, that would give them a semblance of humanity. As soon as they have had their glasses filled, they all start down the Promenade, walking and sipping. One is supposed to take the waters slowly, and always moving. One hour must elapse between the last glass of water and breakfast, and we all toil slowly up the steep hills to some high café for our first cup of tea, which never tastes as well anywhere else.

King Edward is to arrive next week, and the "Kur" officials are very busy cleaning up. New paths and roads are being made, alleys raked and cleared, and there is a general air of preparation for the royal guest. Some of the old habitués are very interesting when they talk about Marienbad and the great changes in their recollections. The whole place is owned and run by the monks of Tepl, who have a great establishment, half monastery, half farm, at the little village of Tepl, about two hours' drive from Marienbad. They have always occupied themselves very much with the people around them, as well as with the country—providing work for the men in the surrounding villages and developing to the utmost extent the resources of the region.

It is the history of all great isolated monasteries—one sees it so often in travelling. Many of them are beautifully situated, standing high generally, well protected by hills or great forests behind them, with vineyards and gardens covering the sunny slopes—every inch cultivated. Once established the monks gave all their energies to bettering the condition of the people and getting all they could out of the land. Early in 1700 the monks of Tepl began to realize what a treasure they possessed in the Kreuz and Ferdinand Brunnen of Marienbad, and set to work quietly and laboriously to transform their wilderness of pine forests, bare hills, and marshy meadows into the great health resort it has since become. They began by piercing one or two roads and paths through the thick forests, then a small hotel

and most primitive bathing establishment were built, and a few people, shopkeepers and small proprietors, were induced by the monks to try their fortunes in the new venture. The success was complete and rapid. No foreigners came at first; the *Kurgäste* were almost all Austrians and Germans, and the life was most primitive and simple; but as the fame of the wonderful cures spread, people flocked there from all parts of the world, and to-day it is a charming place with every modern comfort and convenience.

The great mass of people go there to reduce weight, but the waters are efficacious for many things; rheumatism, liver, stomach, a certain kind of heart trouble (too much fat around the heart), and any nervous disorder. I think the mud baths (most disagreeable to take) are wonderful for both rheumatism and nerves; but I must say it required a certain courage the first time to plunge into that mass of black, liquid, bubbling mud. One of the favorite walks in Marienbad is to the "Moorlager," which provides all the mud for the baths. It is a curious black marsh—great blocks cut out of it, not unlike the peat marshes in Ireland and France. It quite reminded me of the "tourbières" (peat marshes) near us in the country. It was a wild, desolate stretch of country—the mud quite black, every now and then a dull-yellow streak, which they told me meant iron, and equally black pine woods shutting it in. Of course it goes through many preparations before it is used for the baths.

We are taking up our regular Kur life, drinking three or four glasses of the Kreuz-Brunnen, and taking mud or ambrosia baths—as they are prescribed by the doctor. I think even without the waters one would get back health and strength in this beautiful pure air and perfectly quiet, well-regulated life. Many people begin their day very early, going down to the spring at five o'clock. They tell us that General Gallifet, who has been coming here for years, was always the first at the springs. Everybody knows the sturdy, soldierly figure that the slouched hat and round military cape can't disguise. The girls at the springs, the policemen, the Tepl monks, all know him, and he has a smiling good-morning for all.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman told me rather a pretty story about him. He was here several times on the 2d of September (the anniversary of Sedan). All the Germans deck themselves with the blue cornflower (the German Emperor's flower) on that day, and parade the Promenade rather ostentatiously. Gallifet stood it once or twice, and then absented himself for one or two days always at that epoch. When he returned once from one of these absences he found a splendid basket of roses in his rooms, with this inscription, "From the German Colony in Marienbad to the bravest soldier in France."

We generally get down about seven o'clock, and when it is fine the morning hours are delightful. Everyone is on the Promenade between seven and eight. One sees all one's friends and makes plans for the day. The people are always an unending source of interest to me. None of them look very ill—so different from the Riviera and the Swiss sanatoriums, where one is surrounded by invalids, many of them young; so pathetic to see them cut off from all the sports and pleasures of their age, dragging themselves along in the sun, trying to make the most of a short life. Here they look fairly comfortable, the stoutness evidently the result of easy living and too much good food. Occasionally one sees someone with crutches or a cane, but not often.

The bits of conversation that one hears are amusing, always on the same subject—how many kilos one has lost or must lose, how many miles one has walked, and how little one can eat. I heard a German woman the other day talking to some friends who were complaining bitterly of the dulness of the place. "Nothing to do, no casino, always the same things to eat. What do you do with yourself?" "I eat small, and I soon to bed," was the answer.

The evenings don't exist. Everybody sups about eight o'clock; one strolls down the Kaiserstrasse, or up and down the terrace of the English Hill (on the other side of the Promenade, where almost all the hotels are filled with English), and by ten o'clock there is scarcely a soul to be seen out of doors. However, it is a charming place, so restful to the eyes. The dark walls of pines with long narrow paths cut through them—so long that the opening to the sunlight seems miles away and the stretches of bright meadow high up on the hills are quite beautiful. We always go for our first cup of tea to the Egerländer café, which stands fairly high, about half an hour's walk from the

Promenade. The view of Marienbad and the valley is very extended, and one sees quite well from the terrace the crescent of hills which surround the little town. On a fine morning everyone breakfasts outside. There are quantities of little tables under the trees, and the young waitresses have their hands full for about an hour and a half. Some of the girls are very pretty; all dressed in the Egerländer costume—a short skirt, black bodice, white chemisette, and a black or dark handkerchief on their heads embroidered in bright colors. They are all numbered, have a silver number on the front of their bodices, and one hears cries for six, eight, etc., all over the place. Number Six, a pretty, dark-eyed little girl, has adopted us. She is very quick and remembers what each member of the party takes. Apparently other people find her quick, too, as we hear her hailed from many tables as she passes along. "Sechs, Ich sterbe vor Hunger" (I am dying of hunger) "Six, you have given my eggs to someone else," etc. We asked her one day what she did in the winter when the season was over; and she answered us with a smile and a blush that she went back to her village in the mountains and made her linen, as she was going to be married. One of our friends, a young Englishman, who was very pleased with her, was anxious to give her a gold watch, but we all remonstrated vigorously, and thought the peasant fiancé, waiting for his bride to return, would not be pleased to see her with a gold watch a gentleman had given her.

Sunday morning is interesting at the Springs. The whole world turns out, and it is wonderful what passes when one is sitting on a bench in the sun. Many pretty women, Austrians, tall and slight, dressed almost all in very tight-fitting tailor costumes; many English, the women with their wonderful fresh complexions and practical garments, the men often in extraordinary tweed clothes, impossible colors and loosely made, but with a certain *chic;* three or four monks from Tepl, usually very big men wearing long black cloaks over white soutanes and broad-brimmed hats, looking keenly about and noticing everything; American families, the girls pretty, well dressed, curious about everything, having generally been everywhere and seen whatever there was to see, have automobiled all through England and Germany, done a part of the London season, and after a quiet three weeks here start off again for Paris and New York, with less trouble than we take to get back to France. A good many Jews appear on Sunday morning—an unmistakable nationality always—the men and women walking in separate groups, never together. The men all look alike, dressed in the long black caftan, with a broad-brimmed hat. They are short men generally, with crops of black curly hair, long beards, and very bright eyes; some of them wear ear-rings. They always seem absorbed in their conversation, and take very little notice of the crowd or of what goes on around them. Some of the women are handsome—the elder ones with heavy braids of well-oiled hair and a white silk or lace fichu on their heads. I don't see many young ones. I fancy they are not allowed to walk on the Promenade, where there is such a promiscuous crowd of people. Rather a striking trio passed the other day—three women, all very stout, the one in the middle, evidently a person of importance in her class, was dressed in red velvet, a long trailing skirt, a pearl necklace, three rows of large stones, two heavy gold chains, one hanging down below her waist, one crossing her forehead, and a richly embroidered white silk handkerchief on her head. The other two were in green satin dresses, also with long trains, embroidered in bright colors, several gold chains, and the same white silk handkerchief on their heads. Everyone turned to look at them, but they were evidently quite accustomed to being stared at, and made their way slowly and majestically through the crowd.

There is a fair sprinkling of Austrian officers, their uniforms so tight they can hardly walk, and as they are generally very thin and narrow in the shoulders, they don't strike one as very stalwart warriors. The Hungarians and Bohemians one recognizes at once—dark, slight, with flashing eyes, rather the gypsy type. Then pass three or four singers from one of the neighboring cafés, in their national dress—extremely short black skirts just below the knee, showing liberally very stout legs encased in thick white cotton stockings, red bodices, white chemisettes, and the black fichu embroidered in bright colors on their heads. They are neither very young, nor very pretty—not half so attractive as little Number Six at the Egerländer, but they all look scrupulously clean.

A well-known figure is the Duc d'Orléans: tall, fair, well made, generally walking quickly, with an equerry in attendance. He is a great walker and tennis player; thinks nothing of walking to Carlsbad and back across country. He passes almost unheeded; only a few personal friends raise their hats. It is rather sad to see him leading such a desultory life when one remembers what he was born to—"Fils de France et Prince du Sang." I suppose if his grandfather, the Duc d'Orléans, had not been thrown from his carriage and killed things would have turned out very differently for him and for France. All the Orleanists who remember the grandfather speak of him as a most intelligent, attractive man, devoted to his country, and such a strong personality. King Edward has arrived with a large suite and a splendid automobile. The Hotel Weimar, where he always stays, looks as clean and festive as possible, and there is a general air of jubilee in the little place. The day he came we met baskets and *gerbes* of flowers all the morning being carried to his rooms. One doesn't see many gardens or flowers in Marienbad. There is a general impression of green; branches of pines serve for decoration. There is a big, helmeted policeman walking up and down in front of the hotel, but there are no special agents nor detectives. I suppose there must be some about. Notices are put up all along the Promenade: "The Kur guests are courteously requested during the stay of his Majesty the King of England in Marienbad to abstain from crowding around him, running after him, or in any way annoying the exalted guest.—Signed, Burgomaster."

It was absolutely necessary to warn the public, for the King was so mobbed during the first days that it was very disagreeable for him—a perfect sea of people surged from one side of the Promenade to the other when he appeared, and he sent word to the authorities that he wouldn't come down to the Springs unless something was done. Of course everyone wants to see him, but now that the first excitement has passed the people stand off more, and he is able to walk up and down and take his glass like anyone else. He looks remarkably well, and walks with a quick, light step—like a man of fifty. I cannot realize that he is the same person I saw crowned three years ago in Westminster Abbey. He looked so pale and weary that day one was glad for him when the magnificent pageant was over.

18th.

To-day is the Austrian Emperor's birthday, and the little town has been in a fever of excitement. The streets have been crowded since early morning, and the Kaiserstrasse is quite picturesque with flags, draperies, and green wreaths. There is a continuous and confused sound of bells, drums, cannon, and bugles in the air. Military bands and various societies with banners and local music are parading the streets. The flag has just been taken with much pomp from the Tepl House near us by a small detachment of soldiers. There was quite a crowd, all the men saluting the flag and remaining uncovered while the band played the national air. There are busts and pictures of the Emperor all over the place—one very good picture of him in the bookshop, in uniform, on horseback. Birthdays must bring sad memories to the Austrian Emperor, so much has gone out of his life, and the future of his empire so uncertain once he has gone.

There was a service in the church this morning, which King Edward attended. He looked very well in a blue Austrian uniform. This evening the Promenade and streets were quite brilliantly illuminated. There were fireworks at the top of the Promenade, and the band (a very good one) played from eight till ten—very late for Marienbad. All the restaurants were crowded, and there was much drinking of champagne and patriotic toasts to the Emperor.

Yesterday we spent our afternoon in the pines. We went for our four-o'clock coffee to Gladsden, a hunting-box belonging to Prince Schonberg. It is a beautiful drive from Marienbad, about an hour and a quarter straight uphill, and almost entirely through pine woods. One gets up quickly enough with a light victoria and pair of Hungarian horses, rather small, but very strong, who trot steadily up the steep hill. At the entrance of the park, or rather private woods, there is a notice put up, "No automobiles allowed." The house is insignificant—a sort of double chalet connected by a gallery ; no garden or small park, but a great extent of moor and forest. I believe there is excellent shooting—big game. We had our coffee at the restaurant, which is

very good. Their *spécialité* is fresh trout, which one sees swimming about in a tank. You can choose your own fish. The restaurant is close to the chalet, a few yards only dividing the lawn from the café, where everyone sits outside at little tables, smoking and drinking—so near that the family on the piazza could almost hear everything that was said, and never could have a moment's privacy. The restaurant belongs to the Schonbergs, is managed by one of their *régisseurs*, and supplies the food of the family. We saw a tray being carried into the house with cakes and coffee while we were waiting for ours. It would seem strange to us, living in our places in the country, to have a public garden under our windows, but it is a general custom in Bohemia and some parts of Austria, and it is the privilege of the *régisseurs* to have the restaurant in the domain.

It was a lovely afternoon, and by five o'clock every table was taken, and there was the usual variety of nationality—a Roman senator with his family; a French princess with a party of friends; some of the King's equerries; a pretty American actress; a Russian prince with an enormous and well-known stomach which rested on the table-top. We walked about a little after coffee. The woods are well kept, come quite up to the house—and there are one or two large ponds, almost lakes, where they have excellent duck shooting in the winter.

We drove back by Sangerbad, a beautiful road, so wild and dark, the pines meeting sometimes over our heads, always making a black wall on each side of the road, just letting us catch glimpses of the bright sunset clouds above us. We met no conveyance of any kind until we got close to Marienbad. It was really lonely.

22d.

To-day we have been to Tepl, about an hour by rail from Marienbad. When we arrived at the modest little station where nobody but us and one man got out, and where there wasn't a vestige of a conveyance of any kind, we were rather sorry we hadn't driven over; but we found a friendly porter who told us the walk was nothing—ten minutes—then carefully looking us over, added ten minutes for him—perhaps half an hour for us. The monastery looked charming in the distance against its dark background of pines. It is a grayish-white building with two towers, gray at the base, surmounted by the bright-red cupolas one sees so often in this country, and all through the Tyrol. The gates of the court-yard stood invitingly open, and we walked in unmolested by anyone—in fact, there was no one to whom we could apply for permission to see the church. The place looked quite deserted. A stone cross stood in the middle of the enclosure—the church and cloister facing the gates, a long row of low buildings, apothecary's shop, carpenter's shop, forge, etc., running down one side of the court-yard. A farm wagon was coming out from one of the side gates, two teams of big white oxen drinking under a shed, a monk superintending. We wanted to get into the church, as we had been told that was all we could see, no women being allowed inside the cloister, so we crossed the court-yard and boldly opened a door leading into a narrow passage, where we were instantly confronted by two or three monks who looked very doubtfully at three ladies standing on the threshold of the sanctuary. We explained that we should like to see the church, and one of them opened a side door, which led directly into it, and said he would send the sacristan.

We didn't find it at all interesting: a great deal of gold and heavy carving, and shiny white statues which look like ordinary majolica, and as if they had been done yesterday. In a few minutes the sacristan appeared, and explained some of the statues and tombs (all patrons and founders of the monastery). He told us the statues were all in wood—seven or eight layers of paint laid on, and highly glazed at the last; also that the "*Ornamentirung*," of which he was very proud, was done more than a hundred years ago.

We tried to persuade him to let us penetrate into the cloisters as far as the library, where there are curious old missals, parchments, and maps (I should have liked to see a map of Marienbad as it was a hundred years ago), but he wouldn't hear of it. However, he finally opened a door leading into the cloister, looked carefully around to see if no one was near, and whispered that we might just step inside, he leading the way on tiptoe. We saw nothing very mysterious or interesting—long broad white halls with big windows at each end, and rows of cells on one side, all very spacious and sunny. The abbot's house stands just outside the cloister, but in the main building. As the church is the parish church for all the neighboring country, he is

obliged to have his house outside, where he can receive visits, transact business, etc.

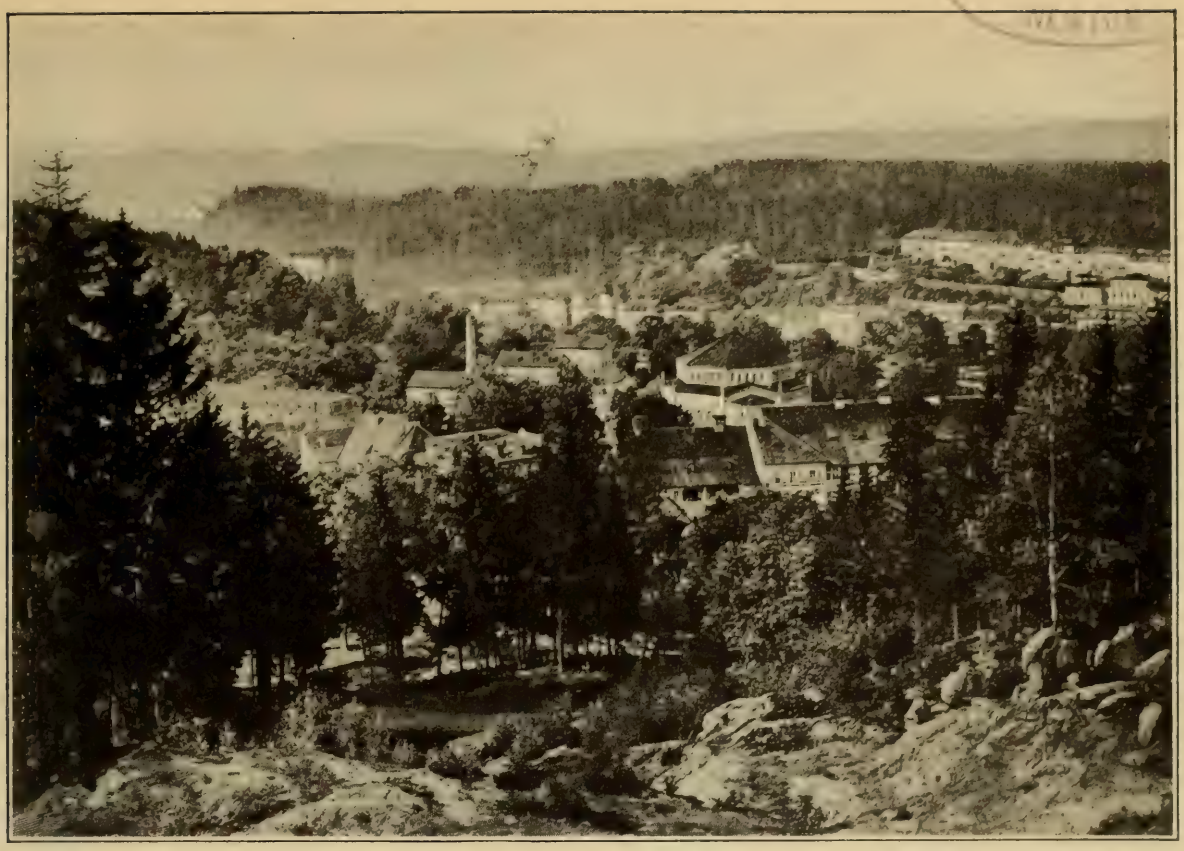
We went out again into the court-yard, which was flooded with sunlight, and sat on the stone steps of the apothecary's shop until it was time to start for the station. It was perfectly quiet, every now and then bells ringing, a far-off sound of voices from the meadows lying all around the monastery, where people were working, once or twice a group of white-coated monks (many young ones) passing through the court-yard. They walk with a quick, light step, looking about them, not at all the type of the French priest with downcast eyes fixed on his breviary. Once a gray-haired, kindly looking old man, with a certain air about him, who looked as if he might be the abbot, passed near us. He bowed, raising his broad-brimmed hat to the ladies sitting on the steps of the apothecary's shop; did the same, also raising his hat, to a barefooted country girl carrying two pails swung on a stick across her shoulders who crossed his path.

It seems they live extremely well, these Tepl monks—fish, shoot, and take life easily. King Edward sent them his portrait the other day, two of his gentlemen taking it over. They were most hospitably entertained, and had an excellent luncheon—trout, venison, partridges, and choice Hungarian wines—and all did full justice to the *menu*. The present Abbot Clements is very intelligent and very keen about improving Marienbad in every way. They have just started a golf club there, which the King opened the other day. All the authorities—burgomaster, councillors—and one or two Tepl monks were present. The abbot tried his luck with a golf stick, and gave a good, powerful stroke, sending his ball flying over the meadows.

We found a return carriage on our way to the station, and drove home, which was an improvement on the stuffy little railway carriages. The country all about is pretty—always the same contrast of black pines and bright-green meadows. The town of Tepl, perched high on a hill, with a little blue lake at the bottom reflecting the red roofs and cupolas, was most picturesque. There were charming bits of country life and color all the way home. A pretty little low three-arched bridge, a cart drawn by big white oxen crossing it, a woman with a red petticoat and a pitchfork over her shoulder following; farther on a running stream, the same white oxen splashing through the water, a man in a bright-blue smock walking alongside the cart full of hay, not minding apparently being over his ankles in water, two fair haired children and a dog on the top of the hay; many stone crosses all along the road, and almost always someone, man or woman, kneeling and absorbed—pictures everywhere. Pauline had her kodak, but of course one wants the color. The country looked beautifully green, cultivated, and prosperous. Many people—women mostly—working in the fields, and all smiling and friendly. We didn't understand all they said to us in their curious soft South German *patois*, but the intention was always kindly.

The weather continues enchanting and the outdoor life most enjoyable. At first the steep paths and climbs seemed a great undertaking, but one gets accustomed to them. Now we walk straight up without stopping to rest. There are benches everywhere, generally occupied by very large Germans, two taking up entirely a bench for four, and not making the slightest effort to make room for anyone else. I did sit down one day, being rather tired, and was instantly admonished by one of the *gardiens* who are always about. He stopped in front of me, shaking his head, saying, "Nicht sitzen, nicht essen, immer laufen, dass ist Marienbad" (Not sit down, not eat, always going, that is Marienbad); and he is about right. One of the great events of the day is the weighing. There are several shops in the Colonnade where one goes through that performance. We sit in rather a formidable looking arm-chair, being careful always to have on exactly the same things (even the difference of boots and low shoes is considered, and the young lady who officiates takes great pains with the weights, so anxious to give pleasure and proclaim a great diminution in one's kilos. Some people gain the first week, and are much dejected in consequence.

We went over on Sunday to have tea with the Metternichs, who have a fine estate including the little "Kurort" of Königswart, a drive of about an hour and a half from here. In fact, their woods came straight down to Marienbad, and their deer-park begins close to the Jäger Haus, one of the favorite cafés. The drive through the park is quite

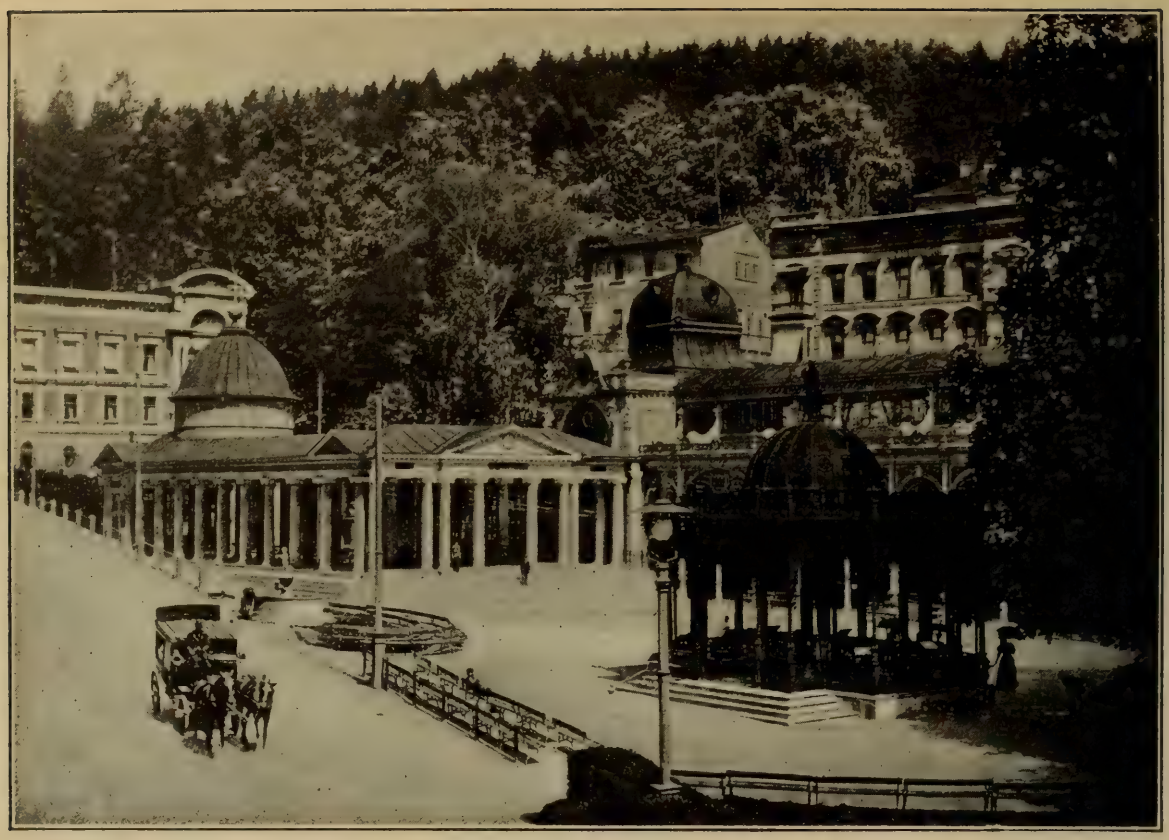


Marienbad from the Steinbruch.

beautiful, very wild in some parts, hillsides black with thick pine woods, always the long narrow alleys cut through them running straight away to the sky-line, lovely green valleys and meadows, with little clear mountain torrents splashing over rocks and big stones, and the carriage-road occasionally so narrow and shut in when we were going through a bit of wood that it was quite dark, and we wondered if the night had suddenly fallen.

The descent upon Königswart, coming out of the thick woods upon the smiling little place, all white villas, gardens, and pretty green paths, was charming. It seems the waters are very good; not as strong as the Marienbad Springs. The air is delicious and the place is much quieter and less fashionable than Marienbad. The Schloss Metternich is some distance off; stands low and rather near the road. It is not very imposing: a long, low, yellow house with no pretence to architecture, three sides of a square. There is a short avenue of fine trees, a handsome entrance, and big wrought-iron gates. We drove into the court-yard, and were received by a chasseur and two footmen. One of them took us through the hall, which is wide and light, with deers' heads and various birds and beasts on the walls, to the garden, where we found the prince and princess and two or three ladies sitting at a tea-table under an enormous tree. Prince Metternich, grandson of the famous Metternich of the Congrès de Vienne, is a good type of the courteous Austrian gentleman; the princess, tall, well dressed, graceful; both most amiable. They receive informally every Sunday afternoon, and are very civil to all their friends who come to Marienbad. They have often shooting lunches, which are very pleasant. Plenty of big game, and everything very well arranged. The prince is very particular about the costume of his guests, and likes them all to wear the dull-green cloth which one sees on all the men here, masters and servant alike. Consequently the Marienbad tailors have done a flourishing business, as the women, too, are expected to dress in the same manner, and everyone orders green shooting costumes. Prince Metternich was very eloquent over one lady who came to lunch and shoot one day, attired in bright red, with a very high hat surmounted by red, waving plumes, which he said would have frightened away the most unwary of roe-bucks.

We were very ready to have a cup of tea



The Kreuzbrunnen, Marienbad

after our long drive, and I was glad to have one or more of the delicious Austrian cakes. There were dozens of all kinds on the table, but Henrietta was stern, and would take nothing that wasn't "Kur-gemäss," which means dry bread. The visit was pleasant enough. All the women spoke French, knew Paris well, and were rather keen about French politics. We walked about the garden a little after tea. It was not particularly interesting—not many flowers. Prince Metternich said they considered this place merely a shooting-box, and gave most of their attention to the game and the woods. They advised us to drive through the home park on our way back to Marienbad. It is pretty, beautifully green, some fine trees, but not particularly well kept—rather left to its natural beauties. There is a good-sized lake, and at the end of one of the long alleys an open chapel with a large Christ on the cross. It is evidently a place of pilgrimage, as quite a number of people were assembled there, standing and kneeling in front of the cross. There was the usual restaurant just outside the park gates, not quite so near the house as the one at Gladsden, but managed on the same principle by one of their own *régisseurs*. It was crowded with people, all pouring out from the park, which is open to the public nearly every day.

We drove back the same way through the *Thiergarten*, and most lovely it was in the soft afternoon light. We were rather late and had the place to ourselves. Quantities of rabbits scuttled across the road, their white tails just visible in the long grass; two large birds (the coachman said they were eagles) sailed over the tops of the trees, and once in the distance we saw three or four stags standing on the hillside, their antlers well outlined against the bright orange sunset clouds and their heads turned in the direction of the carriage. They galloped away as soon as they heard the noise of the wheels, and were probably much farther off than they looked. We didn't see any keeper's house, nor habitation of any kind; but met three or four men dressed in green, with guns, who looked like keepers. They wished us good-evening very smilingly, not raising their hats, merely a friendly nod.

30th.

To-day on the Promenade no one talked of anything but the peace which is at last announced. People were crowding around the newspaper stalls and reading the bulletins. It reminded me of the days of the



Ferdinandbrunnen, Marienbad

Dreyfus trial, when the crowd used to wait for the papers when the court was sitting at Rennes. We had a talk with King Edward, who is much pleased. He has been very preoccupied these last days when the negotiations seemed to hang fire. He paid a splendid tribute to President Roosevelt, "the only man in the world who could have done it." It was very pleasant to us as Americans to hear the way in which every one spoke of the President. As someone said, his name was on every lip as the great peacemaker. I believe I am a French-woman *devant la loi*, but I never see the Stars and Stripes without something in my heart telling me I was born under them.

September 4th.

We have had a pleasant afternoon at Eger, the little frontier town where all the great expresses—London, Vienna, and Paris—stop. It is well known to all the Marienbad *Kurgäste*, as there is a long wait there, when one gets out of the Carlsbad express, before the Marienbad train is formed. The station is a dirty little place, with stuffy waiting-rooms and an impossible buffet. As one has generally been shaken to death in the *train de luxe* those last two hours seem the longest of the twenty-four. The town is most picturesque, has quite the cachet of a *place forte* and the old part looks really mediæval and black with age. Most curious old, queerly built houses—some very high, with pointed roofs, narrow windows, a staircase outside apparently just hanging on to the old black walls; and some, hardly one story high, disappearing under a heavy projecting roof, a jumble of black towers, red roofs, carved balconies, gables, one or two façades of old houses with cornices and doors elaborately carved—sometimes one solitary statue on a great expanse of stone wall. The crooked, badly paved narrow streets run up and down hill and around corners; and every now and then in a niche in the walls one comes upon a stone figure, roughly carved, of a saint. Eger has had its page of history and has changed owners many times, being sometimes quite free, a *Bürgerstadt*, sometimes a German town, finally incorporated into the Austrian Empire.

We went first to the Kaiser Burg, which one sees from a great distance, with its famous black tower made out of great blocks of lava. It is a ruin now, but quite enough remains of walls and chapel to make it interesting. The double chapel is curious,



Crown-Princess Stephanie and her daughter, Archduchess Elizabeth, at Marienbad.

and very well preserved. Two stories, the lower one with very thick walls and massive granite columns hardly touched by time. The upper chapel, seen through an opening in the vaulted ceiling, has beautiful slender marble columns, the capitals finely carved. It was connected by a passage which no longer exists with the castle and banqueting hall—the quality of course using the upper chapel, the retainers and people the lower one. There are some charming arched windows with delicate little columns in the banqueting hall. One wonders that they still exist, as the hall is open to all the winds of heavens.

The view from the ramparts over the Egerländer plain was charming—the mountains neither so near nor so black as at Marienbad; a pretty little river, navigable (we saw steamboats, and they told us there were some charming excursions to be made), winds along through the meadows and little hamlets, of which there are many scattered over the plains, their red steeples making a bright spot in the general green of the fields and woods. Under the black tower are several rooms, a sort of casemate with very thick walls, high narrow slits for windows, or to fire from. When the town was attacked, which happened often in those wild days, the women, children, and beasts were driven promiscuously into the dark cellars, and kept there until peace was restored.

From there we went to the Stadt Haus through funny little crooked dark streets, with such sharp corners and so narrow we wondered how the carriage could get through, but it did, and we didn't run over any of the quantities of children playing in the middle of the street—which seemed a miracle. The Stadt Haus, which is in the market-place, is not particularly attractive nor picturesque from the outside. A notice on the door told us we could get cards of ad-

mission by applying to the *guichet* on the left; but as we found no one there but a black cat blinking solemnly at us, we didn't quite know what to do. However, a man in uniform appeared from a sort of barrack room around the corner, gave us cards, and told us to go upstairs. We would find a bell at the top, which we must ring, and a guide would appear. We loitered a few minutes in the court-yard, which is curious; a carved wooden balcony runs all around it, and at one end is a fine staircase of black carved wood. We went upstairs, rang the bell. No one appeared. Rang a second time, a louder peal, the bell having that hard metallic clang of a bell that rings in an empty house. Nothing. We penetrated into a dark, low passage which led—nowhere; tried to open one or two doors, but no one appeared, so I went down to the guard-room to see if someone could be found who would come to our assistance. I found three or four men in uniform, smoking and playing cards. One of them got up, very reluctantly, evidently being much put out at having to leave his friends and game, fumbled about with some keys, and told us to come with him. We followed him up the staircase which opens on a fair-sized hall, all panelled in dark wood, dismal and gloomy beyond description, with mysterious corners and recesses. The room where Wallenstein was murdered opens out from the hall, and is equally dark and uncanny, the same black panels and high, narrow windows giving as little light as possible. One could quite imagine the scene. A stormy winter night, Wallenstein alone, consulting the stars. His faithful astrologer had warned him of dire misfortunes, treachery all around him, but the proud soldier had implicit faith in his star, didn't believe that anyone would dare touch him. The end was quick—a rush of armed men up the staircase, two servants murdered at the door of his room, and Wallenstein killed instantly by one of his own officers, the weapon striking him with so much force that it went straight through his body, and he fell dead at his assassin's feet.

The museum is not particularly interesting; many relics of Wallenstein (but I fancy the most important are at Prague)—uniforms, arms, trophies of all kinds, and various portraits—the one we always see of Wallenstein in armor, his hands resting on his sword-hilt, rather a sad face, and one as a boy about twelve years old, with a charming expression, gay, fearless, a child's frank eyes. Our guide was not very communicative. His information seemed bounded by the fact that Wallenstein had been murdered a "long time ago," so we contented ourselves with his "little knowledge" and tried to find Schiller's tragedy in the bookshop, but couldn't, and only a very uninteresting photograph of the great soldier.

September 6th.

Our stay is coming to an end. It is time to go. The early morning at the Spring is cold—one is glad to have a warm coat—and the afternoons are generally damp and foggy. We took advantage of one of the last bright days to go up to Rubezahl, one of the new cafés beautifully situated on the edge of the hill, in the heart of the pine woods. The climb up is rather steep, but the air delicious when one gets up and the view divine. The thick woods quite shut out Marienbad. One sees nothing but blue hills rolling away in the distance, meeting the clouds; great patches of black on the hillsides marking the pine woods, and the soft sighing and fragrance of the pines all around us. There is an excellent band from Vienna; they play with a great deal of *entrain*, the leader quite reminding me of the old Strauss, almost dancing on his platform. They sang in chorus sometimes, when they were playing any well-known melody or folk-song, which always produced wild applause. I got a little tired of the music at the end; it was always so light and gay. In the *Volkslieder* one would like occasionally the pathetic, minor strain that runs through so many of them, particularly Russian and Irish.

I shall leave with the same impression I had on arriving: low gray clouds far down on the mountains, the tops of the trees making a long black line in the sky, and a thick white mist shutting in the valley.

A KNIGHT OF THE CUMBERLAND

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

V

WINTER drew a gray veil over the mountains, wove into it tiny jewels of frost and turned it many times into a mask of snow, before spring broke again among them and in Marston's impatient heart. No spring had ever been like that to him. The coming of young leaves and flowers and bird-song meant but one joy for the hills to him—the Blight was coming back to them. All those weary waiting months he had clung grimly to his work. He must have heard from her sometimes, else I think he would have gone to her; but I knew the Blight's pen was reluctant and casual for anybody, and, moreover, she was having a strenuous winter at home. That he knew as well, for he took one paper, at least, that he might simply read her name. He saw accounts of her many social doings as well, and ate his heart out as lovers have done for all time gone and will do for all time to come.

I, too, was away all winter, but I got back a month before the Blight, to learn much of interest that had come about. The Hon. Samuel Budd had ear-wagged himself into the legislature, had moved that Court-House, and was going to be State Senator. The Wild Dog had confined his reckless career to his own hills through the winter, but when spring came, migratory-like, he began to take frequent wing to the Gap. So far, he and Marston had never come into personal conflict, though Marston kept ever ready for him, and several times they had met in the road, eyed each other in passing and made no hipward gesture at all. But then Marston had never met him when the Wild Dog was drunk—and when sober, I took it that the one act of kindness from the engineer always stayed his hand. But the Police Guard at the Gap saw him quite often—and to it he was a fearful and elusive nuisance. He seemed to be staying somewhere within a radius of ten miles, for every night or two he would circle about the town, yelling and firing his pistol, and when we chased him, escaping through the Gap or up the valley or down in Lee. Many plans were laid to catch him, but all failed, and finally he came in one day and gave himself up and paid his fines. Afterward I recalled that the time of this gracious surrender to law and order was but little subsequent to one morning when a woman who brought butter and eggs to my little sister casually asked when that "purty slim little gal with the snappin' black eyes was a-comin' back." And the little sister, pleased with the remembrance, had said cordially that she was coming very soon.

Thereafter the Wild Dog was in town every day, and he behaved well until one Saturday he got drunk again, and this time, by a peculiar chance, it was Marston again who leaped on him, wrenched his pistol away, and put him in the calaboose. Again he paid his fine, promptly visited a "blind tiger," came back to town, emptied a borrowed pistol at Marston on sight and fled for the hills.

The enraged guard chased him across the Kentucky line and from that day the Wild Dog was a marked man. The Guard wanted many men, but if they could have had their choice they would have picked out of the world of malefactors that same Wild Dog.

Why all this should have thrown the Hon. Samuel Budd into such gloom I could not understand—except that the Wild Dog had been so loyal a henchman to him in politics; but later I learned a better reason, that

threatened to cost the Hon. Sam much more than the fines that, as I later learned, he had been paying for his mountain friend.

Meanwhile, the Blight was coming from her Northern home through the green lowlands of Jersey, the fat pastures of Maryland, and, as the white dresses of schoolgirls and the shining faces of darkies thickened at the stations, she knew that she was getting southward. All the way she was known and welcomed, and next morning she awoke with the keen air of the distant mountains in her nostrils and an expectant light in her happy eyes. At least the light was there when she stepped daintily from the dusty train and it leaped a little, I fancied, when Marston, bronzed and flushed, held out his sunburned hand. Like a convent girl she babbled questions to the little sister as the dummy puffed along and she bubbled like wine over the mid-summer glory of the hills. And well she might, for the glory of the mountains, full-leafed, shrouded in evening shadows, blue-veiled in the distance, was unspeakable, and through the Gap the sun was sending his last rays as though he, too, meant to take a peep at her before he started around the world to welcome her next day. And she must know everything at once. The anniversary of the Great Day on which all men were pronounced free and equal was only ten days distant and preparations were going on. There would be a big crowd of mountaineers and there would be sports of all kinds, and games, but the tournament was to be the feature of the day. "A tournament?" "Yes, a tournament," repeated the little sister, and Marston was going to ride and the mean thing would not tell what mediæval name he meant to take. And the Hon. Sam Budd—did the Blight remember him? (Indeed, she did)—had a "dark horse," and he had bet heavily that his dark horse would win the tournament—whereat the little sister looked at Marston and at the Blight and smiled disdainfully. And the Wild Dog—*did* she remember him? I checked the sister here with a glance, for Marston looked uncomfortable and the Blight saw me do it, and on the point of saying something she checked herself and her face, I thought, paled a little.

That night I learned why—when she came in from the porch after Marston was gone. I saw she had wormed enough of the story out of him to worry her, for her face this time was distinctly pale. I would tell her no more than she knew, however, and then she said she was sure she had seen the Wild Dog herself that afternoon, sitting on his horse in the bushes near a station in Wildcat Valley. She was sure that he saw her, and his face had frightened her. I knew her fright was for Marston and not for herself, so I laughed at her fears. She was mistaken—Wild Dog was an outlaw now and he would not dare appear at the Gap, and there was no chance that he could harm her or Marston. And yet I was uneasy.

It must have been a happy ten days for those two young people. Every afternoon Marston would come in from the mines and they would go off horseback together, over ground that I well knew—for I had been all over it myself—up through the gray-peaked rhododendron-bordered Gap with the swirling water below them and the gray rock high above where another such foolish lover lost his life, climbing to get a flower for his sweetheart, or down the winding dirt road into Lee, or up through the beech woods behind Imboden Hill, or climbing the spur of Morris's Farm to watch the sunset over the majestic Big Black Mountains, where the Wild Dog lived, and back through the fragrant, cool, moonlit woods. He was doing his best, Marston was, and he was having trouble—as every man should. And that trouble I knew even better than he, for I had once known a Southern girl who was so tender of heart that she could refuse no man who really loved her—she accepted him and sent him to her father, who did all of her refusing for her. And I knew no man would know that he had won the Blight until he had her at the altar and the priestly hand of benediction was above her head.

Of such kind was the Blight. Every night when they came in I could read the story of the day, always in his face and sometimes in hers; and it was a series of ups and downs that must have wrung the boy's heart bloodless. Still I was in good hope for him, until the crisis came on the night before the Fourth. The quarrel was as plain as though typewritten on the face of each. Marston would not come in that night and the Blight went dinnerless to bed and cried herself to sleep. She told the little sister that she had seen the Wild Dog again peering through the bushes, and that she

was frightened. That was her explanation—but I guessed a better one.

VI

IT was a day to make glad the heart of slave or freeman. The earth was cool from a night-long rain, and a gentle breeze fanned coolness from the North all day long. The clouds were snow-white, tumbling, ever-moving, and between them the sky showed blue and deep. Grass, leaf, weed, and flower were in the richness that comes to the green things of the earth just before that full tide of summer comes whose foam is drifting thistledown. The air was clear and the mountains seemed to have brushed the haze from their faces and drawn nearer that they, too, might better see the doings of that day.

From the four winds of heaven, that morning, came the brave and the free. Up from Lee, down from Little Stone Gap, and from over in Scott, came the valley farmers—horseback, in buggies, hacks, two-horse wagons, with wives, mothers, sisters, sweethearts, in white dresses, beflowered hats, and many ribbons, and with dinner-baskets stuffed with good things to eat—old ham, young chicken, angel-cake and blackberry wine—to be spread in the sunless shade of great poplar and oak. From Bum Hollow and Wild Cat Valley and from up the slopes that lead to Cracker's Neck came smaller tillers of the soil—as yet but faintly marked by the gewgaw trappings of the outer world; while from beyond High Knob, whose crown is in cloud-land, and through the Gap, came the mountaineer in the primitive simplicity of homespun and cowhide, wide-brimmed hat and poke-bonnet, quaint speech, and slouching gait. Through the Gap he came in two streams—the Virginians from Crab Orchard and Wise and Dickinson, the Kentuckians from Letcher and feudal Harlan, beyond the Big Black—and not a man carried a weapon in sight, for the stern spirit of that Police Guard at the Gap was respected wide and far. Into the town, which sits on a plateau some twenty feet above the level of the two rivers that all but encircle it, they poured, hitching their horses in the strip of woods that runs through the heart of the place, and broadens into a primeval park that, fan-like, opens on the oval level field where all things happen on the Fourth of July. About the street they loitered—lovers hand in hand—eating fruit and candy and drinking soda-water, or sat on the curb-stone, mothers with babies at their breasts and toddling children clinging close—all waiting for the celebration to begin.

It was a great day for the Hon. Samuel Budd. With a cheery smile and beaming goggles, he moved among his constituents, joking with yokels, saying nice things to mothers, paying gallantries to girls, and chucking babies under the chin. He felt popular and he was—so popular that he had begun to see himself with prophetic eye in a congressional seat at no distant day; and yet, withal, he was not wholly happy.

"Do you know," he said, "them fellers I made bets with in the tournament got together this morning and decided, all of 'em, that they wouldn't let me off? Jerusalem, it's 'most five hundred dollars!" And, looking the picture of dismay, he told me his dilemma.

It seems that his "dark horse" was none other than the Wild Dog, who had been practising at home for this tournament for nearly a year; and now that the Wild Dog was an outlaw, he, of course, wouldn't and couldn't come to the Gap. And said the Hon. Sam. Budd:

"Them fellers says I bet I'd *bring in* a dark horse who would *win* this tournament, and if I don't *bring* him in, I lose just the same as though I had brought him in and he hadn't won. An' I reckon they've got me."

"I guess they have."

"It would have been like pickin' money off a blackberry-bush, for I was goin' to let the Wild Dog have that black horse o' mine—the steadiest and fastest runner in this country—and my, how that fellow can pick off the rings! He's been a-practising for a year, and I believe he could run the point o' that spear of his through a lady's finger ring."

"You'd better get somebody else."

"Ah—that's it. The Wild Dog sent word he'd send over another feller, named Dave Branham, who has been practising with him, who's just as good, he says, as he is. I'm looking for him at twelve o'clock, an' I'm goin' to take him down an' see what he can do on that black horse o' mine. But if he's no good, I lose five hundred, all right," and he sloped away to his duties. For it was the Hon. Sam who was master of ceremonies

that day. He was due now to read the Declaration of Independence in a poplar grove to all who would listen; he was to act as umpire at the championship base-ball game in the afternoon, and he was to give the "Charge" to the assembled knights before the tournament.

At ten o'clock the games began—and I took the Blight and the little sister down to the "grand stand"—several tiers of backless benches with leaves for a canopy and the river singing through rhododendrons behind. There was jumping broad and high, and a 100-yard dash and hurdling and throwing the hammer, which the Blight said were not interesting—they were too much like college sports—and she wanted to see the base-ball game and the tournament. And yet Marston was in them all—dogged and resistless—his teeth set and his eyes anywhere but lifted toward the Blight, who secretly proud, as I believed, but openly defiant, mentioned not his name even when he lost, which was twice only.

"Pretty good, isn't he?" I said.

"Who?" she said indifferently.

"Oh, nobody," I said, turning to smile, but not turning quickly enough.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the Blight sharply.

"Nothing, nothing at all," I said, and straightway the Blight thought she wanted to go home. The thunder of the Declaration was still rumbling in the poplar grove.

"That's the Hon. Sam Budd," I said. "Don't you want to hear him?"

"I don't care who it is—and I don't want to hear him, and I think you are hateful."

Ah, dear me, it was more serious than I thought. There were tears in her eyes, and I led the Blight and the little sister home—conscience-stricken and humbled. Still I would find that young jackanapes of an engineer and let him know that anybody who made the Blight unhappy must deal with me. I would take him by the neck and pound some sense into him. I found him lofty, uncommunicative, perfectly alien to any consciousness that I could have any knowledge of what was going on or any right to poke my nose into anybody's business—and I did nothing except go back to lunch—to find the Blight upstairs and the little sister indignant with me.

"You just let them alone," she said severely.

"Let who alone?" I said, lapsing into the speech of childhood.

"You—just—let—them—alone," she repeated.

"I've already made up my mind to that."

"Well, then!" she said, with an air of satisfaction, but why I don't know.

I went back to the poplar grove. The Declaration was over and the crowd was gone, but there was the Hon. Samuel Budd, mopping his brow with one hand, slapping his thigh with the other, and all but executing a pigeon-wing on the turf. He turned goggles on me that literally shone triumph.

"He's come—Dave Branham's come!" he said. "He's better than the Wild Dog. I've been trying him on the black horse and, Lord, how he can take them rings off! Ha, won't I get into them fellows who wouldn't let me off this morning! Oh, yes, I agreed to bring in a dark horse, and I'll bring him in all right. That five hundred is in my clothes now. You see that point yonder? Well, there's a hollow there and bushes all around. That's where I'm going to dress him. I've got his clothes all right and a name for him. This thing is a-goin' to come off accordin' to Hoyle, Ivanhoe, Four-Quarters-of-Beef, and all them mediæval fellows. Just watch me!"

I began to get newly interested, for that knight's name I suddenly recalled. Little Buck, the Wild Dog's brother, had mentioned him, when we were over in the Kentucky hills, as practising with the Wild Dog—as being "mighty good, but nowhar 'longside o' Mart." So the Hon. Sam might have a good substitute, after all, and being a devoted disciple of Sir Walter, I knew his knight would rival, in splendor, at least, any that rode with King Arthur in days of old.

The Blight was very quiet at lunch, as was the little sister, and my effort to be jocose was a lamentable failure. So I gave news.

"The Hon. Sam has a substitute." No curiosity and no question.

"Who—did you say? Why, Dave Branham, a friend of the Wild Dog. Don't you remember Buck telling us about him?" No answer. "Well, I do—and, by the way, I saw Buck and one of the big sisters just a while ago. Her name is Mollie. Dave Branham is her sweetheart. The other big sister had to stay at home with her mother and little Cindy, who's sick. Of course, I didn't ask them about Mart—the Wild Dog.

They knew I knew, and they wouldn't have liked it. The Wild Dog's around, I understand, but he won't dare show his face. Every policeman in town is on the lookout for him." I thought the Blight's face showed a signal of relief.

"I'm going to play short-stop," I added.

"Oh!" said the Blight, with a smile, but the little sister said with some scorn:

"You!"

"I'll show you," I said, and I told the Blight about base-ball at the Gap. We had introduced base-ball into the region and the valley boys and mountain boys, being swift runners, throwing like a rifle-shot from constant practice with stones, and being hard as nails, caught the game quickly and with great ease. We beat them all the time at first, but now they were beginning to beat us. We had a league now, and this was the championship game for the pennant.

"It was right funny the first time we beat a native team. Of course, we got together and cheered 'em. They thought we were cheering ourselves, so they got red in the face rushed together and whooped it up for themselves for about half an hour."

The Blight almost laughed.

"We used to have to carry our guns around with us at first when we went to other places, and we came near having several fights."

"Oh!" said the Blight excitedly. "Do you think there might be a fight this afternoon?"

"Don't know," I said, shaking my head. "It's pretty hard for eighteen people to fight when nine of them are policemen and there are forty more around. Still the crowd might take a hand."

This, I saw, quite thrilled the Blight and she was in good spirits when we started out.

"Marston doesn't pitch this afternoon," I said to the little sister. "He plays first base. He's saving himself for the tournament. He's done too much already." The Blight merely turned her head while I was speaking. "And the Hon. Sam will not act as umpire. He wants to save his voice—and his head."

The seats in the "grand stand" were in the sun now, so I left the girls in a deserted band-stand that stood on stilts under trees on the southern side of the field, and on a line midway between third base and the position of short-stop. Now there is no enthusiasm in any sport that equals the excitement aroused by a rural base-ball game, and I never saw the enthusiasm of that game outdone except by the excitement of the tournament that followed that afternoon. The game was close and Marston and I assuredly were stars—Marston one of the first magnitude. "Goose-egg" on one side matched "goose-egg" on the other until the end of the fifth inning, when the engineer knocked a home-run. Spectators threw their hats into the trees, yelled themselves hoarse, and I saw several old mountaineers who understood no more of baseball than of the lost *digamma* in Greek going wild with the general contagion. During these innings I had "assisted" in two doubles and had fired in three "daisy-cutters" to first myself in spite of the guying I got from the opposing rooters. "Four-eyes" they called me, on account of my spectacles until a new nickname came at the last half of the ninth inning, when we were in the field with the score four to three in our favor. It was then that a small, fat boy with a paper megaphone longer than he was waddled out almost to first base and levelling his trumpet at me, thundered out in a sudden silence:

"Hello, Foxy Grandpa!" That was too much. I got rattled, and when there were three men on bases and two out, a swift grounder came to me, I fell—catching it—and threw wildly to first base from my knees. I heard shouts of horror, anger, and distress from everywhere and my own heart stopped beating—I had lost the game—and then Marston leaped in the air—surely it must have been four feet—caught the ball with his left hand and dropped back on the bag. The sound of his foot and the runner's on it was almost simultaneous, but the umpire said Marston's was there first. Then bedlam! One of my brothers was umpire and the captain of the other team walked threateningly out toward him, followed by two of his men with base-ball bats. As I started off myself I saw, with the corner of my eye, another brother of mine start in a run from the left field, and I wondered why a third, who was scoring, sat perfectly still in his chair, particularly as a well-known, red-headed tough from one of the mines who had been officiously antagonistic ran toward the pitcher's box directly in front of him. Instantly a dozen of the guard sprang toward it, some man pulled his pistol, a billy

cracked straightway on his head, and in a few minutes order was restored. And still the brother scoring hadn't moved from his chair, and I spoke to him hotly.

"Keep your shirt on," he said easily, lifting his score-card with his left hand and showing his right clenched about his pistol under it.

"I was just waiting for that red-head to make a move. I guess I'd have got him first."

I walked back to the Blight and the little sister and both of them looked very serious and rather frightened.

"I don't think I want to see a real fight, after all," said the Blight tremulously. "Not this afternoon."

It was a little singular and prophetic, but just as the words left her lips one of the Police Guard handed me a piece of paper.

"Somebody in the crowd must have dropped it in my pocket," he said. On the paper were scrawled these words:

"*Look out for the Wild Dog!*"

I sent the paper to Marston.

VII

AT last—the tournament! Ever afterward the Hon. Samuel Budd called it "The Gentle and Joyous Passage of Arms—not of Ashby—but of the Gap, by—suh!" The Hon. Samuel had arranged it as nearly after Sir Walter as possible. And a sudden leap it was from the most modern of games to a game most ancient.

No knights of old ever jousted on a lovelier field than the green little valley toward which the Hon. Sam waved one big hand. It was level, shorn of weeds, elliptical in shape, and bound in by trees that ran in a semicircle around the bank of the river, shut in the southern border, and ran back to the northern extremity in a primeval little forest that wood-thrushes, even then, were making musical—all of it shut in by a wall of living green, save for one narrow space through which the knights were to enter. In front waved Wallen's leafy ridge and behind rose the Cumberland Range shouldering itself spur by spur, into the coming sunset and crashing eastward into the mighty bulk of Powell's Mountain, which loomed southward from the head of the valley—all nodding sunny plumes of chestnut.

The Hon. Sam had seen us coming from afar apparently, had come forward to meet us, and he was in high spirits.

"I am Prince John and Waldemar and all the rest of 'em this day," he said, "and 'it is thus,'" quoting Sir Walter, "'that we set the dutiful example of loyalty to the Queen of Love and Beauty, and are ourselves her guide to the throne which she must this day occupy.'" And so saying, the Hon. Sam marshalled the Blight to a seat of honor next his own.

"And how do you know she is going to be the Queen of Love and Beauty?" asked the little sister. The Hon. Sam winked at me.

"Well, this tournament lies between two gallant knights. One will make her the Queen of his own accord, if he wins, and if the other wins, he's got to, or I'll break his head. I've given orders." And the Hon. Sam looked about right and left on the people who were his that day.

"Observe the nobles and ladies," he said, still following Sir Walter, and waving at the towns-people and visitors in the rude grand stand. "Observe the yeomanry and spectators of a better degree than the mere vulgar," waving at the crowd on either side of the stand, "and the promiscuous multitude down the river banks and over the woods and clinging to the tree-tops and to yon telegraph-pole. And there is my herald"—pointing to the cornetist of the local band, "and wait—by my halidom—please just wait until you see my knight on that black charger o' mine."

The Blight and the little sister were convulsed and the Hon. Sam went on:

"Look at my men-at-arms"—the volunteer policemen with bulging hip-pockets, dangling billies and gleaming shields of office—"and at my refreshment tents behind"—where peanuts and pink lemonade were keeping the multitude busy—"and my attendants"—colored gentlemen with sponges and water-buckets—"the armorers and farriers haven't come yet. But my knight—I got his clothes in New York—just wait—Love of Ladies and Glory to the Brave!" Just then there was a commotion on the free seats on one side of the grand stand. A darky starting, in all ignorance, to mount them was stopped and jostled none too good-naturedly back to the ground.

"And see," mused the Hon. Sam, "in lieu of the dog of an unbeliever we have a dark analogy in that son of Ham."

The little sister plucked me by the sleeve and pointed toward the entrance. Outside and leaning on the fence were Mollie, the big sister, and little Buck. Straightway I got up and started for them. They hung back, but I persuaded them to come, and I led them to seats two tiers below the Blight—who, with my little sister, rose smiling to greet them and shake hands—much to the wonder of the nobles and ladies close about, for Mollie was in brave and dazzling array, blushing fiercely, and little Buck looked as though he would die of such conspicuousness. No embarrassing questions were asked about Mart or Dave Branham, but I noticed that Mollie had purple and crimson ribbons clenched in one brown hand. The purpose of them was plain, and I whispered to the Blight:

"She's going to pin them on Dave's lance." The Hon. Sam heard me.

"Not on your life," he said emphatically. "I ain't takin' chances," and he nodded toward the Blight. "She's got to win, no matter who loses." He rose to his feet suddenly.

"Glory to the Brave—they're comin'! Toot that horn, son," he said; "they're comin'," and the band burst into discordant sounds that would have made the "wild barbaric music" on the field of Ashby sound like a lullaby. The Blight stifled her laughter over that amazing music with her handkerchief, and even the Hon. Sam scowled.

"Gee!" he said; "it is pretty bad, isn't it?"

"Here they come!"

The nobles and ladies on the grand stand, the yeomanry and spectators of better degree, and the promiscuous multitude began to sway expectantly and over the hill came the knights, in single file, gorgeous in velvets and in caps, with waving plumes and with polished spears, vertical, resting on the right stirrup foot and gleaming in the sun.

"A goodly array!" murmured the Hon. Sam.

A crowd of small boys crowded at the fence below, and I observed the Hon. Sam's pockets bulging with peanuts.

"Largesse!" I suggested.

"Good!" he said, and rising he shouted: "Largessy! largessy!" scattering peanuts by the handful among the scrambling urchins.

Down wound the knights behind the back stand of the base-ball field, and then, single file, in front of the nobles and ladies, before whom they drew up and faced, saluting with inverted spears.

The Hon. Sam arose—his truncheon a hickory stick—and in a stentorian voice asked the names of the doughty knights who were there to win glory for themselves and the favor of fair women.

Not all will be mentioned, but among them was the Knight of the Holston—Athelstanic in build—in black stockings, white negligée shirt with Byronic collar, and a broad crimson sash tied with a bow at his right side. There was the Knight of the Green Valley, in green and gold, a green hat with a long white plume, lace ruffles at his sleeves, and buckles on dancing-pumps; a bonny fat knight of Maxwelton Braes, in Highland kilts and a plaid; and the Knight at Large.

"He ought to be caged," murmured the Hon. Sam; for the Knight at Large wore plum-colored velvet, red base-ball stockings, held in place with safety-pins, white tennis shoes, and a very small hat with a very long plume, and the dye was already streaking his face. Marston was the last—sitting easily on his iron gray.

"And your name, Sir Knight?"

"The Discarded," said Marston, with steady eyes. I felt the Blight start at my side and sidewise I saw that her face was crimson.

The Hon. Sam sat down, muttering, for he did not like Marston:

"Wenchless springal!"

Just then my attention was riveted on Mollie and little Buck. Both had been staring silently at the knights as though they were apparitions, but when Marston faced them I saw Buck clutch his sister's arm suddenly and say something excitedly in her ear. Then the mouths of both tightened fiercely and their eyes seemed to be darting lightning at the unconscious knight, who suddenly saw them, recognized them, and smiled past them at me. Again Buck whispered, and from his lips I could make out what he said:

"I wonder whar's Dave?" but Mollie did not answer.

"Which is yours, Mr. Budd?" asked the little sister. The Hon. Sam had leaned back with his thumbs in the armholes of his white waistcoat.

"He ain't come yet. I told him to come last."

The crowd waited and the knights waited —so long that the mayor rose in his seat some twenty feet away and called out:

"Go ahead, Budd."

"You jus' wait a minute—my man ain't come yet," he said easily, but from various places in the crowd came jeering shouts from the men with whom he had wagered and the Hon. Sam began to look anxious.

"I wonder what is the matter," he added in a lower tone. "I dressed him myself more than an hour ago and I told him to come last, but I didn't mean for him to wait till Christmas—ah!"

The Hon. Sam sank back in his seat again. From somewhere had come suddenly the blare of a solitary trumpet that rang in echoes around the amphitheatre of the hills and, a moment later, a dazzling something shot into sight above the mound that looked like a ball of fire, coming in mid-air. The new knight wore a shining helmet and the Hon. Sam chuckled at the murmur that rose and then he sat up suddenly. There was no face under that helmet—the Hon. Sam's knight was *masked* and the Hon. Sam slapped his thigh with delight.

"Bully—bully! I never thought of it—I never thought of it—bully!"

This was thrilling, indeed—but there was more; the strange knight's body was cased in a flexible suit of glistening mail, his spear-point, when he raised it on high, shone like silver, and he came on like a radiant star—on the Hon. Sam's charger, white-bridled, with long mane and tail and black from tip of nose to tip of that tail as midnight. The Hon. Sam was certainly doing it well. At a slow walk the stranger drew alongside of Marston and turned his spear point downward.

"Gawd!" said an old darky. "Kuklux done come again." And, indeed it looked like a Kuklux mask, white, dropping below the chin, and with eye-holes through which gleamed two bright fires.

The eyes of Buck and Mollie were turned from Marston at last, and open-mouthed they stared.

"Hit's the same hoss—hit's Dave!" said Buck aloud.

"Well, my Lord!" said Mollie simply.

The Hon. Sam rose again.

"And who is Sir Tardy Knight that hither comes with maskèd face?" he asked courteously. He got no answer

"What's your name, son?"

The white mask puffed at the wearer's lips.

"The Knight of the Cumberland," was the low, muffled reply.

"Make him take that thing off!" shouted someone.

"What's he got it on fer?" shouted another.

"I don't know, friend," said the Hon. Sam; "but it is not my business nor prithee thine; since by the laws of the tournament a knight may ride masked for a specified time or until a particular purpose is achieved, that purpose being, I wot, victory for himself and for me a handful of byzants from thee."

"Now, go ahead, Budd," called the mayor again. "Are you going crazy?"

The Hon. Sam stretched out his arms once to loosen them for gesture, thrust his chest out, and uplifted his chin: "Fair ladies, nobles of the realm, and good knights," he said sonorously, and he raised one hand to his mouth and behind it spoke aside to me:

"How's my voice—how's my voice?"

"Great!"

His question was serious, for the mask of humor had dropped and the man was transformed. I knew his inner seriousness, his oratorical command of good English, and I knew the habit, not uncommon among stump-speakers in the South, of falling, through humor, carelessness, or for the effect of flattering comradeship, into all the lingual sins of rural speech; but I was hardly prepared for the soaring flight the Hon. Sam took now. He started with one finger pointed heavenward:

> "The knights are dust
> And their good swords are rust;
> Their souls are with the saints, we trust.

"Scepticism is but a harmless phantom in these mighty hills. We *believe* that with the saints is the *good* knight's soul, and if, in the radiant unknown, the eyes of those who have gone before can pierce the little Shadow that lies between, we know that the good knights of old look gladly down on these good knights of to-day. For it is good to be remembered. The tireless struggle for name and fame since the sunrise of history attests it; and the ancestry worship in the East and the world-wide hope of immortality show the fierce hunger in the human soul that the memory of it not only shall not perish from this earth, but that, across the Great Divide, it shall live on—neither forgetting nor forgotten. You are here in

memory of those good knights to prove that the age of chivalry is not gone; that though their good swords are rust, the stainless soul of them still illumines every harmless spear-point before me and makes it a torch that shall reveal, in your own hearts still aflame, their courage, their chivalry, their sense of protection for the weak, and the honor in which they held pure women, brave men, and almighty God.

"The tournament, some say, goes back to the walls of Troy. The form of it passed with the wind-mills that Don Quixote charged. It is with you to keep the high spirit of it an ever-burning vestal fire. It was a deadly play of old—it is a harmless play to you this day. But the prowess of the game is unchanged; for the skill to strike those pendent rings is no less than was the skill to strike armor-joint, visor, or plumèd crest. It was of old an exercise for deadly combat on the field of battle; it is no less an exercise now to you for the field of life—for the quick eye, the steady nerve, and the deft hand which shall help you strike the mark at which, outside these lists, you aim. And the crowning triumph is still just what it was of old—that to the victor the Rose of his world—made by him the Queen of Love and Beauty for us all—shall give her smile and with her own hands place on his brow a thornless crown."

Perfect silence honored the Hon. Samuel Budd. The mayor was nodding vigorous approval, the jeering ones kept still, and after the last deep-toned word passed like music from his lips the silence held sway for a little while before the burst of applause came. Every Knight had straightened in his saddle and was looking very grave. Marston's eyes never left the speaker's face, except once, when they turned with an unconscious appeal, I thought, to the downcast face of the Blight—whereat the sympathetic little sister seemed close to tears. The Knight of the Cumberland shifted in his saddle as though he did not quite understand what was going on, and once Mollie, seeing the eyes through the mask-holes fixed on her, blushed furiously, and little Buck grinned back a delighted recognition. The Hon. Sam sat down, visibly affected by his own eloquence; slowly he wiped his face and then he rose again.

"Your colors, Sir Knights," he said, with a commanding wave of his truncheon, and one by one the knights spurred forward and each held his lance into the grand stand that some fair one might tie thereon the colors he was to wear. Marston, without looking at the Blight, held his up to the little sister and the Blight carelessly turned her face while the demure sister was busy with her ribbons, but I noticed that the little ear next to me was tingling red for all her brave look of unconcern. Only the Knight of the Cumberland sat still.

"What!" said the Hon. Sam, rising to his feet, his eyes twinkling and his mask of humor on again; "sees this maskèd springal"—the Hon. Sam seemed much enamored of that ancient word—"no maid so fair that he will not beg from her the boon of colors gay that he may carry them to victory and receive from her hands a wreath therefor?" Again the Knight of the Cumberland seemed not to know that the Hon. Sam's winged words were meant for him, so the statesman translated them into a mutual vernacular.

"Remember what I told you, son," he said. "Hold up yo' spear here to someone of these gals jes' like the other fellows are doin'," and as he sat down he tried surreptitiously to indicate the Blight with his index finger, but the knight failed to see and the Blight's face was so indignant and she rebuked him with such a knife-like whisper that, humbled, the Hon. Sam collapsed in his seat, muttering:

"The fool don't know you—he don't know you."

For the Knight of the Cumberland had turned the black horse's head and was riding, like Ivanhoe, in front of the nobles and ladies, his eyes burning up at them through the holes in his white mask. Again he turned, his mask still uplifted, and the behavior of the beauties there, as on the field of Ashby, was no whit changed: "Some blushed, some assumed an air of pride and dignity, some looked straight forward and essayed to seem utterly unconscious of what was going on, some drew back in alarm which was perhaps affected, some endeavored to forbear smiling and there were two or three who laughed outright." Only none "dropped a veil over her charms" and thus none incurred the suspicion, as on that field of Ashby, that she was "a beauty of ten years' standing" whose motive, gallant Sir Walter supposes in defence, however, was

doubtless "a surfeit of such vanities and a willingness to give a fair chance to the rising beauties of the age." But the most conscious of the fair was Mollie below, whose face was flushed and whose brown fingers were nervously twisting the ribbons in her lap and I saw Buck nudge her and heard him whisper:

"Dave ain't going to pick *you* out, I tell ye. I heered Mr. Budd thar myself tell him he *had* to pick out some other gal."

"You hush!" said Mollie indignantly.

It looked as though the Knight of the Cumberland had grown rebellious and meant to choose whom he pleased, but on his way back the Hon. Sam must have given more surreptitious signs, for the Knight of the Cumberland reined in before the Blight and held up his lance to her. Straightway the colors that were meant for Marston fluttered from the Knight of the Cumberland's spear. I saw Marston bite his lips and I saw Mollie's face aflame with fury and her eyes darting lightning—no longer at Marston now, but at the Blight. The mountain girl held nothing against the city girl because of the Wild Dog's infatuation, but that her own lover, no matter what the Hon. Sam said, should give his homage also to the Blight, in her own presence, was too much. Mollie looked around no more. Again the Hon. Sam rose.

"Love of ladies," he shouted, "splintering of lances! Stand forth, gallant knights! Fair eyes look upon your deeds! Toot again, son!"

Now just opposite the grand stand was a post some ten feet high, with a small beam projecting from the top toward the spectators. From the end of this hung a wire, the end of which was slightly upturned in line with the course, and on the tip of this wire a steel ring about an inch in diameter hung lightly. Nearly forty yards below this was a similar ring similarly arranged; and at a similar distance below that was still another, and at the blast from the Hon. Sam's herald, the gallant knights rode slowly, two by two, down the lists to the western extremity —the Discarded Knight and the Knight of the Cumberland, stirrup to stirrup, riding last—where they all drew up in line, some fifty yards beyond the westernmost post. This distance they took that full speed might be attained before jousting at the first ring, since the course—much over one hundred yards long—must be covered in seven seconds or less, which was no slow rate of speed. The Hon. Sam arose again:

"The Knight of the Holston!"

Farther down the lists a herald took up the same cry and the good knight of Athelstanic build backed his steed from the line and took his place at the head of the course.

With his hickory truncheon the Hon. Sam signed to his trumpeter to sound the onset.

"Now, son!" he said.

With the blare of the trumpet Athelstane sprang from his place and came up the course, his lance at rest; a tinkling sound and the first ring slipped down the knight's spear and when he swept past the last post there was a clapping of hands, for he held three rings triumphantly aloft. And thus they came, one by one, until each had run the course three times, the Discarded jousting next to the last and the Knight of the Cumberland riding with a reckless "Cave, adsum air the very last!" At the second joust it was quite evident that the victory lay between these two, as they only had not lost a single ring, and when the black horse thundered by the Hon. Sam shouted "Brave lance!" and jollied his betting enemies, while Buck hugged himself triumphantly and Mollie seemed temporarily to lose her chagrin and anger in pride of her lover, Dave. On the third running the Knight of the Cumberland excited a sensation by sitting upright, waving his lance up and down between the posts and lowering it only when the ring was within a few feet of its point. His recklessness cost him one ring, but as the Discarded had lost one, they were still tied, with eight rings to the credit of each, for the first prize. Only four others were left—the Knight of the Holston and the Knight of the Green Valley tying with seven rings for second prize, and the fat Maxwelton Braes and the Knight at Large tying with six rings for the third. The crowd was eager now and the Hon. Sam confident. On came the Knight at Large, his face a rainbow, his plume wilted and one red baseball stocking slipped from its moorings—two rings! On followed the fat Maxwelton, his plaid streaming and his kilts flapping about his fat legs—also two rings!

"Egad!" quoth the Hon. Sam. "Did yon lusty trencherman of Annie Laurie's but

put a few more layers of goodly flesh about his ribs, thereby projecting more his frontal Falstaffian proportions, by my halidom, he would have to joust tandem!"

On came Athelstane and the Knight of the Green Valley, both with but two rings to their credit, and on followed the Discarded, riding easily, and the Knight of the Cumberland again waving his lance between the posts, each with three rings on his spear. At the end the Knight at Large stood third, Athelstane second, and the Discarded and the Knight of the Cumberland stood side by side at the head of the course, still even, and now ready to end the joust, for neither on the second trial had missed a ring.

The excitement was intense now. Many people seemed to know who the Knight of the Cumberland was, for there were shouts of "Go it, Dave!" from everywhere; the rivalry of class had entered the contest and now it was a conflict between native and "furriner." The Hon. Sam was almost beside himself with excitement; now and then some man with whom he had made a bet would shout jeeringly at him and the Hon. Sam would shout back defiance. But when the trumpet sounded he sat leaning forward with his brow wrinkled and his big hands clenched tight. Marston sped up the course first—three rings—and there was a chorus of applauding yells.

"His horse is gittin' tired," said the Hon. Sam jubilantly, and the Blight's face, I noticed, showed for the first time faint traces of indignation. The Knight of the Cumberland was taking no theatrical chances now and he came through the course with level spear and, with three rings on it, he shot by like a thunderbolt.

"Hooray!" shouted the Hon. Sam. "Lord, what a horse!" For the first time the Blight, I observed, failed to applaud, while Mollie was clapping her hands and Buck giving out shrill yells of encouragement. At the next tilt the Hon. Sam had his watch in his hand and when he saw the Discarded digging in his spurs he began to smile and he was looking at his watch when the little tinkle in front told him that the course was run.

"Did he get 'em all?"

"Yes, he got 'em all," mimicked the Blight.

"Yes, an' he just did make it," chuckled the Hon. Sam. The Discarded had wheeled his horse aside from the course to watch his antagonist. He looked pale and tired—almost as tired as his foam-covered steed—but his teeth were set and his face was unmoved as the Knight of the Cumberland came on like a demon, sweeping off the last ring with a low, rasping oath of satisfaction.

"I never seed Dave ride that-a-way afore," said Mollie.

"Me, neither," chimed in Buck.

The nobles and ladies were waving handkerchiefs, clapping hands, and shouting. The spectators of better degree were throwing up their hats and from every part of the multitude the same hoarse shout of encouragement rose:

"Go it, Dave! Hooray for Dave!" while the boy on the telegraph-pole was seen to clutch wildly at the crossbar on which he sat—he had come near tumbling from his perch.

The two knights rode slowly back to the head of the lists, where the Discarded was seen to dismount and tighten his girth.

"He's tryin' to git time to rest," said the Hon. Sam. "Toot, son!"

"Shame!" said the little sister and the Blight both at once so severely that the Hon. Sam quickly raised his hand.

"Hold on," he said, and with hand still uplifted he waited till Marston was mounted again. "Now!"

The Discarded came on, using his spurs with every jump, the red of his horse's nostrils showing that far away, and he swept on, spearing off the rings with deadly accuracy and holding the three aloft, but having no need to pull in his panting steed, who stopped of his own accord. Up went a roar, but the Hon. Sam, covertly glancing at his watch, still smiled. That watch he pulled out when the Knight of the Cumberland started and he smiled still when he heard the black horse's swift, rhythmic beat and he looked up only when that knight, shouting to his horse, moved his lance up and down before coming to the last ring and, with a dare-devil yell, swept it from the wire.

"Tied—tied!" was the shout; "they've got to try it again! they've got to try it again!"

The Hon. Sam rose, with his watch in one hand and stilling the tumult with the other. Dead silence came at once.



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The Knight of the Cumberland reined in before the Blight.—Page 555.

"I fear me," he said, "that the good knight, the Discarded, has failed to make the course in the time required by the laws of the tournament." Bedlam broke loose and the Hon. Sam waited, still gesturing for silence.

"Summon the time-keeper!" he said.

The time-keeper appeared from the middle of the field and nodded.

"Eight seconds!"

"The Knight of the Cumberland wins," said the Hon. Sam.

The little sister, unconscious of her own sad face, nudged me to look at the Blight—there were tears in her eyes.

. . . . . .

Before the grand stand the knights slowly drew up again. Marston's horse was so lame and tired that he dismounted and let a darky boy lead it under the shade of the trees. But he stood on foot among the other knights, his arms folded, worn out and vanquished, but taking his bitter medicine like a man. I thought the Blight's eyes looked pityingly upon him.

The Hon. Sam arose with a crown of laurel leaves in his hand:

"You have fairly and gallantly won, Sir Knight of the Cumberland, and it is now your right to claim and receive from the hands of the Queen of Love and Beauty the chaplet of honor which your skill has justly deserved. Advance, Sir Knight of the Cumberland, and dismount!"

The Knight of the Cumberland made no move nor sound.

"Get off yo' hoss, son," said the Hon. Sam kindly, "and get down on yo' knees at the feet of them steps. This fair young Queen is a-goin' to put this chaplet on your shinin' brow. That horse'll stand."

The Knight of the Cumberland, after a moment's hesitation, threw his leg over the saddle and came to the steps with a slouching gait and looking about him right and left. The Blight, blushing prettily, took the chaplet and went down the steps to meet him.

"Unmask!" I shouted.

"Yes, son," said the Hon. Sam, "take that rag off."

Then Mollie's voice, clear and loud, suddenly startled the crowd. "You better not, Dave Branham, fer if you do and this other gal puts that thing on you, you'll never——" What penalty she was going to inflict, I don't know, for the Knight of the Cumberland, half kneeling, sprang suddenly to his feet and interrupted her. "Wait a minute, will ye?" he said almost fiercely, and at the sound of his voice Mollie rose to her feet and her face blanched.

"Lord God!" she said almost in anguish, and then she dropped quickly to her seat.

The Knight of the Cumberland had gone back to his horse as though to get something from his saddle. Like lightning he vaulted into his seat, and as the black horse sprang toward the opening tore his mask from his face, turned in his stirrups, and brandished his spear with a yell of defiance, while a dozen voices shouted:

"The Wild Dog!" Then was there an uproar.

"Goddle mighty!" shouted the Hon. Sam. "I didn't do it. I swear I didn't know it. He's tricked me—he's tricked me! Don't shoot—you might hit that hoss!"

There was no doubt about the Hon. Sam's innocence. Instead of turning over an outlaw to the police, he had brought him into the inner shrine of law and order and he knew what a political asset for his enemies that insult would be. And there was no doubt of the innocence of Mollie and Buck as they stood, Mollie wringing her hands and Buck with open mouth and startled face. There was no doubt about the innocence of anybody other than Dave Branham and the dare-devil Knight of the Cumberland. Marston had clutched at the Wild Dog's bridle and missed and the Wild Dog struck savagely at him with his spear. Nobody dared to shoot because of the scattering crowd, but every knight and every mounted policeman took out after the outlaw and the beating of hoofs pounded over the little mound and toward Poplar Hill. Marston ran to his horse at the upper end, threw his saddle on, and hesitated—there were enough after the Wild Dog and his horse was blown. He listened to the yells and sounds of the chase encircling Poplar Hill. The Wild Dog was making for Lee. All at once the yells and hoof-beats seemed to sound nearer and Marston listened, astonished. The Wild Dog had wheeled and was coming back; he was going to make for the Gap, where sure safety lay. Marston buckled



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

But every knight and every mounted policeman took out after the outlaw —Page 558.

his girth and as he sprang on his horse, unconsciously taking his spear with him, the Wild Dog dashed from the trees at the far end of the field. As Marston started, the Wild Dog saw him, pulled something that flashed from under his coat of mail, thrust it back again, and brandishing his spear, he came, full-speed and yelling, up the middle of the field. It was a strange thing to happen in these modern days, but Marston was an officer of the law and was between the Wild Dog and the Ford and liberty through the Gap, into the hills. The Wild Dog was an outlaw. It was Marston's duty to take him.

The law does not prescribe with what weapon the lawless shall be subdued and Marston's spear was the only weapon he had. Moreover, the Wild Dog's yell was a challenge that set his blood afire and the girl both loved was looking on. The crowd gathered the meaning of the joust—the knights were crashing toward each other with spears at rest. There were a few surprised oaths from men, a few low cries from women, and then dead silence in which the sound of hoofs on the hard turf was like thunder. The Blight's face was white and the little sister was gripping my arm with both hands. A third horseman shot into view out of the woods at right angles, and it seemed that the three horses must crash together in a heap. With a moan the Blight buried her face on my shoulder. She shivered when the muffled thud of body against body and the splintering of wood rent the air; a chorus of shrieks arose about her, and when she lifted her frightened face Marston, the Discarded, was limp on the ground, his horse was staggering to his feet, and the Wild Dog was galloping past her, his helmet gleaming, his eyes ablaze, his teeth set, the handle of his broken spear clenched in his right hand, and blood streaming down the shoulder of the black horse. She heard the shots that were sent after him, she heard him plunge into the river, and then she saw and heard no more.

VIII

A TELEGRAM summoned the Blight home next day. Marston was in bed with a ragged wound in the shoulder, and I took her to tell him good-by. I left the room for a few minutes, and when I came back their hands were unclasping, and for a discarded knight the engineer surely wore a happy, though pallid face.

That afternoon the train on which we left the Gap was brought to a sudden halt in Wild Cat Valley by a piece of red flannel tied to the end of a stick that was planted midway the track. Across the track, farther on, lay a heavy piece of timber. The Blight and I were seated on the rear platform and the Blight was taking her last look at her beloved hills. When the train started again, there was a cracking of twigs overhead and a shower of rhododendron leaves and flowers dropped from the air at the feet of the Blight. And when we pulled away from the embankment we saw, motionless on a little mound, a black horse, and on him, motionless, the Knight of the Cumberland, the helmet on his head (that the Blight might know who he was, no doubt), and both hands clasping the broken handle of his spear, which rested across the pommel of his saddle. Impulsively the Blight waved her hand to him and I could not help waving my hat; but he sat like a statue and, like a statue, sat on, simply looking after us as we were hurried along, until horse, broken shaft, and shoulders sank out of sight. And thus passed the Knight of the Cumberland with the last gleam that struck his helmet, spear-like, from the slanting sun.

THE END.

RUSKIN AND GIRLHOOD

SOME HAPPY REMINISCENCES

By L. Allen Harker

I never wrote a letter in my life which all the world are not welcome to read if they will.*

THE other day in rereading, for perhaps the thirtieth time, that most delightful book "Yesterdays with Authors," by the late James T. Fields, I came upon the following passage in one of Miss Mitford's letters: "I think that the most distinguished of our *young* writers are, the one a dear friend of mine, John Ruskin; the other . . . the Reverend Charles Kingsley. . . . As for John Ruskin I would not answer for quiet people not taking him for crazy too. He is an enthusiast in art, often right, often wrong,—'in the right very stark in the wrong very sturdy,'—bigoted, perverse, provoking, as ever man was; but good and kind and charming beyond the common lot of mortals." I remember well with what a thrill of delighted assent I first read these words some three and thirty years after they were written: at a time when the "young" writer of Miss Mitford's happy description was looked upon as a sage and prophet of universal fame; for me, a being of almost incalculable age and wisdom, but of a sympathy with and understanding of youth, its enthusiasms and mistakes, as filled such happy youngsters as were brought into personal contact with him, with a devotion that fell little short of worship. Perhaps no writer has had more direct and personal influence on girls and women all the world over, while the influence of the *man* over such happy girls as were privileged to be numbered among his pets, was absolutely unbounded; and what a noble use he made of it!

It has been too much the custom of late years to speak and think of Mr. Ruskin's teaching as of the voice of one crying in the wilderness with a cry, ever denunciatory, of present times and people. He certainly found (nor was he singular in that respect) much to deprecate, in its results—to landscape and atmosphere, to say nothing of mankind—of what are familiarly known as the "resources of civilization" as exemplified in our modern manufacturing centres (sometimes I feel quite thankful that he was spared the ubiquity of the motor-car with its attendant horrors of noise and smell); and he was often more vehement than judicious in his denunciation of such things. But, however paradoxical his public utterances, in private his influence was full of sweet reasonableness, and his advice to such fortunate young people as came under his direct sway full of the sanest common sense.

In my young days we had, in common with innumerable other provincial towns, a Ruskin Society, which, while it followed in the footsteps of the Kyrle Society in trying to bring some beauty and pleasantness into the homes of the very poor, had, of course, its periodical meetings when papers were read and discussion invited. I remember how, very young and very timid, I electrified a meeting by reading aloud a letter from the master himself, apropos of a paper that had just been read by a member who sternly advocated the advisability of "a grant" to purchase photographs of Fra Angelico's pictures for distribution among the very poor. Now, although I was mortally afraid of the Ruskin Society, I was not in the least afraid of the master, and I had boldly written to him complaining that a photograph of his beloved Carpaccio's St. Ursula had been received with the scantiest approbation by a bedridden old woman I was wont to visit periodically. He answered thus:

"Give the poor whatever pictures you find they like—of *nice* things, not of merely pathetic or pompous ones. They're apt to like sick children starving in bed, beggars at street doors, Queen Vic opening parliament, etc. Give them anything that's simple, cheerful or pious; always, if possible, coloured—never mind how badly. Shall I send you some coloured birds?"

Pray note, all altruistic and philanthropic folk, the "whatever pictures you find they like."

* "Fors Clavigera," Letter 59.

Again, he writes at about the same time:

"To answer your main question about 'having a right to be happy,' it is not only everybody's right but duty to be so, only to choose the best sort of happiness. And the best sorts are not to be had cheap."

He never spared himself if he thought that he could give happiness to a child, or rightly guide some affectionate enthusiasm. How such a busy man—and in the early eighties he was a very busy man—found time to write letters to his girl friends concerning any and every subject upon which they chose to consult him has often puzzled and not infrequently annoyed certain serious people who considered that *they* had suffered some neglect. But if in the matter of public opinion he was something of a Dulcis Gallio, he always used his influence to uphold authority, and a vigorous objection to competitive examinations from one who did not shine in such mental exercises brought this reply:

"If I cannot relieve you from your competitive work, at least I may strengthen you in the assurance that even learning what we can't understand, to please those to whom we owe duty, is often in the end better for us than learning what we like to please ourselves."

Again:

"8. 2. 86.

"But what is this new thing I hear? That you are lazy! I thought you played tennis all day—and did lessons before breakfast and after tea! I do think tennis nice—but—now this is quite serious, and I want you to tell the other girls—I don't like *any* ardently competitive games, in which young people are proud of victory, except only cricket—I haven't time to say why I except that. But I would far rather see girls playing well at ball than tennis—everyone having their part in helping, not defeating. The pretty play of the rest—throwing the ball far and high—and swiftly following ball with ball round wide circles—and so on—and I should like them all to become—all who have sharp ears and pretty feet,—exquisite dancers—practising constantly slow and fast dancing to all manner of music—and some singing while the others danced, so as to make themselves independent of 'bands.' And they should make themselves good runners, not by running races—but by each running without distressing themselves, a greater distance by ever so little each (fine) day. And if you'll come to Brantwood you can learn rowing and climbing—and—one or two things besides, perhaps, from the bookshelves, and the mineral cabinets.

"I wonder, after this long term at College, whether there would be any possibility of mama bringing you and T (and Bee if catchable) to *see* what Brantwood looks like: I shall be here all the year, and it would make every intermediate day brighter for me if I had the hope of seeing the two of you, or the three, playing tennis on *my* tennis ground—engineered out of the hillside for the sake of fairies of your order.

"You really have given a very sad account of yourself in your last two letters, and I have written to Miss B. that I think you ought to be expelled. Brantwood College is of course always open to you in that event—be it in spring, summer, autumn or winter—but Sept.? is a dreadful time away."

A little later to the same girl:

"What a patient, good, believing child you are! but I suppose in this lovely weather you've been playing Chopin and tennis all day, which, perhaps, may help you in passing the time without letters!

"I don't quite understand why reading *me* should add to the happiness of playing Chopin, if I make you so discontented with your spiritual life! What sort of a life do you mean by that? I'm sure I never meant to make you discontented with anything but your bodily life, if there's too much tennis or Chopin or 'going out to call with mother' in it! Alas! how much the meaning of the word 'mother' in England nowadays is resolving itself into 'the person who takes daughters out to call.' If there's one way of wasting time which I hate worse than another it's 'calling.' Effectual as it is, often, to the upsetting of the whole afternoon of Caller and Called on. Women ought to call on each other, as men do, on business—and then get it done at the speediest."

This letter produced a protest on the "calling" question, and he answers:

"I'm so very thankful for what you tell me of your own, and say of other girls' mothers. I have had some sorrowful experience by mischance in these things: but

trust me for not saying anything publicly that may grieve any good mother or daughter.

"Don't read any of those modern books, and don't be bothered with talking in company. Is it possible to waste time more ignominiously? Keep to Carey, and study every line and idea of it, till you know the contents and meaning of every book—and then spell out any bits you especially like in the original.

"Do you know French well enough to read French Plays? They're the prettiest and pleasantest things in the world for rest, after Dante!"

He was so patient with the soul-searchings of the young, probably realizing that the most serious and earnest young people are just the ones who afterward develop quite a respectable sense of humor and proportion. And he was so practical in his advice:

"I'm greatly delighted with your letter and very happy that I can make you so happy—and glad above all that you *are* happy, without being made anything else than heaven made you. You must get your back stronger; mind you don't strain it at lawn tennis. Dance all you can before 12 o'clock, then come away, and don't sit in a draught. And mind, when you've learned to cook that you *do* cook: and—this is very particular—don't read any more George Eliot—but Scott *continually*, and more old-fashioned poetry—George Herbert's 'Church Porch' to begin with, and Spenser's minor poems. And write to me if anything bothers or puzzles you—I mean in life, not letters—and if I can help I will, but my general advice will be 'Forget it or let it alone!'"

Two days later he wrote:

"I never meant you were to forget anything you thought it your duty to remember—but only things that teased you. I'll write you any quantity of tasks, and put you to any quantity of paces when the time comes—meantime—meantime, make yourself strong and rest you merry."

When he was lecturing on "The Pleasures of England" at Oxford, I was living in a neighboring town, and he bade me come to hear him in the following delicious letter:

"I wonder if you're little enough to go in my breast pocket! I don't in the least know how else to get you in. For I've made a Medo-Persic-Arabic-Moorish-Turkish law that no strangers nor pilgrims are to get into the lectures at all, but only Oxford residents, and even so they can't all get in that want to. . . . Look here, the first lecture, which is next Saturday, will be rather dull, but if you could come on Saturday the 25th, or Monday the 27th, I would take you in myself under my gown, and get you into a corner—and I think the lecture on either of those days (I give them twice) will be worth hearing. Send me word if you can manage it."

The authorities permitted, and accompanied by an irreproachably decorous maid I went to Oxford to spend one of the fullest and happiest days it has ever been my lot to enjoy. There was a great deal of spoiling in it, for he took me himself from Woodstock Road (where he was staying with his art master, Mr. Macdonald) to the lecture theatre, and made me feel an honored guest all the time. Even without all the personal joy of him the lecture was an impressive experience. The theatre was crowded from floor to ceiling by an audience unusually representative. Youth and maiden, matron and scholar, artist and scientist, all pressed shoulder to shoulder, listening with a hushed intensity almost trance-like, their common gaze focussed upon the gracious stooping figure of the lecturer, who, golden-voiced, with flowing gown flung back from the eager nervous hands, hands ever moving in suppressed gesticulation, stood in the waning sunshine of that wintry afternoon, gravely challenging certain of the "Pleasures of England."

There was no pomp of rhetoric, no throwing down of controversy's glove, no straining at effect by startling statement; the quiet, almost monotonous voice held the attention by virtue of its message, not by means of any varied or dramatic inflection. He looked an old man even then, for, although his face was fair and fresh-complexioned, with singularly few lines, there was a great deal of gray in both long, straight, brown hair and beard, though both were at that time more brown than gray. He always emphasized his speech with forcible, quick gesture, and his eyes, even at that time, were the youngest eyes I have ever seen in adult face, blue and clear like a child's, with a child's large, direct gaze.

The lecture over, he carried me off to Sir

Henry Acland's room, where there was quite a gathering of interesting and famous folk, among them Lady Brassey, of "Sunbeam" fame, stout, weather-beaten, with opals big as acorns at her ears; Prof. Max Müller's beautiful daughter, Mrs. Conybeare; Sir Henry himself, genial and delightful; and Dean Liddel, of Christ Church, who seemed to quintessentialize in his extremely handsome presence every quality lending most grace to donnish dignity. But never for one moment did Mr. Ruskin neglect his little guest. I poured out tea for everybody, and was so immensely interested that I forgot to be shy. It was characteristic, too, that he did not forget the maid who came up with me, but instructed "Baxter," his indispensable man-servant, to show her the lions of Oxford, so that she enjoyed herself almost as much as I did.

A fortnight later he wrote: "Could you come, I wonder, with your maid, just as you did before, *next* Saturday and I would find time to be played to?"

Of course I went, and this time he was at Balliol staying with the master, Mr. Benjamin Jowett, of whom he always spoke as the "sweetest of men" and for whom he felt a very sincere affection. Mr. Jowett had an entirely beneficent influence over his great guest, and it was pretty to see how gently and imperceptibly he led the conversation away from too exciting topics, and directed his numerous enthusiasms into channels least likely to disturb the established order of the university.

Shortly after this Mr. Ruskin came to stay a few days with my mother on his way north, and the spoiling that we all got was enough to turn the heads of the soberest lassies. It is impossible to give any adequate picture in words of his simplicity and kindness. He was undoubtedly impressive; his *personnel* was striking; his manner and mode of expression at once scholarly and aristocratic, in a fashion seldom attained to now, even by genius. He spoke exactly as he wrote (and in later life seldom rewrote a sentence), but with this difference —that, whereas in his published work he was by no means careful as to whom he might offend, in conversation, whether as guest or host, he always seemed to defer to his friends. Young people found this attitude especially delightful and speedily lost all awe of him, while they realized intensely the reality of the spirit of reverence that he himself says is "the chief joy and power of life."

His first visit was one long *festa*, for he was the least exacting and most giving of guests. One thing only did he demand, that we had not provided for him—a *steady* table in his bedroom. On arrival he called me into his room, and pointing with comical dismay at the usual spindly-legged bedroom writing-table, exclaimed: "My dear, it has got to support several hundredweight of books as well as my old arm and hand; I'm sure its poor legs will give way." And he was quite boyishly pleased when we produced from the kitchen regions a thick-legged, solid little oak table with a drawer. A number of Fors "Rosy Vale," was written at that table, and I write at it now. It never went downstairs any more after his visit.

He had with him at that time a great many drawings of Miss Greenaway's, and in the evening, after dinner, sitting well under the light, surrounded by his adoring little friends, he would show them to us, one by one, expatiating upon their many charms. I vividly recall one, a big oblong sketch in pencil with single washes of color, in which some fifty "exquisite girlettes" are bearing aloft a huge muffin "for the professor's tea."

One member of the family, a little boy of nine, was in bed with a bad cold during Mr. Ruskin's visit, so greatly to his disappointment, did not see him, but hearing that the invalid was a scholarly small boy, who solaced his seclusion by perpetual reading of Pope's "Homer" the master sent him, after he left, a most beautiful edition of that work. He believed in giving young people valuable things to take care of, and when he departed insisted on leaving with us a priceless box of uncut opals to look at "every day for a week," that we might realize their wonderful and varying color; and well do I remember my mother's supreme thankfulness when at the end of the appointed time the gems were sent back to him by registered post.

He also left us his mother's copy of Miss Edgeworth's "Harry and Lucy," with injunctions that my mother should read it aloud to us, or make one of us read it aloud, every evening. We stood it for over a week, then rose in a body, refused to hear any

more, and wrote to him to confess our mutiny. Of course he forgave us, and wrote:

"Yes, I liked your letter immensely, and Mama was ever so good to make you write it. But I'm afraid the new song, though it must be ever so pretty, must be ever so sad. Also I'm sure T. is forgetting me fast—oh! dear—that horrid college! If only Mama and you and she could come here to college for a little bit, what times we might have! and what singing! not as it was getting dark, but with the birds in the morning. I am so glad Arthur likes Pope's 'Iliad.' If T. likes that, she may take it instead of 'Harry and Lucy.'

"Has she mastered the *barometer* yet? College indeed!!!"

Nothing gave him more pleasure than to listen to folk-songs of any and every people, and I could always bring him from his room at any minute by opening the drawing-room door and beginning to play softly the first bars of a little Spanish lullaby that he loved. The others were not equally delighted by my powers in this respect, and T., his special favorite, threatened to lock the piano and lose the key if I dared to go near it, after dinner, when she wanted to talk to him.

During his visit he spoke a great deal of the lady—the "Rosie" of Præterita—whose tragic death in 1875 closed for him a volume that had at one time contained his highest hopes and aspirations. So much has been said of her in one place and another that it is no breach of confidence to quote this beautiful description of her, written at the end of '84. "Rose was tall and brightly fair, her face of the most delicately chiselled beauty—too severe to be entirely delightful to all people—the eyes gray, and when she was young, full of play; after the sad times came, the face became nobly serene—and of a strange beauty—so that once a stranger seeing her for the first time said 'she looked like a young sister of Christ's.'"

There is no question whatever that he did realize how great his influence was over girls and women, and that he used it always in a sane and noble fashion. This, one of his most serious letters, written just before I was married, will show:

'You do help me intensely by caring so much and by telling me how greatly I still can influence the hearts of women for all good. For, indeed, it is a mighty gift and blessing this, if I can use it wisely; and I have not words enough to thank your mother for her goodness and trust in saying she would let you come if you could help me.

"But first, nothing can help me in the deep loss of the souls who are far away instead of near me as they were once—neither in the mere languor and gloom of declining life—and even supposing that it were possible, it would not be the least right for you to give up other duties. There is no one for whom we are to give up everything *but* Christ, and Christ is with you in your mother and your lover. So put all these pitying thoughts out of your mind, and make me happy by being yourself so, in carrying out with so good a helpmate, the ideas of simple and benevolent life you have learnt from me.

"Supposing I were—all that I have tried to teach others to be—I should be quite happy in thinking of going to Rose. It is failing faith and miserable sense of failure which cause all my suffering, and they can be fought with by none but myself."

As befitted ardent disciples of Ruskin, we spent our honeymoon in Italy, and Florence was made particularly delightful by letters of introduction from him to Mrs. and Miss Alexander ("Francesca") in their beautiful old house close to the church of Santa Maria Novella. These Boston ladies had already for many years made Italy their home, but Mrs. Alexander had lost no whit of her shrewd New England humor, and was full of quaint, caustic wit, and good stories: and they were, like all Americans of their class, untiringly kind and hospitable.

It is difficult to describe Francesca except as entirely "other worldly"; but in no sense that could imply withdrawal or detachment from her kind. She had love and charity enough in her great heart to encircle the whole world, but the serene rightness of her spirit shines through all her work. And no one could watch her at that work, so deft of hand, so certain in every delicate touch of *pen* or paper—"the total strength of her intellect and fancy being concentrated in this engraver's method"—without feeling that here, indeed, was one who dwelt continuously amid "the peace that passeth understanding."

Of course I went faithfully into Santa Maria Novella and Santa Croce, bearing my little red books and striving faithfully to see all their wonders with other eyes than my own; a painful and generally useless proceeding, which usually ends in headache and irritability. One morning my companion, having caught a bad cold by long tarrying in an extremely cold church (in April, Italian churches are really dreadfully cold), declined to accompany me to the interior of Santa Croce, electing rather to sit on a bench muffled in a great coat, outside in the sun, while I pursued my enthusiastic studies according to the plan laid down in "Mornings in Florence." He declared afterward that he looked so dejected and forlorn that kindly strangers took him for a *povero* and bestowed *soldi* upon him—but this is by the way.

I had just reached the tomb of Gallileus de Gallilei, and was straining my eyes to see anything of the "right and lovely lines" whose beauty my book proclaimed—for indeed they were exceeding faint—when I looked up and found another student also bearing her little red book, standing on the other side of the tomb. Our eyes met, and we smiled, and the stranger said slowly: "I guess Mr. Ruskin sees a good deal more in these old graves than we should ever see, if we studied them with a microscope, every inch of them—from now to Thanksgiving. D'you think it's much good looking and looking for what isn't there for *us*, anyway?" Oh, blessed Yankee common sense! I flew out to the chill-taker and bore him off to sit in the sun at Fiesole. We told the story afterward to Mr. Ruskin himself, and he quite agreed with the American lady.

At Venice I found this letter awaiting me:

"This is just to say I was very glad of *your* letter, and infinitely amused and pleased by all you did and said and felt at Francesca's, and rather cross at your having been so vexed at having no letter from me on your wedding-day. Just think at sixty-six how many wedding letters a man who has had lots of girl pets must have had to write, and how well he knows them all to be waste-paper, and that more depends on a girl's attending to how much sugar her husband likes in his tea than on all the pious and poetical effusions of her whole dynasty of friends and well-wishers.

"But I wrote A. as nice a letter as I could, and that was much better, and I really hope to have a great deal of joy in you both. Take care of each other and don't tire yourselves in the hot weather, and don't try to admire Tintoret for my sake, but look well at the *Paradiso*. I hope the day will come when we shall all be flying about like that, just where we like to."

The letter to "A" that he referred to was indeed so beautiful that I cannot forbear to quote the last paragraph, characteristic as it is of the temper of his mind throughout his long, beneficent life.

"This has been a very happy and helpful day to me, and your letter gives a very lovely rose colour to it all. It is a deep honour and joy to me to be able to add to the hope, for you both, of this beginning of new thoughts and ways, an old man's testimony that this world is as much God's world as the world to come—for those who know how to love."

Whatever his devotees may have done, Mr. Ruskin himself would never, even to please his pets, pretend either interest or admiration which he did not feel. And there are, perhaps, persons who will wholeheartedly sympathize with the following sentiments:

"Indeed I'm sorry to have grieved you and A. I knew I should, but couldn't help it. I can't pretend to care for things I don't care for. I *don't* care for babies. Rather have an objection to them. Have no respect for them whatsoever. Like little pigs ever so much better. Here's my little woodwoman come down to fetch me my faggots; she's got nine piglets to take care of and her whole heart is set on them, and I call her Pigwiggina, and inquire for her family very anxiously every day—but you really mustn't expect me to care for inferior beings."

His heart smote him even then, though, for he writes a little later:

"But indeed you sent me a quite dreadful little shriek when I said I didn't like babies, and you never wrote me a word more, and I was very unhappy about it, and very thankful for the letter to-day."

For pigs he undoubtedly had great respect, which can best be explained by quoting from "Præterita": "I became so resigned to the adoption of my paternally chosen crest as to write my rhymed travelling letters to Joan most frequently in my

heraldic character of "Little Pig," or, royally plural, "Little Pigs," especially when these letters took the tone of confessions, as, for instance, from Keswick in 1857:

"When little Pigs have muffins hot,
And take three quarters for their lot,
Then, little pigs—had better not."

In the following winter it was arranged that we should go and see him after Christmas, taking with us his much-loved T., and he writes: "It would be a real charity and hospital-nurse help and healing if A. and you could come and bring T. any time this winter for as long as you could.

"I shall not write to T. about it, leaving you to plead with her father for me. Perhaps a little for her. The absolute rest and change of Brantwood surely would be good for her. And it is very lovely in winter. No such icicles and frost work anywhere as our lake streams and cascades give, and *you* would so help me with my school music. I mean to think of it as a reality and rejoice in it."

So did we, and the actual joy of the visit was enhanced tenfold by such a foretaste of welcome as the following:

"This is a Christmas present for me indeed. Mousie, A., and T., all three of you!

"I do really love A. as I never did a pet's husband yet. He has been so good and sweet and right and sensible and sympathetic all in one. And you shan't be too jealous of T.—just the least bit—or else I shall be getting jealous of A.

"So many thanks for all, and please give my most true thanks to Mr. W., and say I do trust he will be pleased with all he hears from Brantwood. You come at exactly the best time to help me in my Christmas plans of little *festas* for the school children—and stay all the days you can, please. You'll see I want you to when you come.

"The happiest times to you both at Christmas—and the New Year, and the rest I'll wish by word of mouth."

People have often asked me what Brantwood was like—"was it very artistic?" and I knew they were picturing an abode similar to those depicted in "The House Beautiful" or "The Connoisseur," full of high-art furniture and decorated in the style associated with the name of William Morris. I have had to disabuse their minds of this idea completely. Brantwood was full of beautiful *things*, certainly, but it was furnished with Early Victorian solidity and comfort: much of the furniture quite frankly plain-looking if not actually ugly; all of it for service, and most of it of a period generally condemned as singularly lacking in graceful design. The house has every natural advantage of situation; all Mr. Ruskin had added was architecturally beautiful, but it was not what we consider nowadays a beautiful house.

Days at Brantwood went by on winged feet, for the host could never do enough to promote the happiness of his guests, and was practically at their service all day long. He rose at six, and had got through most of the business of the day by the time he met his guests at breakfast at ten o'clock. With breakfast came the post-bag, most weighty proof of the penalties of greatness. The number of parcels, to say nothing of letters, from all sorts of people, was truly fatiguing to contemplate. Sketches, whole galleries of them; poems—how we groaned under the poems! Manuscripts awaiting criticism (our host might have been the editor of a popular magazine), and letters, some admirative, some remonstrating, not to say impertinent (I remember one beginning "Dear but Peppery Mr. Ruskin" from some familiar unknown), upon every conceivable and inconceivable topic.

The known handwritings were speedily sorted out, and a certain pretty ritual was gone through every morning. One letter was always eagerly sought for and read first, that from the "Joanie"* of "Præterita." I am quite sure that he could not have got through his day had that loved letter gone amissing. From the time that she came to his mother in their home at Denmark Hill, a girl of seventeen, her tenderness and devotion had never failed him. All such as were admitted to intimate intercourse with Mr. Ruskin could not fail to know how his "more than daughter" stood between him and every preventable distress with tenderest and most discriminating affection. It is quite impossible to overestimate the value to him of this beautiful, unchanging, filial love.

There were sunshine and snow during that happy visit to Brantwood, and Mr. Ruskin was able to lead the way bravely on many a mountain climb. But even if it

*Mrs. Arthur Severn.

snowed all day, as it did sometimes that winter, there was so much to see and to do in Brantwood itself that the day seemed all too short. From the hall, hung round with Burne-Jones cartoons, to our host's small, plainly furnished bedroom, ablaze from floor to ceiling with Turner's water-colors, the house was full of treasures, none more wonderful than some of his own drawings. I remember hearing how one of these—a water-color of a hen's feather painted with exquisite delicacy—was lying on a table at some distance from where he was sitting; he asked a child in the room to bring it to him. Holding the paper carefully by the edges with both hands, she crossed the room slowly and smoothly, her head turned away lest she should blow the feather off the paper! He said it was the very prettiest compliment ever paid him.

In the evening after dinner we had much singing and dancing—that is to say, T. danced for him, dances "out of her own head"; T. was a delightfully pretty girl of sixteen, having real Titian-colored hair with the most exquisite ripple in it (she owed a great deal to that hair) and a frank, fearless manner that immensely delighted him. She had most decided views as to what *she* considered amusing and interesting, and one of her great charms for him was that she was absolutely incapable of pretending anything that she did not feel.

After the dancing one of us read aloud, very often our host himself; sloping his book toward the nearest candle (at Brantwood wax candles and firelight were the only artificial lights allowed—was it that made him think his girl guests so pretty, I wonder?), but he hardly ever, at that time, needed spectacles. That winter the favorite book was Miss Edgeworth's "Patronage," which we found much more to our taste than "Harry and Lucy." Another book that greatly pleased him was "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard," by Anatole France. He gave my husband his own copy, and wrote in it, "Exquisite, but cannot be read fast."

He talked much and brilliantly in those happy days, laughing heartily, with an infectious, chuckling laugh when anything amused him. His voice was singularly soft and pleasant, and every "r" was "burred" as by a Northumbrian or Parisian. He used to talk quite frankly of the many celebrated people he had known: Turner, the Rossettis, Miss Mitford—"merry Miss Mitford," he called her—the Brownings, the Carlyles. He had the greatest love and reverence for Carlyle, and spoke with scornful amusement of such mistaken enthusiasts as wished to enroll Jane Welsh Carlyle among the martyrs on account of her "man's" bad temper. He admitted that Carlyle was frequently grumpy, and habitually melancholy—"but so am I"—and he was easily irritated. "That clever shrew," his wife, well knew this, and by the very tones of her voice as she "rasped out his name" could set his nerves on edge in a paroxysm of febrile irritation. Mr. Ruskin reserved all his pity for Carlyle.

T. had a birthday while we were at Brantwood, and had expressed a wish for a blue Liberty silk dress. The dress was instantly sent for, but when it arrived neither its texture nor its color quite pleased our host, who had his own ideas of what silk should be. So Marshall & Snelgrove, I think it was, were bidden to send "a sky-blue silk, a good one." When it came it proved to be a good one, and a local dressmaker was found to make it. T. was at that time much enamored of the maidens in Miss Greenaway's drawings (there were so many of them at Brantwood), and according to her instructions it was made with straight, skimpy skirt, and the waist under the arms. Mr. Ruskin never lessened the pretty wearer's joy by a single adverse criticism, but when Miss Bluegown had tripped off to bed he exclaimed reproachfully to me: "Why did you let her have it made like that? The woman hasn't left her a single scrap of waist." As a matter of fact, he greatly appreciated what we moderns call "smart frocks," and anything daintily frivolous, especially Frenchily frivolous, found distinct favor in his eyes.

"The little woodwoman, alias "Pigwiggina," who came twice a day to fill the big log-basket by the study fire, was one Jane Anne, a sturdy mountain lassie of fourteen, whom it was my mission to assist with her music while I was at Brantwood. She had been taught by the master himself, on a somewhat complicated plan founded on the earliest Latin psalters, where the rhythm was arrived at, not by means of bars, but only by the values of the notes, and following this method she certainly had learned to play some four bars of his favorite "*Deh*

Vieni Alla Finestra" tolerably correctly, but it was not a system attended by rapid progress. Nor were Jane Anne's stout, hard little hands very flexible. Every Saturday a dozen or so of other mountain lassies, aged from ten to fifteen, came for a "lesson." These lessons were positively encyclopædic in their scope, ranging from the varying shapes of fir-cones to the correct position on the map of "Riblah in the land of Hamath," probably followed by a disquisition on the god "Bel or Baal" as represented "on the cast of a coin—Italian-Greek, finest time." Sometimes he read Shakespeare to them, sometimes a poem of Wordsworth about their own lake country; but whatever else was included, the Bible and some botany formed part of the lesson. Among the many other subjects he taught them songs, such as the following, both words and quaint, lilting tune being his own:

Ho, ho, the cocks crow!
  Little girls—get up;
Little girls to bed must go
  When the robins sup.

Heigh—heigh—the nags neigh!
  Up, boys, and afield
'Ere the sun through yonder gray
  Raise his russet shield.

Brave for work and bright for play
  Be you girls and boys;
And pity those that lose the day
  Without its tasks or joys.

Whether the girls understood much of the lessons, whether this delightful instruction made any lasting impression upon them, I do not know, as I have never seen any of them since. But they assuredly enjoyed themselves tremendously, and that was what he wanted. Moreover, the apex of the afternoon, to which all previous joys converged, came in the shape of a right royal TEA at five o'clock. This feast they laid for themselves, with much cheerful chatter and clatter on the two big tables in that long, narrow room, the master's study. He cleared the tables for them himself, giving up his room to them entirely every Saturday afternoon, because, not unnaturally, the parlor-maid objected to "so many crumbs in the dining-room just before dinner." The little girls were none of them in the least afraid of him, seeming to regard him with a maternal sort of indulgence rather than awe, and Jane Anne on one of these festive occasions confided to T., "He's a foony man is Meester Rooskin, but he du like oos to tek a good teä." This amiable desire on his part covered a multitude of eccentric enthusiasms, and to do the girls justice they always did their best to oblige him.

It was almost pathetic, his eagerness to give pleasure wherever he could. In the drawing-room at Brantwood by tea-time every table, chair, and a goodly portion of the floor would be littered with a profusion of sketches, photographs, fifteenth-century illuminated missals, uncut gems, minerals, Greek coins, and when there was positively nothing left to sit upon, and we had to walk delicately because of the scattered treasures on the floor, he would exclaim gleefully, "Now we begin to look comfortable." When we had seen everything, Baxter, the indispensable, would come and clear up and put everything in its proper place again. Mr. Ruskin started T. and me on mineralogy, and every day we had to say aloud, "Quartz and gold, calcite and silver, chalcedony and agate." With T. he studied the book of Daniel, as, "in spite of college," he found her sadly deficient in what he considered an adequate knowledge of the prophet and his doings. My husband, when he was not out of doors or singing the bass songs in Mozart's "Figaro," spent all his daylight in painting in water-colors under the master's supervision, and was forgiven many scientific heresies because he could "paint butterflies flying—not with pins through them." Turners, Bewicks and William Hunts were among the copies, and many happy morning hours were spent painting at a big table in the drawing-room window. As is, fortunately, the habit of nearly all really learned people, Mr. Ruskin was ever ready to put his vast stores of knowledge at the service of anyone who truly desired information, who was genuinely keen. And one of the great charms in talking to him was that he was immensely interested in what you had to say, as well as in what he said himself. Whatever the topic under discussion, it became for the moment of paramount importance. He was absolutely absorbed in it, looking his companion straight in the eyes with his own—the bluest, kindest, clearest eyes I have ever seen. My husband ventured to disagree, deferentially, but very decidedly, with many of Mr.

Ruskin's pet scientific theories, but his host never resented it, only occasionally lamenting that a man "who could paint so well should waste his days in teaching stupid boys geology. And teaching them wrong!" But after we left he wrote to A. on this very subject:

"Never you mind the Mousie; but set down very carefully what you doubt in 'Deucalion.' It is of great importance to leave it sound. You make me very happy with your beautiful letter—so entirely natural and sincere, and of the rarest sort. And it is a continual joy to me to think of what I can still do to please you. And here's a lovely letter from Mousie to-day, saying there's a chance of your being able to come in May. It can't be too soon, and I shall squeak myself when I see you both again.

"I send you the lecture book—my own copy—and please mark in it any mistakes or questionable or obscure bits you find. I'm just going to reprint it."

To me he wrote:

"I have so much to remember that I cannot begin to mope yet. But I see myself descending in the future—into depths of the inconceivablest woe—unless you come back in May.

"As for T., I'm too thankful for what I got of her to begin yet to hope for any time to come. The good you both did for me abides. I slept quite sound last night, and have been doing all sorts of good work this morning. As for A., I'm going to send him not some of my books but all; only I don't want to choke him off me when he sees the lot of 'em. And I'm going to send him the Scarborough sketch he liked, but want to write a few words about clear and body-colour, first, for general circulation, and send them to him printed."

A few days later:

"Yes; I'm dreadfully alone! Too alone to do anything! *No* Præterita getting done; nor anything at all but clearing out old letters, and clearing up drawers. But that *is* progress of a sort, more than I've ever made before. I wrote twenty-five letters yesterday and was *obliged* to begin with one to T. to-day, for she wrote me such a sad account of herself that I had to do my best in tutorial and imperial reproof.

"I do believe the next thing likely to be done is a botany class book—like ethics—the chapters headed 'Gussie on Gooseberries,' 'Libbie on Lettuce,' 'Kate on Kale,' and the like. I forget if you had seen 'Ulric,' I've got a fifth chapter of *him* on hand. The weather seems to *me* very dull to-day, but I believe the rest of the household is under the same impression; and I suppose the sun will shine again some day. I hope the books are with A. by this time, and have set the Mousie squeaking."

How that princely giver loved to give pleasure! Just picture our delight over that great box of books, all glorious in purple calf, a crowd of witnesses to his benevolent affection.

To T. he wrote—whether in "tutorial and imperial reproof" I leave to the reader's judgment (T. had evidently written begging *him* to interfere with respect to certain hated lessons):

"I will ask your father at once to let you take up Italian instead of German. I should wholly wish you to do so myself. I will also pray him to spare you arithmetic and grammar.

"N. B.—It is much wiser and nicer to write 'Ain't' than 'are not' when you are in a hurry. You did not, perhaps, learn *all* you might have learnt at Brantwood. But you gave all kinds of pleasure to everybody in the house, and left a light behind you which no fogs eclipse. That was better than learning."

As usual, however, his saving commonsense prevailed over even T.'s blandishments, for on further consideration he writes:

"It is probably in some degree my fault that your father has retained his first intention. I have been unhappily busy (you know there was a somewhat serious, or ludicrous, interruption of my studies, while you were in the house), and I never got my petition written.

"Partly I did not like to venture so far with him; partly I was afraid of the responsibility, if, perchance, your liking play better than work was laid to my door! And my advice to you, dear girlie, is to do for the present without any further hesitation, what your father wishes, and to cure yourself, as far as you can, of habits of inattention which, you know—you do know in your little heart—are in great part wilful. It does not in the least matter whether you pass the Oxford examination, but it does

matter that you should get good marks from your own conscience, and your father's sense of your willing obedience. Where would be the virtue of obedience if we were only told to do what we liked? I will not disturb you any more with the book of Daniel, but write my lecture on it at home; and when you are allowed to come back to Brantwood you must read it with the strictest attention!

"Meantime I am ready to help you in everything that puzzles you; will look out the dreadfullest words for you in my big dictionaries, and—if that will give you any pleasure—begin learning German with you myself."

This was really a wonderful concession, as he says in another letter, "I hate German and the books that Germans write." Yet it was he who, in 1868, rescued "German Popular Stories" from oblivion, writing for them a wholly beautiful preface quite singularly full of humanity and comprehension of child character.

Personal beauty always had an immense attraction for him, and he frequently said that he would gladly have given "Modern Painters" for a better profile! And however much he loved some of his homely friends he never for a moment denied that he would have preferred to have them beautiful. In Mr. Collingwood's most pleasant book, "Ruskin Relics" (in some ways, to those who knew the man, far more intimately characteristic of him than the "Life"), he describes how in 1840, at Rome, Mr. Ruskin saw the beautiful Miss Tollemache (afterward Lady Mount-Temple, and one of his dearest friends) and quotes Mr. Ruskin's own words describing her: "A fair English girl, who was not only the admitted Queen of Beauty in the English circle of that winter at Rome, but was so, in the kind of beauty which I had only hitherto dreamed of as possible, but never yet seen living: statuesque severity with womanly sweetness joined. I don't think I ever succeeded in getting nearer than within fifty yards of her; but she was the light and solace of all the Roman winter to me, in the mere chance glimpses of her far away, and the hope of them."

He refused ever to visit America "because he couldn't be happy in a country that had no castles," but I feel sure that he would have foregone the castles had he known how beautiful are the American girls! When I think of the American girls *he* would have met, of their delicate loveliness, quick sympathy, and bright intelligence, I feel that it is perhaps well for the peace of mind of his English pets that he never would accept the invitations of his American friends and lovers.

Unlike most geniuses, Mr. Ruskin seldom inflicted his low spirits upon his friends, though, like ordinary mortals, he had his fits of depression, for after a severe illness he wrote from Sandgate, where he had gone to recruit:

"Yes, if I *could* send you a long letter saying I was well wouldn't I? just; but now, when I can only send you short lines saying I'm ill what is the use? Not that I'm ill in any grave way that I know of. But I'm very sad. It's a perfectly gray day, snowing wet snow all over sea and land all day, and threatening for all night. I've had nothing to do since morning, and I don't know what to do till tea.

"I'm all alone in a room about the size of a railway carriage. I can't walk about in it (and wouldn't care to, if I could). I've no books that I care to read (or even would if I cared to). I'm tired of pictures and minerals, and the sky, and the sea. There's three o'clock, and I wish it was thirty—and I could go to bed for the next thirty.

"But every day I get some little love-letter from a Joanie or a Mousie that makes me think I had better try and keep awake a little longer."

He was not allowed to mope long, for in April of the same year he writes from London: "I had great joy and sense of being in my right place to-day in the Turner room, and am going to stay in London till people have been taught that they can't make my skin into gloves yet." Again, a few days later:

"I went to the Private View of the old Water Colour yesterday, and there *were* people glad to see me there. Robert Browning, among others. And I've been to the British Museum, and am staying very contentedly within reach of it and some other places. And I'm not going to theatres and altogether I'm as good just now as I know how to be!"

In his personal intercourse with the young people who loved him, absolutely free as it was from any didactic tendency,

often full of the sweetest unreasonableness and whimsicality, there yet remained most potently exemplified in his own character three qualities which, in his written work, he never ceased to praise: kindness, modesty, industry. "In the exact proportion in which men are bred capable of these things, and are educated to love to think and to endure, they become noble—live happily—die calmly: are remembered with perpetual honour by their race, and for the perpetual good of it."

THE WIFE

By Ednah Proctor Clarke

"Nay, do not bid me go, [*she said*]
For I must guard his sleep."
(On wall and floor the candles made
Flickering shadow, shade on shade;
Without, an April robin sung
Of tryst that Love doth keep,
But here, faint scent of violets clung
And lilies tall their censers swung.)
"Mine eyes must look their fill, [*she said*]
They have no time to weep."

"Two-score of years of Love, [*she said*]
And yet the half not told!"
(The candles touched with tender light
Her hair and his, so white, so white;
Her eyes, wherein the visioned Past
Lay like a chart unrolled
In whose dim seas, star-girdled, vast,
The long years were but plummets cast.)
"They only know Love's deeps, [*she said*]
Who loving, have grown old."

"Babes of his flesh I bore, [*she said*]
Fair girl and lusty son."
(They pressed her side with yearning dear,
Her children brought their children near,
Love folded her and love caressed,
And yet she was alone.)
"Ye,—ye have drawn Life at my breast,
But ere ye came, it gave him rest.
Mother of many I am, [*she said*]
I was the wife of One."

"Yea,—we have lived and loved!—[*she said*]
What counts this passing pain?"
(About her, in the candle's flame
A sudden glory went and came.)
"What counts this hour I wait until
We love and live again?
Bear out his body where ye will—
He stays,—my Love, my Bridegroom, still!
God made us one—the living God—
Death cannot make us twain!"



An Indian family travelling.

THE LAST OF THE INDIAN TREATIES

By Duncan Campbell Scott

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE Indian policy of the Canadian Government was inherited from the British procedure in the American colonies, which still survives with additions and modifications. The reserve system appeared at the earliest, and there was but little difference between the policy of the French and British in Canada with the exception that in the French design evangelization was an important feature. So that in 1867, when the Dominion of Canada took over the administration of Indian affairs, the Government found a certain well-established condition. The Indians of the old provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick had been given lands; in Quebec the grants of the French king had been respected and confirmed; in Ontario the Indian titles had been surrendered by treaty for a consideration in land and money, as between sovereign powers. The first of the treaties was made by Governor Haldimand in 1784.

In the early days the Indians were a real menace to the colonization of Canada. At that time there was a league between the Indians east and west of the River St. Clair, and a concerted movement upon the new settlements would have obliterated them as easily as a child wipes pictures from his slate. The Indian nature now seems like a fire that is waning, that is smouldering and dying away in ashes; then it was full of force and heat. It was ready to break out at any moment in savage dances, in wild and desperate orgies in which ancient superstitions were involved with European ideas but dimly understood and intensified by cunning imaginations inflamed with rum. So all the Indian diplomacy of that day was exercised to keep the tomahawk on the wall and the scalping knife in the belt. It was a rude diplomacy at best, the gross diplomacy of the rum bottle and the material appeal of gaudy presents, webs of scarlet cloth, silver medals, and armlets.

Yet there was at the heart of these puerile negotiations, this control that seemed to be founded on debauchery and license, this alliance that was based on a childish system of presents, a principle that has been carried on without cessation and with increased vigilance to the present day—the principle

of the sacredness of treaty promises. Whatever has been written down and signed by king and chief both will be bound by so long as "the sun shines and the water runs." The policy, where we can see its outcome, has not been ineffectual, and where in 1790 stood clustered the wigwams and rude shelters of Brant's people now stretch the opulent fields of the township of Tuscarora; and all down the valley of the Grand River there is no visible line of demarcation between the farms tilled by the ancient allies in foray and ambush who have become confederates throughout a peaceful year in seed-time and harvest.

The treaty policy so well established when the confederation of the provinces of British North America took place has since been continued and nearly all civilized Canada is covered with these Indian treaties and surrenders. A map colored to define their boundaries would show the province of Ontario clouted with them like a patch-work blanket; as far north as the confines of the new provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta the patches lie edge to edge. Until lately, however, the map would have shown a large portion of the province of Ontario uncovered by the treaty blanket. Extending north of the watershed that divides the streams flowing into Lakes Huron and Superior from those flowing into Hudson Bay, it reached James Bay on the north and the long curled ribbon of the Albany River, and comprised an area of 90,000 square miles, nearly twice as large as the State of New York.



Jimmy Swain, head guide, Albany River.

This territory contains much arable land, many million feet of pulpwood, untold wealth of minerals, and unharnessed water-powers sufficient to do the work of half the continent. Through the map of this unregarded region Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada, had drawn a long line, sweeping up from Quebec and curving down upon Winnipeg, marking the course of the eastern section of the new Transcontinental Railway. The aboriginal owners of this vast tract, aware of the activity of prospectors for timber and minerals, had asked the Dominion Government to treat for their ancient domain, and the plans for such a huge public work as the new railway made a cession of the territory imperative.

In June, 1905, the writer was appointed one of three commissioners to visit the Indian tribes and negotiate a treaty. Our route lay inland from Dinorwic, a small station on the Canadian Pacific Railway two hundred miles east of Winnipeg, to reach the Lac Seul water system, to cross the height of land, to reach Lake St. Joseph, the first great reservoir of the Albany River. Our flotilla consisted of three canoes, two large Peterboroughs and one birch-bark thirty-two feet long which could easily hold eleven or twelve men and 2,500 pounds of baggage and supplies, as well as the treasure-chest which was heavy with thirty thousand dollars in small notes. Our party included three commissioners, a physician, an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company who managed all the details of transport and commissariat, and two constables of the Dominion police force.* I am bound to say the latter outshone the members of the commission itself in the observance of the Indians. The glory of their uniforms and the wholesome fear of the white man's law which they inspired spread down the river in advance and reached James Bay before the commission. I presume they were used as a bogey by the Indian mothers, for no children appeared anywhere until the novelty had somewhat decreased and opinion weakened that the magnificent proportions and manly vigor of our protectors were nourished upon a diet of babies.

Our crew of half-breeds and Indians

*Messrs. S. Stewart and D. G. MacMartin, Commissioners; A. G. Meindl, M. D.; T. C. Rae, Esq., Chief Trader, Hudson's Bay Co.; P. C.'s Parkinson and Vanasse, with the writer, made up the party.



The blind chief Missabay making a speech.

numbered not less than twelve and sometimes seventeen, so that the strength of the party never fell below nineteen and was often twenty-four.

New men were engaged at Albany and at Moose Factory and experience was had of many different types. The Scriptures had seemingly been searched to furnish names for our men and we had in service at one time or another the prophets, the apostles, and a goodly number of the saints, even to such minor worthies as Caleb who went to spy out the land for the children of Israel! A word or two of the chronicle must be given up to the chief members of the crew—to David Sugarhead, who had only one lung and worked as if he had four; to Oombash, the dandy of the party, a knowing bowsman who wore a magenta and blue sweater and always paddled in a pair of black woollen gloves; to Simon Smallboy, a hard man to traffic with, but a past master of poling; of Daniel Wascowin, who cooked for the crew, and who was a merry man; and lastly, of Jimmy Swain, the old Albany River guide, sixty-seven years old, who ran to and fro over the longest portage carrying the heaviest pack.

He is a fine type of the old half-breed race of packers and voyageurs which is fast disappearing; loyal and disinterested, cautious but fearless, full of that joy of life which consists in doing and possessed by that other joy of life which dwells in retrospect, in the telling of old tales, the playing of old tunes, and the footing of old dance steps. Jimmy was enjoying a mighty old age after a mighty youth. He had been able to carry 600 pounds over a portage nearly a quarter of a mile

long. He had run on snow-shoes with the mail from Moose Factory to Michipicoten, a distance of 500 miles, in six days, carrying only one blanket, a little hardtack, and a handful of tea. Now in his sixty-seventh year he was the equal of the best of the young fellows. He took all the portages at a tremendous speed and barefooted, for there was a thick layer of callous flesh on the soles of his feet. He was conscious of his virtues, for in reply to the question, "Well, Jimmy, is there anything left at the other end of the portage?" he would always say, "I was there last myself, surr." That was conclusive. Moreover, Jimmy was an artist. How he could play the violin at all with his huge callous fingers was a matter for wonder, but play he did; all the jigs popular on the Albany for the last fifty years, curious versions of hymn-tunes, "Abide with Me" and "Lead, Kindly Light," a pathetic variation of "Home, Sweet Home," the name of which tune he did not know, but called it after a day or two "The tune the bosses like; it makes them feel bad!" Every night after supper Jimmy withdrew into his tent, closed the flap, and took out his violin. The instrument was as curious as the art employed to play it. "Oh, it's a fine fiddle!" Jimmy would say. "It's an *expensive* fiddle. Dr. Scovil gave it to me, and it must have cost ten dollars." He had scraped the belly and rubbed it with castor-oil, and the G string had two knots in it. But what matter! When Jimmy closed the flap of his tent and drew it forth out of its blue pine box, I doubt whether any artist in the world had ever enjoyed a sweeter pang of affection and desire.

We touched water first at Big Sandy Lake and in three days had reached Frenchman's Head (Ishquahka portage), one of the reserves set apart by an earlier treaty. James Bunting, the chief of the band, when he learned our business sent twelve of his stalwart Indians to help us over the long and difficult portage; as it was the occasion of a lifetime they brought their wives, children, and dogs and made a social event of it. But they doubled our working force and saved us a half-day on the portage. Once again we were to meet with such kindness, at New Post on the Abitibi River, when Chief Esau and five of his men, adherents of the new treaty, gave us an offering of their help for two days. "We do not expect any money, and no food for this. We will feed ourselves. You have brought us much; we have little to give, but that we freely give."



Chief Moonias.



An Indian, Albany River.

After Osnaburgh, Fort Hope was to come, then Marten's Falls, then English River, then Fort Albany and the salt water, then Moose Factory and New Post, But Osnaburgh had all the importance of a beginning.

It was about two o'clock one afternoon that we sighted Osnaburgh, a group of Hudson Bay buildings clustered on the lake shore, and upon higher ground the little wooden



Group of Indians, Fort Hope.

church of the Anglican mission. Everyone expected the usual welcome, for the advent of a paymaster is always announced by a fusillade, yells, and the barking of dogs. But even the dogs of Osnaburgh gave no sound. The Indians stood in line outside the palisades, the old blind chief, Missabay, with his son and a few of the chief men in the centre, the young fellows on the outskirts, and the women by themselves, separated as they are always. A solemn hand-shaking ensued; never once did the stoicism of the race betray any interest in the preparations as we pitched our tents and displayed a camp equipage, simple enough, but to them the matter of the highest novelty; and all our negotiations were conducted under like conditions—intense alertness and curiosity with no outward manifestation of the slightest interest. Everything that was said and done, our personal appearance, our dress and manners, were being written down as if in a book; matter which would be rehearsed at many a campfire for generations until the making of the treaty had gathered a lore of its own; but no one could have divined it from visible signs.

Nothing else is so characteristic of the Indian, because this mental constitution is rooted in physical conditions. A rude patience has been developed through long ages of his contact with nature which respects him no more than it does the beaver. He enriches the fur-traders and incidentally gains a bare sustenance by his cunning and a few gins and pitfalls for wild animals. When all the arguments against this view are exhausted it is still evident that he is but a slave, used by all traders alike as a tool to provide wealth, and therefore to be kept in good condition as cheaply as possible.

To individuals whose transactions had been heretofore limited to computation with sticks and skins our errand must indeed have been dark.

They were to make certain promises and we were to make certain promises, but our purpose and our reasons were alike unknowable. What could they grasp of the pronouncement on the Indian tenure which had been delivered by the law lords of the Crown, what of the elaborate negotiations between a dominion and a province which had made the treaty possible, what of the sense of traditional policy which brooded over the whole? Nothing. So there was no basis for argument. The simpler facts had to be stated, and the parental idea developed that the King is the great father of the Indians, watchful over their interests, and ever compassionate. After gifts of tobacco, as we were seated in a circle in a big room of the Hudson's Bay Company's House, the interpreter delivered this message to Missabay and the other chiefs, who listened unmoved to the recital of what the Government would give them for their lands.



Indian mother and children, Fort Hope.

Eight dollars to be paid at once to every man, woman and child; and forever afterward, each year, "so long as the grass grows and the water runs" four dollars each; and reserves of one square mile to every family of five or in like proportion; and schools for their children; and a flag for the chief.

"Well for all this," replied Missabay, "we will have to give up our hunting and live on the land you give us, and how can we live without hunting?" So they were assured that they were not expected to give up their hunting-grounds, that they might hunt and fish throughout all the country just as they had done in the past, but they were to be good subjects of the King, their great father, whose messengers we were. That was satisfying, and we always found that the idea of a reserve became pleasant to them when they learned that so far as that piece of land was concerned they were the masters of the white man, could say to him, "You have no right here; take your traps, pull down your shanty and begone."

At Fort Hope, Chief Moonias was perplexed by the fact that he seemed to be getting something for nothing; he had his suspicions maybe that there was something concealed in a bargain where all the benefit seemed to be on one side. "Ever since I was a little boy," he said, "I have had to pay well for everything, even if it was only a few pins or a bit of braid, and now you come with money and I have to give nothing in exchange." He was mightily pleased when he understood that he was giving something that his great father the King would value highly.

Missabay asked for time to consider, and in their tents there was great deliberation all night. But in the morning the chiefs appeared, headed by Missabay, led by Thomas, his son, who attended the blind old man with the greatest care and solicitude. (In the picture of Missabay speaking you may see Thomas behind his father's staff on his left side [page 575].) Their decision was favorable. "Yes," said Missabay, "we know now that you are good men sent by our great father the King to bring us help and strength in our weakness. All that we have comes from the white man and we are willing to join with you and make promises which will last as long as the air is above the water, as long as our children remain who come after us."

After the payment, which followed the signing of the treaty, the Hudson's Bay



An Indian feast, Fort Hope.

store was filled with an eager crowd of traders. The majority of the Indians had touched paper money for the first time; all their trading had been done heretofore with small sticks of different lengths. They had been paid in Dominion notes of the value of one dollar and two dollars, and several times the paymasters had received deputations of honest Indians who thought they had received more in eight ones than some of their fellows had in four twos. But they showed some shrewdness in calculation when they understood the difference, and soon the camp was brightened by new white blanket coats, gay handkerchiefs and shawls, new hats and boots, which latter they wore as if doing a great penance.

Meantime, the physician who accompanied the party, had visited the tents. He found the conditions that exist everywhere among Indians—the effects of unsanitary habits and surroundings, which are to some extent neutralized by constant changes of camping-ground, by fresh air and pure water; the prevalence of tuberculosis in all forms, a percentage of cases which at one time might have been relieved by surgical treatment, but which have long passed that stage.

It had become known that a mysterious operation called vaccination was to be performed upon the women and children, but not upon the men, whose usefulness as workers might be impaired by sore arms. Indians are peculiarly fond of medicine, and at least as open to the pleasure of making



Poling up rapids, Abitibi River.

experiments with drugs as their white neighbors, but operations they dread; and what was this mysterious vaccination? Jenner and his followers had time to carry on a propaganda, but here at Osnaburgh our physician had to conquer superstitious fear and prejudice in a few short hours. I have known a whole tribe take to the woods upon the mere suggestion of vaccination. But this very superstition, aided by the desire to be in the fashion, gained the day. The statement that something rubbed into a little scratch on the arm would have such powerful results savored of magic and "big medicine," but the question was solved by one of the society leaders, Madame Mooniahwinini! She was one of three sisters, all wives of Mooniahwinini, and she appeared with those of his thirteen children for whom she was partly responsible. That settled the matter and children were pulled from their hiding-places and dragged to the place of sacrifice, some howling with fear, others giggling with nervousness. Never in the history of the region had there been such an attempt at personal cleanliness as at Osnaburgh that day, and at the other posts upon like occasions. To be sure the cleansing extended to only three or four square inches of arm surface, but it was revolutionary in its tendencies.

As soon as the treaty had been signed a feast had been promised by the commissioners and the comestibles had been issued by the Hudson's Bay Company. They consisted of the staples, pork and flour, tea and tobacco; with the luxuries, raisins, sugar, baking-powder, and lard. The best cooks in the camp had been engaged for hours upon the preparation of these materials. Bannocks had been kneaded and baked, one kind plain, another shortened with lard and mixed with raisins; the pork, heavy with fat, had been cut into chunks and boiled; the tea had been drawn (or overdrawn) in great tin kettles.

There is a rigid etiquette at these feasts; the food is piled in the centre of the surrounding Indians, the men in the inner circle, the women and children in the outer. When everyone is assembled the food is divided as fairly as possible and until each person is served no one takes a mouthful, the tea grows cold, the hot pork rigid, and half the merit of the warm food vanishes, but no one breaks the rule. They still wait patiently until the chiefs address them. At Osnaburgh while Missabay walked to and fro striking his long staff on the ground and haranguing them in short reiterant sentences —the same idea expressed over and over, the power and goodness of the white man, the weakness of the Indian, the kindness of the King, their great father—there they sat and stoically watched the food turn clammy! With us the cloth is cleared and the speeches

follow; with the Albany River Indians every formality precedes the true purpose of the feast, the eating of it.

The proceedings at Osnaburgh were repeated at the river posts, but when we reached Fort Albany we seemed in a different world. The salutation on the upper river is "Bow jou," the "Beau jour" of the early French voyageur; on the coast it is "Wat che," the "What cheer" of the English.

Marten's Falls was the last post at which we heard Ojibway spoken; at Fort Albany we met the Crees. In our journey we had been borne by the waters of the Albany through a country where essential solitude abides. Occasionally the sound of a conjurer's drum far away pervaded the day like an aërial pulse; sometimes we heard the clash of iron-shod poles against the stones where a crew was struggling up-stream with a York boat laden with supplies. For days we would travel without seeing a living thing, then a mile away a huge black bear would swim the river, slip into the underbrush through a glowing patch of fire-weed, then a lemming would spring across the portage path into the thick growth of Labrador tea; no birds were to be seen, but a white-throat sparrow seemed to have been stationed at intervals of a hundred miles or so to give us cheer with his bright voice. But at Marten's Falls the blithe sentinel disappeared and "the rest was silence."

When one has heard even a few of the stories of Indian cruelty and superstition which haunt the river, of the Crane Indians who tied a man and his wife together, back to back, and sent them over the falls because they were sorcerers, of the terrible wendigo of Marten's Falls, the lonely spirit of the stream becomes an obsession. It is ever-present, but at night it grows in power. Something is heard and yet not heard: it rises, and dwells, and passes mysteriously, like a suspiration immense and mournful, like the sound of wings, dim and enormous, folded down with weariness.

Below Marten's Falls the Albany flows in one broad stream for three hundred and fifty miles through banks, in some places, eighty feet high, unimpeded by rapids or falls, rushing gloriously to the sea. One night the canoes were lashed together and floated on under the stars until daybreak. Above Marten's Falls the river is broken by great rapids and cataracts and interrupted by long lake stretches, such as Makokobatan and Miminiska. The shores are flat and the land seems merely an incident in a world of water. Wherever a tent is pitched it is amid flowers; wild roses are inclosed within your canvas house, all about are myriads of twin-flowers, dwarf cornel, and pyrola blossoms. At James Bay the casual effect of the land is yet more apparent. Can these be called shores that are but a few feet high? The bay is vast and shallow; ten miles away the fringes of red willow look like dusky sprays brushed in against the intense steel-gray of the sky-line, and the canoe paddles will reach the sandy bottom! No language can convey the effect of loneliness and desolation which hangs over this far-stretching plain of water, treacherous with shifting sands and sudden passionate storms, unfurrowed by any keels but those of the few small boats of the fur-traders.

At the upper river posts the Indians had been stoical, even taciturn, but at Fort Albany and Moose Factory the welcome was literally with prayer and songs of praise and sounds of thanksgiving. The Hudson's Bay Company's property at Fort Albany separates the buildings of the Roman Catholic mission from those of the Anglican mission. Moose Factory was until lately the seat of the Anglican Bishop of Moonsonee, but that glory and part of the trading glory has departed; the bishop has gone to "the line," as the Canadian Pacific Railway is called, and the Hudson's Bay Company has removed its distributing warehouse to Charlton Island, fifty miles out in the Bay.

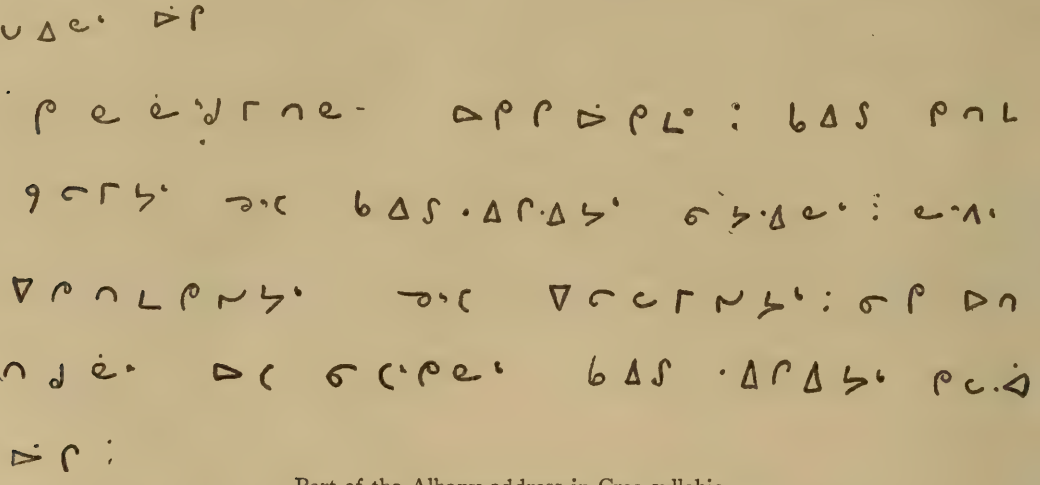
The Indians are adherents of either one faith or the other. Casuists they are, too, and very brilliant at a theological argument; so the religious element was largely mingled with the business, and here they thanked God as well as the King. The feasts at Moose Factory and New Post seemed like savage and debased "tea-meetings."

An address written in Cree, in the syllabic character, was presented at Albany; and at Moose Factory the proceedings opened with prayer and were enlivened by hymn singing. The use of the syllabic character is common on the river. Here and there messages from one group of Indians to another were met with, written upon birch bark and fixed to a stick driven into

the ground in some prominent position—announcements that the fishing was poor and that they had gone to Winisk; that if Cheena's boy was met with, tell him his father was building canoes two days' journey up the Chepy River.

This method of writing the Indian languages was invented by Rev. James Evans, a Methodist missionary about the middle of the last century. He was then living at Norway House, north of Lake Winnipeg, where he had come from Upper Canada. As the Crees of Norway House are hunting Indians he found it difficult to make any headway with the work of evangelization. It was almost impossible to teach them to read by the English alphabet, and during the greater part of the year they were on their hunting-grounds, virtually inaccessible. So he invented the characters in which each sign represents a syllable modified by terminals and prefixes. He made his first type from the lead in which tea was packed, moulded in clay; his first press was a Hudson's Bay Company's fur-press, his first paper fine sheets of birch-bark. An intelligent Indian can readily learn to read by the aid of the syllabic character and the system is used by the missionaries of all sects to disseminate their teachings.

The effect of education and of contact with a few of the better elements of our civilization were noticeable at Albany and Moose Factory. There was a certain degree of cleanliness in the preparation of food, the Indians were better dressed, and although the fur trade is a sort of slavery, a greater self-reliance was apparent. The crew that took the commission from Moose Factory to Abitibi were constant in their vespers and every evening recited a litany, sang a hymn and made a prayer. There was something primitive and touching in their devotion, and it marks an advance, but these Indians are capable of leaving a party of travellers suddenly, returning to Moose Factory in dudgeon if anything displeases them, and the leader of the prayers got very much the better of one of the party in an affair of peltries. But any forecast of Indian civilization which looks for final results in one generation or two is doomed to disappointment. Final results may be attained, say, in four centuries by the merging of the Indian race with the whites, and all these four things—treaties, teachers, missionaries, and traders—with whatever benefits or injuries they bring in their train, aid in making an end.



Part of the Albany address in Cree syllabic.

From our hearts we thank thee, O Great Chief, as thou hast pitied us and given us temporal help. We are very poor and weak. He (the Great Chief) has taken us over, here in our country, through you (his servants).
Therefore, from our hearts we thank thee very much, and we pray for thee to our Father in Heaven.
Thou hast helped us in our poverty.
Every day we pray, trusting that we may be saved through a righteous life; and for thee we shall ever pray that thou mayst be strong in God's strength and by His assistance.
And we trust that it may ever be with us as it is now; we and our children will in the Church of God now and ever thank Jesus.

The James Bay treaty will always be associated in my mind with the figure of an Indian who came in from Attawapiskat to Albany just as we were ready to leave. The pay-lists and the cash had been securely packed for an early start next morning, when this wild fellow drifted into the camp. Père Fafard, he said, thought we might have some money for him. He did not ask for anything, he stood, smiling slightly. He seemed about twenty years of age, with a face of great beauty and intelligence, and

eyes that were wild with a sort of surprise—shy at his novel position and proud that he was of some importance. His name was Charles Wabinoo. We found it on the list and gave him his eight dollars. When he felt the new crisp notes he took a crucifix from his breast, kissed it swiftly, and made a fugitive sign of the cross. "From my heart I thank you." he said. There was the Indian at the best point of a transitional state, still wild as a lynx, with all the lore and instinct of his race undimmed, and possessed wholly by the simplest rule of the Christian life, as yet unspoiled by the arts of sly lying, paltry cunning, and the lower vices which come from contact with such of our debased manners and customs as come to him in the wilderness.

"AGAINST ORDERS"

By F. Hopkinson Smith

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY GEORGE WRIGHT

"HERE comes Captain Bogart—we'll ask him," said the talkative man.

His listeners were grouped about one of the small tables in the smoking-room of the *Moldavia*, five days out. The question was when the master of a vessel should leave his ship. In the incident discussed every man had gone ashore—even the life-saving crew had given her up: the master had stuck to his post.

The captain listened gravely.

"Yes—if there's one chance in a thousand of saving her. Regulations are pretty plain; can't forget 'em unless you want to," and he walked on.

That night at dinner I received a message to come to the captain's cabin. He had some coffee that an old Brazilian had sent him. His steward was from Rio, and knew how to grind and boil it.

Over the making the talk veered to the inquiry in the smoking-room.

"When ought a commander to abandon his ship?" I asked.

"When his passengers need him. Passengers first, ship next, are the orders. They're clear and exact—can't mistake 'em."

"You speak as if you had had some experience." A leaf from out the note-book of a live man doing live things is as refreshing as a bucket of cool water from a deep well.

"Experience! Been forty years at sea."

"Some of them pretty exciting, I suppose."

"Yes. Half a dozen of 'em."

He emptied his cup, rose from his seat, and pushing back his chair, began pacing the floor, stepping into the connecting chart-room, bending for an instant over the map, and stepping back again, peering through the small window a-grime with the spray of a north-easter.

My question, I could see, had either revived some unpleasant memory or the anxiety due to the sudden shift of wind—it had been blowing south-west all day—had made him restless.

As my eyes followed his movements I began to realize the enormous size of the man. Walking the deck, head up, body erect, his broad shoulders pulled back, his round, solid girth tightly confined in his simple uniform, he looked the brawny, dominant, forceful commander that he was—big among the biggest passengers. Here, pacing the small cabin, his head almost touching the ceiling, his great frame filling the door, it was as if an elephant had squeezed himself into a boudoir. Everything seemed too small for him—the table, the chair he had now regained, the tiny egg-shell cup which he was grasping.

Looking closer—his head in full profile against the glow of the electric light—I caught the straight line of the ruddy, seamed neck—a bull's neck in strength, a Greek athlete's in refinement of line—sweeping up into the close-cropped, iron-gray hair. Then

came the round of the head; the massive forehead, strong, straight nose; thin, compressed lips, moulded thin and kept compressed by a life of determined effort; square-cut chin and the iron jaw that held the lips and chin in place.

When he rose to his feet again I had another surprise. To my astonishment he was not a Colossus at all—not in pounds and inches. On the contrary, he was but little above the average size. What had impressed me had not been his bulk, but his reserve force. Tigers stretched out in cages produce this effect; so do powerful machines that dig, crunch, or pound—dormant until their life steam sets them going.

The gale increased in violence. We got now the lift of the steamer's bow, staggering under tons of water, and the whir of the screw in mid-air. The captain glanced at the barometer, drew his body to its full height, reached for his storm-coat, slipped it on, and was about to swing back the door opening on the deck, when the chirp of a canary rang through the room. At the sound he turned quickly and walked back to where the cage hung.

"Ho, little man!" he cried in the same tone of voice in which he would have addressed a child; "woke you up, did we? Sorry, old fellow; tuck your head down again and take another nap."

The bird stretched out its bill, fluttered its wings, pecked at the captain's outstretched finger, and burst into song.

"Yours, captain?" I had not noticed the bird before.

"Yes; had him for years."

Instantly the absurdity of the companionship broke upon me. What possible comfort, I thought, could a man like the captain take in so tiny a creature? It was the lion and the mouse over again—the eagle and the tom-tit—the bear and the rabbit. He must have noticed my surprise and amusement, for he added with a smile:

"Must have something. Gets pretty lonesome sometimes when you have no wife nor children, and there are none anywheres for me." He had withdrawn his finger now, and was buttoning his coat close about his broad chest, his eyes still on the bird that was splitting its little throat in a burst of song.

"But he's so small," I laughed. "I should think you'd have a dog—seems nearer your size."

I once saw a man struck by a spent bullet. I remember the sudden pallor, the half gasp, and the expression of pain that followed. Then the man uttered a cry. The same expression crossed the captain's face, but there was no gasp and no cry; only a straightening of the lips and a tightening-up of the iron jaw. Then, without a word of any kind in answer, he caught up his cap, swung back the door, and with the wind full on his chest, breasted his way to the bridge.

When the door swung open a moment later it closed on the first officer—a square, thick-set, round-headed man, with mild blue eyes set in a face framed by a half-circle of reddish-brown whiskers, the face tanned by twenty-five years of sea service, fifteen of them with Captain Bogart.

"Getting soapy," he said; "wind haulin' to the east'ard. Goin' to have a nasty night." As he spoke he stripped off his tarpaulins, hung them to a hook in the chart-room, and wiping the salt grime from his face with his coat cuff, took the captain's empty seat at the table.

I knew by the captain's silent departure that I had made a break of some kind, but I could not locate it. Perhaps the first officer might explain.

"Captain lost his wife, didn't he?" I asked, moving my chair to make room.

"No—never had one." He leaned forward and filled one of the empty cups. "Why did you think so?"

"Well, more from the tone of his voice than anything else. Some trouble about it, wasn't there?"

"There was. His sweetheart was burned to death ten years ago—lamp got upset." These men are direct in their speech. It comes from their life-long habit of giving short, crisp, meaning orders. He had reached for the sugar now, and was dropping the lumps slowly into his cup.

"That explains it, then," I answered. "We were talking about the bird over there, and he said a man must have something to love, being without wife or children, and then I told him a big man like himself, I should think, would rather have a dog——"

The first officer put down his cup, jerked his body around, and said, his blue eyes looking into mine:

"You didn't say that, did you?"

I nodded my head.

"Mighty sorry. Don't any of us talk to him of his dog. What did he say?"

"Nothing. Turned a little pale, got up, and went out."

"Too bad! You didn't know, of course —wish I'd posted you."

"Then he *did* have a dog?"

"Yes, belonged to that poor girl."

"What became of him?"

The first officer leaned over the table and rested his elbows on the cloth, his chin in the palms of his hands. For some time he did not speak. Outside I could hear the thrash of the sea and the slosh of spent waves coursing through the deck gutters.

"You want to hear about that dog, do you?" he asked, straightening up. "Well, I can tell you if any man can, but you're to keep mum about it to the captain."

Again I nodded.

He fumbled in his outside pocket, drew forth a short pipe, rapped out the dead ashes, refilled it slowly from a pouch on the table, lighted it, and settled himself in his chair.

"I'll begin at the beginning, for then you'll understand how I came to be mixed up in it. I saw him when he first came aboard, and I want to say right here that the sight of him raised a lump in my throat big as your fist, for he was just the mate of the one I owned when I used to look after my father's sheep on the hills where we lived. Then, again, I took to him because he wasn't the kind of a pet I'd ever seen at sea before—we'd had monkeys and parrots and a bobtail cat, but never a dog—not a real, human dog.

"He was one of those brown-and-white combed-out collies we have up in my country, with a long, pointed nose that could smell a mile and eyes like your mother's—they were so soft and tender. One of those dogs that when he put his cold nose alongside your cheek and snuffed around your whiskers you loved him—you couldn't help it—and you knew he loved you. As for the captain—the dog was never three feet from his heels. Night or day, it was just the same —up on the bridge, followin' him with his eyes every time he turned, or stretched out beside his berth when he was asleep. Hard to understand how such a man can love a dog until you saw that one. Then, again, this dog had another hold upon the captain, for the girl had loved him just the same way.

"And he had the best nose in a fog—seemed as if he could sniff things as they went by or came on dead ahead. After a while the captain would send him out with the bow-watch in thick weather, and there he'd crouch, his nose restin' on the rail, his eyes peerin' ahead. Once he got on to a brigantine comin' bow on minutes before the lookout could see her—smelt her, the men said, just as he used to smell the sheep lost on the hillside at home. It was thick as mud—one of those pasty fogs that choke you like hot steam. We had three men in the cro'nest and two for'ard hangin' over her bow-rail. The dog began to grow restless. Then his ears went up and his tail straightened out, and he began to growl as if he had seen another dog. The captain was listenin' from the bridge, and he suspected somethin' was wrong and rang 'Slow down!' just in time to save us from smashing bow on into that brigantine. Another time he rose on his hind legs and 'let out' a yelp that peeled everybody's eyes. Then the slippery, barnacle-covered bottom of a water-logged derelict went scootin' by a few yards off our starboard quarter. After that the men got to depend-in' on him—'Ought to have a first mate's pay,' I used to tell the captain, at which he would laugh and pat the dog on the head.

"One morning about eight bells, some two hundred miles off Rio—we were 'board the *Zampa*, one of our South American line, with eighteen first-class passengers, half of 'em women, and ten or twelve emigrants—when word came to the bridge that a fire had started in the cargo. We had a lot of light freight on board and some explosives which were to be used in the mines in the mountains off the coast, so fire was the last thing we wanted. Bayard—did I tell you the dog's name was Bayard?—that's what the girl called him—was on the bridge with Captain Bogart. I was asleep in my bunk. First thing I knew I felt the dog's cold nose in my face, and the next thing I was on the dead run for the after-hatch. I've had it big and ugly a good many times in my life; was washed upon a pile of rocks once stickin' up about a cable's length off our coast, and hung to the cracks until I dropped into a lifeboat; and another time I was picked up for dead off Natal and rolled on a barrel till I came to. But that racket aboard the *Zampa* was the worst yet.

"When I jumped in among the men the smoke was creepin' out between the lids of the hatch. We ripped that off and began diggin' up the cargo—crates of chairs, rolls of mattin', some spruce scantling—runnin' the nozzle of the hose down as far as we could get it. There were no water-tight compartments which we could have flooded in those days as there are now, or we could have smothered it first off. What we had to do was to fight it inch by inch. I knew where the explosives were, and so did the captain and purser, but the crew didn't—didn't even know they were aboard, and I was glad they didn't. We had picked most of 'em up at Rio—or they'd made a rush maybe for the boats, and then we'd had to shoot one or two of 'em to teach the others manners. In addition to every foot of hose we had 'board I started a line of buckets and then rushed a gang below to cut through the bulkhead to see if we couldn't get at the stuff better.

"The men fell to with a will. Fire ain't so bad when you take hold of it in time, and as long as there is plenty of steam pressure—and there was—you can almost always get on top of it, unless something turns up you don't count on.

"That's what happened here. I was standin' on the coamings of the hatch at the time, peerin' down into the smoke and steam, thinking the fire was nearly out, directing the men what to h'ist out and what to leave, when first thing I knew there came a dull, heavy thump, as if we'd struck a rock amidships, and up puffed a cloud of smoke and sparks that keeled me over on my back and nearly blinded me.

"I knew then that the fire had just begun to take hold; that thump might have been a cask of rum or it might have been a box of nitro-glycerine. Whatever it was, there was no time to waste in stoppin' the blaze before it reached the rest of the cargo.

"Captain Bogart had felt the shock and now came runnin' down the deck with the dog at his heels. He knew I'd take care of the fire and he hadn't left the bridge, but the way she shook and heaved under the explosion was another thing.

"By this time the passengers were huddled together on the upper deck, frightened to death, as they always are, the women the coolest in the crowd. All except two little old women, sisters, who lived out of Rio and who had been with us before. Fire was one of the things that scared them to death, and they certainly were scared. They hung to the rail, their arms around each other—the two together didn't weigh a hundred and fifty pounds; always reminded me of two shiverin' little monkeys, these two old women, although maybe it ain't nice for me to say it—and looked down over the rail into the sea, and said they never could go down the ladder, and did all the things badly scared women do, short of pitching themselves overboard, which sometimes occurs. The captain stopped and talked to 'em—told 'em there was no danger—his ears open all the time for another let-go, and the dog nosed round and put out his paw as if to make good what the captain had promised.

"The water was goin' in now pretty lively—all the pumps at work—the light stuff bein' heaved overboard as fast as it came out. By dark we'd got the fire under so that we had steam where before we'd had smoke and flame. The passengers had quieted down and some of 'em had gone back to their staterooms to get their things together, and everything was going quiet and peaceable—this was about nine o'clock—when there came another half-smothered explosion and the stokers began crawlin' up like rats. Then the chief engineer stumbled out—no hat nor coat, his head all blood where a flying bolt had gashed him. Some of her bilge plates was loose, he said, and the water half up to the fire-boxes. Next a column of flame came pouring out of her companionway, which crisped up four of our boats and drove everybody for'ard. We knew then it was all up with us.

"The captain now sent every man to the boats—those that would float—and we began to get the passengers and crew together—about sixty, all told. That's pretty nasty business at any time. They're like a flock of sheep, huddlin' together, some wantin' to stay and some crazy to go; or they are shiverin' with fright and ready to knife each other—anything to get ahead or back or wherever they think it is safest. This time most of 'em had got on to the explosives; they knew something was up, either with the boilers or the cargo, and every one of them expected to be blown up any minute.

"I stood by the rail, of course, and had told off the men I could trust, puttin' 'em in two lines to let 'em through one at a time,

women first, then the old men, and so on—same old story; you've seen it, no doubt—and had got four boats overboard and filled—the sea was pretty calm—and three of 'em away and out of range of fallin' pieces if she did take a notion to let go suddenly, when the dog sprang out of the door at the top of the stairs leading down to the main deck, barkin' like mad, runnin' up to the captain, who stood just behind me, pullin' at his trousers, and runnin' back again. Then a yell came from the boat below that one of the old women was missing: it was her sister. One half-crazy man said she'd jumped overboard—he was crowdin' up to the rail and didn't want to stop for anything—and another said she had gone off in the first boat, which I knew was a lie.

"'Have you sent them both down?' asked Captain Bogart.

"'No, sir; only one,' I said—and I hadn't..

"Just then a steward stepped up with a bundle of clothing in his hand.

"'I tried to get her out, but she'd locked herself in the stateroom, sir. It was all afire when I come up.'

"It took about two seconds for Captain Bogart to jump clear of the crowd, run half the length of the deck and plunge through the door leadin' to the main deck, the dog boundin' after him.

"I've been through a good many anxious minutes in my life, but those were the worst I'd had up to date. He and I had been pretty close ever since I went to sea. He's ten years older than I am, but he gave me my first chance. Yes; that kind of thing takes the heart out of you, and they were both in it. Hadn't been for the dog we wouldn't have missed her, maybe, although the captain was keeping tally of the passengers and crew.

"Five minutes, they said it was—more like five hours to me—I held the crowd back, wondering how long I ought to wait if he didn't come up, knowing my duty was to stay where I was, when the dog sprang out of the door, half his hair singed off him, barkin' and jumpin' as if he had been let out for a romp; and then came the captain staggerin' along, his face scorched, his coat half burned off him, the woman in his arms in a dead faint and pretty nigh smothered. The old fool had locked herself in her stateroom—he had to break down the door to get at her—cryin' she'd rather die there than be separated from her sister.

"We made way for the two—the half-crazy man fallin' back—and the captain lowered her himself into the boat alongside her sister, and then he sent me down the ladder behind her to catch the others when they came down and see that everything was ready to cast off.

"I could see the captain now from my position in the boat, up against the sky—he was the last man on the ship—holding the dog close to him. Once I thought he was going to bring him down in his arms, he held him so tight.

"Next time I looked he was coming down the ladder slowly, one foot at a time, the dog looking down at him, his big, human eyes peering into the captain's face, his long, pointed nose thrust out, his ears bent forward. If he could have spoken—and he looked as if he was speaking—he would be telling him how glad he felt at savin' the old woman, and how happy he was that they'd all three got clear. My own collie used to talk to me like that—had a kind of low whine when he'd get that way; tell me about his sheep stuck in the snow, and the way the——"

The first officer stopped, cleared his throat, shook the ashes from his pipe and laid it on the table. After a while he went on. His words came slower now, as if they hurt him.

"When the captain got half-way down the ladder I saw him stand still for a moment and look straight into the dog's eyes. Then I heard him say:

"'Down, Bayard! Stay where you are.'

"The dog crouched and lay with his paws on the edge of the rail. That's what he'd done all his life—just obeyed orders without question. Again I saw the captain stop. This time he slipped his hand into his side-pocket, half drew out his revolver, put it back again, and kept on his way down the ladder to the boat.

"Then the captain's order rang out:

"'Get ready to shove off!'

"Hardly had the words left his lips when there came another dull, muffled roar, and a sheet of flame licked the whole length of the deck. Then she fell over on her beam.

"'My God!' I cried; 'left that dog to die!'

"Yes; there was nothin' else to do. It's against orders to take animals into life-

boats. They take room and must be fed, and we hadn't a foot of space or an ounce of grub and water to spare, and we had two hundred miles to go. I begged the captain. 'I'll give Bayard my place,' I said. I knew he was right; but I couldn't help it. 'Let me go back and get him.' I know now it would have been foolish; but I'd have done it all the same. So would you, maybe, if you'd known that dog and seen his trusting eyes lookin' out of his scorched face and remembered what he'd just done.

"The captain never looked at me when he answered. He couldn't; his eyes were too full.

"'Your place is where you are, sir,' he said, short and crisp. 'Shove off, men.'

"He will never get over it. That dog stood for the girl he'd lost, somehow. That's the captain's bell. I'm wanted on the bridge. Good-night."

Again the cabin door swung free, letting in a blast of raw ice-house air, the kind that chills you to the bone. The gale had increased. Through the opening I could hear the combers sweeping the bow and the down-swash of the overflow striking the deck below.

With the outside roar came the captain, his tarpaulins glistening with spray, his cap pulled tight down to his ears, his storm-beaten face ruddy with the dash and cut of the wind. He looked like a sea Titan that had just stepped from the crest of a wave.

If he saw me—I was stretched out on the sofa by this time—he gave no sign. Opening his tarpaulins and thrashing the water from his cap, he walked straight to the cage, peered in, and said softly:

"Ah, my little man! Asleep, are you? I just came down to take a look at the chart and see how you were getting on. We're having some weather on the bridge."

THE ALTAR OF THE DEAD

"Ein Tag im Jahre ist den Todten frei"

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

The skies are dim, the wind-stripped trees stand sighing
  Where cold airs move about the dying year;
Let this one day be theirs beyond denying,
  The dead who once were dear.

Put off the shield and buckler brave of seeming,
  Mail we must wear upon the world's highway,
That we shall wear no whit the worse for dreaming
  Their dream for this one day.

To that dark altar through still, shadowy spaces
  Silent we go—our footfalls make no sound—
Each to a separate shrine we set our faces,
  Each has his holy ground.

All the long year's long days are for the living,
  All, all but one with wintry skies of lead;
One short poor day—how should you grudge the giving
  This one day to the dead?

LONDON: A MUNICIPAL DEMOCRACY

By Frederic C. Howe

LONDON is not a city. It is a score of cities. Everybody speaks of it as a city, but nobody really thinks of it as one. Men think only of what London means to them. It means Mayfair, Belgravia, Westminster, the City about the Bank, or Whitechapel. London is a place—a place where the world-wide empire of Great Britain and, in a sense, all mankind converge. It is a place, too, where all the world comes. Men live in closer association here than anywhere else in the world. But still London is not a city. It is not a city in the eyes of the law. It is a county. And its governing body is called a County Council.

I do not pretend to know how this area of one hundred and twenty-one square miles called London is governed. I suppose there are some men who do know, but they must be very few. A man of ordinary intelligence can comprehend the charter of an American city in a few hours' time at most; but to understand the government of London is to understand the history of London and the acts of Parliament for centuries at least. The municipal code of an American city seldom exceeds a few printed pages. The model code proposed by the National Municipal League for adoption by the legislatures of the States contains in all but twenty-five printed pages. The charter of London, however, with all of its political agencies, would fill a large volume, and the laws are all so interrelated and builded upon the past that no one, save an antiquary, ever could know all about them. For London never has had a definitely co-ordinated system of government struck off at one sitting of Parliament. At no time has Parliament been willing to take up the administration of the metropolis in the way the legislature of New York did that of Manhattan Island when it adopted her recent charter. The English mind hates any violent departure from the past. It fears to begin anew. It has an instinctive terror of any big change. If all the laws from the time of the first political organization of the Dutch in the seventeenth century down to the last act of the Albany Legislature were preserved as the charter of New York, we should have some idea of the governmental machinery of the metropolis of the United Kingdom.

This is why few people really know how London is governed; what are the powers of the various political bodies; just where Parliament and the County Council begin and the boroughs, boards, commissions, and Poor Law agencies end.

A real attempt was made to evolve order out of chaos in 1888, when the London County Council was formed. But Parliament halted before it had gone very far. It took fright at the idea of creating a little democracy in the heart of the empire. And it had been better for Parliament had it left things as they were. For the London County Council has been the terror of the age-long privileges of the landlords and franchise owners of the metropolis ever since it came into existence. Parliament made still further concessions to necessity in 1899, when it swept away a multitude of parishes, and created twenty-seven metropolitan boroughs with councils and mayors like any other city. These little cities within the metropolis administer the public health acts; they have supervision of the highways, assess and collect the local rates, and have power to deal with the housing and other local questions. But it is the County Council that is the most important political agency in the metropolis. Its powers were not very extensive at first. Even now they seem insignificant in comparison with those of our own cities. As a matter of fact, all of the councils, boards, and other local agencies are so cramped, cabined, and confined by Parliament that their combined powers do not equal those of the average American city, limited as it is in its powers.

The Council has control of the main sewage; the protection of the community from fires; the building and maintenance of bridges and ferries; the control of the means of transit on the streets; the street improve-

ments; asylums; housing; parks and open spaces. It has considerable power in matters of the public health and the supervision of the metropolitan boroughs in the administration of their functions. It has large control over education, and enjoys many lesser powers. It is the County Council that is making of London a city.

The Council commands the best talent in the kingdom, and it is one of the most democratic bodies in the world. It is, in fact, a city republic, and under the present Liberal ministry it is likely to become one of the greatest agencies of radicalism in the civilized world. The Council came into existence through the inefficiency, if not the corruption, of the old Metropolitan Board of Works, which had been created in 1855 to satisfy the necessity of some central body for all of London. For up to that time the metropolitan area was governed by over three hundred parochial boards composed of about 10,000 members. These boards were ancient church parishes, governed by hundreds of private and special acts which were unknown and inaccessible to anyone save the officials themselves. The methods of election to office varied from one street to another. Even the powers were not the same. The members of these bodies were elected at a town meeting, usually so held that only those persons interested in the election could be present. There was no secret balloting—only a showing of hands. Up to 1855 London was really governed by political inertia. It was much as though Greater New York had no other authority than hundreds of ward or precinct meetings at which only those were present who were candidates for office. We can imagine the result of such a condition. It was not until 1899 that these vestries or parishes were abolished and twenty-seven borough councils were erected in their stead. These now exist alongside of the County Council, and maintain a very vigorous life.

In addition to the County Council and the borough councils, there remains the City of London proper. It is a political anachronism, an historical survival. It is a mediæval city with a royal charter. Parliament has carefully respected its ancient privileges. It is a tremendously rich corporation. It owns lands and plate and other forms of wealth. It has a population of 26,923 by night and hundreds of thousands by day. It is the most unique municipality in the world. Its Lord Mayor is a petty king; he lives in the Mansion House, just opposite the Bank of England. It has power to remake its own constitution. It is known as "The Mayor and Commonalty and Citizens of the City of London." There are twenty-five aldermen and 206 common councilmen. The latter are elected by the rate-payers of the city.

The corporation spends much money in feasting, in extravagant display, and in charity, but remains the most reactionary influence in all London. It is as though the region about Wall Street were a separate corporation, distinct from Greater New York, and governed by the banks, insurance companies, the brokers, and big business interests of the metropolis. The City of Westminster is also a city within the corporate limits of the County Council. It lies about the Houses of Parliament and Trafalgar Square, and is only less ancient than the City of London proper.

But the chaos of municipal administration does not end with these agencies. The police department is administered by Parliament directly through the Home office. The water-supply of London is in the hands of the London Water Board of sixty-six members, while the docks on the river and the Poor Law schools are administered by the Thames Conservancy Board and the Lea Conservancy Board. In addition to these are the thirty-one Boards of Guardians who have control of the Poor Law administration. There are also the Metropolitan Asylum Board and the four school district boards.

All these agencies are more or less at war. Their functions conflict and overlap so that a united policy such as is possible in Berlin, Paris, or New York, is out of the question. All these agencies combined expend about $75,000,000 a year. This seems a pretty large sum for a city. It is larger than many a national budget. Greater New York expends $108,000,000 each year. But the comparison is of little value, for the cities do very different things.

It is the London County Council that inspires the affection of the Londoner. There are some men who are beginning to love London. Not as Lamb, Johnson, and Goldsmith loved London, not as the world which gathers there loves it, but as the

burghers of the free cities of old Germany, or the people of Florence in the days of her greatness loved their cities. For the London County Council is beginning to care for its people just as the old boards and the vestries cared for the privileged interests. And that is really the test of a city. What does it do for its people? For there is something reciprocal about politics, especially city politics. Here in America we are beginning to see that a city which does little for the citizen gets little from the citizen. The fraternal sense is very much wider than a secret society. It is universal.

Since its creation in 1888 the Council has been engaged in one long fight with privilege, with the privilege of the landlords, of the water, gas, electricity, transportation corporations, with the old school boards, the contractors, and all the reactionary influences that had enjoyed centuries of undisturbed control of London. They were not unlike the big business interests in control of the American city. They looked upon the government as their government, as an agency to watch over and protect their privileges. That government was a thing for the people to use or that it had any business meddling with their abuses was as foreign to their thought as are the demands of the peasants to the traditions of the grand dukes of Russia.

But the County Council thought otherwise. It came up from the people, and it felt their needs and responded to their pulse-beats. It is a big body, is the Council. It contains 118 men. Two councilmen are elected from each parliamentary district, with four from the City of London proper. In addition to this, there are nineteen aldermen, distinguished citizens, elected by the Council itself. The aldermen serve for six years, the members of the Council for three years. There is no lord mayor, not even a titular mayor. The Council elects a chairman, who may be a peer, as was Lord Rosebery, or a business man who has fought his way up to eminence through his service on the Council. All business is transacted through committees, which are the executive heads of the city.

The Council knows no politics—at least its politics bears no national names. But there is plenty of politics in every election, and the party names are those of Moderates and Progressives. The former party is conservative, and tenacious of the past; the latter is radical and looks to the future. As a matter of fact, the line of division is one that we know in America. It is an economic one. The Moderates are identified with the landlords, the franchise owners, and big business interests. They are Tories, in fact, while the Progressives are Liberals or more often Radicals or Socialists. The Progressives have enjoyed almost uninterrupted control of the Council since its organization. It is they who have made a democracy of London. For this is the ideal toward which its members are working. And men like John Burns, who has been with the Council from its beginning; like Sidney Webb, the leading English Socialist; like Sir Frederic Harrison, are conscious of the terrible cost of modern civilization, and see in the city a means for its correction. And it is about the big social questions that the contests of the Council centre. There has come over the Englishmen of the younger generation an enthusiasm for ideals that is strangely absent in Parliament. And members of the bar, members of the profession of medicine, retired gentlemen, and peers of the realm have entered the hustings along with laboring men and Socialists over questions that are very disturbing to the old school of Englishmen. The last election, in 1904, was a signal victory for the Progressives, the Radicals and the municipal Socialists. Their programme included the clearing away of disease-breeding slums and the erection of fine model dwellings owned by the Council and rented to the occupants at a reasonable charge. This is the Council's housing policy. It included the ownership and operation of the tramways and their extension into a splendid system, as well as a new municipal steamboat service on the Thames. This is its transportation programme. The taxation of land values is the next step in the Council's policy. The improvement of the port of London, the municipalization of the water-supply, the widening of many thoroughfares, the completion of a main drainage scheme, the opening up of small parks and open spaces, the promotion of temperance and of education, the betterment of the condition of municipal employees, and the development of the Works Department, for the doing of all public work without the intervention of the contractor, are some of the other things the

Council is doing. It is upon these issues that the rate-payers of London divide at an election. And when it is considered that the laws are so adjusted that local taxes are paid by the tenant and in consequence that those who vote are conscious of their burdens, it is a significant evidence of the changing social order that the Radicals have been able to remain in power for so long.

In the beginning the people treated the County Council as an experiment. They timidly read the accounts of its sessions in the obscure little building where the Council met on Spring Garden Street. For London had never thought of itself as a city. It doesn't think so yet. It takes some time for a people to forget its past. And the three hundred parishes with their anarchy of administration are the only memories that London has of municipal administration. And it was very revolutionary to have a big, busy, meddling Council upsetting things and expressing its opinion about Parliament. To add to it all, John Burns had been elected to the Council from Battersea. John Burns, the leader of the dockers' strike, John Burns the Socialist, who had been in jail for inciting to riot, and who had been heralded in the papers as marching on London with sixty thousand hungry men but a few years before! Men wondered what the world was coming to. Was nothing sacred? For England had always looked upon politics as the exclusive business of gentlemen. I met John Burns in those days when the Council was still an experiment. That was in the early nineties. He talked about his dreams—the dream of the London that was to be. I tramped over Battersea with him where he lives. Battersea is a part of London and has long been a working man's parish, for the wage-earners are in control of its Council. Burns talked of his contests, contests with the big interests above and the labor-unions who had elected him and paid him such salary as he received for serving them. His neighbors in Battersea and the Socialists were disappointed; disappointed because he did not electrify Parliament and the Council with his turgid eloquence of their wrongs. But they continued to believe in him, continued to elect him to the Council and to Parliament. And in later years England came to believe in this "intellectual combination of a terrier and a bull-dog," as Burns has been termed, just as London has come to believe in its Council, and the radical things the Council is doing and has done in the last twenty years. For the dreams which its early members dreamt are being realized. They were democratic dreams in the interest of all the people. They justify belief in our own municipal institutions and give assurance that the city is to be the chief agency in the movement for better conditions of life that seem to be agitating the whole world. For during the last score of years London has found itself. The centuries' long chaos of vestry government is a thing of the past. The County Council found the people of the metropolis badly housed. It has undertaken a comprehensive housing policy. It cleared slum areas and erected model dwellings which now house or will house 100,000 people. It opened up the parks to the widest use and offered to its people recreation spots in the form of small parks. It found the city in the hands of the private contractors. They combined against the community on all work, and gave such service as suited their convenience. It found its employees underpaid and overworked. It elevated their condition by fixing a standard fair wage to be paid. It began to do its own work without the contractor. This policy of fair wage and direct employment has since been extended to almost all the cities in the kingdom. The Council pays the trade-union rate of wages. It has shortened the hours of labor. But it is through the direct employment of labor that the greatest gain has been made. In order to carry out this policy a Works Department was organized. An immense workshop was opened where all sorts of city work is performed. The city now has from 3,000 to 4,000 skilled workmen on its pay-roll. It builds sewers, erects its own model dwellings, fire-engine houses, and police stations. The Council itself bids upon all work, and if its proposal is the lowest, it secures the job as would any other contractor. During six months in 1905 it completed work to the value of nearly $2,000,000. It carried through the clearance scheme by which the magnificent new street improvement known as King's Way was completed. I visited the immense workshop of the department. It lies along the Thames just opposite the Houses of Parliament. It was like any other factory

in its equipment. But it seemed strange that a city should own such an enterprise, that it should do the thousands of jobs that are usually done by contractors. From this factory there were no dividends to be made. No scamping of work for the sake of big profits. No labor strikes or industrial wars. For the city looks after its workmen in a sincere way. The only motive is efficient work, at as low a cost as possible. For the manager always has before his eyes the Committee of the Council to whom he must account. There is no loafing in these shops, no needless employees, no gangs about the outer offices looking for a job. And the men seemed to value their positions. Possibly the feeling that they were working for the public may have added a new dignity to their labor and given a new and unknown stimulus to their interest. Whatever the cause, the Works Department has justified itself. Its cost sheets are as low as the private contractors', and the work done is very much better. It is no longer an experiment, although the reactionary influences constantly challenge it as socialism.

The Council has also adopted standing rules to be observed by all contractors dealing with the city. They are compelled to pay the trade-union wage; to work their men according to schedule hours, and otherwise observe a decent standard of living for their employees. As John Burns, who more than anyone else is responsible for this policy, tersely said: "It is unworthy of a city to pay starvation wages. If it is not a model employer, who then can be expected to be? If it buys sweat-shop-made goods, the city becomes a partner, not a protector, of the millions of poor of to-day, who are being driven to vice, crime, and the workhouse by starvation wages."

The Council believes that some impression can be made upon the poverty of London; that it can lift the tens of thousands of men who are directly or indirectly serving the city, to a standard of decent existence.

These are some of the achievements of radicalism. The Council has further sought to promote better conditions of living through the ownership of the means of transit. Not much has been done as yet, for London is still content with its 'buses, while the "tuppenny tube," or underground subway system, is chartered by Parliament, and is in the hands of a private company. But a beginning has been made by the County Council. It secured powers from Parliament to own and operate the street-railways which were then in private hands. It has since developed a comprehensive system. To the south of the Thames forty-six miles of track have been laid which converge on the river about the heart of the city. Forty-eight miles are also owned to the north of the Thames. These two systems are to be united through a subway which has been built under the new King's Way, which runs from Southampton Row to the Strand. When the Council took over the tramways it immediately reduced fares. The average fare now paid per passenger is but 1.86 cents. It is claimed that a saving of half a million dollars per annum has been made to the riders through this reduction. To-day, 37 per cent. of the passengers are carried at one-cent fare, while 48 per cent. more pay but two cents. The system is splendidly constructed, and earns a considerable sum of money for the relief of the rate-payers. But the main purpose is convenience, better service, clean and more attractive cars, and such relief as can be offered the poor through cheap transit.

The Council also found the railway employees underpaid. It added nearly $200,000 a year to their income. Wages were increased; the hours of labor were reduced, and free uniforms were supplied the motormen. I tramped over the system with John Burns. He was conversant with every detail of the enterprise. And he saw the deeper significance of municipal ownership, a significance which Glasgow seems to teach and which is the paramount motive for taking the franchise corporation out of private hands. "Municipal ownership," he said, "is mainly responsible for the civic renaissance that is so marked a feature of English local government in the the last ten or fifteen years. There is one way to kill graft, and that is to absorb within the sphere of municipal ownership these public franchises that are a fruitful source of jobbery and robbery. Just so long as public franchises are granted to private monopolists, the temptation to graft will always exist. There is no incentive to making money out of a franchise when the public itself owns the public utility. Municipalize monopoly and grafting ceases, because grafting comes in

when monopolist 'A' says to politician 'B,' 'You fool the city to sell what it can better operate itself and you will have a share of the swag.'"

The Council has also inaugurated a municipal steamboat line on the Thames. It put on a splendid service, and runs the boats in connection with the tramways. It forced Parliament to municipalize the water-supply, and within recent years fourteen of the newly created borough councils have taken over the electricity supply. The Council is agitating for a municipal milk supply, for public bakeries, for municipal employment agencies, and the serving of free lunches to school-children. It is working to reduce the price of gas in the metropolis. It protects its poor from short weights in the purchase of coal and other commodities. The extent to which inspection is carried on by the officials of the boroughs and County Council is amazing. They remove refuse and garbage, abate nuisances, watch over the public health in a multitude of ways; prevent food adulteration, inspect and register dairies, inspect factories and workshops, prevent the employment of minors under eighteen years of age for more than seventy-four hours a week. The County Council has power to prevent overcrowding and unsanitary dwelling conditions, to license slaughter-houses and offensive businesses. Its powers for the protection of health are very ample.

We are inclined to look upon these achievements of the English city as easily obtained. But, in fact, the struggle for self-government in England has been harder than our own. The London County Council has had to make its way against the obstruction of privilege at every turn. For years it has sought permission from Parliament to link up its tramway systems through the use of the Thames bridges and Embankment. But the House of Lords always interposed a veto. Distrustful of democracy, the House of Lords is even more fearful of its own privileges and its outlook from the Terraces of the Houses of Parliament.

The same reactionary interests prevented the municipalization of the water-supply up to 1905. Prior to that time it was in the hands of eight private water companies. Despite the fact that portions of the city were inadequately supplied, Parliament, jealous of its own interests, prevented every effort at municipalization. And when the system was finally taken over, Parliament declined to trust the County Council, but created in its stead a Water Board of sixty-six members, nominated by various local authorities and only indirectly responsible to the people. And when the Water Board came to purchase the companies, they were not permitted to acquire them at their physical value, but were forced to pay an immense award covering the capitalized value of the earnings of the plants. While the eight companies were estimated to be worth in the neighborhood of $120,000,000, Parliament imposed upon the community a method of valuation which involved a payment of $205,791,000, which sum was still $40,000,000 less than the companies claimed.

The English cities enjoy less home rule than do the cities of America. They have to go to Parliament for every little thing. And Parliament is very cautious in the things it permits the city to do. This is particularly true of London. For the things the County Council wants to do hurt the big interests in control of Parliament. Almost all of the 121 square miles upon which the city is built is owned by the Dukes of Westminster, of Bedford, of Portland, and a few other parliamentary landlords. They will not sell their lands but let them out on lease. And the tenant has to make the repairs, maintain the property, and pay all the taxes, too. Worst of all, when the lease expires, the landlord takes all of the improvements without paying for them. And the many activities of the County Council are likely to injure these landed gentlemen in some way or other. For they own the slums and the death-breeding tenements. The Council wanted to clear them out to make them more sanitary, to open up streets, and otherwise disturb the ducal landlords who were in control of Parliament. The same was true of the franchises of the big corporations. In consequence, when the Council came to Parliament for relief, the House of Lords interposed its veto; or when the powers were granted, the community was compelled to pay handsomely for the privilege of making the city a decent place in which to live.

The Council has now entered on the biggest struggle of all. It is aiming to break the land monopoly which afflicts London as it does all English cities. It has joined an

agitation for the "taxation of land values," which is the English equivalent for the single-tax philosophy of Henry George. More than one hundred cities have united in demanding of their representatives in Parliament the right to retake for local purposes a portion of the unearned increment which results from the city's growth, and the present Liberal ministry is pledged to such a measure.

Through this means the County Council hopes to force the ducal dogs in the manger to improve their lands if they will not sell them. By taxation the Council hopes to force the owners to tear down the shacks and disease-breeding tenements, to let go their immense suburban holdings, and open them up to residence for the people of London. To-day the land is free from taxation.* By increasing the cost of holding it the Council believes it can force the land into use. Through this means, too, the burden of local taxes, now paid by the tenant, will be shifted in part to the landlord, and through the taxing away of its speculative value, unused land, both within and without the city, will be brought into occupancy.

Most of the great art of the world has been produced under the stimulus of democracy or the Christian religion. These were the great forces that beautified the Italian cities during their age of freedom and dotted Europe with cathedrals. And the new London that is coming into existence under the inspiration of the County Council is expressing its aspirations in a big artistic way. For the first time in the city's history, a comprehensive plan for the beautification of the city has been worked out. The County Council has dared to entertain the idea of a beautiful London. It has widened old streets, opened up parks, and erected artistic public buildings. Its new bridges across the Thames have, for the most part, justified the standard set by Waterloo Bridge, probably the finest arch bridge in the world. But its greatest achievement has been the KingsWay improvement. A broad thoroughfare has been cut through the meanest part of the city from Southampton Row to the Strand. The Council has saved the bits of ancient architecture, and so controlled the new as to make them all conform to an architectural whole. When completed, the improvement will be one of the finest roadways in the world. It has cost upward of $25,000,000. It involved the destruction of many of the most unsanitary tenements in London. To the east are the law courts, and to the south, flanking upon the Strand, are the fine old parish churches of Christopher Wren, to which has been added the new Gaiety Theatre, to whose beauty the Council contributed thousands of pounds. Along the entire length of 7,000 feet plane-trees have been planted. And this stupendous improvement has been so financed that in sixty years' time the resale of the land and the rents of the property will return its entire cost to the tax-payers. The roadway has been constructed as will all great roadways in the future when our cities own all of their utilities. Underneath the carriageway are subways for the street-cars. Beneath the broad pavements on either side of the roadway are twelve-foot conduits for gas, water, and electric mains and wires. Still farther down are immense district sewers. In many respects this is the greatest achievement of democracy in London. It was bold, courageous, and intelligent. But best of all, it was an exhibition of belief in the city as an entity, in municipal work as a thing which should be planned in a big, beautiful, artistic way.

London really stands for a new idea in the world. It is a community with a conscious purpose. Its purpose is far more than the building of streets and sewers, the maintaining of an efficient police and fire department, the care of the health and lives of the people. London is bent upon lifting its people from ignorance, squalor, disease, and poverty. It has reared 500 new schoolhouses under the new Public School Act, which it fostered. It has opened seventy libraries. It has founded 2,000 educational scholarships. It has opened fifty public baths and twelve polytechnics. There are now 300 beautiful squares, 106 Council parks and breathing-places, twelve royal parks, and 120 borough gardens. London is said to be the greenest large city in the world. The Council has also razed many slum areas, and is erecting model homes for 100,000 of its people. About the city broad areas of land have been purchased on which cottages are to be built for the better classes. London is going to be its own

*All the taxes are paid by the tenant. Land as such is not assessed at all. And if the property is not improved or is vacant it pays no taxes at all.

lord. Not much has been done as yet, it is true, but a big start on the housing question has been made.

But the new democracy is not satisfied with the achievements it has made. It is not content with two rooms and a wash-bowl. For what has been done is but the apprentice work. The County Council has only laid its foundations. It has spent twenty years in justifying industrial democracy. Its work has just begun. It has laid out a programme of city building in which human life and happiness rather than business profits and dividends will be the ideal. Democracy has vindicated itself in the English city. It has found its fullest expression in the London County Council. The London of to-morrow is as full of hope as the London of to-day is full of misery.

BULSTRODE IN LOCO PARENTIS

By Marie Van Vorst

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

DURING the summer of a memorable year Mr. Bulstrode inhabited a palace. Some millionaires achieve them after much architectural tribulation; his was forced upon him. On this occasion no noble or generous impulse led him to occupy his friend's, the Duc de Montensier's, *hôtel*, for when De Montensier's project was placed before the American his love of beauty (he so put it to himself) wouldn't let him refuse. The charming rooms where no object was younger than Bulstrode's great grandfather; the tapestries, the colors of brocade and stuffs; the Vernets, Fragonards, and Chardins of the gallery, and the Nattiers—the enchanting women—almost made him for a moment lose sight of a living lady.

On the very first day he went through the house, coming out from the salon to a terrace and a vast garden in the heart of Paris, Mr. Bulstrode accepted Montensier's offer to put in his traps for a few months and turn Parisian.

James Thatcher Bulstrode, born in Providence, educated at Harvard, cosmopolitan thereafter, could no more turn Parisian than could his clothes. But generous hearts and sentiments like his lay claim to no country, but are cosmopolitan composite traits of "the first rate," the "good sort," the world over.

Directly opposite the white façade of Bulstrode's little palace was a French tenement, a *hôtel meublé*, the hostelry for beggars; for domestics without places; for poor professors; for actors with no stages but the last; for laborers with no labor; in short, for the riff-raff of the population, for those who no longer hold the dignity of profession or pay rent for a term. Sometimes Mr. Bulstrode would look out at the tenement, whose windows in this season were wide open; and the general aspect indicated that dislocated fortunes flourished. In one window, pirouetting or dancing in it, calling out of it, leaning perilously over the sill of it, was a child—as far as Bulstrode could decide, a creature of about six years of age. She was too small to see much of, but all he saw was activity, gesticulation, and perpetual motion. When the day was hot she fanned herself with a bit of paper. She called far out to the wine-merchant's wife, who sat with her family before the shop while her pretty children played in the gutter.

In Paris when the weather climbs to eighty, Parisians count themselves in the tropics and the people, who lived apparently out of doors altogether, wore a melted, disheartened air. But the De Montensier garden, full of roses and heliotrope, watered and refreshed by the fountains' delightful falling, was a retreat not to be surpassed by many suburbs. Mr. Bulstrode gave little dinners on the terrace; little suppers after the theatre, when rooms and garden were lighted with fairy lanterns, and his *chef* outdid his traditions to please his American master.

One day as Mr. Bulstrode sat smoking on



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

In the midst of this rabble little Simone was dancing.—Page 602.

the terrace with nothing more disturbing than the drip of the fountain and the remote murmur of Paris to break his reverie, Prosper, his confidential man, made a tentative appearance.

"Would m'sieu, *who is so good*, see a young lady?"

His master smiled as he rose, instinctively at the words "jeune demoiselle" throwing away his cigar.

"Pardon, m'sieu, I thought it might amuse m'sieu——" and Prosper stepped back.

Bulstrode had been intently thinking of the caravansary opposite him, and he now saw that part of the *hôtel meublé* had come across the street; he recognized it immediately for the smallest part. Before him stood the ridiculous and pathetic figure of a dirty little girl in rags, tatters, and furbelows, her legs clad in red silk stockings evidently intended for fuller, shapelier limbs; her feet slipped about in pattens. She had on a woman's bodice, a long flounced skirt pinned up to keep her from tripping. Her head was adorned by a torn straw hat, also contrived and created for the coquetry of maturity.



Bulstrode.

"Monsieur is so good," she began in a flute-like voice. "I have come to thank monsieur with all my heart."

Mr. Bulstrode looked toward Prosper for enlightenment, but that individual had cleverly disappeared.

"To thank me, my child? But for what?"

"Why, for the eggs and butter and sugar that monsieur was so good as to send me. I have made the cake. It is beautiful! Monsieur le cuisinier of this house baked it for me. It is perhaps a little flat—but that was because I got tired stirring. See—it says——" She had, so he now saw, a book under her arm; letting fall a fold of her cumbersome dress with both hands and opening a filthy cook-book, she laid it on the table, bending over it. "It says stir briskly half an hour." (Her rs rolled in her throat like tiny cannons in a rosy hollow.) "*Quelle idée!* It was *too* stupid! Half an hour! I just mixed it round once or twice and then—voila! it has white on the top and shall have a candle."

"So you've made a cake?" he said kindly. "I'm sure it's a good one."

She nodded brightly. "It is for that I came to thank monsieur and to ask if he would accept a piece of it."

Poor Bulstrode, with dreadful suspicion, looked to see part of the horror immediately offered for his degustation. "I don't, my dear, understand. Why should you thank *me*—what had I to do with it?"

Her gesture was delightful. "But for monsieur it would not exist; for butter, eggs, and flour. Monsieur Prosper, when he gave them, said it was of the kindness of '*Monsieur Balstro*'."

(Oh, Prosper! "I have corrupted *him*," his master thought. "He is as bad as I am!")

"Well, I'm very glad, indeed," and he said it heartily. "But what did you especially want to make it for—with the one candle? That means one year old. Who's birthday may it then be?"

"It is the birthday of maman." She shut the book and as she did so raised her great black eyes, which dirt and neglect could not spoil. There was in her appearance so little suggestion of maternal care

that Bulstrode nearly incredulously asked, "Your mother? And what, then, does your mother do?"

"She's a fish," informed the child tranquilly. And Bulstrode, although startled, could believe it. It too perfectly accounted for the cold-blooded indifference to this offspring. Not even a mermaid could have been guilty of so little care for her child. Still, he repeated:

"A fish?"

"Oui, a devil-fish in the aquarium at Bostock's. Oh, qui c'est beau!" she clasped her little hands. "Maman wears a costume of red—quite a small, thin dress," she described eagerly. "And it is all spangles, like fire when she dives into the water. I have been; the waiter at the café downstairs took me. I screamed. I thought maman was drowned. But no—she comes up always!" The child threw her head back and lifted her eyes in ecstasy. "C'est magnifique!"

"What is your mother's name?"

"Mademoiselle Lascaze."

"And yours?"

"Simone."

"What do you do all day, Simone?"

"I wash and cook and sew and play—I have much to do—oh, much." She assumed an important air. "The bad air of the room makes maman ill, so she's out—'to breathe,' she says—and she locks me safely in. I play Bostock and dive like maman. And sometimes"—she lowered her voice, and looking back to see if they were alone—confided, "I cry."

"Ah!" sympathized Bulstrode.

"But yes," she insisted, "when maman forgets to come home, and the night is so black; then the seamstress next door knocks on the wall, and I knock back for company."

"I see," he understood gently, "for company."

He rang for Prosper. "You will conduct mademoiselle home, Prosper, and give her everything she needs for her kitchen always."

"Yes, monsieur; I knew that monsieur would——"

At sight of Prosper the mite gathered up her voluminous skirts and bade her new friend a cordial good-by.

From the corrupted Prosper Bulstrode extracted what he wished to know concerning the child.

"It is of a scandalousness, monsieur! Four nights of the seven the poor little object is alone. The mother appears to have money enough, she pays her rent regularly, and there is therefore nothing to do. She sometimes even fetches her companions home with her, and Simone, when she is not making sport for them, is tied to a chair to keep her from falling off in her sleep."

Bulstrode expressed himself strongly, violently for him, went to see a lawyer and a charitable French countess and found out that so long as the mother did not actually ill-treat the child she could not be replaced by any other guardian.

"Mon cher ami," said the spirituelle lady, "leave the fish to her deviltry, and her child in her care. We are *fin de race*, if you like, and in direct opposition to your American progressive schemes, but we have a tradition that the family is sacred, and that however bad it may be, a child is better off in its home than elsewhere. You will find it difficult to replace a mother by a *machine* or an *institution*, believe me."

And Bulstrode at the words felt a new sense of failure in philanthropics, and his benevolence seemed pure dilletantism. What was he likely to accomplish in the case of this child? Nothing more than the momentary pleasure a few toys and a few hours of play could secure. "And yet," as he mused he philosophically put it to himself, "isn't it, after all, about the sum total any of us get out of destiny?"

In New York he would have quite known how to proceed in order to help the child, but in the face of French law and strong family prejudice he came up against a stone wall.

"I'm no sort of a real benefactor," he remorsefully acceded, "and I don't believe I'm fit to be trusted alone with the poor."

Nevertheless he did not relinquish his idea entirely, and confided Simone to Prosper's sympathetic care and that of an emotional maid-servant, with the result that a cleaning woman penetrated by hook or crook into the room of "the fish" and treated it to more *aqua pura* than the piscatory individual had cognizance of outside of the aquarium.

Mr. Bulstrode in this particular charity was surprised to find how simple it sometimes is to do good. In this case no one had come to him with a petition or a de-



"Monsieur is so good," she began in a flute-like voice.—Page 597.

mand; on the contrary, a note of undeserved thanks had, with the strange little creature, been presented to him. It was so pleasantly easy to help a child! There were no *arrières pensées*—not that they would have troubled him, but there were none; there were no wire-pullings, no time infringements, no suggestion or criticism, no—he believed—expectations. Everything he could do was so annoyingly little! The charwoman cleaned, Simone had a complete wardrobe, the larder was full, and there remained nothing but toys to buy. The little thing was so womanly and capable—he had seen it and marvelled in their interviews at her age and accomplishments—her hands were

so apt and almost creative, that toys seemed inadequate. She took her benefits charmingly; rushed over at the least provocation to pour out her gratitude, and Bulstrode, who hated thanks, liked these. Childhood, if it had been for sale on the Boulevard, even that he would have bought Simone if he could! As it was, he found himself pausing before a series of shops other than chemisiers', florists', and jewellers'—shops where diminutive objects were displayed—and one afternoon had been standing ridiculously long in front of a certain window on the Rue de Rivoli when he was accosted by an agreeable and familiar voice.

"Jimmy! It isn't! don't tell me it has come—and so soon—so cruelly soon!"

"What—has come soon?"

Bulstrode's intonation to his friend implied that nothing he had really greatly desired had come soon. Mrs. Falconer on her way to her motor stopped by his side.

"*Your second childhood*, my dear man. You know what shop you are before?"

Ships sailed there; dolls hung gaudily and smilingly aloft; giant particolored balls rounded out their harlequin sides; tiny dishes for pygmy festivals were piled with delicious carrots and artichokes on little white, blue-rimmed platters.

"Have you a moment to spare?" Bulstrode asked her.

"I have bought all my hats," she replied; "after that a woman's time hangs heavy on her hands."

"Ah!" he was as radiant as she had the genius for making him. "Come, then, in with me and help me choose *a doll*."

It was not the first purchase during the course of a long friendship which Mr. Bulstrode had made with this charming woman by his side, but for some reason he enjoyed it more than former errands. The bachelor and the childless woman were hard to please and their choice consumed an unconscionable time. As they lingered the amiable shopman pressed various toys on monsieur and madame "*pour les enfants*," and the lady, finally depositing her friend with his parcels at the door of his *hôtel*, realized as she drove away that she knew nothing of the child for whom the purchases had been made. On her way up the Champs Élysées she smiled softly. "It's what you *share*," she mused, "what you give of *yourself—with* yourself—*that's* charity! Jimmy gives himself. I wonder who his new love is?"

Bulstrode, in order to share what should be his "new love's" ecstasy at first sight of the miraculous toy, sent for Simone. The Rue de Rivoli doll, on a small chair designed for diminutive ladies of the eighteenth century or for the king's dwarfs, held out stiff but cordial arms and was naturally, to a child, the first and sole object of the drawing room.

"*Monsieur!*"

"For you, Simone."

"*Monsieur!*"

She said nothing else as she clasped her hands, and the color rushed into her face, but she felt the doll, touched reverently its feet, hair, dress, incontinently forgot Bulstrode, and quite suddenly, passionately, caught the image of life to her heart. Just over its blonde head, for it was nearly as large as herself, she met the gentleman's eyes.

"It's my child! I've prayed for it always, always! I've never had a doll, a *bébé*, m'sieu."

The tea-table with cakes and chocolate called them all too soon, and as Prosper served the fountains sang, the heat stole through the garden and called up agreeable odors of sod and roses, the late afternoon sky spread its expanse over the terrace of the *hôtel*, where, perfectly happy both of them, animated by as gentle and harmless pleasure as any two in Paris that day, the child of the people and an American gentleman chatted over their tea.

Bulstrode, being an original, erratic, and reckless giver of alms, quite by this time knew that, more than often, for him to give was, if not to regret, to have at least misgivings whether in the hands of some colder, less poetic person his money would not have accomplished more good. In the case of Simone he had as usual happily gone on with abandon, relegating any remorse to a future which he hoped would never arrive. That week, then, he was off. On a three days' jaunt with some people at Fontainebleau, out under the pale sky where the elastic earth sprang softly under his feet and the embowered forests were sifted through with gold, Mrs. Falconer thought to ask: "And the doll, Jimmy? Have you broken her yet?" and except in the moment when the lady's question brought the little girl, be-



It was not the first purchase made with this charming woman by his side.—Page 600.

cause of the one who remembered, more tenderly into his mind, the fickle Bulstrode, with masculine entirety forgot his "new love."

The night of his return Paris was *en fête*, and in no sense impatient to reach his lonely house—for so it always at *fête* seasons stood out to him—he walked without haste from the Gare de Lyon up along the quais. Not fifty miles away he had left cool forests with tempting roads, alluring alleys. He had forgotten that it was the 14th of July

and that at this late hour the *fête* would be in full swing, and as he strolled meditating along the Seine the spirit of the gay populace—good-humor, reckless pleasure, and the *joie de vivre*—poured itself out around him like cordial, like a generous gift from an overcharged horn of cheer. In his grey clothes, modish panama, a little white rose plucked by a dear hand from the trellis at Fontainebleau still in his buttonhole, Mr. Bulstrode scarcely remarked the crowds or heard the music as he passed outdoor dancing stands and was jostled by a dancing throng.

His own street, as he approached it, welcomed him with a strong odor of onions and fried potatoes; it had apparently turned itself out of doors and all of the houses seemed to have emptied themselves into the narrow alley. A hurdy-gurdy playing before the *hôtel meublé* tinkled and jangled in the centre of a crowd of merry-makers, and the metallic melody and wild ascending octaves were the first sounds Bulstrode consciously heard since he left Fontainebleau.

In the midst of this rabble little Simone was dancing like a mad child, hair, arms, and feet flying; her voice, thin and piercing, every now and then above the rattle of the hand-organ, cried out the lines of a popular song whose meaning on her lips was particularly horrifying. The wine-shop family encircled her, encoring her vociferously. As she paused for breath the light from over the shop-door shone on her excited little face.

"I tired! Mon Dieu que non! I could dance till morning. Play again, monsieur l'organiste. Play again."

Mr. Bulstrode, on the crowd's edge, watched her, and for once in his philanthropic history made no attempt to rescue. As Prosper let his master in he said:

"It's a shame, isn't it, monsieur? The people over there have let her run quite crazy. The poor little thing! Heaven knows where the mother is!"

Of which celestial knowledge Bulstrode had his doubts. It was close to twelve, and dismissing Prosper for the night, he took his cigar out on the terrace and to what solitude his garden might extend. Before long the noise of the music subsided, the people, tired out with hours of festivity, dispersed, and the alley settled into quiet. From the distance now and then came the soft, dull explosion of fireworks, the rumble and roar of Paris was a little accelerated; otherwise the silence about Bulstrode's garden grew and deepened as the night advanced.

It was rare for him to allow himself to be the object of his own personal consideration, or that indeed he at all thought of himself, and when he did the man he had long ignored had his revenge and made him pay up old scores.

He should not decidedly have come to France. His place was distinctly anywhere from three to four thousand miles away, and his summer should have consisted of evenings at the club, a round of house-parties; visits he must in consequence make—visits he would invent any excuse to escape; Newport, Saratoga, the races, etc. He had no right to the alien attractions of Europe, with the dreams a certain woman's propinquity engendered; no right unless he could be morally certain that he was the only one who dreamed. On the late afternoon of this very day he was to have walked for miles through the Fontainebleau woods with Mrs. Falconer, and as usual before the danger of this happiness he had fled. Pleading a sudden summons to Paris, he left Fontainebleau.

It was well past four o'clock when Bulstrode at last threw his cigar away and rose. He had been musing all night in his chair.

A sudden gust of noise blew down the quiet little street, the sound of loud singing and the shrill staccato of a woman's laugh. By the time the revellers had passed his house and the hubbub died away, Bulstrode, with an idea at length of going up to his room, walked across the salon and prepared to extinguish the electricity, but the sound of someone tapping without caught his ear, and going over to the window that gave on the street, he looked out. From end to end the alley was deserted except for the figure of a woman. As Mr. Bulstrode saw in the ruddy light of early morning she huddled against the threshold of the *hôtel meublé*—knocking persistently at the door. The tattered gauze of her dress, whose bold *decolletée* left her neck and shoulders bare, a garland of roses on the bandeaux of her black hair, she epitomized the carnival just come to its end—its exhaustion, its excess, spent at length, surfeited, knocking for entrance at last to rest. Bulstrode, as he remarked the sinuous figure that swayed as the woman stood, exclaimed to himself with illumina-



"*Monsieur!*"—Page 600.

tion: "Why, she's the *fish*, of course! Simone's mother! And this is the state in which she goes to the miserable child!"

As, knocking at intervals, the object leaned there a few moments longer, evidently scarcely able to stand, his pity wakened and he slowly left the window, shut in its blinds, and crossed his antechamber, where the artificial light of electricity was met by the full sunshine of the breaking day streaming in through the open window of his terrace. Not entirely sure of his motive or to what excess of folly it might lead him, he nevertheless opened wide his front door, only to

see that the woman on the opposite street had gone. She had been let in. With a glance of relief up and down the street where the *confetti* in disks of lilac and yellow and red lay in dirty piles or swam on the flushing gutters that sparkled in the light, Mr. Bulstrode shut to his door on the Parisian world and after a *nuit blanche* went upstairs to his rooms.

And there had intensely come to him during the period of his dressing the next morning after a tardy wakening the idea of taking the child, of—he was certain it could be done—buying the mother off. He would, in short, if he could, legally adopt the Parisian *gamine* for his own. It would give him a distinct interest, and life was empty for want of one; this, in a manner, however short of perfect, would supply the need of a loving living creature in his environment and would—his thrill at the idea proved to him how lonely he had been—give him companionship and a responsibility of a tender, personal sort. He could make a home at last for a child. Men are more paternal than they are credited with being, and Mr. Bulstrode directly foresaw delightful *causeries* in the future with—(he knew many women)—*with one woman* whose pretty taste, whose wit and humor, should counsel him in his new rôle. Mrs. Falconer would dress Simone—her hand should be wonderfully in it all. Mr. Bulstrode had let his fancy linger over the scheme. Certainly during the hour in which he spun his fanciful plan there was not one bar to its execution. Nor did there come to him any hint of its intrinsic sterility, or that it was possibly an excuse for the interweaving of another interest more closely with his life—no idea that he was simply strengthening an old bond, or by means of this little tug pushing a mighty vessel nearer port.

He almost happily mused until a nursery grew out of thin air, a child's little garments lay on a chair and festivities whose charm is of the most mysterious illuminated his reverie. Bulstrode even without the shudder of the climatician contemplated the rigors of his own country, for a rosy room grew out of his dream, fire-lit and fragrant with fir and holly, and in the centre shone The Tree, whose shiny globes and marvels were reflected till they danced in a child's eyes.

There had been an hour earlier the quick, brusque dash of a French thunderstorm, and the cooled air came refreshingly from the garden as Mr. Bulstrode stood out on the terrace before going into the noonday breakfast. Prosper, fetching his master's coffee at nine o'clock, had been informed that they were leaving Paris that day and received instructions as to the setting in order of the *hôtel* before returning it to its proprietor. Where his wanderings were to take him Mr. Bulstrode had not as yet made up his mind. It, after all, mattered so very little what a bachelor did with his leisure! It was the height of the season along the seacoast and a dozen places brilliantly beckoned; there were tri-weekly boats to the country, where he should most properly be.

"There is," he with recurrent leeway to his inclinations reflected, "always plenty of time to decide what one does not want to do!"

As he glanced at the little breakfast spread temptingly there for him on the terrace he was arrested by the sound of French voices in quick, agitated discussion, and looked up to see the unceremonious entrance of quite a little band of people who had in point of fact penetrated his seclusion. In a second of time a group was before him and he remembered afterward that certain figures in a twinkling assumed familiar shapes: the wine-shop keeper, his wife, one or two other patrons of the *hôtel;* but in the centre—he was sure of her!—pale and staring, stood little Simone, her big doll clasped in her arms.

Before the gentleman could ask their errand Madame Branchard, eager to tell it, pushed forward. Bulstrode afterward, when he thought of the scene, could always distinctly see her important red face, sleek, oily hair, and in spite of summer heat the crocheted shawl over her cotton gown.

"We decided at once to address to monsieur, who is so good"—(he was growing accustomed to the formula) "to monsieur who has been so like a father to the poor little thing. Not but that we are ready ourselves to do all we can for her—she is so sweet, so intelligent!"

"The sweet, intelligent child" appeared, as Bulstrode's pitying gaze, never leaving her, saw, to have shrunk overnight. In their midst she stood of a ridiculous smallness her big doll nearly hiding her and over its



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"She's the *fish*, of course!"—Page 603.

blonde head Simone's eyes peered pathetically into, as it were, a vague and terrifying world. Bulstrode asked shortly in the face of the theatrical prelude:

"What is this all about? What have you come to tell me?"

"Ah, monsieur!" Madame Branchard's voice, particularly suited to retailing the tragedies of the streets, quavered. "There has been a *malheur*—it is too horrible—the mother!"

"Stop!" Mr. Bulstrode put out his hand. "Simone!"

The little thing dragged herself to him with a new timidity, as though she believed him in league with the world against her.

"Come," he encouraged, "come out here on the terrace, where you have so often played with your doll, and don't be frightened, *mon enfant;* everything will be all right."

When he had so settled her in the smallest of chairs he went back to the other bit of Paris street-life which had seethed in to him.

Madame Branchard, whom his manner had reduced to, for her, marvellous quiet and ease, approached impressively and lowered her voice as deeply as it would fall.

"Mademoiselle Lascaze, whom monsieur knows has been my tenant for months past, is dead—dead, monsieur!"

Bulstrode echoed, "Dead?" and his first thought was: "It was not she, then, whom I saw striving for entrance this morning. Ah, poor creature! Drowned?"

"Monsieur then knows?"

Knows—how should he know? He had thought of the aquarium and her often repeated feat.

"Monsieur is right, she is drowned; but it is not the aquarium—it is the Seine. It appears," the wine-merchant's wife went on, "that last night she made *la fête* in the streets. We over there lock up, well, at a decent hour, as monsieur will understand. Those who are in stay, those who are out—well, monsieur will understand——"

Yes, he understood. Would she go on?

"Mademoiselle Lascaze had evidently lost her key of entry—so it appears. We have this story from her comrades, a bad lot, like herself. She tried to get in about five o'clock—they left her knocking at the door. She must then have wandered the streets for an hour, for it was six when they met her again quite by chance by the Pont des Arts. They all had something to drink and started across the river, when the poor thing offered to give an exhibition of her circus feat, and before anyone could stop her had dived off the bridge into the Seine."

He had, then, seen her knocking there in the dawn, and if he had hastened a little—not held conventionally back——"

"It is all *en règle*," assured Madame Branchard. "As my husband will tell monsieur, he has been to the morgue to identify her."

The wine-merchant now at his cue, nodded impressively. "Mais oui, I assure monsieur she was quite natural—and she was une belle femme tout le même——"

His wife glanced at him scornfully. "She was a bad mother, and all the house will tell you so. Many times, monsieur, I have gone in with my pass-key and taken the poor little thing downstairs in my arms to give her all the supper she would have had, and many a time, on cold nights, when there was not a stick of fire in their room and the woman abroad—many a time I have had her sleep in our bed with us—my husband will tell monsieur."

The wine-merchant nodded assent. "She speaks the truth, monsieur."

Bulstrode found presence of mind to wonder. "I suppose Mademoiselle Lascaze left debts?"

The husband and wife exchanged glances.

"*En vérité*, monsieur," confessed Madame Branchard, "she has left a few, but they are small and not significant; a hundred francs will cover them. It is not for our pockets we are come to monsieur."

Here the sentimentality having been disposed of by the woman, the husband broke in:

"It is like this, Monsieur Balstro" (Bulstrode saw how intimately the *hôtel meublé* knew him): "In a few moments even the authorities will be here to take charge of the woman's effects and Simone will become the property of the state. She has no relatives, as monsieur will understand. Thinking, therefore, that monsieur, *who is so good*, might for some reason care to take an interest in the child's future——"

Branchard coughed and paused. Having given Mr. Bulstrode ample time to speak, to show some signs of life and of his usual quick benevolence, and being greeted with nothing other than quiet, meditative silence,

the merchant shrugged and comprehensively relinquished suppositions and hopes in one large gesture.

"In which case" (evidently that of taking for granted that Mr. Bulstrode was less good than they had supposed), "in that case we shall put in a plea ourselves for Simone and adopt her."

Madame's voice, now in full and customary volume, expressed frankly *her* goodness. "*We* have five children and our means are modest, but"—and she put it sublimely—"*one is not a mother for nothing.*"

Her tirade, however, was quite lost on Bulstrode, who was occupied with his own projects of benevolence. Turning to this contingent of the *hôtel meublé* a back scarcely more imperturbable than his face had been, he went out of the room to the terrace, where Simone sat just as he had left her. She was, on her low chair, so tiny that in order more nearly than ever before to approach her little point of view, to come into her little sphere, Mr. Bulstrode knelt down on one knee.

"Don't look so frightened, my child. Nothing will harm you—I assure you of that; don't you"—he called her loyally to answer, "don't you believe me, Simone?"

The little thing drew in a struggling breath and whispered: "Oui, m'sieu."

"Good!" He was smiling at her and had taken her ice-cold, dirty, little hands. "You are fond of me, Simone—you like a little M'sieu Balstro'?"

"Oh," she caught at her frightened voice and more clearly whispered, "oh, oui, m'sieu!"

"Bien encore!"

He wanted tactfully to break the ice which shock and terror had formed around the poor little heart, and yet not to prolong the moment.

"*Voyons*," he said to her lightly, as if he were only to bid her come and play in his garden, and not ask her to decide her destiny. "*Voyons*, how would you like to come and live with me? to have toys and pretty clothes and good things to eat—to be"—the bachelor put it bravely—"to be *my* little girl. How, Simone, would you like it?"

If further startled she was humanized by his warmth, which was melting her; her breast heaved, her lips trembled, and she asked: "*Et puis—maman?*"

Here Madame Branchard, in whom all feelings were subordinate to curiosity and motherhood, had approached until she stood directly behind the two on the terrace. Tears had sprung to her eyes and she sniffled and wiped them frankly away with her hand.

Bulstrode, singularly relieved by her appearance, turned and asked her, "What does she then know?"

"Nothing, m'sieur, nothing at all."

Simone got up on her feet and her big doll fell with a crash on the marble of the terrace and broke in a dozen pieces, but the castatrophe did not touch her.

"And maman?" she repeated. "Where is she? She did not come home last night?"

Mr. Bulstrode had descended to one knee in order to approach her, but Madame Branchard got down on both knees and tenderly put her arms around the child.

"Look, *ma petite*—your mother has gone away forever to a beautiful country, and she has left you here to be a good girl and do whatever this kind gentleman says. Will you go to be his little girl? He will give you everything in the world." She closed with this magnificent promise, whose breadth and wealth no child-mind could grasp. In order to give her more complete liberty in which to make her decision the wine-merchant's wife, after kissing her, set her free.

Simone made no audible reflection of wonder at her seeming desertion, no exhibition of distress, no melodramatic outburst of grief or surprise. She stood silent, absorbed, desolate, and ashamed, twisting in and out between her frail little fingers the fringe of Madame Branchard's black shawl.

"Or," brightly continued the good woman, "you can come home with me and play with Marie and Jeanette and have what we have. You can be my little girl, as you will—it is for you to decide—chez moi, or with this bon monsieur."

Was it fair of them—thus to lay on her six years the burden of her own destiny?

Simone raised her head; her cheeks had reddened a little at Madame Branchard's last words. She was unable to grasp the benefits that Mr. Bulstrode's magnificence offered, but she knew Marie and Jeanette—she knew the hands of Madame Branchard could tuck one in at night, and how warm and soft was the bosom on which she had already wept her little griefs. There

were many beautiful things in the world, but Simone just then only wanted one. Madame Branchard was not *her* mother—but she was still *a* mother! Simone whispered so low that only the woman heard:

"I will go with you."

Prosper having embarked on a sea of indiscretion, went through the day consistently. With a love of the melodramatic in his Latin temperament he had admitted the *hôtel meublé sans cérémonie;* and late that afternoon he gave entrance to another group of quite a different order, and without formality ushered the lady and her friends to the terrace, where the solitary inhabitant of another man's house was taking a farewell beverage before leaving Paris.

"We have caught you in time, Jimmy!" Mrs. Falconer made a virtue of it. "If you are absconding with the Montensier treasures, then let me show Molly and the marquis at least what has been left behind."

His bags and boxes in the hall, his automobile at the door, and Mr. Bulstrode himself in travelling trim, it looked very much like a flight, indeed. Miss Molly and the marquis, it transpired, were able to explore for themselves and to find in the gallery and salons pictures and objects of interest to excuse a prolonged absence.

"They're engaged," Mrs. Falconer explained to her host. "Isn't it ridiculous? As you know, she hasn't a cent in the world, and his family are not in the secret, but Molly and De Presle Vaux *are*, and *I* am, and I brought them off in pity for a spin to Paris."

The apparition of this lady, whose mocking beauty had a fresh charm every time he saw her—her worldly wisdom and her keen reasonableness—made as he stood talking with her his past debauch in philanthropies seem especially grotesque. With a long breath of joy at the sight of her Bulstrode also realized how wonderfully separated from her the introduction of another life into his environment would have made him.

"Your garden is a waste," the lady criticised, "dusty and dull. I don't wonder you're getting away. Fontainebleau too was only a *faute de mieux*, and I have left it. One should get really far away at this season. It's the time when only the persons who are actually bred in its stones can stay in Paris—certainly the birds of passage may now, if ever, fly."

Mrs. Falconer looked across the terrace to where a little chair had been overturned, and on the floor by its side lay a broken doll.

"Jimmy!" she laughed in triumph at the sight. "You *have* broken your doll!"

Bulstrode said: "Yes, beyond repair, and I don't want another." Then in a few words, briefly, a little impatient, and still smarting under the child's defection, he gave her the story.

Listening, absorbed, her charming eyes on him or at one moment turned suspiciously away, the lady heard him to the end, and at the end said softly:

"Jimmy, my poor Jimmy! What have you this time nearly done! What would people have thought? Not that it matters in the least—it's what people *do* that counts—but oh, I tremble for your next folly!"

"It might"—he spoke with something like bitterness—"be less harmless and leave me less alone."

She had finished a glass of iced tea, put her goblet down on the tray and rose, coming over to where Mr. Bulstrode stood; she lightly laid her hand on his arm.

"You are, then, so very lonely? So lonely that you would be capable of doing this foolish thing? Oh, you would have found, as I have found, that it is those things which come into our lives, not those which we by force *take*, which mean all we want them to mean! This wasn't *your child!*" Mrs. Falconer's face softened as he had never seen it. "Nor yet is she the child of some woman you love. Believe me, it would have made you far lonelier if it so happened—if you should ever come to love—if you ever had loved——"

Bulstrode interrupted her abruptly:

"Yes, in that case I should no doubt be glad that Simone had gone back on me." He waited silent for a second, and then continued gently, "I *am* glad, very glad indeed!"

WASHINGTON IN JACKSON'S TIME

WITH GLIMPSES OF HENRY CLAY

FROM THE DIARIES AND FAMILY LETTERS OF MRS. SAMUEL HARRISON SMITH (MARGARET BAYARD)

Edited by Gaillard Hunt from the collection of her grandson, J. Henley Smith

To J. H. Bayard Smith

[January, 1829.]

. . . We talked—my goodness, how we talked, so fast & so loud we could scarcely hear each other. "Tell us all about the gay world," said Mrs. Clifton. "We *poor* people know nothing of it but by rumour." So we told of all the gay & great folks & great parties, & marriages & deaths, funerals & festivals, we knew anything of, while we sat round the table & drank our tea. Scarcely could we get away from these attached friends. But the sun had set & we had other visits to pay. On our way back we stopped to see an old friend Mr. Ingham & his lady, who arrived a few days ago—& then proceeded to Mrs. Clay's, where I reproached myself for not being oftener, considering the present state of affairs. We were conducted up stairs, the door of the little drawing room opened. All was bright with splendid furniture, lamps & blazing fire, but no smiling faces like those we left in the little kitchen mingled their light with the surrounding objects. Mrs. C. was mournfully walking the room & as we entered, held up her finger, to impose silence, & pointed to the sopha. "He sleeps," whispered she. I felt a shock on turning my eyes as she spoke, on the sopha was stretched at full length Mr. Clay face & all, completely cover'd with a dark cloak, which looked like a black pall. We took our chairs, without speaking & sat silent. Our entrance however had awakened him & after a minute or two, he slowly rose & putting the cloak aside reclined in one corner with his feet stretched along the sopha. I had not seen him for three weeks & was shocked at the alteration in his looks. He was much thinner, very pale, his eyes sunk in his head & his countenance sad & melancholy—that countenance generally illumined with the fire of genius & animated by some ardent feeling. His voice was feeble & mournful. I cannot describe dear Bayard what melancholy feelings were excited in my breast. But I had come purposely to try & cheer my excellent friend Mrs. Clay, who I knew was sick & sad, so I resisted my melancholy tho' I could not help continually contrasting the little kitchen & its inmates, with this present scene. There gaiety had been spontaneous, here it was forced. Still I was, if [torn out], at least cheerful & said everything I could think of to amuse my *great friends*, with far less success however, than with my *poor friends*. Gentlemen came in & enquiries were made about the other sick members of the Cabinet. Mr. Rush, who has been alarmingly ill, for a week past, is not it is fear'd yet out of danger. The first symptoms of disease were altogether in the head. Mr. Southard, tho' just out of his room, after three weeks confinement, is appointed acting Secretary of the treasury. He is so feeble that I fear this added labour will produce a relapse. Mr. Clay has not been out for a week & is scarcely able to sit up. Last week Mr. Wirt had two attacks, to which they gave no name, a vertigo, followed by a loss of sense or motion. One attack, he remained three hours, insensible, the gentlemen all agreed, the only chance he had for prolonged life was his relinquishing his practice. During a week or more, Genl Porter, was almost blind from inflamation of the eyes & went to his office with two blisters on, one behind each ear. Mr. Adams always appears in fine spirits, but it is said, is so feeble as to be obliged to

relinquish his long walks & to substitute rides on horseback—this, I give from hearsay, for I have not seen him. How strange it is, that every individual of the administration, should be ill. I really feel very anxious about Mr. Rush & Mr. Clay. You, from your connection with his sons, will feel most for Mr. R., & I need not caution you not to mention what I have said, lest you alarm them, as it is probable they are not informed of the worst symptoms. You will know, sooner than I shall, the result of election of Senator. From the last news, I fear Judge Southard will lose his election & Mr. Ewing be chosen.* I shall be sorry. I hoped we should keep this amiable family. The thought of losing so many old & agreeable acquaintances, not to say friends, makes me feel sad,—the time is rapidly approaching. Mrs. Clay's next drawing-room, closes this social scene, intercourse between these families & general society. She says, she shall not go out any more & immediately after next Wednesday, begin to pack up & make preparations for going home. The President in the course of ten days or two weeks is going to leave the President's House & remove to Commodore Porter's House, which he has rented. What a change, what a change will be here in our city. On no former occasion has there been anything like it.

Saturday morning. Susan & I, accompanied by Mrs. Barnet went last evening to Mrs. Lovel's, where we met a much larger company than we expected, but very agreeable. It is a right down snow storm to-day. After closing this letter I shall write a long one to your aunt Boyd. You know I love to write on a stormy day. If the weather does not prevent I expect a small chess party to meet here this evening. Do you not wish you were with us. Good morning dear Bayard. Now you have answered the others my turn comes & I shall look impatiently for a letter.

To Mrs. Kirkpatrick

[WASHINGTON],
January 12, 1829. Monday.

. . . Rank, honors, glory, are such unsubstantial empty things that they can never satisfy the desires that they create. You would not wonder at these reflections, if living as I do in the midst of a defeated & a triumphant party—in the midst of men who have expended health of body & peace of mind, a large portion of their lives, who have watched & worked, toiled & struggled, sacrificed friends & fortune, & domestic comfort, & gained what? Nothing, that I can perceive, but mortification & disappointment, the best part of their lives passed in pursuit of that which in possession was embittered & vexatious, & in the loss leaves nothing behind. Every one of the public men who will retire from office on the fourth of March will return to private life with blasted hopes, injured health, impaired or ruined fortunes, embittered tempers & probably a total inability to enjoy the remnant of their lives. Poor Judge Southard has been very ill, is still confined to his room & looks wretchedly. Mr. Rush totally secludes himself; nobody sees him. Mr. Clay still keeps in the mask of smiles. Genl. Porter less hackneyed & worn out worried or weakened looks & I suppose feels the best of all, but even he, hospitably as he lives & universally as he entertains, must injure his private property. Yet with these examples before their eyes, others eagerly seek for the same places, indulging the same high hopes, which will be followed by like disappointments & vexations. Such are the irresistible allurements of ambition! But, oh what a gloom is cast over the triumph of Genl. Jackson, by the death of a wife fondly & excessively loved! of a wife who, it is said, could control the violence of his temper, sooth the exacerbations of feelings always keenly sensitive & excessively irritable, who heal'd by her kindness wounds inflicted by his violence, & by her universal charity & benevolence conciliated public opinion. It is said that she not only made him a happier, but a better man. I fear not only the domestic circle, but the public will suffer from this restraining & benign influence being withdrawn. Affliction generally softens, but sometimes it sours the human heart,—should it have the latter effect the public councils & affairs will have reason to deplore this awful & sudden event. She died the day before the one on which the festival of triumph was to take place at Nashville,—feasting was turned into mourning, the festival into a funeral, the cannon & drums that were to proclaim the victory of

* Theodore Frelinghuysen was elected. On his retirement from the Navy Department in 1829 Judge Southard became Attorney-General of New Jersey.

political party sounded only to proclaim the victory of death. To die was the common lot, but to die in such peculiar circumstance & at such a moment is an event rare as it is solemn & carries with it such a deep conviction of the impotency of honor & grandeur & power that the impression can not be easily effaced from a reflecting mind. On mine it has made a deep & I hope a salutary one. . . . Strange that a single woman possessed of goodness tho' destitute of talents, could thus influence the destiny of nations! A similar case will occur to your mind perhaps in recollecting the history of Greece. It was Themistocles (I believe) who said, My little son governs his mother, his mother governs me,—I govern Athens, Athens governs Greece, Greece governs the world. So, my boy governs the world! . . . One morning Mrs. McClain of Delaware, who you know is a great favorite of mine, Mrs. Clay, Mrs. Cutts & Mrs. Holly sat a long time with me. Mrs. McC. is so entertaining & agreeable that time literally flies when I am with her. She & Mrs. Porter are extremely alike in character,—gay, frank & intelligent. But Mrs. P. has a warmer heart & no one can know without loving her. I have seen a great deal of her lately & propose passing this evening with her. Every other Monday (which I call her great Monday) she sends out hundreds of invitations, has the band of musick & opens four rooms. The intervening (or as I call it, her little Monday), she sees any friends who choose to go, but without particular invitations. We have been invited to all, but have declined going on the Great Mondays. I promise myself much pleasure this evening.

Last week we were asked for the 2d time to Mrs. Dickens* & as she said it was a small social party I & Susan went, but half, if not all Congress & their wives were there & the people almost a solid mass,—it was with difficulty I secured a comfortable seat in a corner of the room for Susan & myself. For the beginning of the evening we knew not a creature in the room,—they being the strangers & visitors in the city. About 9 o'clock Mr. & Mrs. McClain entered; she spied me, & as glad of a comfortable seat as myself, a vacant chair next me. We laughed & talked so merrily as to attract Mrs. Porter, who with difficulty broke away from the crowd of gentlemen that surrounded her & came to us. She made Susan get up & give her her chair, much to poor Sue's regret who (a most terrible thing to her) had to stand. With the Secretary and Senator's ladies, our corner became the most attractive spot in the room, next to the Pianno, where the Miss Fultons (from New York) were playing & singing in high style —Italian in perfection, Madam Garcia over again. But charming as the musick was, it could not interrupt our conversation. Several gentlemen gathered round the great ladies & the rest of the evening I passed very pleasantly. I knew not who gave most delight Mrs. P. or Mrs. McC. I should call them both Rattles if they were not some thing so much better,—they are charming women. Mrs. P. had asked me to find her a poor girl, who would be willing to go to New York with her as a servant. Last week I was called to visit a family, in the extremity of want & sickness,—6 children, 4 of whom were girls. Their necessities were so far beyond my ability to relieve, that it occurred to me to recommend one of the girls to Mrs. P. & to make known to her the situation of the family. It was dark when I went & bitterly cold. Mrs. P. was going in the evening to Baron Krudener's* Ball, but the moment I described the condition of this family, she called her servant, had bread, candles, &c. put up, tied a handkerchief over her head, put on an old plaid cloak, jumped into our carriage & went with me to see them. The next day when I went to see them, I found on her return home she had sent them a blanket, meat, meal, & other articles. Who that looked at her that evening, gaily dressed, charmed & charming, flattered & caressed, would have imagined her as she had been an hour before, wrapped in an old cloak, seated by the bed-side of a dying woman in a cold, miserable room, surrounded by half naked & starved children? But could they have witnessed the contrast, how would delight & admiration have been converted into love & esteem, or rather the one added to the other. Can you wonder at my loving this woman? Truly, I would rather General Jackson should not come, than that such a woman should go away. There is no one in the city so popular. The New

* Wife of Asbury Dickens.

* Russian minister. 1827 to 1836.

York papers have celebrated her & say she throws Mrs. Clay completely in the shade.

To Mrs. Boyd

Febr. 16, 1829.

. . . I have been a great deal in Mr. Clay's & Southard's family, both ill,—so ill, I do not think either has long to live. Yet, they think not so, & attend to business, tho' they decline all company at home & never go out. I never liked Mr. Clay so well as I do this winter, the coldness & hauteur of his manner has vanished & a softness & tenderness & sadness characterize his manner (to me at least), for I know not how it is in general society—that is extremely attaching & affecting,—at the same time, perfect good humour; no bitterness mingles its gall in the cup of disappointment & I often hear him, when only two or three friends are present, speak of Genl. Jackson & the present state of affairs in a good humour'd sprightly way. He has a cause of domestic affliction in the conduct & situation of his son* a thousand times more affecting than disappointed ambition. We all went to the *last* drawing room,—we did it to show our respect. My heart was heavy, very heavy, that word *Last!* Immense crowds filled the room, crowds of the triumphant party. I could not bear it as well as Mrs. Clay. I staid close to her, knowing she was so sick she could scarcely stand & that both she & Mr. C. for three previous weeks had been made very wretched by their domestic grief,—indeed for two weeks Mr. C. had not been able to sleep without anodynes. I stood behind her & watched the company. She received all with smiling politeness & Mr. C. *looked* gay & was so courteous & gracious, & agreeable, that every one remarked it & remarked he was determined we should regret him. My heart filled to overflowing, as I watched this acting, & to conceal tears which I could not repress, took a seat in a corner by the fire, behind a solid mass of people. Mr. C. saw me, & coming up enquired if Mr. Smith had come. I answered in the negative. "But *you* are," said he taking my hand & looking sadly affectionate. "This is kind, very kind in you, Mrs. Smith." I returned the pressure of his hand, & without reflection said, "If you could see my heart, you would then think so." "Why what ails your heart?" said he, with a look of earnest interrogatory. "Can it be otherwise than sad," I answered, looking at Mrs. Clay, "when I think what a good friend I am about to lose?" For a moment he held my hand pressed in his without speaking, his eyes filled with tears & with an effort he said, "We must not think of this, or talk of such things *now*," & relinquishing my hand, drew out his handkerchief, turned away his head & wiped his eyes, then pushed into the crowd & talked & smiled, as if his heart was light & easy. Alas, I knew, what perhaps no other among these hundreds knew, that anguish, heart-rending anguish, was concealed beneath that smiling, cheerful countenance, & that the animation & spirits which charmed an admiring circle were wholly artificial. Judge Southard has all manner of disappointments to sustain, as well as repeated severe attacks of disease & pain. He had until within a week of the election, every reason to believe he would be chosen Senator, but his friends betrayed him, & one friend, old, tried & who was under great obligations. Oh, ingratitude is sharper than a serpent's teeth. He had just recovered a little strength, when owing to Mr. Rush's extreme illness, he was appointed Secr. of the Treasury pro tem.; scarcely able to discharge his own business the addition was too much for him, & a few nights ago, sitting late & hard at work he was seized with what his Physician called spasms in his stomach,—for six hours he suffered agony, which even opium could not allay, until taken in great quantities. Yesterday, when I saw him, he was sitting up surrounded with papers, his eyes sunk to the very back of his head, the sockets black & hollow, while the eye burnt with unnatural brightness. "Oh do not kill yourself," said I, as I held his burning hand, "put away those papers. You are too ill to attend to business." "I must," replied he, "if I die at my post," & there I verily believe he will die,—he looks awfully. He had his heart set on the exploring voyage & had the preparations for it in such forwardness, that he thought it impossible Congress would prevent it, by refusing the necessary appropriation. But it is said, they will. Hard things are said of him on the floor, motives attributed, which I do not believe ever actuated him. Oh how I pity these public men,

* His eldest son was insane and confined in an asylum.

& as I look at Mr. Clay particularly, how often have I repeated the apostrophe of Cardinal Wolsey, "Oh had I served my God, half so devotedly as I have served my King, I should not now in my old age, thus have been left," etc. Mr. Rush & afterwards Mrs. Rush have been very ill, & are exceedingly depressed,—they have not gone out, or received company this winter. Mr. Wirt, too, has been ill, but is now better. . . . Phillip Barbour was here the day after the General's arrival & warm Jacksonian as he is, I told him his success would cost me too much grief to allow me to participate in the gratulations of the political party to which my husband belonged. "I shall cry more than I shall laugh on the 4th of March," said I. Mrs. Porter is the only one of the administration party, who has been in spirits this winter. It is partly constitutional with her &, I suspect, part policy. It is impossible when one sees her so attentive & even cordial with the Jackson party not to suspect she has some hopes of propitiating them. Yet it may be genuine good humour & good spirits. She is a charming woman, & what is still better, she is a good woman. I have seen a great deal of her, indeed, we are on the terms of old friends & relatives. We have been asked at least once every week to a party there, last week to two,—one a gay company, the other serious, religious folks to meet her Brother Mr. Breckenridge. Oh, what a zealous, saint-like man he is! *he* is indeed a burning & shining light, but he is burning fast away, flesh & blood can not sustain such exhausting & consuming labours. How I wish I could sit under his ministry. How cold & lifeless our Pastor seems, compared to him. Speaking of Mr. Campbell, among other things, all however kind & Christian, he made use of those expressive words, "I wish he was more steeped in the spirit." I had some delightful communion with this apostolic man. Surely he is in all things like the beloved desciple, so full of love. Such a christian would I desire to be, and until I am, until this divine love takes full possession of my soul, I shall never be as happy as I feel I have the capacity of being. It is good to see the world, as I see it. Oh Maria, its splendid out side, its gaiety & glitter, amuse but do not deceive me. How can they, with such striking proofs before me, of the bitterness & heartlessness within. And yet I am amused, and very much interested in the characters & scenes around me, but it is the interest & amusement one finds at the theatre. I look upon life as a stage, & on men & women as mere actors. One drama is just finished, the curtain has dropped, the actors have left the stage & I have followed them behind the scenes, where their masks & dresses are thrown off & I see them as they are, disappointed, exhausted, worn out, retiring with broken fortunes & broken constitutions & hearts rankling with barbed arrows.

Another drama is preparing, new characters, in all the freshness & vigour of unexhausted strength, with the exhileration of hopes undaunted by fear, of spirits intoxicated with success, with the aspirations of towering ambition are coming on the selfsame stage. Will public favour cheer their closing, as it inspires the opening scene? Time must show, but most probably, they in their turn will drink the cup of honor to the bottom & find its dregs nauseous & bitter. I hoped this cold morning to have been alone, but one set of ladies have just gone & here stops another carriage. I wish I could be alone one morning. . . .

To Mrs. Boyd, Pine Street, New York

[Spring of 1829.]

. . . Mr. Clay, has this winter, been such an object of interest to me, for to me *intellectual power*, is more fascinating & interesting, than any other human endowment. And never in any individual have I met with so much, as in him. Yes, he has a *natural*, power & force of mind, beyond any I have ever witnessed. In Mr. Jefferson, Madison, Crawford, & other great men I have known, much of their intellectual strength, was derived from education & favoring circumstances, a combination of which carried them forward in the career of greatness & raised them to the elevation they attained. Not so Mr. Clay. Whatever he is, is all his own, inherent power, bestowed by nature & not derivative from cultivation or fortune. He has an elasticity & buoyancy of spirit, that no pressure of external circumstances, can confine or keep down. Nay, occasional depressions seem to give new vigour to this elastic power. For instance his late defeat. So far from disheartening, it has been positively exhilerating in its effects. He began to weary of the measures pursued in the last

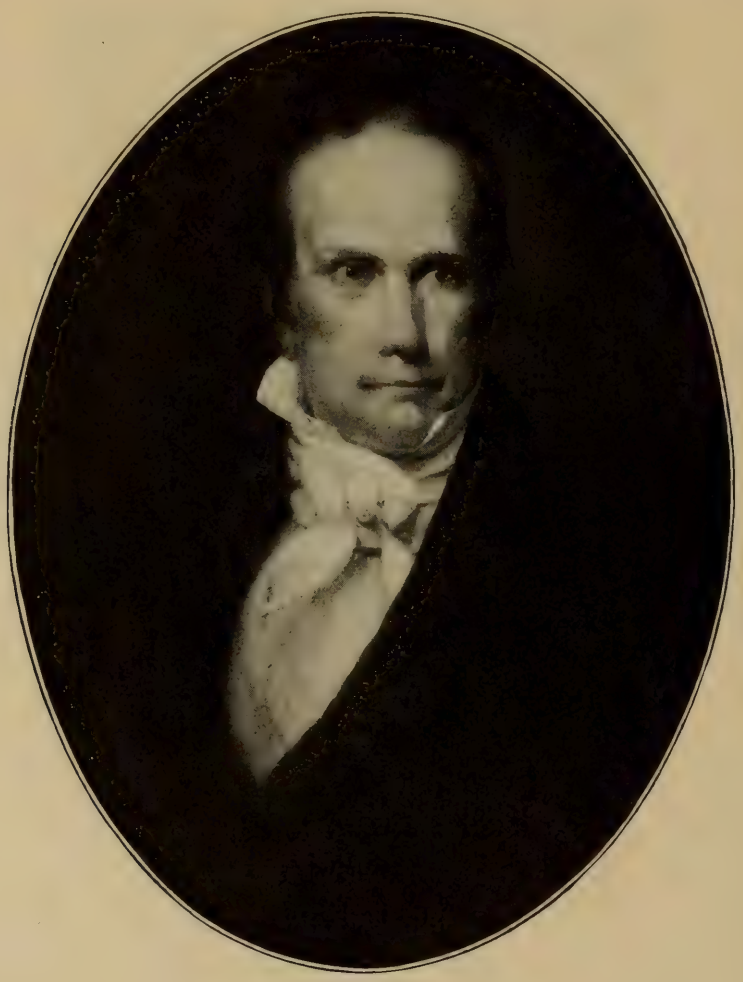
campaign, it closed, to be sure, in his defeat, but its termination freed him from weights & shackles, which had connections or duties, & like the Lyon, breaking the net, in which he had been entangled, he shakes from him all petty encumbrances & rises in all the majesty of intellectual power & invigorated resolution. He is a very great man. I have seen him, this winter, *as a man*, not a politician or stateman, but studied him, undisguised from any of the trappings of official form & conventional respect. Certainly, one of the most interesting days I have ever passed, was last Sunday. He & Mrs. Clay passed it with us. We had no other company to dinner, & I am certain he enjoyed being thus alone with a family he had known for 18 years, & feeling the triumph of personal regard, over the respect paid to office. He knew that for the last 8 years Mr. Smith had been his political opponent, & felt pleased with finding himself treated with the cordiality of friendship, in such circumstances. Whether it was this, or any other cause, I know not, but whatever the cause might be, the effect was to produce an openness, communicativeness, an affectionateness & warmth & kindness which were irresistibly captivating. We lingered long round the dinner table. He & Mr. S. conversed on past times & characters, long since passed from the scene of action. In the afternoon & evening, Genl. McComb, Mr. Ward, Mr. Lyon (another domesticated beau) & several other gentlemen came in & until past 10 oclock at night the conversation flowed in an unbroken stream & if committed to writing would prove interesting to those yet unborn, for the topics were national, subjects suited for history. Mr. Clay was the chief speaker. He was animated by his heart as well as genius. Reclining on the sopha, from which he occasionally in the warmth of argument, would rise or stretch out his arm, his attitude as well as countenance would have made a fine picture. But enough of one individual. I will only add, if his health is restored, we will see him more efficiently active than ever. Elizabeth says you wish for a description of the Inauguration, & for some account of the new Cabinet,* of the President & his



Harriet Martineau.

* Martin Van Buren, Secretary of State; Samuel D. Ingham, of Pennsylvania, Secretary of the Treasury; John H. Eaton, of Tennessee, Secretary of War; John Branch, of North Carolina, Secretary of the Navy; John H. Berrien, of Georgia, Attorney-General.

family. On these topics I have but little to say. Bayard will transmit to Sister Jane & she to you, my last long letter to him, containing a full account of that *grand spectacle*, for such it was, without the aid of splendid forms or costumes. Of the Cabinet, I can only say the President's enemies are delighted & his friends grieved. It is supposed wholly inefficient, & even Van Buren, others, we know absolutely nothing, the people know nothing, & of course can feel little confidence. As for the *new Lady*,* Elizabeth enquires of. After a thousand rumours & much tittle-tattle & gosip & prophesyings & apprehensions, public opinion ever just & impartial, seems to have triumphed over personal feelings & intrigues & finally doomed her to continue in her pristine lowly

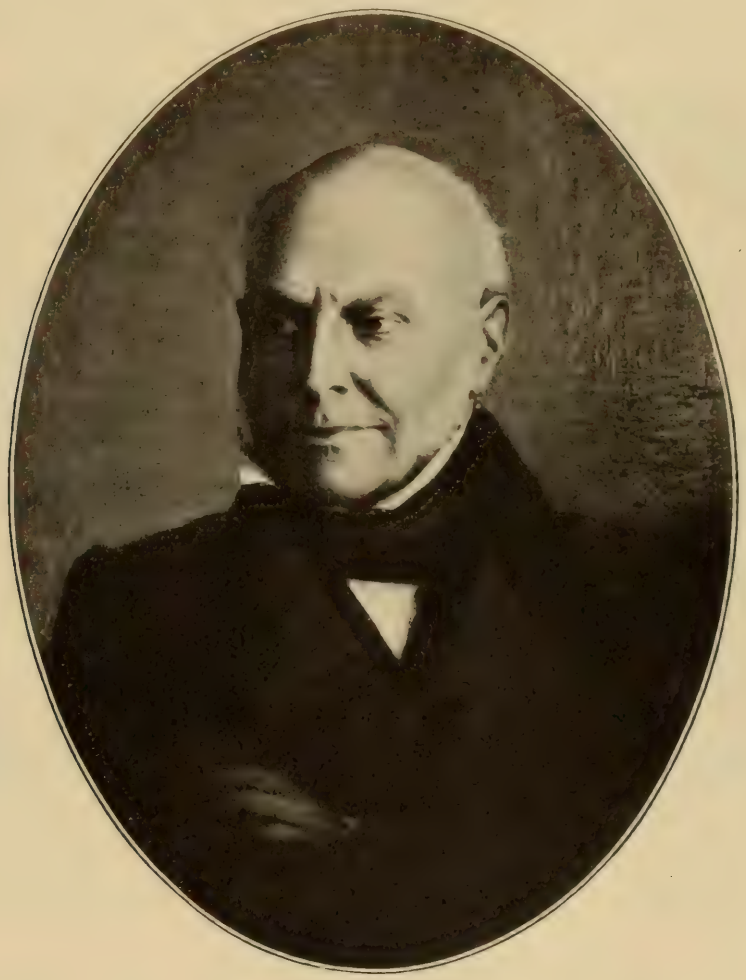


Henry Clay, Secretary of State, 1825–1829.
From the portrait by Edward Dalton Marchant, in the State Department, Washington.

altho' a profound politician is not supposed to be an able statesman, or to possess qualifications for the place assigned him. Yet on him, all rests. Mr. Ingham, is the only member with whom we are personally acquainted,—him we have known long & well. He is a good man, of unimpeachable & unbending integrity. But no one imagines him possessed of that comprehensiveness & grasp of mind, requisite for the duties of his new office. He will be faithful, this, no one doubts. Whether he will be capable, experience only can show. Of the condition. A stand, a *noble* stand, I may say, since it is a stand taken against power & favoritism, has been made by the ladies of Washington, & not even the President's wishes, in favour of his dearest, personal friend, can influence them to violate the respect due to virtue, by visiting one, who has left her strait & narrow path. With the exception of two or three timid & rather

* The famous Peggy O'Neil, daughter of a tavern-keeper in Washington, widow of a paymaster in the navy, and now bride of the Secretary of War, a fine appearing woman, whose reputation had been unfortunately for her made in Washington. Van Buren was the only man who stood by her. She was finally driven out and her husband left the Cabinet.

insignificant personages, who trembled for their husband's offices, not a lady has visited her, & so far from being inducted into the President's house, she is, I am told scarcely noticed by the females of his family. On the Inauguration day, when they went in company with the Vice-President's lady, the lady of the Secretary of the Treasury & those of two distinguished Jacksonian Senators, Hayne & Livingston,* this New Lady never approached the party, either in the Senate chamber, at the President's house, where by the President's express request, they went to receive the company, nor at night at the Inaugural Ball. On these three public occasions she was left alone, & kept at a respectful distance from these virtuous & distinguished women, with the sole exception of a seat at the supper-table, where, however, notwithstanding her proximity, she was not spoken to by them. These are facts you may rely on, not rumours—facts, greatly to the honor of our sex. When you see Miss Morris, she will give you details, which it would not be proper to commit to writing. She & I have become very social & intimate & have seen each other often. I hope she will call on you & talk over Washington affairs. Dear Mrs. Porter, her departure cost me some bitter tears. And so did good Mrs. Clay's. Mrs. Ingham professes a desire to be very social with me, "the oldest friend," as she says her husband has in the city, but a friend of 18 years is a thing I shall never *make* now, it is too late in the day. We visited the President & his family a few days since, in the big house. Mr. Smith introduced us & asked for the General. Our names were sent in & he joined the ladies in the drawing-room.

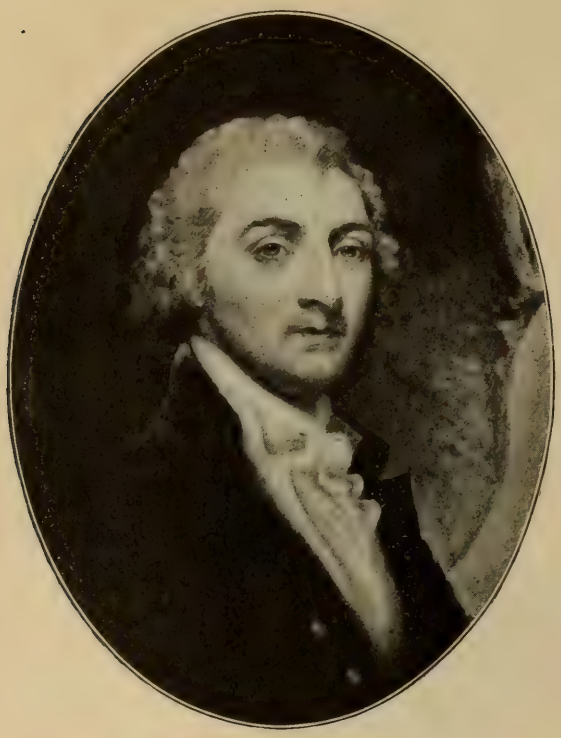


John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State, 1817–1825.
From the portrait by Jean Baptiste Adolphe Gibert, in the State Department, Washington.

* Robert Y. Hayne, of South Carolina, anything but a Jacksonian when the nullification issue came up, and Edward Livingston, then a Representative from Louisiana, soon to be a Senator, then Secretary of State, and finally minister to France.

I shall like him if ever I know him, I am sure,—so simple, frank, friendly. He looks bowed with grief as well as age & that idea excited my sympathy, his pew in church is behind ours, his manner is humble & reverent & most attentive.

Mrs. Sandford * & I interchanged several visits & she passed an evening with us, but she did not interest me. For your sake, dear Maria, I will visit Mrs. Hamilton, tho' I have resisted many inducements to make



Dr. William Thornton.

After a water-color by himself in the possession of J. Henley Smith, Washington.



Mrs. William Thornton.

After a water-color by Dr. Thornton in the possession of J. Henley Smith, Washington.

new acquaintances. I have too many already. But I shall drop most of them when I return into the country, then I shall regain my freedom, & do as I like. The last six weeks have been far less gay, but much more interesting than the first part of the season. We went less out & had less company at home. Mr. W.'s daily visits, Mr. Wood's & Mr. Lyon's, almost as frequent, & the new books they brought us, fitted up our evenings far more pleasantly than commonplace visitants. Mr. Wood, who is goodness personified, remains, he is our fellow citizen, & we look for his smiling benevolent countenance, daily as the evening returns. Mrs. Thornton has been very ill & I have been a great deal with her. Dear Mrs. Bradley has gone, & she went rejoicing to a better world. Capt. Tingey too. Our first kind friend & acquaintance. Mrs. Clay is as much lost to me as if separated by death, and Mrs. Porter. For ten days I was taken up with sick & dying, & departing friends. The last two weeks have been melancholy weeks to me. Judge Southard continues too ill to move, his little daughter is ill too, their furniture is all sold, & it is melancholy to visit them, but it is a duty I often perform. Mr. Wirt's family go in a few weeks. Mr. Rush, it is said, is to be sent to England by the Canal-company, with a good salary, & the family are in good spirits. Mrs. Calhoun goes home, not to return again, at least for 4 years. Mrs. Ingham will not be back until autumn. All our citizens are trembling for fear of losing offices. Mrs. Seaton is very ill. Gales & Seaton, I fear ruined. In fact, never did I witness such a gloomy time in Washington. I hope things will brighten. My paper is full.

* Wife of Nathan Sanford, of Albany, Senator from New York.

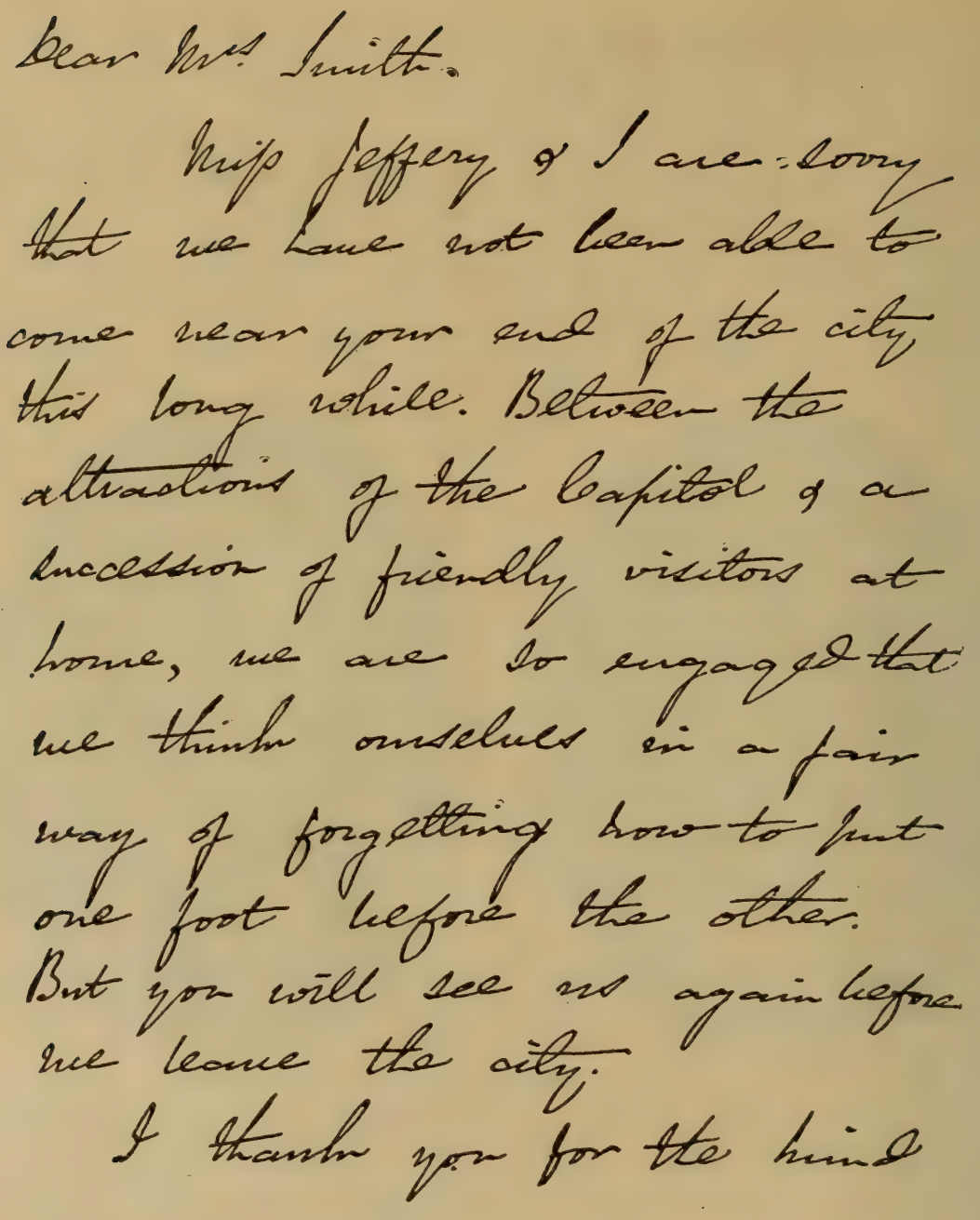
To Mrs. Kirkpatrick

March 11, Sunday [1829].

. . . Thursday morning. I left the rest of this sheet for an account of the inau-

guration. It was not a thing of detail, of a succession of small incidents. No, it was one grand whole, an imposing and majestic spectacle & to a reflective mind one of moral sublimity. Thousands & thousands of people, without distinction of rank, collected in an immense mass round the Capitol, silent, orderly & tranquil, with their eyes fixed on the front of that edifice, waiting the appearance of the President in the portico. The door from the Rotunda opens, preceded by the marshals, surrounded by the Judges of the Supreme Court, the old man with his grey locks, that crown of glory, advances, bows to the people, who greet him with a shout that rends the air, the Cannons, from the heights around, from Alexandria & Fort Warburton, proclaim the oath he has taken & all the hills reverberate the sound. It was grand—it was sublime! An almost breathless silence, succeeded & the multitude was still—listening to catch the sound of his voice, tho' it was so low, as to be heard only by those nearest to him. After reading his speech, the oath was administered to him by the Chief Justice. The Marshal presented the Bible. The President took it from his hands, pressed his lips to it, laid it reverently down, then bowed again to the people—Yes, to the people in all their majesty. And had the spectacle closed here, even Europeans must have acknowledged, that a free people, collected in their might, silent & tranquil, restrained solely by a moral power, without a shadow around of military force, was majesty, rising to sublimity, & far surpassing the majesty of Kings & Princes, surrounded with armies & glittering in gold. But I will not anticipate, but will give you an account of the inauguration in more detail. The whole of the preceding day, immense crowds were coming into the city from all parts, lodgings could not be obtained, & the newcomers had to go to George Town, which soon overflowed & others had to go to Alexandria. I was told the Avenue & adjoining streets were so crowded on Tuesday afternoon that it was difficult to pass.

A national salute was fired early in the morning, & ushered in the 4th of March. By ten oclock the Avenue was crowded with carriages of every description, from the splendid Barronet & coach, down to waggons & carts, filled with women & children, some in finery & some in rags, for it was the peoples President, & all would see him; the men all walked. Julia, Anna Maria & I, (the other girls would not adventure) accompanied by Mr. Wood, set off before 11, & followed the living stream that was pouring along to the Capitol. The terraces, the Balconies, the Porticos, seemed as we approached already filled. We rode round the whole square, taking a view of the animated scene. Then leaving the carriage outside of the palisades, we entered the enclosed grounds, where we were soon joined by John Cranet & another gentleman, which offered each of us a protector. We walked round the terrace several times, every turn meeting new groups of ladies & gentlemen whom we knew. All with smiling faces. The day was warm & delightful, from the South Terrace we had a view of Pennsylvania & Louisiana Avenues, crowded with people hurrying towards the Capitol. It was a most exhilirating scene! Most of the ladies preferred being inside of the Capitol & the eastern portico, damp & cold as it was, had been filled from 9 in the morning by ladies who wished to be near the General when he spoke. Every room was filled & the windows crowded. But as so confined a situation allowed no general view, we would not coop ourselves up, & certainly enjoyed a much finer view of the spectacle, both in its whole & in its details, than those within the walls. We stood on the South steps of the terrace; when the appointed hour came saw the General & his company advancing up the avenue, slow, very slow, so impeded was his march by the crowds thronging around him. Even from a distance, he could be discerned from those who accompanied him, for he only was uncovered, (the Servant in presence of his Sovereign, the People). The south side of the Capitol hill was literally alive with the multitude, who stood ready to receive the hero & the multitude who attended him. "There, there, that is he," exclaimed different voices. "Which?" asked others. "He with the white head," was the reply. "Ah," exclaimed others, "there is the old man & his gray hair, there is the old veteran, there is Jackson." At last he enters the gate at the foot of the hill & turns to the road that leads round to the front of the Capitol. In a moment every one who until then had stood like statues gazing on the scene below them, rushed onward, to right, to left, to be ready to receive


Dear Mrs Smith.

Miss Jeffery & I are sorry that we have not been able to come near your end of the city this long while. Between the attractions of the Capitol & a succession of friendly visitors at home, we are so engaged that we think ourselves in a fair way of forgetting how to put one foot before the other. But you will see us again before we leave the city.

I thank you for the kind

Fac-simile of letter from Miss

him in the front. Our party, of course, were more deliberate, we waited until the multitude had rushed past us & then left the terrace & walked round to the furthest side of the square, where there were no carriages to impede us, & entered it by the gate fronting the Capitol. Here was a clear space, & stationing ourselves on the central gravel walk we stood, so as to have a clear, full view of the whole scene. The Capitol in all its grandeur & beauty. The Portico & grand steps leading to it, were filled with ladies. Scarlet, purple, blue, yellow, white draperies & waving plumes of every kind & colour, among the white marble pillars, had a fine effect. In the centre of the portico was a table covered with scarlet, behind it the closed door leading into the rotunda, below the Capitol & all around, a mass of living beings, not a ragged mob, but well dressed & well behaved respectable & worthy citizens. Mr. Frank Key, whose arm I had, & an old & frequent witness of great spectacles, often exclaimed, as well as myself, a mere novice, "It is beautiful, it is sublime!" The sun had been obscured through the morning by a mist, or haziness. But the concussion in the air, produced by the dis-

method by which you have
testified your regard for me.
You must feel as strongly as
myself how impossible it is
for me to appropriate what
you say; but the kindness of
your feelings is an independent
affair; & I thank you for it.

Miss Jeffery joins me in
kind regards to your circle.
Believe me, dear Madam,

truly your obliged
Harriet Martineau.

Martineau to Mrs. Smith.

charge of the cannon, dispersed it & the sun shone forth in all his brightness. At the moment the General entered the Portico & advanced to the table, the shout that rent the air, still resounds in my ears. When the speech was over, & the President made his parting bow, the barrier that had separated the people from him was broken down, & they rushed up the steps all eager to shake hands with him. It was with difficulty he made his way through the Capitol & down the hill to the gateway that opens on the avenue. Here for a moment he was stopped. The living mass was impenetrable. After a while a passage was opened & he mounted his horse which had been provided for his return (for he had walked to the Capitol) then such a cortege as followed him! Country men, farmers, gentlemen, mounted & dismounted, boys, women & children, black & white. Carriages, wagons & carts, all pursuing him to the President's house,— this I only heard of for our party went out at the opposite side of the square & went to Col. Benton's lodgings, to visit Mrs. Benton & Mrs. Gilmore. Here was a perfect levee, at least a hundred ladies & gentlemen, all happy & rejoicing,—wine & cake was

handed in profusion. We sat with this company & stopped on the summit of the hill until the avenue was comparatively clear, tho' at any other time we should have thought it terribly crowded. Streams of people on foot & of carriages of all kinds, still pouring towards the President's house. We went Home, found your papa & sisters at the Bank,* standing at the upper windows, where they had been seen by the President, who took off his hat to them, which they insisted was better than all we had seen. From the Bank to the President's house for a long while, the crowd rendered a passage for us impossible. Some went into the Cashier's parlour, where we found a number of ladies & gentlemen & had cake & wine in abundance. In about an hour, the pavement was clear enough for us to walk. Your father, Mr. Wood, Mr. Ward, Mr. Lyon, with us, we set off to the President's House, but on a nearer approach found an entrance impossible, the yard & avenue was compact with living matter. The day was delightful, the scene animating, so we walked backward & forward at every turn meeting some new acquaintance & stopping to talk & shake hands. Among others we met Zavr Dickinson with Mr. Frelinghuysen & Dr. Elmendorf, & Mr. Saml. Bradford. We continued promenading here, until near three, returned home unable to stand & threw ourselves on the sopha. Some one came & informed us the crowd before the President's house, was so far lessen'd, that they thought we might enter. This time we effected our purpose. But what a scene did we witness! The *Majesty of the People* had disappeared, & a rabble, a mob, of boys, negros, women, children, scrambling, fighting, romping. What a pity, what a pity! No arrangements had been made, no police officers placed on duty & the whole house had been inundated by the rabble mob. We came too late. The President, after having been *literally* nearly pressed to death & almost suffocated & torn to pieces by the people in their eagerness to shake hands with Old Hickory, had retreated through the back way or south front & had escaped to his lodgings at Gadsby's. Cut glass & china to the amount of several thousand dollars had been broken in the struggle to get the refreshments, punch & other articles had been carried out in tubs & buckets, but had it been in hogsheads it would have been insufficient, ice-creams, & cake & lemonade, for 20,000 people, for it is said that number were there, tho' I think the estimate exaggerated. Ladies fainted, men were seen with bloody noses & such a scene of confusion took place as is impossible to describe, —those who got in could not get out by the door again, but had to scramble out of windows. At one time, the President who had retreated & retreated until he was pressed against the wall, could only be secured by a number of gentlemen forming round him & making a kind of barrier of their own bodies, & the pressure was so great that Col. Bomford who was one at one time, said he was afraid they should have been pushed down, or on the President. It was then the windows were thrown open, & the torrent found an outlet, which otherwise might have proved fatal.

This concourse had not been anticipated & therefore not provided against. Ladies & gentlemen, only had been expected at this Levee, not the people en masse. But it was the People's day, & the People's President & the People would rule. God grant that one day or other, the People, do not put down all rule & rulers. I fear, enlightened Freemen as they are, they will be found, as they have been found in all ages & countries where they get the Power in their hands, that of all tyrants, they are the most ferocious, cruel & despotic. The noisy & disorderly rabble in the President's House brought to my mind descriptions I had read, of the mobs in the Tuilleries & at Versailles. I expect to hear the carpets & furniture are ruined; the streets were muddy, & these guests all went thither on foot.

The rest of the day, overcome with fatigue I lay upon the sopha. The girls went to see Mrs. Clay & Mrs. Southard. Mrs. Rush was at Mrs. C.'s—Mrs. Clay's furniture all sold, the entry full of hay, straw, & packages, & in her little back room, scarcely a chair to sit on & she worn out with fatigue. "This being turned out, is a sad, troublesome thing, is it not?" said Mrs. Rush. "Coming in, is troublesome enough, but *then*, one does not mind the trouble."

After tea, Mr. Ward, Mr. Wood, Mr. Lyon, & Warren Scott, came in & staid until past 11 oclock. Mr. S. & I talked of Brunswick friends & of old times. Col.

* Branch Bank of the United States, corner of Fifteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, of which Mr. Smith was President.

Bomford has been here, just now & given me an account of the Ball, which he says was elegant, splendid & in perfect order. The President & his family were not there. The Vice President & lady & the members of the new cabinet were. Mrs. Bomford was in her grand costume,—scarlet velvet richly trimmed with gold embroidery, the large Ruby, set in diamonds, for which Col. Bomford has refused five thousand dollars, & which I believe you have seen, she wore in her turban. Mr. Baldwin,* notwithstanding his disappointment, for he confidently expected a place in the Cabinet, was, Col. B. says, excessively merry. During all this bustle in the city, Mr. Adams was quietly fixed at Meridian Hill, to which place he & his family had removed some days before. . . .

Everybody is in a state of agitation,—gloomy or glad. A *universal removal* in the departments is apprehended, & many are quaking & trembling, where *all* depend on their places.

The city, so crowded & bustling, by tomorrow will be silent & deserted, for people are crowding away as eagerly as they crowded here. Mrs. Porter goes on Saturday, Mrs. Clay on Monday, Mrs. Wirt & Southard in the course of the week. We are asked to a party at Mrs. Wirt's tonight, but shall not go.

To Mrs. Kirkpatrick

August 29, 1831, SIDNEY.

. . . What does Lyttleton *now* think of Genl. Jackson? The papers do not exaggerate, nay do not detail one half of his imbecilities. He is completely under the government of Mrs. Eaton, one of the most ambitious, violent, malignant, yet silly women you ever heard of. You will soon see the recall of the dutch minister announced. Madm Huygen's spirited conduct in refusing to visit Mrs. E. is undoubtedly the cause. The new Cabinet if they do not yield to the President's will on the point, will, it is supposed, soon be dismissed. Several of them in order to avoid this dilemma, are determined not to keep house or bring on their families. Therefore, not keeping house, they will not give parties & may thus avoid the disgrace of entertaining the favorite. It was hoped, on her husband's going out of office, she would have left the city, *but she will not.* She hopes for a complete triumph & is not satisfied with having the Cabinet broken up & a virtuous & intelligent minister recalled, & many of our best citizens frowned upon by the President. Our society is in a sad state. Intrigues & parasites in favour, divisions & animosity existing. As for ourselves, we keep our of the turmoil, seldom speak & never take any part in this troublesome & shameful state of things. Yet no one can deny, that the P.'s weakness originates in an amiable cause, — his devoted & ardent friendship for Genl. Eaton. . . .

* Henry Baldwin, of Pennsylvania. He was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court in 1830.

To Mrs. Kirkpatrick

Christmas, 1832.

. . . The ambition some felt for its honors exists no longer, & this was one of the strongest stimulants to activity & exertion I ever felt. But a life in Washington cures one of ambition for honors & distinctions, by exhibiting them in all their vanity, instability, & transitoriness, & unveiling at the same time all the pains & some vexations appertaining to them. I wonder if Mr. Clay realizes these things & can learn to be content with the portion he possesses. Were we to have a peep into his bosom what a lesson we should learn. And Mr. Calhoun,* will his high soarings end in disappointment & humiliation or be drowned in blood? However he may now err, he is one of the noblest & most generous spirits I have ever met with. I am certain *he* is deceived himself, & believes he is now fulfilling the duty of a *true patriot.* What a happy nation we were! Alas, & may we not write, *we are?* The impending political storm, as you may easily suppose is almost the exclusive object of interest & conversation. . . .

To Mrs. Kirkpatrick

Wednesday, 12th, 1835, January.

. . . They all paid long visits, & this morning, just this minute, Miss Martineau.† At so early an hour I expected no one & was so engaged in this letter, that I scarcely

* He was in the middle of his efforts to apply the nullification theory.

† Harriet Martineau came over in the summer of 1834, when she was thirty-two years of age and in the zenith of her fame.

raised my head, when the door opened & two plain looking ladies (one of the ladies, was Miss Jeffries, her friend & companion) walked in. They had walked & I had not attended to the ringing of the door bell, not expecting visitors at this hour. "I have come early," said she, "to make sure of finding you at home, & because it is my only disengaged time. I yesterday planned a quiet sitting of two hours with you, but I found it impossible." She is a woman you would love, so plain, unaffected & quiet in her manners & appearance, yet animated in conversation. She brought me a letter of introduction from Mrs. Eckart, & sent it with her card, the day after her arrival, otherwise I do not know whether I should have called on her, under our present plan of domesticity, & the feelings thereby induced, for when one lives out of company one shrinks from it. Accompanied by the girls I called on her, sent in my name. There were three or four other ladies in the room, but her advancing to receive us, was a sufficient indication that she was Miss Martineau. She was sitting in a corner of the sopha, which supported the arm & hand, which held the speaking-tube to her ear, she handed it to me saying, "Do you know the use of this?" I answered affirmatively by an inclination of my head & putting the tube to my lips, soon forgot I held it, & conversed as easily as if not through this, it must be confessed, awkward medium. As I had always understood she was of the Liberal if not radical party, the advocate of the poor & of the working-class, I did not anticipate the reception she has met with from our dignitaries & fashionables. But the English minister was the first to wait on her, introduced her into the Senate, to the President, &c., &c., which at once made her *Ton*. She has literally been overwhelmed with company. I have been told that the day after her arrival near 600 persons called, (an exaggeration I suppose) but the number was immense. Poor I had been planning to show her the same kind of friendly, plain attentions I had done Mrs. Brenton & Miss Sedgwick, & offered to call with the carriage & accompany her to Congress, to make her calls of ceremony, &c., &c. When I found these calls had been dispensed with, & the President's family & Secretaries ladies had first called on her, I told her I did not give nor go to large parties, but should be glad to see her in a social & domestic manner. This I repeated this morning & told her when the hurry of her gay engagements was over, I would ask a quiet day. "Name what day you please after this week, & it shall be reserved for you," replied she. Yesterday she dined at the President's, & in the evening went to a large party. To-day she dines at Sir Charles Vaughan's * & in the evening a party at Mrs. Butler's† (the attorney general) two large evening parties to which she had promised to go, violent headaches, induced by the crowds of company during the whole day, obliged her to send an appology. Her health is very delicate. During the last year she has been laboriously employed, to such a degree as to impair her health. Absolute relaxation & change of scene were prescribed, & she thought she could obtain both these remedies by making the tour of U. S. But if followed by such crowds, her aim will be defeated. From her manners & appearance no one would believe it possible she could be so distinguished, celebrated, followed. The drollest part of the whole is, that these crowds, at least in Washington, go to see the lion & nothing else. I have not met with an individual, except Mrs. Seaton & her mother, who have read any of her works, or knew for what she is celebrated. Our most fashionable, exclusive Mrs. Tayloe, said she intended to call, & asked what were the novels she had written & if they were pretty? The gentlemen laugh at a woman's writing on political economy. Not one of them has the least idea of the nature of her works. I tried to explain them to Mr. Frelinghuysen, Clay, Southard & others. But enough of Miss Martineau for the present. If she interests you, tell me so & I will give you what further details. But perhaps like your Bayard you may think it all ridiculous. . . .

To Mrs. Kirkpatrick

Febr. 4th, 1835.

. . . Friday 5th. And now for Miss Martineau, since you desire to hear a little more about her, particularly of the day she passed here. But I really must give you a previous scene which amused me extremely & will not be without some diversion for

* The British minister.

† Benjamin F. Butler, of New York.

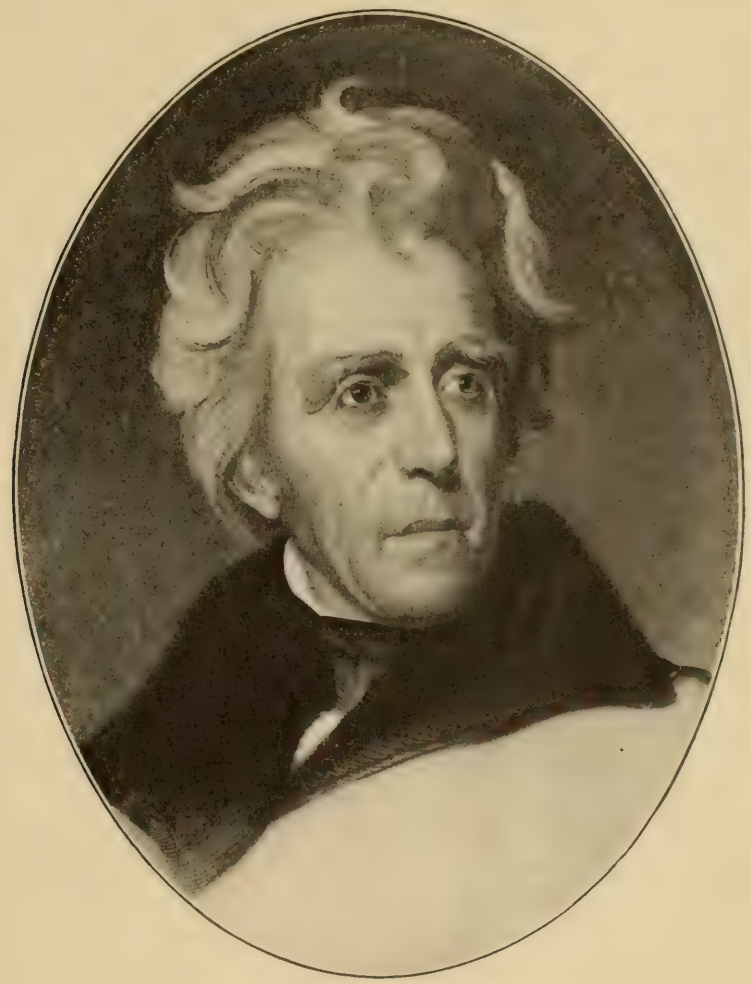
you. The day previous to our little dinner party, I sent for Henry Orr, whom I had always employed when I had company & who is the most experienced & fashionable waiter in the city. He is almost white, his manners gentle, serious & respectful, to an uncommon degree & his whole appearance quite gentlemanly. "Henry," said I, when he came, "I am going to have a small dinner party, but though small, I wish it to be peculiarly nice, everything of the best & most fashionable. I wish you to attend, & as it is many years since I have dined in company, you must tell me what dishes will be best. Boulli, I suppose, is not out of fashion?" "No, indeed, Ma'am! A Boulli at the foot of the table is indispensable, no dinner without it." "And at the head?" "After the soup, Ma'am, fish, boil'd fish, & after the Fish, canvas-backs, the Boulli to be removed, & Pheasants." "Stop, stop Henry," cried I, "not so many removes if you please!" "Why, ma'am, you said your company was to be a dozen, & I am only telling you what is absolutely necessary. Yesterday at Mr. Woodbury's there was only 18 in company & there were 30 dishes of meat." "But Henry I am not a Secretary's lady. I want a small, genteel dinner." "Indeed, ma'am, that is all I am telling you, for side dishes you will have a very small ham, a small Turkey, on each side of them partridges, mutton chops, or sweetbreads, a macaroni pie, an oyster pie——" —"That will do, that will do, Henry. Now for vegetables." "Well, ma'am, stew'd celery, spinage, salsify, cauliflower." "Indeed, Henry, you must substitute potatoes, beets, &c." "Why, ma'am, they will not be genteel, but to be sure if you say so, it must be so. Mrs. Forsyth the other day, *would* have a plum-pudding, she will keep to old fashions." "What, Henry, plum-pudding out of fashion?" "La, yes, Ma'am, all kinds of puddings & pies." "Why, what then must I have at the head & foot of the table?" "Forms of ice-cream at the head, & a pyramid of anything, grapes, oranges, or anything handsome at the foot." "And the other dishes?" "Jellies, custards, blancmange, cakes, sweetmeats, & sugar-plums." "No nuts, raisons, figs, &c., &c.?" "Oh no, no, ma'am, they are quite vulgar." "Well, well, Henry. My dessert is, I find, all right, & your dinner I suppose with the exception of one or two things. You may order me the pies, partridges & pheasants from the French cook, & Priscilla can do the rest." "Indeed, ma'am, you had best" ——"No more, Henry," interrupted I, "I am not Mrs. Woodbury." "Why to be sure, ma'am, her's was a particular dinner on account of that great English lady's dining with her." "Did Miss M. dine there?" "La, yes, ma'am, & I was quite delighted to see the attention Mr. Clay paid her, for indeed ma'am I consider Mr. Clay the greatest & best man now living, & sure I should know, for I served him long enough. Oh he is kindness through & through & it was but proper, ma'am, that the greatest man, should show attention to the greatest lady. He sat by her at dinner & talked all the time just to her, neither of them eat much. I took particular notice what she eat, so I might know another time what to hand her, for she dines everywhere, ma'am, & I see her taste was very simple. She eat nothing but a little Turkey & a mite of ham, nothing else, ma'am, & Mr. Clay hardly as much, they were so engaged in conversation. I listened whenever I was near & heard them talking about the national debt. Mr. Clay told her our debt was paid off & she told him she hoped their debt would soon be paid off too, & they consulted a great deal about it." "Why is Miss M. such a great woman, Henry?" "Why, they tells me, ma'am, she is the greatest writer in England & her books doing monstrous deal of good." "Well, Henry, it is for this Lady, my dinner is to be, but it is a family dinner, not a ceremonious one. She is to spend the day just in a social friendly way with me." "Why, ma'am, that is just as it should be, as you are a writer too. But indeed, ma'am, if not another besides her was invited, you ought to have a grand dinner. I should like you, ma'am, to do your best. It is a great respect ma'am she shows you & a great kindness you show her, & I dare say, ma'am she'll put you in one of her books, so you should do your very best." But I carried my point in only having 8 dishes of meat, tho' I could not convince Henry, it was more genteel than a grander dinner. He came the next day, & leaving him & the girls as his assistants (for Anna absolutely locked me out of the dining room) I sat as quietly in the front parlour, as if no company was expected. Mrs. Randolph, Mrs. Coolidge (Ellen Randolph that was) James Bayard

& B. K.* were the only additional guests to Miss M. & Miss Jeffrey her companion. About 3, B. K. came. I only was in the parlour, the girls were dressing, presently Ann came down, & told me Miss M. & Miss J. were up stairs in my room. "And you left them there alone?" exclaimed I. "To be sure," answered Ann, with her usual nonchalance. "I have never been introduced to them & they asked me to show them to a chamber." "And you let them go in alone!!" "To be sure." I hastened up stairs & found them combing their hair. They had taken off their bonnets & large capes. "You see," said Miss M. "we have complied with your request & come sociably to pass the day with you. We have been walking all the morning, our lodgings were too distant to return, so we have done as those who have no carriages do in England, when they go to pass a social day." I offered her combs, brushes, etc. But showing me the enormous pockets in her french dress, said they were provided with all that was necessary, & pulled out nice little silk shoes, silk stockings, a scarf for her neck, little lace mits, a gold chain & some other jewellry, & soon without changing her dress was prettily equipped for dinner or evening company. We were all as perfectly at our ease as if old friends. Miss M.'s toilette was soonest completed & sitting down by me on the sopha, & handing me the tube, we had a nice social chat before we went down stairs. I introduced Mr. Smith, my nephews, & son &c. Mr. S. took a seat on the sopha by her, & I on a chair on her other side, to be near to introduce others. It was quite amusing to see Mr. S. He took the tube & at first applied its wrong cup to his lips, but in the warmth of conversation perpetually forgot it, & as he always gesticulates a great deal with his hands he was waving about the cup, quite forgetful of its use, except when I said, as I continually had to do, "Put it to your lips." But Miss M. has admirable tact & filled up the gaps of his part of the conversation, made by the waving of the tube, by her intuitive perception & talked as fluently of Lord Brougham, Lord Durham & other political personages, of whom Mr. S. enquired as if she had heard every word. A little after 4, Mrs. Randolph & Mrs. Coolidge came. I was glad Mrs. R. was so handsomely dressed (in general she disregards her toilette) & looked so dignified & well, for I wished Miss M. to see the daughter of Jefferson to advantage. Mrs. C. looked lovely & elegant. I gave Mrs. R. a seat next Miss M. But she said but little & afterwards told us, the very touch of the Tube, put all her ideas to flight. She went to the contrary extreme of Mr. S., & kept the cup pressed so tightly on her lips, that she could scarcely open them. Mrs. Coolidge managed better, & conversed with perfect ease & great fluency until dinner, which was not served until five oclock, when the curtains being drawn & shutters closed, the candles on the table were lit & made everything look better. Miss M. sat next me, Mrs. R. below her, Miss Jeffries led in by B. K. sat between him & Mr. S., & was, they say, extremely entertaining. J. Bayard sat all the time by Mrs. C., the old friend of his sisters & seemed delighted with her. Dinner went off *very well*. I conversed a great deal with Miss M., as Mrs. R. would not. Our conversation was very interesting & carried on in a tone that all the rest of the company could hear. One fact was new & strange. Speaking of the use of ardent spirits by the poor, she said its high price precluded its use, there were now few gin-shops. Opium had been substituted by the poor for gin, & apothecaries boys kept constantly busy, making up penny & ha-penny worths of opium. It was taken not in sufficient quantities to exhilerate, but only to stupefy & satisfy the cravings of hunger. What a wretched state of society does this imply! Her conversation is rich in most interesting illustrations of manners, facts & opinions & what she said at dinner, if written down would fill 4 or 5 such pages. While at table, a note from Mr. Clay was handed me, so handsomely written & so full of compliments for Miss M. & regrets from being prevented joining our party in the evening, that I handed it to her & she then burst forth in an eloquent eulogium of him. It was near 7 when we returned to the parlour, which was brilliantly lighted, (as I think light a great promoter of social pleasure). Mr. King was lounging in the rocking chair, quite at his ease. He knew Miss M. & instantly sat down on one side of her, I on the other. Mr. King* engaged her in details about the English affairs & great men.

* Bayard Kirkpatrick, her nephew.

* Probably John Pendleton King, Senator from Georgia.

She was copious & interesting in her details. I wish I could relate a hundredth part of what she said, but it is impossible. She pronounced Lord Durham (Mr. Lambton, that was) to be the greatest man now in England. "He will soon be our premier, he will be the savior of England!" said she with enthusiasm. He is her greatest & most intimate personal, as well as political friend. All the other distinguished men passed in review. It was a rich treat to hear her. Her words flow in a continual stream, her voice pleasing, her manners quiet & lady-like, her face full of intelligence, benevolence & animation. She always leans back in the corner of the sopha, seemingly unconscious of the presence of any one except the person she is talking with. Mr. & Mrs. Frelinghuysen & Mrs. Burgess (a most lovely young widow) Mrs. Thornton, Mrs. Bomford & her family, Mr. & Mrs. Calhoun & her 3 young ladies, the Southards, Mr. Palfrey, the unitarian clergyman (ours was asked but did not come) & about a dozen gentlemen, made up the evening party. Mr. Frelinghuysen & Mr. Calhoun both sat & conversed a great deal with Miss M., & most of the company by turns sat a while by her. Mr. Calhoun is one of her greatest admirers, his Mess gave her a dinner, Mrs. Bomford was unexpectedly pleased because unexpectedly she felt herself at ease with Miss M. She is so simple, plain, good natured & unaffected, that I wonder every one does not feel at ease. Ease & animation pervaded the whole of the company, we had some delightful singing from the young ladies, Scotch songs to perfection. It was 11 oclock before the party broke up. Every one gratified at an opportunity of meeting Miss M., in such a quiet, social manner. The next day, by appointment, I accompanied Miss M. & Miss J. to Kalorama. Anna Maria went with us. In a carriage



Andrew Jackson.

From the painting by Sully (1825), in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington.

she needs not her tube, but hears distinctly without it. In a carriage, too, sitting so close one feels so confidential. We rode about from 12 until past three & our conversation would fill several sheets. I enquired about her early life, her motives for embracing literature as a pursuit, the formation of her mind, habits & opinions, all of which she freely gave me the history, & an interesting history it is. "Do tell me," said I, "if praise & celebrity, like everything else do not lose their relish?" "I never," said she, "had much relish for general praise; the approbation of those I love & esteem or respect, I highly value. But newspaper praise or censure, are perfectly indifferent to me. The most valued advantage I have gained is the facility which it gives me to gain access to every person, place or thing I desire, this is truly a great advantage." Speaking of the lionizing of celebrated people, "Well," said she, laughing, "I have escaped that, to my knowledge, I have never been made a show of, or run after as a lion." Of course, I did not undeceive her. I asked her how I should understand an expression she several times used, "Since I have been employed by government." She said, two of the subjects she had illustrated in her stories, had been by the request of Lord Brougham & Lord Durham, who supplied her with the materials, or principles, viz, the Poor-Laws, on Taxation. She was employed by them to write on these two subjects, on which account she & her mother had removed to London, as the transmission of Pamphlets by the mail, became too burthensome, frequently requiring her to send a wheel-barrow to the Post Office. For the last two years she & her mother have resided in London, have a small house adjoining the Park, which is as quiet & pleasant as in the country. Here she had daily intercourse with the members of the Cabinet & leaders of the whig party, particularly the above-named gentlemen. She never makes visits & receives them only at 2 specified hours every day, but while Parliament is sitting, dines out (at night, remember) every day. Once, while at Lord Durham's in the country, at table, a gentleman sitting next her observed, "There is one subject, Miss M., I think your genius admirably calculated to illustrate." "What is that," said she, with eagerness, glad to be instructed. "The Poor Laws" replied he. "Why" exclaimed Lord D., "in what corner of England have you been living, that you do not know, this is the very subject on which she has most ably written." "I did, I candidly own," said Miss M., when she told me this, "I did feel completely mortified." My paper will hold no more. I will soon write again, but as I cannot write all this over & it may amuse Maria, I wish you would send it to her. Oh how tired my head & hands are! The girls are equally so of holding their tongues.

To Mrs. Boyd

Christmas day, 1835.

. . . Poor Mr. Clay, was laughing & talking & joking with some friends when his papers & letters were brought to him; he naturally first opened the letter from home. A friend who was with him, says he started up & then fell, as if shot, & his first words were "Every tie to life is broken!"* He continued that day in almost a state of distraction, but has, I am told, become more composed, though in the deepest affliction. Ann was his pride, as well as his joy & of all his children, his greatest comfort. She was my favorite, so frank, gay, & warm hearted. Her husband was very very rich. Their plantation joined Mr. Clay's & afforded a daily intercourse. Of five daughters, she was the last, & now she is gone, & poor Mrs. Clay, in her declining age is left alone & bereaved of the support & comfort which daughters & only daughters can afford. I now, cannot realize that you or I can ever be so bereaved, we are so far advanced towards our journey's end. . . .

* The story was that he fainted. Ann Brown Clay was his favorite child. Her husband was James Erwine, of New Orleans

THE ADMIRABLE OUTLAW

By M'Cready Sykes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

MY English friend thought it was a hold-up. So no doubt did the passengers jolting drowsily in the stage-coach. Two men rode quickly up to the open windows; the stage stopped, and they glanced inside. They were well browned and carried excellent Winchester rifles.

"He ain't there. Thank ye, gentlemen; an' you, Miss"—this last to the school ma'am, who was the least surprised of any.

"I don't suppose you've seen no foot-passenger up the road—nor on the bench, perhaps? Wa'al, that's about all."

My Englishman and I had been riding some two hundred yards behind the stage. It was a slow, lumpy road down the canyon. Farther up, on the bench, we had fallen in converse with Luther, the stage-driver. There the road was wide, and we could ride alongside; Luther spun for us many painful yarns, involving much of battle, murder and sudden death, of catamounts and rattlesnakes, of vast lakes and mighty deserts. Luther was on the whole the most varied and picturesque liar I have ever known, and he delighted the heart of my English globe-trotting friend. We promised ourselves a pleasant evening in Luther's company when we should reach North Star, and we had relinquished our place along the stage regretfully, and only when the road had become too narrow.

Morley had been drifting at leisurely pace around the world, and I had fallen in with him at Portland, fresh from two weeks on the Pacific. Then with vast delight he had come inland with me and had knocked about the mining camps in the mountains back of North Star. We were coming back to town, and our horses had overtaken the stage. Morley was grieving that we had only seven miles to go.

"A week in the mining camps," he had complained, "and no adventures; just fancy! But when I'm home I'll appropriate some of Luther's. Still, I rather hoped for an adventure of our own; that's the worst of the 'disappearing frontier.'"

So he rather welcomed the browned strangers with their rifles, and we all fell into conversation when we drew up by the coach.

"Prisoner broke jail—that's all; he come this way." Frank Simers, the big sheriff, felt a certain shame at confessing the escape, and his deputy coughed apologetically.

"An' the slickest cuss in this country," added the sheriff. "A low, dog-goned bank robber. Started a shootin' on the sidewalk an' sicked the cashier onto his pal, and then ran inside and cleaned out eight hundred dollars in gold, an' carried it away, too. 'Twan't much to get caught for, but they want him in Wyoming when we get through with him. Broke away this afternoon, an' Tom Husack here seen him headin' for the bench. Wa'al, so'long. We'll have him by nightfall."

Luther released the brake, took up his reins, and cried "Giddap!" Then he reflected, and holding back his four horses, said that it reminded him of a man that once tried to shoot him in Nevada—"a one-eyed man, so he shot on the bias, ye might say."

But Morley had quickly lost his liking for adventures at second hand. "Can't we help you in the search?" he said to the sheriff.

There is no hunt that stirs the blood of your Briton as does the noble sport of hunting Man. Morley had mourned at not killing a tiger; he was keen on this new scent.

"Sure, sure," said the sheriff, not displeased at the evident enthusiasm of his ally. "We can drive him in quick, all goin' together. He's afoot."

The stage lumbered down the canyon, and the four of us turned back toward the summit. Clearly there would be no connection with the Overland for us that night.

Simers explained that being mounted, and thus lifted above the sky-line, we were so far forth at a disadvantage, and would be seen by the robber long before we could see him. "He'll crouch along the sage-brush, an' work up into the pines, an' make shift to do his

travelling by night. So the more of this bench we can cover by nightfall, the better chanct we'll have. Once he gets out o' the sage-brush an' into the sheep-grass, we can see him if he lies flat agin a stone."

So we thrashed over the bench all that afternoon, till we were choking with the universal smell of the dusty sage-brush; we started up jack-rabbits innumerable, and saw the gophers scudding to their holes. We came upon a sheep-herder, working his band of sheep down from the mountains, but could find no clue. At twilight we were together again.

"But I say," cried Morley, suddenly inspired, as we were sitting around on the grass for a brief pause, "we've no idea what the fellow looks like, you know. Haven't you a photograph, or something?"

Sheriff Frank uncoiled himself. "Now don't you worry about that, pardner. Ef you see a man wanderin' about here on the bench, unattached like, and not havin' no tag, nor no hoss, why, it's *him*. But it might be as I *hev* got a photograph, now—jest in case I had to do any mailin'. Look in Tom's coat over on that there pile, in the inside pocket. Ye can take it along. I'll be back in a minute."

While the sheriff was gone to replenish the supply of water, we found the coat and the photograph, and examined the picture minutely. It was not a bad face—on the contrary, it struck me as decidedly a good one, with a pleasing expression of frank good-nature, and almost a masterful look about the mouth and eyes.

The man in the picture had a pleasantly recalcitrant tuft of hair, that stood up defiantly in the middle of his forehead. We had finished our examination, and Morley had put the picture in his own pocket for future reference, when the sheriff rejoined us. "Now, my lord, you just keep the picter, an' you'll know your man when you see him."

Behind his back, Sheriff Frank had already begun to speak of Morley as "the Jook." To his face, he compromised on "my lord."

"We'll get him, boys—never fear. But I won't hear the last of this from Governor Yandee. My, but Yandee'll give it to me strong. If the feller wa'n't really gone, I'd think now 'twas a joke of the Governor's. He's always playin' them practical jokes o' his."

Frank's deputy nodded assent, intimating that Governor Yandee was "almost *too* ondignified for a governor of the state"; but Frank's commission ran in the name of the Chief Executive, and he upheld him.

"No, Tom, he ain't ondignified, Tom; he's jest high-spirited. But I'll never hear the end of this."

Morley said that he had in his pocket letters of introduction to Governor Yandee, and that he was anticipating with much delight meeting so pleasant an acquaintance.

"Yes sirree, a fine, whole-souled feller is Bob Yandee," cried the sheriff, "and when you see him ye just give him Frank Simers' regards—assumin' that we've catched this cuss of a bank-robber. Nice feller, Bob."

But that the outlaw would not be captured never seemed to enter the sanguine imagination of the sheriff. And this was not altogether groundless optimism, for the news of the escape would travel fast, and it is not easy to slip unobserved through a country where every new arrival or passer-by excites interest and comment, and affords discussion for a whole evening in half a dozen camps.

We hobbled our horses and turned them loose in the short, dry grass. Simers and Deputy Tom had brought a trifle of provisions, anticipating that the search might after all last over the day. The stars swung about, looming large in the rarefied air even of thirty-five hundred feet of altitude; and far down the canyon the desolate howling of the coyotes was all that broke the stillness.

Morley enjoyed it hugely, and was more communicative than his wont about his own wanderings. The sheriff and Tom Husack, born with the *Wanderlust* that is the Westerner's birthright, had much to tell of many men in many lands, and quickly established with the Englishman the *camaraderie* of them that wander about the earth. The deputy was soon plain Tom for us all; in another half hour we were all calling the sheriff Frank, and assuredly the Englishman would have gotten back to first principles and his first name had his new friends happened to know it. He took his friendly cross-examination like a little man, giving good-naturedly the details of his ancestry, his father's occupations and avocations, and his grandfather's, his religious and political views and the motives that had impelled him to travel around the world. He recognized



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

My English friend thought it was a hold-up.—Page 627.

clearly that his questioners were inspired by no idle curiosity, but welcomed him as a friend and took a friend's interest in his affairs. The problem of the future of Canada, and of the Anglo-American alliance, being happily solved, we fell asleep one by one to the howling of the distant coyotes and the occasional scrambling of the hobbled horses as they searched about for fresher bits of grass.

At dawn we separated pursuant to our plan of overnight, Morley and I keeping not too far from the canyon, from whose billowing sides we could command the trail along the stream. The sides of the canyon died away, and after an hour's riding we found ourselves on fairly level ground. The horses picked their way easily through the chapparal; we rode, silently for the most part, in and out among the great pines when the creek led us in their direction. Our man-hunt was becoming very mild.

Morley, riding a little in the lead, stopped suddenly, dismounted and crouched down, rifle in hand. I followed, and obeying his silent signal, we walked softly through the bushes to the edge of the stream. My Englishman pointed to his quarry.

Standing in the shallow stream, stark naked in the morning sun, a man was performing his matutinal ablutions. It was about eight o'clock, and the water was evidently very cold, for the bather instinctively expanded his chest under the inspiring sting of the water which he was splashing upon it. In a moment he turned and faced us. It was the original of our photograph. Morley gave a soft whistle that bespoke an amplitude of inward delight.

For my part, I distinctly wished that we had the sheriff and his deputy with us. Desperadoes are not ordinarily captured while bathing *en plein air*. Besides, I was nervously conscious, as indeed our photograph had forewarned us, that our man was not exactly the ordinary desperado. Perhaps we might prevail by strategy, and keep in with the man till we could set the duly constituted authorities in motion. It was while I was thinking all this, and a great deal more, that Morley's voice rang cheerfully out:

"Oh, I say: hands up, there."

I had read that phrase, many times, and often heard it quoted. Somehow it failed to strike me at the time as incongruous; yet of course to compel a man standing in the water without a stitch of clothing to throw up his hands seems in a way superfluous. Certain it is that the man instantly threw up his hands, and held them up, as high as they would go.

"Now, my good fellow, I'm going through your clothes," was Morley's next comment, and keeping his rifle pretty steadily pointed at the captive he stepped a few yards along the bank to where the man's clothes lay. The prisoner made a step toward the bank, but Morley turned sharply upon him, keeping him covered with his rifle. "I'd stand still if I were you, and hands up, you know."

The warning was effective, and the Englishman went carefully through the pockets of the man's clothes, extracting five or six silver dollars, a box of tobacco, a pipe, two knives, and to his great joy, a long and gruesome six-shooter, of the kind that Mr. Colt, or his successors in business, make with such beautiful precision. Morley slipped the gun in his own pocket, and rejoined me.

"Confound it," he whispered, "do you know, they never told us the fellow's name. How can you arrest a man without naming him? Stupid of us never to have asked the sheriff for his name."

I weakly suggested something about our needing a warrant. Morley was almost scornful. "Why, he's an escaped prisoner. One doesn't need a warrant. One can take him wherever one finds him. We'll give him an *alias*."

He pointed his rifle at the captive and said, very slowly and distinctly: "You there, *alias* John Doe, I arrest you in the name of the King—no, I mean in the name of President Roosevelt, or the name of the Governor of this State, and I call on you to lay down your arms and submit."

Our captive gave a wild yell, and shook his fist at the tranquil Briton—"You—arrest me—in the name of—the President—and the Governor of the State—why, you—you—well of all"—but words became inadequate, and the man shook his fist impotently.

"Now, my man, we won't have any of that. Come on shore here and put on some of your clothes for decency's sake. You don't need much. When you've done that, you march along in front of us, and if you cut or run, I'll put a bullet through you as sure as I live. You can make any statement you want, but



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

Arranged the line of march so that there should be no possibility of escape.—Page 633.

you don't have to, and I warn you that anything you say can be used against you. I think there's something of that sort in Magna Charta, or the Bill of Rights, and I understand it's in all your constitutions here; so you see I'm looking after your rights. Here are your clothes. Wait a bit, let me take another look at them."

Morley attacked the coat this time, and drew forth a couple of newspaper clippings, a pencil and a paper folded like a legal document. The latter was endorsed "Memorandum on the requisition of the Governor of Wyoming for the extradition of George Selvey, *alias* Peter Dowling, accused of bank robbery."

Morley handed me the paper with a look of triumph. "I wasn't worrying about the fellow's name, but this may come in if we should meet anyone and the man should attempt to escape.

"So you've been collecting the documents of your case, Selvey," he said, turning again to the prisoner. "Well, Selvey, *alias* Dowling, get some clothes on, and we'll go along."

I confess that I was not entirely satisfied with the situation. It was all very well to go through the form of arresting our man, but conveying him to the jail at North Star was a very different matter. If he were to resist, I certainly had no relish for using our rifles, and after all, these were our only points of superiority. It is one thing for two men to overpower a third; it is a very different thing for them to carry him against his will ten miles through the mountains.

On the other hand, from his point of view, why should he resist? We were armed, and he was not; and perhaps he would never guess that we had no mind for subduing him with bullets. Certainly Morley had given no indication of any qualms of that sort. The Englishman was apparently too intent on bagging his game to look on the taking other than as the capture of a cold-blooded criminal who should at no cost be allowed to escape.

In the meantime the prisoner was putting on his clothes. When he was fully dressed, it seemed to me that it was with great difficulty that he was keeping himself under control; once or twice he began speaking angrily but checked himself by an evident effort of will; plainly he was a good actor. He was apparently trying to throw us off our guard. I think we both felt relieved that his Colt was safely in Morley's pocket.

This apparently studied repression of rage at his captors had mostly come about while he was dressing. When he was through he said to Morley very quietly and in a tone that was almost friendly:

"There seems to be some mistake here. You spoke to me a few minutes ago as Selvey. I am not Selvey, and as you don't seem to know who I am, I don't know what more I can say than that you have made an absurd mistake and that the sooner you leave the better. George Selvey is safe in jail at North Star, and if you want him you had better go there."

"That's the very worst thing you could have said," observed Morley judicially. "Twenty-four hours ago you were in jail, Selvey, and in another six hours you'll be there again. By the way, we happen to have your photograph here; I was going to get you to sign it as a souvenir, but I won't ask you to make evidence against yourself."

Morley drew from his pocket the picture the sheriff had given us, and displayed it to our captive with great triumph.

The outlaw was evidently disconcerted at this unwelcome evidence.

"Yes," he said, a little sullenly, "that's my photograph. Where you got it beats me, though I don't know as I much care. But you've got no right to take me. I'll just trouble you for the things you've been taking out of my clothes, and then I'll go my way and you'll go yours."

"You're quite right, Selvey," returned our amateur sheriff imperturbably, "and your way happens to be ours. You forget that you're under arrest. But I say, now, if you'll be decent about it, and go quietly along, and—if you'll tell us how you broke the jail and where you've been, why we'll make it decent and easy for you, and you can ride my horse part of the way. It doesn't really make any difference though, you know, whether you do or not, because we've got the guns, and the horses, and you can't get away, you know. And don't talk unless you want to, but anything you say can be used against you, as I told you before."

The fugitive, impressed by the double threatening of Morley's serious face and of his impassive rifle, laughed rather good-naturedly, and stepped obediently in front. The sheriff had told us that the bank robber

was no ordinary thief, but a smooth and polished villain who would, we inferred, if it were possible, deceive the very elect. So it was with some misgiving that I observed that the man was adopting a distinctly conciliatory tone. Morley observed this too, and arranged the line of march so that there should be no possibility of escape. We bound the prisoner's arms behind him, not without a slight scuffle, and ordered him to march fifteen paces in front. I had indulged in much wonderment as to whether our captive would submit when it came to the pinch, or would put Morley's shooting abilities to the test. But the preliminary struggle over the tying of his hands dissipated all these doubts; and in fact a single look at the Englishman's stern face, and his quick movement for his rifle at a threatening gesture of the robber's, was quite convincing. Morley would have used his rifle without compunction, doubtless shooting promptly upon any attempt at escape, and our captive evidently realized this. My mental inquiries as to what we were going to do with our prisoner were, it appeared, purely academic. Morley was solving the problem with such prompt and masterful efficiency that I felt ashamed of having doubted our own power. It was all in the day's work for Morley, and with the glorious doggedness of his people he would himself have been shot to death rather than let the outlaw escape. Morley consciously represented for the moment the police force of the commonwealth; he had not seriously sought the painful post; but he was a guest of the community, and had been suddenly called into his host's service; not for the world would he have violated the laws of hospitality, nor the obligations of a courteous guest. The prisoner realized the situation, after the little affair with his hands, and made no further effort to escape.

In fact, once reconciled to the inevitable, the escaped robber took his capture good-naturedly, and regaled us much on our journey to North Star. After a time Morley let him walk alongside instead of marching in front; but he was careful not to let his good-nature run away with him, so the man's hands remained bound. In this fashion we made leisurely progress across the bench and down along the foothills. In the distant plain we caught for a moment the band of heavy smoke that marked the railway that connects North Star with the main line. We should have been speeding by there the night before on our way to catch the Overland; but the day's delay had not been unwelcome, and it was something to remember all one's life to have captured a bandit, charming a companion as the bandit might be. It happens not infrequently that swindlers lavish upon their chosen craft a wealth of ingenuity that if applied to an honest calling would earn them a comfortable living; and Selvey, for all that he was a bank robber, and a mean one at that, displayed such a lively and good-natured interest in the country whose hospitality he had abused, such a familiarity with all the outlying regions, such a knowledge of conditions, that it seemed pathetic that he should not have turned his inquiring and assimilative mind to better uses. Morley tried to lead him gently into his own field, hoping to pick up some good yarns of crime; I think the honest Englishman was led by conflicting impulses; one, a host's polite solicitude to turn the conversation to subjects in which his guest was thoroughly at home; the other, an overweening care lest a prisoner should be entrapped into making a confession. I believe Morley would have had fears for the continued existence of the republic if a captive in the custody of the law had been led by the sanctity of hospitality, imprisonment though the hospitality might be, into giving evidence against himself.

But our man rattled on, spinning many tales of violence in days gone by, but none of his own. He told us of the long conflict between the sheepmen and the cattlemen, of Tom Horn in Wyoming, his various murders, and of how he had been led to confess; of Diamond Field Jack, his conviction and sentence to death, how the Governor had pardoned him and the storm that the pardon raised, and how afterward Jack had drifted to Nevada, married there, struck it rich in a mine and was now a mighty nabob. He told us of Hangman's Gulch, through which we had come the day before, and of the great days of '63, when the lights of the mining camps were blazing in the Basin all night long, and of how Jenny Lind had sung in the little wooden shack they call the opera house in Placer City in the days of forty years ago when Placer City had been a great and thriving metropolis.

It seemed a pity to have to give our charming friend over to the clutches of the law. Personally, I should not have grieved altogether at an escape; but Morley was of the British sternness all compact; he was not displeased that our prisoner should fare as easily and comfortably as might be, nor that we should all join in friendly converse by the way; but after all, Morley was really, as I have said before, for the time the Police Force of the Commonwealth, and he would guard his captive though the heavens should fall. He kept his rifle across his saddle, and never let Selvey come within interfering distance. There would be no jail delivery that day.

We came into North Star about half an hour before noon, striking out of the sage-brush and on the road just before. The jail lies on the outskirts of the town, or what indeed had once been its outskirts, but was now rapidly being absorbed in the town's encroachment upon the sage-brush waste. In the streets of North Star, Morley again arranged his calvacade in order, and we entered in state. The bank robber really lent a dignity to the procession, as he walked in advance, his arms pinioned behind his back. There were but few in the streets; we were away from the business quarter. But as we approached the jail, the news of our coming seemed to spread, and a casual throng, mostly of women and children, followed along the sidewalk.

Before we turned in at the driveway at the county buildings, Morley ordered the party in close formation, putting the prisoner between our horses. In this fashion we halted before the jail steps.

"We'll turn him over, and then go to the hotel and have a bit of a wash and brush-up. Then we can hunt up the Governor this afternoon, and I'll give him my letters. I hope he won't be too hard on the sheriff for letting this fellow escape."

We did not have to wait long. Officials came piling out of the jail and from the Court House across the square. Ancient clerks appeared, attendants, stenographers, turnkeys, and finally Sheriff Frank himself.

"Well, well, boys, I got back afore ye. We got our man at nine o'clock this mornin'. We fired and signalled, but you was too fur off."

"What's that? Oh, I say now," cried Morley, turning inquiringly, amazement depicted on his face. "Are there *two* of them? We've got your man—got him by your photograph, and a pleasant enough prisoner he's been, and that's a fact."

The Englishman pulled his horse aside, and disclosed to the astonished throng of officials our charming prisoner, dusty with his long walk, his clothes torn by the chapparal and sage-brush, his hands ignominiously bound behind him.

"Mr. Sheriff," said Morley, slowly and impressively, "in the name of President Roosevelt and the United States Constitution, I deliver into your hands George Selvey, *alias* Peter Dowling, and—and—" Morley hesitated a moment, till a phrase of judicial import came to his relief—"and may the Lord have mercy on his soul. God save the United States!"

There had been a murmur of surprise in the crowd at the apparition of the prisoner—then a titter from an aged clerk with a pen behind his ear; the titter had spread and become a vague ripple of wonderment; some of the officials had fled back into the jail; men jabbed their neighbors; the crowd fell a little away from the centre, and we all turned inquiringly to the sheriff. Morley's face was stern with the pride of duty well performed; the Police Force of the Commonwealth was again in the hands of its legitimate custodian, and the Englishman turned to the sheriff for his discharge. The sheriff's face was a fiery red, but I fancied I saw a twinkle in his eye.

"Boys," he said, "ye meant well; ye meant well. Ye must have got my coat instead of Tom's. Now boys, get out o' North Star jest as fast as ye know how—as fast as ye know how, boys. You've got the Governor of the State. I told him he'd get into trouble with that way o' his, goin' off by himself in the mountains; but he will do it. There's somebody that'll never hear the end o' this; but whether its him or me, I ain't quite clear."

And that was why Mr. Robert Morley never presented his letters of introduction to the Governor. But we found the Overland an excellent train.

THE POINT OF VIEW

ONE of the most deeply rooted of human passions is the desire of every man to say his say whensoever he feels himself bursting with something that he must utter. He wants a hearing; and he is willing to submit to many things if he may only thereby gain the privilege of the platform. It is this deep-rooted desire which is probably esponsible for the popularity of the Open Letter, a most ingenious device for enabling anybody to say anything to anybody else. If Mr. White wishes to communicate his adverse opinion to Mr. Black (whom he does not know) he can indite an Open Letter to Mr. Black, and perhaps some paper will print it. Perhaps, indeed, Mr. Black may be thin-skinned enough to answer it. But this is more than Mr. White really expected; it is even more than he really desired; all he wanted was a chance to express his own views and to place himself for a brief moment in the spot-light of publicity.

An Open Letter to Authors and Editors

Although the Open Letter has come into popularity lately, it is not a new device. The letters of Junius were really Open Letters, even though they were not so entitled. And although the Open Letter is generally addressed only to a single person it is sometimes addressed to a group. If Mr. Brown has reason to dislike Mr. Green's management of the Weissnichtwo and Ultima Thule Railroad, he can address an Open Letter to the stockholders of the W. & U. T. R. R. asking them to turn Mr. Green out of the presidency. An Open Letter to any one person is pretty sure to reach him, either through the "kindness of friends" or through the enterprise of clipping bureaus. But to address an Open Letter to a group is like firing with a shotgun: the best you can do is to bang away and take your chances, knowing in advance that some of your moving targets are certain to be out of range.

And yet an Open Letter may afford the only means of reaching even a few of the collective body whom you desire to reach. Supposing, for example, that a certain Gentle Reader wished to make a suggestion to authors and editors, how could he get their attention? How could he make sure that even a fair proportion of them had the privilege of listening to his words of wisdom? Authors are now in number as the sands of the sea; and even if this Gentle Reader knew all their names, he has not the wherewithal to pay the postage on a circular letter addressed to them severally.

This, then, is an Open Letter to Authors and Editors, calling their attention to a crying need and asking them to remedy an unsatisfactory condition. It is not addressed to all Authors, but only to those who may hereafter gather into volumes articles and tales from the magazines. It is not addressed to all Editors, but only to those who are responsible for the publication of collections of essays, of stories, and of poems. It is a request that these contributions to periodical literature shall each of them be dated with the year of its writing. When this Gentle Reader takes up a volume of essays recently issued and finds a reference to "the last century," he would like to be able to turn to the date of the particular essay containing this reference to discover whether it was originally written before or after the last day of December, 1900. When he is reading Matthew Arnold's discussion of Celtic influences he would like to know whether this article was written before or after Renan's discussion of the same subject. But Matthew Arnold did not date his articles nor did Renan. The latter's "Essais de Morale et de Critique" is now in its fifth edition; and only by a correction here and there in a foot-note can we guess that the first edition was published before 1860.

Even more important is it that every separate contribution should be dated in any scholarly edition of a classic, ancient or modern. When we are reading the works of any one of the New England poets, for example, it is interesting to see at once that a certain lyric was written before the Civil War or afterwards. In an edition of Poe's "Tales," the date on his grewsome "The Pit and the Pendulum" has a certain importance, if we happen also to be familiar with "The Iron Shroud" of William Mudford; and which was written first, "The Cask of Amontillado" or the "Grande Bretèche"? Balzac, it may be noted, often dated his novels, as M. Paul Bourget is now careful to do. It is satisfactory to find the date at the end of every one of Merimée's ironic tales; and it would be pleasant to find at the end of the several

papers in the "Paris Sketch-Book" the year when they were written. Letters are always dated and they are always arranged in chronological sequence. Why should not all an author's essays and lyrics be so dated and so arranged? What are they but Open Letters to the Gentle Reader?

WE aspire to truth nowadays without caring whether it moulds us externally or not. The Greeks had discovered a method of making education fashion the receptacle into harmony with its contents, and, by the aid of the great games and religious festivals, keep on fashioning it, year after year, kneading the man — young, middle-aged, old — by continually applied touches until he conformed to an ideal that satisfies the plastic sense as no other people has ever succeeded in satisfying it.

Some Missing "Educational Values"

It is the habit to say that such a result was tolerably easy to the Greeks because their life was so much simpler than ours; because their acquirements were so much more limited and their knowledge was so much less extended. We know nowadays a great deal more than we can act up to and we feel a great deal more than we can express. The contrast with the ancient life is great. Still, it need not be exaggerated. The old Greeks did not start with a perfectly clean slate. There had been other civilizations, life-problems had been agitated, and were become in their time quite complicated enough. But while we moderns are torn in two by the feeling, on one side, that it is incumbent on man to learn everything that he possibly can about everything, and the doubt, on the other, whether the sources of knowledge that make the highest human type be not really very few, the Greeks did not trouble themselves so much but decided at once for the few essentials with a firmness that puts our vacillations to the blush.

The best minds occupied with our schools are particularly alive to the necessity of establishing some sort of ranking among modern studies, so that those may be put first that are capable of giving, along with the desired practical preparation for worldly success, that discipline to the whole nature that forms the better type of man. There are therefore new systems of teaching constantly arising, and each founded on some different idea of "educational values." How to simplify, and yet to heighten and deepen, education for the general life, while at the same time so much attention must be given to some highly specialized technical equipment or other in order that the individual may hold his own in our fierce modern rivalry, is a question extremely complex. Much as we pride ourselves on our educational machinery, there is nothing like a solution of it even in sight. And well may some people ask themselves of what use are more and more accurate conceptions of the universe to men and women who are not gaining correspondingly in internal balance, in wisdom, or in a light, sure way of using all their powers to the best advantage and with the least waste!

The three "educational values" which the Greeks pitched upon as most surely making for that end, to us, at first thought, seem almost infantile. They were the practice of music, the practice of right diction, and the practice of noble and appropriate gesture and posture. All faith in the importance of the latter scheme of training has (it need not be said) gone from us utterly. We cannot be brought even to give it a serious thought. What do we care for the fact that a Bedouin chief, ignorant and fanatical and probably brutal, will look and move like a member of a higher species by the side of a great and really good German man of science or an English-speaking philanthropist? A Greek would have thought it humiliating; not we. We think a great deal of gymnastics and athletic sports nowadays, to be sure; but only because of the aid that they are to health. And that which, of recent years, has come into some vogue among us under the name of physical culture we leave to the tough mercies of faddists, ladies of mature years who desire to reduce their waist measurements, and "drawing-room entertainers" in search of effective attitudes. And yet, is it too much to predict that sooner or later our present education will be compelled (with modifications, of course) to return to the ancient Greek idea of the ethical ends to be served by a free, genial control of all the muscles, by physical harmony?

As to one of the other two means of training by which the Greeks set so great store, we are too close to the matter to have the right perspective now; but we shall see in time that the endeavor to raise the musical drama to the ethical function of the old Greek stage was one of the very greatest achievements of the nineteenth century.

THE FIELD OF ART

MURAL PAINTING IN THIS COUNTRY SINCE 1898

IN The Field of Art, January, 1899, a brief list was given of the more important mural paintings executed in this country by American artists since Mr. La Farge's in Trinity Church, Boston, not including those destroyed, as William Morris Hunt's large panels in the State Capitol at Albany, and those of the Chicago Exposition of 1893. Among the few suggestions made in the introductory remarks preceding this list was one emphasizing the necessity of a real feeling for mural decoration—of "nobility of color and the great gift of flatness"—to supplement the painter's usual technical training; and, in connection with this, the advisability of including in this training the designing of frames, or borders, for his pictorial panels or friezes, and also of his having a somewhat complete control of his whole interior, or, at least, of the wall on which he works.

So greatly has this mural art expanded within the last eight years that a similar list of painters and paintings would now fill the whole four pages to which The Field of Art is rigorously confined. It cannot be said that in this development every great principle has been finally settled; on the contrary, among the painters themselves, the diversity of opinions is as wide as ever, and even a few of those once generally accepted seem now to be wide open to controversy.

Not unlike the discussion of technical methods is that over the allegorical *vs.* the rest of the field, historical, realistic, commercial, didactic, and that *very* old assertion that "the mission of art is to record" something or other. Even the generally considered first requirement of decorative art, "that it should decorate," is, it is thought, frequently lost sight of. Mr. Joseph Lauber says: "The cry has been raised that too much of our work in the past has been allegorical; that we had a history which ought to be depicted on our walls. That allegory was rot, anyway, etc., etc. There is no objection to a historical painting on the walls provided it can be made to fulfil the first condition, namely, to decorate; to have that balance in composition, scale, and color that will make it *a part of the building*. Otherwise it should be an easel picture." Mr. Low says: "It behooves us all in these cases, if we wish to make the decoration of public monuments general, to avoid the obvious and the commonplace. It is evident that to be duly governed by the architectural style in which a room is conceived we cannot all go back to our meagre history; for one, I own I am almost as tired of the 'early settlers' as I am of 'Justice,' 'Science,' and 'Art'; but there is a rich field in the myths and history which we have inherited in common with all the modern world. The business of the artist is of course to treat his subject in as modern a manner as he pleases, so as to preserve the inherent human interest which has not changed since the birth of time, when these legends were grafted on natural human roots." Mr. Childe Hassam writes: "I should like to see more pure decoration; the figures and landscape idyllic in all that the term implies. The historical subject is the thing that is usually done—all very well, too, I admit—but I should like to see other things done." Mr. Du Mond regrets that "the beauty which should prevail in mural decoration is usually a minor feature compared with the illustrative, symbolic, academic or story-telling side." Mr. Daingerfield writes that, in his opinion, "in mural decoration, wherever placed, the theme should never be the merely illustrative but, *per contra*, should be of the loftiest significance, speaking rather through the spirit of the theme than by any objective realization."

On the other side, Mr. Turner, while in complete unity with his fellow-practitioners in their claim that in the execution of the mural work of this country, the native artists are entitled to first consideration, a claim which has recently received the powerful support of Mr. La Farge and Mr. St. Gaudens, and while admitting that the choice of theme is largely a matter of personal temperament, is inclined to the opinion that the figurative and allegorical can scarcely be considered the language of our day, that something more direct and practical, more nearly adapted to the limitations and requirements of the people, is required. This, he thinks, applies particularly to the decoration of public build-

ings, and in them, perhaps, more especially to the more public portions, as the corridors, etc. He cites instances from his own experience in which his historical mural paintings have awakened an interest in the spectators which has incited them to seek further information and has thus distinctly contributed to a popular enlightenment. Mere pictorial abstractions, he thinks, would have left them indifferent, and to this extent, at least, been profitless. Charles M. Shean writes in a recent article: "It is a safe and reasonable forecast that the future great art of this republic, as far as it is expressed in painting, will find its complete and full development on the walls of our public buildings, and that of necessity, and from the nature of our institutions, and because of the conditions under which it must be executed, it will be primarily a recording art." Another article, on "Mural Painting: An Art for the People and a Record of the Nation's Development," after describing Mr. Cox's lunettes, says: "The whole series is undeniably decorative, but it has no more relation to the State Capitol of Iowa than it has to ancient Rome."

The tendency to greater variety and independence, than which nothing would be more natural under the circumstances, takes various forms, the least important of which is, perhaps, that which seeks new and local themes, peculiarities of our modern civilization, of our historical development, etc. More interesting are the newer artistic conceptions of the old themes or the finding of new ones, unperceived by the ancients, as the rendering of the long frieze-like decorative arrangement of landscape without human or architectural incident, as in some works by Messrs. Crowninshield, Van Ingen, and others. A very good example of this modern decoration (which is a natural outcome of that modern conception of the landscape unknown to the ancients), may be seen in the café of the Hotel Manhattan in this city, by Mr. Crowninshield. Long panoramic arrangements of towered cities and the busy haunts of men, such as Mr. Metcalf's view of Havana and its harbor in the St. James Building, are also excellent material for mural decoration. In the realm of the purely imaginative and decorative, where, it might be concluded, everything has been done, new and very worthy conceptions are by no means unknown, as in Mr. Mowbray's very distinguished long frieze of "The Transmission of the Laws," in the Appellate Court, and in the rendering of the floating figures in Mr. Alexander's "Apotheosis of Pittsburg" for the Carnegie Institute of that city. In the latter, the focus of the composition is not placed in the centre of the long series of panels (65 × 16 feet), but near one end, to the left, and in the long reaches of the air on the right, broken by cloud and vapor, the numerous figures drift, all upright, with no foreshortenings and with very little swirl of draperies, but with a very evident continuous motion. Paul of Verona, or Tintoretto, apparently never thought of *that* scheme, nor Masaccio, first of the moderns. Moreover, in this filling of the space, there are extensive areas in which there are no figures at all, and in which there is not felt to be any necessity for them. This theory of composition seems also to be modern; the painter nowadays does not always consider himself obliged to stuff up every hole in his groupings, with two poodle-dogs playing, or with a piece of drapery, or a jug, dropped carelessly and with the greatest deliberation in the empty space. The triangular brown shadow in the left-hand lower corner of the landscape is now quite obsolete.

In the very old field of religious painting, the most important example placed in this city since Mr. La Farge's in the Church of the Ascension is that by Mr. Lathrop in St. Bartholomew's. In this work (30 × 28), on which the artist spent three years, he made a very serious effort to find "a solution of the problem of a modern religious picture." Most of the attempts in this direction, he says, "have been based either on strict adherence to ecclesiastical precedents, or have been archæological studies, or efforts to cut loose altogether from traditional treatment and render sacred subjects in a modern fashion, . . . the first being usually galvanized resurrections of old formulas, the second lifeless treatises, historical or scientific in character, and the third class marred by eccentricities or by deficiencies in religious sentiment." A correct estimate, he thinks, cannot be reached either on technical or on sentimental grounds alone, but must be based on both considerations. His great painting, suitably framed and placed between the gilded organ pipes on either side, over the marble altar, is a vision in which the figures slowly disengage themselves as in a vision from the misty white light and reveal themselves, the central tall figure of the Saviour and the surrounding hosts of flying, adoring

angels, glimmering, unearthly, more suggestive of a vision than of a painting.

The following list includes a number of the more important mural works executed in this country by American artists since 1898. The names marked with an asterisk are of those artists who have furnished complete lists of their larger works in this period. Several of those given in the list of January, 1899, as Messrs. Armstrong, Beck, McEwen, Shirlaw, Sprague, Pearce, and Thayer, have not carried out any strictly mural painting of late years, or have worked mostly in stained glass.

In addition to these there have been numerous monumental series of mural decorations proposed which have never been carried out, as that for the great Philadelphia City Hall, a few years ago, in the competition for which the empty honor of the first prize was won by Mr. Decamp, and the second by Mr. Turner.

WILLIAM WALTON.

EDWIN A. ABBEY.
Decoration of the State Capitol at Harrisburg, Pa.; mural paintings under the dome, in the Senate Chamber, the House of Representatives, the Supreme Court Room, etc.

*JOHN W. ALEXANDER.
Decorations of grand entrance Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg, Pa.: frieze of "Fire," entrance floor, on three walls; large painting on wall above, facing entrance: "Apotheosis of Pittsburg"; same story, five panels on each side-wall: "Energy of Pittsburg," landscapes, view of city, rivers, etc.; third floor, five panels on each of three walls, allegorical subjects.
Fourteen lunettes in corridor of State Capitol, Harrisburg, Pa.: "Evolution of the State," from the primitive wilderness to modern civilization.

*OTTO H. BACHER.
Panel: "Spring," Hotel Gramertan, New York.
Ceiling, Colonial Theatre, Boston (in collaboration with Robert Blum and H. T. Schladermundt).

*E. H. BLASHFIELD.
Panel, court-room, Appellate Court, New York: "The Powers of the Law."
Ceiling, music-room, house of Robert I. Gammell, Providence, R. I.
Two panels: "Florentine Festival" and "Music," ceiling of music-room, house of Adolf Lewisohn, New York.
Ceiling, three lunettes, eight medallions, Board Room of Prudential Life Insurance Building, Newark, N. J.
Lunette: "The Uses of Wealth," lobby, Citizens' Bank, Cleveland Ohio.
Five panels, ceiling of library of G. W. Childs Drexel, Philadelphia, Pa.
Lunette, Bank of Pittsburg: "Pittsburg Offering Her Steel and Iron to the Commerce and Manufactures of the World."
Panel: "Washington Laying his Commission as Commander-in-Chief at the Feet of Columbia," Baltimore Court-house, Baltimore, Md.
Panel: "The Edict of Toleration of Lord Baltimore," Baltimore Court-house.
Lunette: "The Triumph of Minnesota," Senate Chamber, Minnesota State Capitol, St Paul.
Lunette: "The Discoverers and Civilizers Led to the Sources of the Mississippi," Minnesota State Capitol, Senate Chamber.
Panel: "Westward," Iowa State Capitol, Des Moines.
Semi-dome, Church of the Saviour, Philadelphia, Pa (Choir of Angels).
(In progress) Completion of the choir of the Church of the Saviour, Philadelphia.
(In progress) Four pendentives of the rotunda of the Essex County Court-house, Newark, N. J.
(In progress) Panel for the new College of the City of New York.

ROBERT F BLUM (deceased).
Decorations of proscenium of New Amsterdam Theatre, New York (in collaboration with A. B. Wenzell).
Painting on ceiling of music-room, residence of Mr. Borden, New York.

*KENYON COX.
Frieze in Appellate Court, New York: "The Reign of Law."
Panel on elevator door, Hotel Manhattan: "Peace and Plenty."
Lunette, lobby of Citizens' Bank Building, Cleveland, Ohio: "The Sources of Wealth."
Lunette over grand staircase, Minnesota State Capitol, St. Paul: "The East—Contemplation, Letters, Law."
Eight lunettes, rotunda, Iowa State Capitol: "The Progress of Civilization."
(In progress) Panel for Essex County Court-house (Supreme Court Room), Newark, N. J.
Ceiling in private apartment, New York City.

*FREDERIC CROWNINSHIELD.
Frieze, landscape, café, Hotel Manhattan, New York. (Second section.)
Panels, landscape with figures, café, Simpson & Crawford store, New York.

*ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD.
Decorations of the Lady Chapel of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, New York—panels on either side window above altar: "Gabriel" and "Michael, archangels; south wall: "The Epiphany"; north wall: "The Magnificat"; west wall: "The Church Militant and Triumphant."
Decorations in private houses.

JOSEPH DECAMP.
Decoration of Hotel Touraine, Boston, including two ceilings with figures.

*EDWIN WILLARD DEMING.
Panel: "Braddock's Defeat," Wisconsin Historical Society, Madison, Wis., 1900.
Panel: "Discovery of Wisconsin," Wisconsin Historical Society, 1902.
Frieze: "Moose Hunt," dining-room, house of Mrs. H. Osterheld, Yonkers, N. Y., 1902.
Panels: "Elk, Antelope, Mountain Sheep," dining-room, house of J. J. White, Jr., New York, 1903.
"Moose Panel," dining-room, house of Frank Ford, New York, 1905.
Panel: "An Indian Orpheus," nursery in house of Frank Ford, New York, 1905.
Five panels: Three Indian, Moose and Elk, country home of Ernest Thompson Seton, Cos Cob, Conn., 1905–06.
(In progress) Frieze: "Indians Moving," country home of Mr. Seton, Cos Cob
(In progress) mantel panel, animals, dining-room, house of Dr. Harlow Brooks, New York.
(In progress) Panel: "The First Treaty between the Dutch and the Indians, in New York," Morris High School, New York.
(In progress) Panel: "Gouverneur Morris Addressing the Convention for Framing the Constitution," Morris High School, New York.

*WM. DE LEFTWICH DODGE.
Frieze around café and both entrances, Café Martin, New York, 1901.
Decorations entrance, six lunettes and curtain, Majestic Theatre, Boston, 1902.
Six decorative paintings, Keith's Theatre, Philadelphia, 1902.
Frieze, for Tiffany & Co., lobby King Edward Hotel, Toronto, Canada, 1903.
Seven decorative paintings, color scheme of theatre, Empire Theatre, New York, 1903.
Four paintings, lobby Hotel Astor, New York, 1904.
Frieze, lobby, color scheme, Hotel Devon, New York, 1905.
Mural painting: "Commerce," gilding and painting, color scheme, Union Exchange Bank, New York, 1905.
Two ceilings, reception-room and music-room, residence of Mr. Webb Horton, Middletown, N. Y., 1906.
Decorative painting, east wall of café, Hotel Algonquin, New York, 1906.
Four decorative panels, entrance Court-house, Syracuse, N. Y., 1906.
Decorative panel: "Art," private office Hertz & Tallent, 1906.
(In progress) Mosaic for ceilings and panels, Chambers and Centre Streets vestibules, Hall of Records, New York.

*FRANK VINCENT DU MOND
Panel, entrance to Central Park Studios.
Decoration of a hallway, private residence.
Decoration of private residences, etc.

LAWRENCE C. EARLE.
Decoration of Chicago National Bank Building, Chicago, Ill. Series of sixteen paintings (in collaboration with Edward Potthast).

*CHILDE HASSAM.
Panels for library, house of C. E. S. Wood, Portland, Ore.
Panels for living-room, house of C. E. S. Wood, Portland, Ore.

ALBERT HERTER.
Ceiling for Park Bank, New York City.
Decorations for public building in Pittsburg, Pa.

*JOHN LA FARGE.
"The Codman Madonna," Chapel of the Cathedral, Portland, Me., 1903.
Lunette: "The Moral and Divine Law," Supreme Court Room, Minnesota State Capitol, St Paul, 1904 05
Lunette: "The Relation of the Individual to the State," Supreme Court Room, Minnesota State Capitol, St. Paul, 1904-05.
Lunette: "The Recording of Precedents," Supreme Court Room, Minnesota State Capitol, St. Paul, 1904-05.
Lunette: "The Adjustment of Conflicting Interests," Supreme Court Room, Minnesota State Capitol, St. Paul, 1904-05.
Four lunettes: "The Lawgivers, Numa, Lycurgus, Confucius, Mahomet," corridor of Baltimore Court-house, Baltimore, Md., 1906
(In progress) Two lunettes: "The Lawgivers, Justinian, Moses," corridor of Baltimore Court-house.

*FRANCIS LATHROP.
Painting in chancel, St. Bartholomew's Church, New York.
Frieze of medallion portraits, new building of Hispanic Society of America, New York.

*JOSEPH LAUBER.
Sixteen figure panels: "The Qualities of an Upright Judge," court-room, Appellate Court, New York.
Large altar decoration, Trinity Church, Ossining, N. Y.
Decorations in churches in Brooklyn, N. Y., and Providence, R. I.
Decorative panels in private houses, New York.
Glass mosaics, exhibited at Chicago Exposition, 1893.

*WILL H. LOW
Four lunettes: "Garden Fête, Château d'Anet, Time of Henri II, in residence of Mr. Anthony N. Brady, Albany, N. Y.
Panel in Court-room "B," Essex County Court-house, Newark, N. J.: "Innocence Fears not the Law."
Panels over mantel in private residence.

*WILLIAM ANDREW MACKAY.
A Pompeian loggia in residence at Warren, R. I. Painted in imitation of the antique
Paintings in residence of Andrew Carnegie, New York, and Union Club New York, in decorations of Elmer E. Garnsey
Colossal figures, arch over Speaker's desk, House of Representatives, St. Paul, Minn., in decorations of Elmer E Garnsey.
Ceiling of breakfast-room, residence of Herman Vaughan, Brooklyn, N. Y.

*GEO. W MAYNARD.
Panels in new Committee Rooms, west front Capitol, Washington D. C
Panel, allegoric decoration, court-room, Essex County Court-house, Newark, N. J.

WILLARD L METCALF.
Frieze, entrance hall, Appellate Court, New York: "Justice."
Frieze: "Port of Havana," St. James Building, New York.

FRANK D. MILLET
Decorative painting in Minnesota State Capitol: "The Treaty of the Traverse des Sioux," Governor's Room

*H SIDDONS MOWBRAY.
Ceiling of salon in the residence of Frederick W. Vanderbilt, Hyde Park, N. Y
Frieze on north wall of entrance hall of the Appellate Court, New York: "The Transmission of the Law"
Ceiling and walls of Board Room of Prudential Life Insurance Building, Newark, N. J. (in collaboration with E. H. Blashfield). Five lunettes and eight medallions
Ceiling and walls of library of University Club, New York (including plaster work and treatment of room).
Ceiling and walls of main library, entrance hall, etc., of the J. Pierpont Morgan Library, New York. (Just completed.)

EDWARD POTTHAST
Decoration of Chicago National Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.: Series of sixteen paintings (in collaboration with Lawrence C. Earle).

*HOWARD PYLE.
Seven panels, decorations of a private residence: "The Genius of Art," "The Genius of Literature," "The Genius of Music," "The Genius of Drama," three landscape panels
Panel: "The Battle of Nashville," Governor's Room, Minnesota State Capitol, St Paul
Panel "The Landing of Carteret," Board of Freeholders' Room, Essex County Court-house, Newark, N. J

FLORIAN PEIXOTTO.
Decorative painting: "The Battle of the Fallen Timbers," Court-house, Fort Wayne, Ind

*VIOLET OAKLEY.
Chancel decorations, Church of All Angels, New York.
Frieze in Governor's reception-room, new Capitol at Harrisburg, Pa.: "The Founding of the State of Liberty Spiritual."

ROBERT REID
Paintings in staircase hall, Massachusetts State House, Boston: "James Otis Arguing against the Writs of Assistance," "The Boston Tea Party," "Paul Revere's Ride."

JOHN S SARGENT.
"The Dogma of the Redemption," painting in Sargent Hall, Boston Public Library.

*ROBERT V. V SEWELL.
Series of large lunette panels: "The Story of Psyche," Palm Room, St Regis Hotel, New York.
Triptych, vestibule of Studio Building, Sixty-seventh Street, New York: "Ars Religiosa"
Panels, same building: "Poetas," "Pictura," and "Musica."
Series of panels, same building: "The Months."

*CHARLES M SHEAN.
Four spandrels in corridor of Hotel Manhattan: Landscapes and flowers.
Panels: Ornament and fruits, in new dining-room of Hotel Manhattan
Series of views of German cities and ornamental panels in Dutch Kneipe of Hotel Martinique.

EDWARD SIMMONS.
Decorative painting, great hall, Minnesota State Capitol, St. Paul.
Decorative painting: "Concord Bridge," Memorial Hall, Boston State House.
Decorative painting: "Return of the Colors, 1865," Memorial Hall Boston State House.
Four panels, balcony Players Club, New York.

*SIDNEY STARR.
Ceiling in Corridor of the Muses, Congressional Library, Washington, D. C. (in collaboration with Mr. Simmons).
Decorations in private houses.

*CHARLES Y. TURNER.
Four lunettes, Hotel Martinique, New York: Condensed history of Island of Martinique, 1898.
Walls of entrance lobby, Hotel Raleigh, Washington, D. C.: "Sailing of Raleigh Expedition," 1899-1900
Nine panels in Rathskeller, Hotel Raleigh, Washington, D. C., 1899-1900
Two spandrels: "Equity," "Law," over entrance, Appellate Court New York, 1899
Two panels: "Four Seasons," "The Days," Hotel Manhattan, New York, 1900-01.
Five panels: "Barter with Indians for Land in Southern Maryland, 1634," Baltimore Court-house, Baltimore, Md., 1901-02.
Five panels: "The Burning of the 'Peggy Stewart,' Annapolis, Md., 1774." Baltimore Court-house, Baltimore, Md., 1903.
Two panels: "The Opening of the Erie Canal, October 26-November 4, 1825. 1. Entering the Mohawk Valley; 2 Marriage of the Waters," De Witt Clinton High School, New York, 1905.
Four pendentives to dome, St. Andrew's M. E. Church, New York, 1906
Panel: "Landing of the Milfordites, April, 1666," Essex County Court-house, Newark, N. J., 1906

W. B. VAN INGEN.
Series of panels for United States Mint, Philadelphia: "Coinage" (decorative rendering, children) Mosaic
Sixteen panels, Senate Chamber, State-house, Trenton, N. J.: "Causes of the Independence and Prosperity of the State."
Frieze for Edison Electric Illuminating Co., N. Y.: "Electrical Development from Earliest Times."
Two panels in house of Mr. John O. Gilmore, Philadelphia
(In progress) Fourteen panels for Capitol, Harrisburg, Pa., Early Settlers of the State, Methods of Worship, etc.

*HENRY OLIVER WALKER
Central panel, court-room, Appellate Court, New York: "Wisdom Attended by Learning, Experience, Humility and Love, and by Faith, Patience, Doubt and Inspiration."
Panels, Memorial Hall, Massachusetts State House Boston: "The Pilgrims on the Mayflower" and "John Eliot Preaching to the Indians"
Lunette: "Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow," Minnesota State Capitol, St Paul
Decorative paintings in private houses.
(In progress) Decorative painting for Essex County Court-house, Newark, N. J



A portion of the painting by Sidney S. Gorham.

Copyright, 1905, by Sidney S. Gorham.

THE NATIVITY.

—"The Field of Art," page 765.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XL DECEMBER, 1906 NO. 6

Legislative Library Ontario

THE STATE O' MAINE GIRL

FOURTH REBECCA STORY

By Kate Douglas Wiggin

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

I

THE NEW MINISTER'S WIFE

EVEN when Rebecca had attained the great age of seventeen, and was therefore able to look back over a past incredibly long and full, she still reckoned time not by years, but by certain important occurrences.

There was the year her father died; the year she left Sunnybrook Farm to come to her aunts in Riverboro; the year she exchanged the privileges of the village school for the more extended advantages of the Wareham Female Seminary; and, finally, the year of her graduation, which, to the mind of seventeen, seems rather the culmination than the beginning of existence.

Between these epoch-making events certain other happenings stood out in bold relief against the gray of dull daily life.

There was the day she first met her friend of friends, "Mr. Aladdin," and the later, even more radiant one when he gave her the coral necklace. There was the day the Simpson family moved away from Riverboro under a cloud, and she kissed Clara Belle fervently at the cross-roads, telling her that she would always be faithful. There was sister Mira's death at the farm. There was the visit of the Syrian missionaries to the brick house. That was a bright, romantic memory, as strange and brilliant as the wonderful little birds' wings and breasts that the strangers brought from the Far East. She remembered the moment they asked her to choose some for herself and the rapture with which she stroked the beautiful things as they lay on the black haircloth sofa. Then there was the coming of the new minister, for though many were tried only one was chosen, and finally there was the flag-raising, a festivity that thrilled Riverboro and Edgewood society from centre to circumference.

There must have been other flag-raisings in history—even the persons most interested in this particular one would grudgingly have allowed that much—but it would have seemed to them improbable that any such flag-raising as theirs, either in magnitude of conception or brilliancy of actual performance, could twice glorify the same century. Of some pageants it is tacitly admitted that there can be no duplicates, and the flag-raising at Riverboro Centre was one of these; so that it is small wonder if Rebecca chose it as one of the important dates in her personal almanac.

The new minister's wife was the being, under Providence, who had conceived the germinal idea of the flag.

At this time the parish had almost settled down to the trembling belief that they were united on a pastor. In the earlier time a minister was chosen for life, and if he had faults, which was a probable enough contingency, and if his congregation had any, which is within the bounds of possibility, each bore with the other (not quite without friction), as old-fashioned husbands and wives once did, before the easy way out of the difficulty was discovered, or at least before it was popularized.

Copyright, 1906, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

The faithful old parson had died after thirty years' preaching, and perhaps the newer methods had begun to creep in, for it seemed impossible to suit the two communities most interested in the choice.

The Rev. Mr. Davis, for example, was a spirited preacher, but persisted in keeping two horses in the parsonage stable, and in exchanging them whenever he could get faster ones. As a parochial visitor he was incomparable, dashing from house to house with such speed that he could cover the parish in a single afternoon. This sporting tendency, which would never have been remarked in a British parson, was frowned upon in a New England village, and Deacon Milliken told Mr. Davis, when giving him what he alluded to as his "walking papers," that they didn't want the Edgewood church run by hoss power!

The next candidate pleased Edgewood, where morning preaching was held, but the other parish, which had afternoon service, declined to accept him because he wore a wig—an ill-matched, crookedly applied wig.

Number three was eloquent but given to gesticulation, and Mrs. Jere Burbank, the president of the Dorcas Society, who sat in a front pew, said she couldn't bear to see a preacher scramble round the pulpit hot Sundays.

Number four, a genial, handsome man, gifted in prayer, was found to be a Democrat. The congregation was overwhelmingly Republican in its politics and perceived something ludicrous, if not positively blasphemous, in a Democrat preaching the gospel. ("Ananias and Beelzebub 'll be candidates here, first thing we know!" exclaimed the outraged Republican nominee for district attorney.)

Number five had a feeble-minded child, which the hiring committee prophesied would always be standing in the parsonage front yard, making talk for the other denominations.

Number six was the Rev. Judson Baxter, the present incumbent, and he was voted to be as near perfection as a minister can be in this finite world. His young wife had a small income of her own, so the subscription committee hoped that they might not be eternally driving over the country to get somebody's fifty cents that had been overdue for eight months, but might take their onerous duties a little more easily.

"It does seem as if our ministers were the poorest lot!" complained Mrs. Robinson. "If their salary is two months behindhand they begin to be nervous! Seems as though they might lay up a little before they come here, and not live from hand to mouth so! The Baxters seem quite different, and I only hope they won't get wasteful and run into debt. They say she keeps the parlor blinds open 'bout half the time, and the room is lit up so often evenin's that the neighbors think her and Mr. Baxter must set in there. It don't seem hardly as if it could be so, but Mrs. Buzzell says 'tis, and she says we might as well say good-by to the parlor carpet, which is church property, for the Baxters are livin' all over it!"

This criticism was the only discordant note in the chorus of praise, and the people gradually grew accustomed to the open blinds and the overused parlor carpet, which was just completing its twenty-fifth year of honest service.

Mrs. Baxter communicated her patriotic idea of a new flag to the Dorcas Society, proposing that the women should cut and make it themselves.

"It may not be quite as good as those manufactured in the large cities," she said, "but we shall be proud to see our home-made flag flying in the breeze, and it will mean all the more to the young voters growing up to remember that their mothers made it with their own hands."

"How would it do to let some of the girls help?" modestly asked Miss Dearborn, the Riverboro teacher. "We might choose the best sewers and let them put in at least a few stitches so that they can feel they have a share in it."

"Just the thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Baxter. "We can cut the stripes and sew them together, and after we have basted on the white stars the girls can apply them to the blue ground. We must have it ready for the September 'rally,' and we couldn't christen it at a better time than in this presidential year."

II

THE STATE O' MAINE

In this way the great enterprise was started, and day by day the preparations went forward in the two villages.

The boys, as future voters and fighters,

demanded an active share in the proceedings, and were organized by Squire Bean into a fife and drum corps, so that by day and night martial, but most inharmonious music woke the echoes, and deafened mothers felt their patriotism oozing out at the soles of their shoes.

Dick Carter was made captain, for his grandfather had a gold medal given him by Queen Victoria for rescuing three hundred and twenty-six passengers from a sinking British vessel. Riverboro thought it high time to pay some graceful tribute to Great Britain in return for her handsome conduct to Captain Nahum Carter, and human imagination could contrive nothing more impressive than a vicarious share in the flag-raising.

Living Perkins tried to be happy in the ranks, for he was offered no official position, principally, Mrs. Smellie observed, because "his father's war record wa'n't clean." "Oh, yes! Jim Perkins went to the war," she continued. "He hid out behind the hencoop when they was draftin', but they found him and took him along. He got into one battle, too, somehow or 'nother, but he run away from it. He was allers cautious Jim was; if he ever see trouble of any kind comin' towards him he was out o' sight 'fore it got a chance to light on him. He said eight dollars a month and no bounty wouldn't pay him to stop bullets for. He wouldn't fight a skeeter, Jim wouldn't, but land! we ain't to war all the time, and he's a good neighbor and a good blacksmith."

Miss Dearborn was to be Columbia and the older girls of the two schools were to be the States. Such trade in muslins and red, white, and blue ribbons had never been known since "Watson kep' store," and the number of brief white petticoats hanging out to bleach would have caused the passing stranger to imagine Riverboro a continual dancing-school.

Juvenile virtue, both male and female, reached an almost impossible height, for parents had only to lift a finger and say, "You sha'n't go to the flag-raising!" and the refractory spirit at once armed itself for new struggles toward the perfect life.

Mr. Jeremiah Cobb had consented to impersonate Uncle Sam, and was to drive Columbia and the States to the "raising" on the top of his own stage. Meantime the boys were drilling, the ladies were cutting and basting and stitching, and the girls were sewing on stars; for the starry part of the spangled banner was to remain with each of them in turn until she had performed her share of the work. It was felt by one and all a fine and splendid service indeed to help in the making of the flag, and if Rebecca was proud to be of the chosen ones, so was her Aunt Jane Sawyer, who had taught her all her stitches.

On a long-looked-for afternoon early in September the minister's wife drove up to the brick house door and handed out the great piece of bunting to Rebecca, who received it in her arms with as much solemnity as if it had been a child awaiting baptismal rites.

"I'm so glad!" she sighed happily. "I thought it would never come my turn!"

"You should have had it a week ago, but Huldah Meserve upset the ink bottle over her star and we had to baste on another one. You are the last, though, and then we shall sew the stars and stripes together and Seth Strout will get the top ready for hanging. Just think, it won't be many days before you children will be pulling the rope with all your strength, the band will be playing, the men will be cheering, and the new flag will go higher and higher till the red, white, and blue shows against the sky!"

Rebecca's eyes fairly blazed. "Shall I 'fell on' my star, or buttonhole it?" she asked.

"Look at all the others and make the most beautiful stitches you can, that's all. It is your star, you know, and you can even imagine it is your State, and try and have it the best of all. If everybody else is trying to do the same thing with her State, that will make a great country, won't it?"

Rebecca's eyes spoke glad confirmation of the idea. "My star, my state!" she repeated joyously. "O Mrs. Baxter, I'll make such fine stitches you'll think the white grew out of the blue!"

The new minister's wife looked pleased to see her spark kindle a flame in the young heart. "You can sew so much of yourself into your star," she went on in the glad voice that made her so winsome, "that when you are an old lady you can put on your specs and find it among all the others. Good-by! Come up to the parsonage Saturday afternoon; Mr. Baxter wants to see you."

"Judson, help that dear little genius of a Rebecca all you can!" she said that night,

when they were cosily talking in their parlor and living "all over" the parish carpet. "I don't know what she may, or may not, come to, some day; I only wish she were ours! If you could have seen her clasp the flag tight in her arms and put her cheek against it, and watched the tears of feeling start in her eyes when I told her that her star was her state! I kept whispering to myself, 'Covet not thy neighbor's child!'"

Daily at four o'clock Rebecca scrubbed her hands almost to the bone, brushed her hair, and otherwise prepared herself in body, mind, and spirit for the consecrated labor of sewing on her star. All the time that her needle cautiously, conscientiously formed the tiny stitches she was making rhymes "in her head," her favorite achievement being this:

> Your star, my star, all our stars together,
> They make the dear old banner proud
> To float in the bright fall weather.

There was much discussion as to which of the girls should impersonate the State of Maine, for that was felt to be the highest honor in the gift of the committee.

Alice Robinson was the prettiest child in the village, but she was very shy and by no means a general favorite.

Minnie Smellie possessed the handsomest dress and a pair of white slippers and open-work stockings that nearly carried the day. Still, as Miss Delia Weeks well said, she was so stupid that if she should suck her thumb in the very middle of the exercises nobody'd be a dite surprised!

Huldah Meserve was next voted upon, and the fact that if she were not chosen her father might withdraw his subscription to the brass-band fund was a matter for grave consideration.

"I kind o' hate to have such a giggler for the State of Maine; let her be the goddess of liberty," proposed Mrs. Burbank, whose patriotism was more local than national.

"How would Rebecca Randall do for Maine, and let her speak some of her verses?" suggested the new minister's wife, who, could she have had her way, would have given all the prominent parts to Rebecca, from Uncle Sam down.

So, beauty, fashion, and wealth having been tried and found wanting, the committee discussed the claims of "talent," and it transpired that to the awe-stricken Rebecca fell the chief plum in the pudding. It was a tribute to her gifts that there was no jealousy or envy among the other girls, they readily conceded her special fitness for the rôle.

Her life had not been pressed down, full to the brim, of pleasures, and she had a sort of distrust of joy in the bud. Not until she saw it in full radiance of bloom did she dare embrace it. She had never read any verse but Byron, Felicia Hemans, bits of "Paradise Lost," and the selections in the school readers, but she would have agreed heartily with the poet who said:

> Not by appointment do we meet delight
> And joy; they heed not our expectancy;
> But round some corner in the streets of life
> They on a sudden clasp us with a smile.

For many nights before the raising, when she went to her bed she said to herself, after she had finished her prayers: "It can't be true that I'm chosen for the State of Maine! It just *can't* be true! Nobody could be good *enough*, but oh, I'll try to be as good as I can!"

III

A BAD PENNY

THE flag was to be raised on a Tuesday, and on the previous Sunday it became known to the children that Clara Belle Simpson was coming back from Acreville, coming to live with Mrs. Fogg and take care of the baby (called by the neighborhood boys "the Fogg horn," on account of his excellent voice production). Clara Belle was one of Miss Dearborn's original flock, and if she were left wholly out of the festivities she would be the only girl of suitable age to be thus slighted; it seemed clear to the juvenile mind, therefore, that neither she nor her descendants would ever recover from such a blow. But, under all the circumstances, would she be allowed to join in the procession? Even Rebecca, the optimistic, feared not, and the committee confirmed her fears by saying that Abner Simpson's daughter certainly could not take any prominent part in the ceremony, but they hoped that Mrs. Fogg would allow her to witness it.

When Abner Simpson, urged by the town authorities, took his wife and six children away from Riverboro to Acreville, just over



"My star, my state!" she repeated joyously.—Page 643.

the border in the next county, Riverboro went to bed leaving its barn and shed doors unfastened and drew long breaths of gratitude to Providence.

Of most winning disposition and genial manners, Mr. Simpson had not that instinctive comprehension of property rights which render a man a valuable citizen.

Squire Bean was his nearest neighbor, and he conceived the novel idea of paying Simpson five dollars a year not to steal from him, a method occasionally used in the Highlands in early days! The bargain was struck, and adhered to religiously for a twelve-month, but on the 2d of January Mr. Simpson announced the verbal contract as formally broken.

"I didn't know what I was doin' when I made it, squire," he urged. "In the first place, it's a slur on my reputation and injures my self-respect. Secondly, it's a nervous strain on me; and thirdly, five dollars don't pay me!"

Squire Bean was so struck with the unique and convincing nature of these arguments that he could scarcely restrain his admiration, and he confessed to himself afterward that unless Simpson's mental attitude could be changed he was perhaps a fitter subject for medical science than the State's prison.

Abner was a most unusual thief and conducted his operations with a tact and neighborly consideration none too common in the profession. He would never steal a man's scythe in haying time, nor his fur lap-robe in the coldest of the winter. The picking of a lock offered no attractions to him; "he wa'n't no burglar," he would have scornfully asserted. A strange horse and wagon hitched by the roadside was the most flagrant of his thefts; but it was the small things —the hatchet or axe on the chopping-block, the tin pans sunning at the side door, a stray garment bleaching on the grass, a hoe, rake, shovel, or a bag of early potatoes, that tempted him most sorely; and these appealed to him not so much for their intrinsic value as because they were so excellently adapted to swapping. The swapping was really the enjoyable part of the procedure, the theft was only a sad but necessary preliminary, for if Abner himself had been a man of sufficient property to carry on his business operations independently, it is doubtful if he would have helped himself so freely to his neighbors' goods.

Riverboro regretted the loss of Mrs. Simpson, who was useful in scrubbing, cleaning, and washing, and was thought to exercise some influence over her predatory spouse. There was a story of their early married life, when they had a farm; a story to the effect that Mrs. Simpson always rode on every load of hay that her husband took to Milltown with the view of keeping him sober through the day. After he turned out of the country road and approached the metropolis he used to bury the docile lady in the load. He would then drive on to the scales, have the weight of hay entered in the buyer's book, take his horses to the stable for feed and water, and when a favorable opportunity offered he would assist the hot and panting Mrs. Simpson out of the side or back of the rack, and gallantly brush the straw from her person. For this reason it was always said that Abner Simpson sold his wife every time he went to Milltown, but the story was never fully substantiated, and at all events it was the only suspected blot on meek Mrs. Simpson's personal reputation.

As for the Simpson children, they were missed chiefly as familiar figures by the roadside, but Rebecca honestly loved Clara Belle, notwithstanding her Aunt Miranda's opposition to the intimacy. Rebecca's "taste for low company" was a source of continual anxiety to her aunt. "Anything that's human flesh is good enough for her!" Miranda groaned to Jane. "She'll ride with the rag-sack-and-bottle peddler just as quick as she would with the minister; she always sets beside the St. Vitus' dance young one at Sabbath School; and she's forever riggin' and onriggin' that dirty Simpson baby!"

It was thought very creditable to Mrs. Fogg that she sent for Clara Belle to live with her and go to school part of the year.

"She'll be useful," said Mrs. Fogg, "and she'll be out of her father's way and so keep honest; though she's so awful hombly I've no fears for her. A girl with her red hair, freckles, and cross-eyes can't fall into no kind of sin, I don't believe."

Mrs. Fogg requested that Clara Belle should be started on her journey from Acreville by train and come the rest of the way by stage, and she was disturbed to receive word on Sunday that Mr. Simpson had borrowed a "good roader" from a new acquaintance and would himself drive the girl from Acreville to Riverboro, a distance of thirty-five miles. That he would arrive in their vicinity on the very night before the flag-raising was thought by Riverboro to be a public misfortune, and several residents hastily determined to deny themselves a sight of the festivities and remain watchfully on their own premises.

On Monday afternoon the children were rehearsing their songs at the meeting-house. As Rebecca came out on the broad wooden steps she watched Mrs. Peter Meserve's buggy out of sight, for in front, wrapped in a cotton sheet, lay the precious flag. After a few chattering good-bys and weather prophecies with the other girls she started on her homeward walk, dropping in at the parsonage to read her verses to the minister.

He welcomed her gladly as she removed her white cotton gloves (hastily slipped on outside the door, for ceremony) and pushed back the funny hat with the yellow and black porcupine quills—the hat with which she made her first appearance in Riverboro society.

"You've heard the beginning, Mr. Baxter; now will you please tell me if you like the last verse?" she asked, taking out her paper. "I've only read it to Alice Robinson, and I think perhaps she can never be a



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Rebecca never took the flag; I found it in the road, I say!"—Page 653.



"Jane, you spread out her hair on it and cover it up with brown paper."—Page 655.

poet, though she's a splendid writer. Last year when she was twelve she wrote a birthday poem to herself and she made 'natal' rhyme with 'Milton,' which, of course, it wouldn't. I remember every verse ended:

"This is my day so natal,
And I will follow Milton."

The minister could scarcely refrain from smiling, but he controlled himself that he might lose none of Rebecca's quaint observations. When she was perfectly at ease, unwatched and uncriticized, she was a marvellous companion.

"The name of the poem is going to be 'My Star,'" she continued, "and Mrs. Baxter gave me all the ideas, but somehow there's a kind of magicness when they get into poetry, don't you think so?" (Rebecca always talked to grown people as if she were their age, or, a more subtle and truer distinction, as if they were hers.)

"It has often been so remarked, in different words," agreed the minister.

"Mrs. Baxter said that each star was a State, and if each State did its best we should have a splendid country. Then once she said that we ought to be glad the war is over and the States are all at peace together; and I thought Columbia must be glad, too, for Miss Dearborn says she's the mother of all the States. So I'm going to have it end like this; I didn't write it, I just sewed it while I was working on my star:

"For it's your star, my star, all the stars together,
That make our country's flag so proud
To float in the bright fall weather.
Northern stars, Southern stars, stars of the East and West,
Side by side they lie at peace
On the dear flag's mother-breast."

"'Oh! many are the poets that are sown by Nature,'" thought the minister, quoting Wordsworth to himself. "And I wonder

what becomes of them! That's a pretty idea, little Rebecca, and I don't know whether you or my wife ought to have the more praise. What made you think of the stars lying on the flag's 'mother-breast'? Where did you get that word?"

"Why" (and the young poet looked rather puzzled), "that's the way it is; the flag is the whole country—the mother—and the stars are the States. The stars had to lie somewhere; '*lap*' nor '*arms*' wouldn't sound well with '*West*,' so, of course, I said '*breast*,'" Rebecca answered, with some surprise at the question; and the minister put his hand under her chin and kissed her softly on the forehead when he said good-by at the door.

IV

THE SAVING OF THE COLORS

REBECCA walked rapidly along in the gathering twilight, thinking of the eventful morrow.

As she approached the turning on the left called the old Milltown road, she saw a white horse and wagon, driven by a man with a rakish, flapping, Panama hat, come rapidly round the turn and disappear over the long hills leading down to the falls. There was no mistaking him; there never was another Abner Simpson, with his lean height, his bushy reddish hair, the gay cock of his hat, and the long, piratical, upturned



Miss Dearborn began to practise mysterious feminine arts.—Page 656.

mustaches, which the boys used to say were used as hat-racks by the Simpson children at night. The old Milltown road ran past Mrs. Fogg's house, so he would have left Clara Belle there, and Rebecca's heart glowed to think that her poor little friend need not miss the raising.

She began to run now, fearful of being late for supper, and covered the ground to the falls in a brief time. As she crossed the bridge she again saw Abner Simpson's team, drawn up at the watering-trough. Coming a little nearer, with the view of inquiring for the family, her quick eye caught sight of something unexpected. A gust of wind blew up a corner of a linen lap-robe in the back of the wagon, and underneath it she distinctly saw the white-sheeted bundle that held the flag; the bundle with a tiny, tiny spot of red bunting peeping out at one corner. It is true she had eaten, slept, dreamed "red, white, and blue" for weeks, but there was no mistaking the evidence of her senses; the idolized flag, longed for, worked for, sewed for, that flag was in the back of Abner Simpson's wagon, and if so, what would become of the raising?

Acting on blind impulse, she ran toward the watering-trough, calling out in her clear treble: "Mr. Simpson! O Mr. Simpson, will you let me ride a piece with you and hear all about Clara Belle? I'm going part way over to the Centre on an errand." (So she was; a most important errand—to recover the flag of her country at present in the hands of the foe!)

Mr. Simpson turned round in his seat and cried heartily, "Certain sure I will!" for he liked the fair sex, young and old, and Rebecca had always been a prime favorite with him. "Climb right in! How's everybody? Glad to see ye! The folks talk 'bout ye from sun-up to sun-down, and Clara Belle can't hardly wait for a sight of ye!"

Rebecca scrambled up, trembling and pale with excitement. She did not in the least know what was going to happen, but she was sure that the flag, when in the enemy's country, must be at least a little safer with the State of Maine sitting on top of it!

Mr. Simpson began a long monologue about Acreville, the house he lived in, the pond in front of it, Mrs. Simpson's health, and various items of news about the children, varied by reports of his personal misfortunes. He put no questions, and asked no replies, so this gave the inexperienced soldier a few seconds to plan a campaign. There were three houses to pass: the Browns' at the corner, the Millikens', and the Robinsons' on the brow of the hill. If Mr. Robinson were in the front yard she might tell Mr. Simpson she wanted to call there and ask Mr. Robinson to hold the horse's head while she got out of the wagon. Then she might fly to the back before Mr. Simpson could realize the situation, and dragging out the precious bundle, sit on it hard, while Mr. Robinson settled the matter of ownership with Mr. Simpson.

This was feasible, but it meant a quarrel between the two men, who held an ancient grudge against each other, and Mr. Simpson was a valiant fighter, as the various sheriffs who had attempted to arrest him could cordially testify. It also meant that everybody in the village would hear of the incident and poor Clara Belle be branded again as the child of a thief.

Another idea danced into her excited brain; such a clever one she could hardly believe it hers. She might call Mr. Robinson to the wagon and when he came close to the wheels she might say, "all of a sudden": "Please take the flag out of the back of the wagon, Mr. Robinson. We have brought it here for you to keep overnight." Mr. Simpson might be so surprised that he would give it up rather than be suspected of stealing.

But as they neared the Robinsons' house there was not a sign of life to be seen; so the last plan, ingenious though it was, was perforce abandoned.

The road now lay between thick pine woods with no dwelling in sight. It was growing dusk and Rebecca was driving along the lonely way with a person who was generally called Slippery Simpson. Not a thought of fear crossed her mind, save the fear of bungling in her diplomacy and so losing the flag. She knew Mr. Simpson well and a pleasanter man was seldom to be met. She recalled an afternoon when he came home and surprised the whole school playing the Revolutionary War in his helter-skelter dooryard and the way in which he had joined the British forces and impersonated General Burgoyne, had greatly endeared him to her. The only difficulty was to find proper words for her delicate mission, for, of course, if Mr. Simpson's anger were aroused he would politely push her out



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"For it's your star, my star, all the stars together,
That makes our country's flag so proud
To float in the bright fall weather."—Page 657.

of the wagon and drive away with the flag. Perhaps if she led the conversation in the right direction an opportunity would present itself. She well remembered how Emma Jane Perkins had failed to convert Jacob Moody simply because she failed to "lead up" to the delicate question of his manner of life. Clearing her throat nervously, she began:

"Is it going to be fair to-morrow?"

"Guess so; clear as a bell. Going on a picnic?"

"No; we're going to have a grand flag-raising!" ("That is," she thought, "if we have any flag to raise!")

"That so? Where?"

"The three villages are going to club together and have a rally, and raise the flag at the Centre. There'll be a brass band, and speakers, and the Mayor of Portland, and the man that's going to be governor if he's elected, and a dinner in the Grange hall, and we girls are going to raise the flag."

"I want to know! That'll be grand, won't it?" (Still not a sign of consciousness on the part of Abner.)

"I hope Mrs. Fogg will take Clara Belle, for it will be splendid to look at! Mr. Cobb is going to be Uncle Sam and drive us on the stage. Miss Dearborn—Clara Belle's old teacher, you know—is going to be Columbia; the girls will be the States of the Union, and O Mr. Simpson, I am going to be the State of Maine!" (This was not altogether to the point, but a piece of information impossible to conceal.)

Mr. Simpson flourished the whipstock and gave a loud, hearty laugh. Then he turned in his seat and regarded Rebecca curiously. "You're kind o' small, hain't ye, for so big a State as this one?" he asked.

"Any of us would be too small," replied Rebecca with dignity, "but the committee chose me, and I'm going to try hard to do well."

The tragic thought that there might be no occasion for anybody to do anything, well or ill, suddenly overcame her here, and, putting her hand on Mr. Simpson's sleeve, she attacked the subject practically and courageously.

"O Mr. Simpson, dear Mr. Simpson, I can't bear to say anything about it, but please give us back our flag! Don't, *don't* take it over to Acreville, Mr. Simpson! We've worked so long to make it, and it was so hard getting the money for the bunting! Wait a minute, please; don't be angry, and don't say no just yet, till I explain more. It'll be so dreadful for everybody to get there to-morrow morning and find no flag to raise, and the band and the mayor all disappointed, and the children crying, with their muslin dresses all bought for nothing! O dear Mr. Simpson, please don't take our flag away from us!"

The apparently astonished Abner pulled his mustaches and exclaimed: "But I don't know what you're drivin' at! Who's got yer flag? *I* hain't!"

Could duplicity, deceit, and infamy go any further, Rebecca wondered, and her soul filling with righteous wrath, she cast discretion to the winds and spoke a little more plainly, bending her great swimming eyes on the now embarrassed Abner, who looked like an angle-worm wriggling on a pin.

"Mr. Simpson, how can you say that, when I saw the flag in the back of your wagon myself, when you stopped to water the horse? It's wicked of you to take it, and I cannot bear it!" (Her voice broke now, for a doubt of Mr. Simpson's yielding suddenly darkened her mind.) "If you keep it, you'll have to keep me, for I won't be parted from it! I can't fight like the boys, but I can pinch and scratch, and I *will* scratch, just like a panther—I'll lie right down on it and not move, if I starve to death!"

"Look here, hold your hosses 'n' don't cry till you git something to cry for!" grumbled the outraged Abner, to whom a clew had just come; and leaning over the wagon-back he caught hold of a corner of white sheet and dragged up the bundle, scooping off Rebecca's hat in the process, and almost burying her in bunting.

She caught the treasure passionately to her heart and stifled her sobs in it, while Abner exclaimed: "I swan to man, if that hain't a flag! Well, in that case you're good 'n' welcome to it! Land! I seen that bundle lyin' in the middle o' the road and I says to myself, that's somebody's washin' and I'd better pick it up and leave it at the post-office to be claimed; 'n' all the time it was a flag!"

This was a Simpsonian version of the matter, the fact being that a white-covered bundle lying on the Meserves' front steps had attracted his practised eye and slipping

in at the open gate he had swiftly and deftly removed it to his wagon on general principles, thinking if it were clean clothes it would be extremely useful, and in any event there was no good in passing by something flung into your very arms, so to speak. He had had no leisure to examine the bundle and indeed took little interest in it. Probably he stole it simply from force of habit, and because there was nothing else in sight *to* steal, everybody's premises being preternaturally tidy and empty, almost as if his visit had been expected!

Rebecca was a practical child, and it seemed to her almost impossible that so heavy a bundle should fall out of Mrs. Meserve's buggy and not be noticed; but she hoped that Mr. Simpson was telling the truth and she was too glad and grateful to doubt anyone at the moment.

"Thank you, thank you ever so much, Mr. Simpson. You're the nicest, kindest, politest man I ever knew, and the girls will be so pleased you gave us back the flag, and so will the Dorcas Society; they'll be sure to write you a letter of thanks; they always do."

"Tell 'em not to mind," said Simpson, beaming virtuously. "But land! I'm glad 'twas me that happened to see that bundle in the road and take the trouble to pick it up." ("Jest to think of it's bein' a flag!" he thought; "if ever there was a pesky, wuthless thing to trade off, 'twould be a great, gormin' flag like that!")

"Can I get out now, please?" asked Rebecca. "I want to go back, for Mrs. Meserve will be dreadfully nervous when she finds out she dropped the flag, and she has heart trouble."

"No, you don't," objected Mr. Simpson gallantly, turning the horse. "Do you think I'd let a little creeter like you lug that great heavy bundle? I hain't got time to go back to Meserve's, but I'll take you to the corner and dump you there, flag 'n' all, and you can get some o' the men folks to carry it the rest o' the way. You'll wear it out, huggin' it so!"

"I adore it!" said Rebecca, who was in a high-pitched and grandiloquent mood. "Why don't *you* like it? It's your country's flag."

Simpson smiled an indulgent smile and looked a trifle bored at these frequent appeals to his (extremely rusty) higher feelings.

"I don' know's I've got any partic'lar int'rest in the country," he remarked languidly. "I know I don't owe nothin' to it, nor own nothin' in it!"

"You own a star on the flag, same as everybody," argued Rebecca, who had been feeding on patriotism for a month; "and you own a State, too, like all of us!"

"Land! I wish't I did! or even a quarter section!" sighed Mr. Simpson, feeling somehow a little more poverty-stricken and discouraged than usual.

As they approached the corner and the watering-trough where four cross-roads met, the whole neighborhood seemed to be in evidence, and Mr. Simpson suddenly regretted his chivalrous escort of Rebecca, especially when, as he neared the group, an excited lady, wringing her hands, turned out to be Mrs. Peter Meserve, accompanied by Huldah, the Browns, Mrs. Milliken and Miss Dearborn.

"Do you know anything about the flag, Rebecca?" shrieked Mrs. Meserve, too agitated, at the moment, to notice the child's companion.

"It's right here in my lap all safe," responded Rebecca calmly.

"You careless, meddlesome, young one, to take it off my steps where I left it just long enough to hunt up my door-key! You've given me a fit of sickness with my weak heart, and what business was it of yours? I believe you think you *own* the flag! Hand it over to me this minute!"

Rebecca was climbing down during this torrent of language, but as she turned she flashed one look of knowledge at the false Simpson, a look that went through him from head to foot, as if it were carried by electricity. He had been handcuffed twice in his life, but no sheriff had ever made him feel like that child. Fury mounted to his brain, and as soon as she was safely out from between the wheels he stood up in the wagon and flung the flag out in the road in the midst of the excited group.

"Take it, you pious, passimonious, cheese-parin', hair-splittin', back-bitin', flag-raisin' crew!" he roared. "Rebecca never took the flag; I found it in the road, I say!"

"You never, no such a thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Meserve. "You found it on the door-steps in my garden!"

"Mebbe 'twas your garden, but it was so

chock full o' weeds I *thought* 'twas the road," retorted Abner. "I vow I wouldn't 'a' given the old rag back to one o' you, not if you begged me on your bended knees! Rebecca's a friend o' my folks and can do with her flag's she's a mind to, and the rest o' ye can go to thunder—'n' stay there, for all I care!"

So saying, he made a sharp turn, gave the gaunt white horse a lash and disappeared in a cloud of dust, before the astonished Mr. Brown, the only man in the party, had a thought of detaining him.

"I'm sorry I spoke so quick, Rebecca," said Mrs. Meserve, greatly mortified at the situation. "But don't you believe a word that lyin' critter said! He did steal it off my doorstep, and how did you come to be ridin' and consortin' with him? I believe it would kill your Aunt Miranda if she should hear about it!"

Miss Dearborn put a sheltering arm round Rebecca as Mr. Brown picked up the flag and dusted and folded it.

"I'm willing she should hear about it," Rebecca answered. "I didn't do anything to be ashamed of! I saw the flag in the back of Mr. Simpson's wagon and I just followed it. There weren't any men or any Dorcases to take care of it and so it fell to me! You wouldn't have had me let it out of my sight, would you, and we going to raise it to-morrow morning?"

"Rebecca's perfectly right, Mrs. Meserve!" said Miss Dearborn proudly. "And it's lucky there was somebody smart enough to 'ride and consort' with Mr. Simpson! I don't know what the village will think, but seems to me the town clerk might write down in his book, '*This day the State o' Maine saved the flag!*'"

V

COLUMBIA'S CHILDREN

THIS episode, if narrated in a romance, would undoubtedly have been called "The Saving of the Colors," but at the nightly conversazione in Watson's store it was alluded to as the way little Becky Randall got the flag away from Slippery Simpson.

Dramatic as it was, it passed into the limbo of half-forgotten things in Rebecca's mind, its brief importance submerged in the glories of the next day. There was a painful prelude to these glories. Alice Robinson came to spend the night with Rebecca, and when the bedroom door closed upon the two girls Alice announced her intention of "doing up" Rebecca's front hair in leads and rags, and braiding the back in six tight, wetted braids.

Rebecca demurred. Alice persisted.

"Your hair is so long and thick and dark and straight," she said, "that you'll look like an Injun!"

"I am the State of Maine; it all belonged to the Indians once," Rebecca remarked gloomily, for she never liked to discuss her personal appearance.

"And your wreath of little pine-cones won't set decent without crimps," continued Alice.

Rebecca glanced in the cracked glass and met an accusing lack of beauty that always either saddened or enraged her, according to circumstances; then she sat down resignedly and began to help Alice in the philanthropic work of making the State of Maine "fit to be seen" at the raising.

Neither of the girls was an expert hairdresser, and at the end of an hour, when the sixth braid was tied, and Rebecca had given one last shuddering look in the glass, both were ready to weep with fatigue.

The candle was blown out and Alice soon went to sleep, but Rebecca tossed on her pillow, its goose-feathered softness all dented by the cruel lead knobs and the knots of twisted rags. She slipped out of bed and walked to and fro, holding her aching head with both hands. Finally she leaned on the window-sill, watching the still weather-vane on Alice's barn, and breathing in the fragrance of the ripening apples, until her restlessness subsided under the clear starry beauty of the night.

At six in the morning the girls were out of bed, for Alice could hardly wait until Rebecca's hair was taken down, she was so eager to see the result of her labors.

The leads and rags were painfully removed, together with much hair, the operation being punctuated by a series of squeaks, squeals, and shrieks on the part of Rebecca and a series of warnings from Alice, who wished the preliminaries to be kept secret from the aunts, that they might the more fully appreciate the radiant result.

Then came the unbraiding, and then—exciting moment—the "combing out"; a diffi-

cult, not to say impossible process, in which the hairs that had resisted the earlier processes almost gave up the ghost.

The long front strands had been wound up from various angles and by various methods, so that, when released, they assumed the strangest, most obstinate, most unexpected attitudes. When the comb was dragged through the last braid, the wild, tortured, electric hairs following, and then rebounding from it in a bristling, snarling tangle, Massachusetts gave one encompassing glance at the State o' Maine's head, and announced her intention of going home to breakfast! She was deeply grieved at the result of her attempted beautifying, but she felt that meeting Miss Miranda Sawyer at the morning meal would not mend matters in the least, so slipping out of the side door, she ran up Guideboard Hill as fast as her legs could carry her.

The State o' Maine, deserted and somewhat unnerved, sat down before the glass and attacked her hair doggedly and with set lips, working over it until Miss Jane called her to breakfast; then, with a boldness born of despair, she entered the dining-room, where her aunts were already seated at table. To "draw fire" she whistled, a forbidden joy, which only attracted more attention, instead of diverting it. There was a moment of silence after the grotesque figure was fully taken in; then came a moan from Jane and a groan from Miranda.

"What have you done to yourself?" asked Miranda sternly.

"Made an effort to be handsome and failed!" jauntily replied Rebecca, but she was too miserable to keep up the fiction. "O Aunt Miranda, don't scold. I'm so unhappy! Alice and I did up my hair to curl it for the raising. She said it was so straight I looked like an Indian!"

"Mebbe you did," cheerfully agreed Miranda, "but 't any rate you looked like a Christian Injun 'n' now you look like a heathen Injun; that's all the difference I can see. What can we do with her, Jane, between this and nine o'clock?"

"We'll all go out to the pump just as soon as we're through breakfast," answered Jane soothingly. "Much can be done by water and force."

Rebecca nibbled her corn-cake, her tearful eyes cast on her plate and her chin quivering.

"Don't you cry and red your eyes up," chided Miranda quite kindly; "the minute you've eat enough run up and get your brush and comb and come out to the back door."

"I wouldn't care how bad I looked myself," said Rebecca, "but I can't bear to be so homely that I shame the State of Maine!"

Oh, what an hour followed this plaint! Did any aspirant for literary or dramatic honors ever pass to fame through such an antechamber of horrors? Did "poet of the day" ever have his head so maltreated? To be dipped in the rain-water tub, soused again and again; to be held under the spout and pumped on; to be rubbed furiously with rough roller towels; to be dried with hot flannels! And is it not well-nigh incredible that at the close of such an hour the ends of the long hair should still stand out straight, the braids having been turned up two inches by Alice, and tied hard in that position with linen thread.

"Get out the skirt-board, Jane," cried Miranda, to whom opposition served as a tonic, "and move that flat-iron on to the front o' the stove. Rebecca, set down in that low chair beside the board, and Jane, you spread out her hair on it and cover it up with brown paper. Don't cringe, Rebecca, the worst's over, and you've borne up real good! I'll be careful not to pull your hair nor scorch you, and oh, *how* I'd like to have Alice Robinson acrost my knee and a good strip o' shingle in my right hand! There, you're all ironed out and your Aunt Jane can put on your white dress and braid your hair up again good and tight. Perhaps you won't be the hombliest of the States, after all; but when I see you comin' in to breakfast I said to myself: 'I guess if Maine looked like that, it wouldn't never 'a' been admitted into the Union!'"

When Uncle Sam and the stage-coach drew up to the brick house with a grand swing and a flourish, the goddess of liberty and most of the States were already in their places on the "harricane deck."

Words fail to describe the gallant bearing of the horses, their headstalls gayly trimmed and their harnesses dotted with little flags. The stage windows were hung in bunting, and from within beamed Columbia, looking out from the bright frame as if proud of her freight of loyal children. Patriotic streamers floated from whip, from dashboard, and from rumble, and the effect of

the whole was something to stimulate the most phlegmatic voter.

Rebecca came out on the steps and Aunt Jane brought a chair to assist in the ascent. Miss Dearborn peeped out and gave a despairing look at her favorite. What had happened to her? Who had dressed her? Had her head been put through a wringing-machine? Why were her eyes red? Miss Dearborn determined to take her behind the trees in the pine grove and give her some finishing touches; touches that her skilful fingers fairly itched to bestow.

The stage started, and as the roadside pageant grew gayer and gayer Rebecca began to brighten and look prettier, for most of her beautifying came from within. The people, walking, driving, or standing on their doorsteps, cheered Uncle Sam's coach with its freight of gossamer-muslined, fluttering-ribboned girls and the gorgeously decorated haycart just behind, bearing the jolly but inharmonious fife and drum corps.

Was ever such a golden day! Such crystal air! Such mellow sunshine! Such a merry Uncle Sam!

The stage drew up at an appointed spot near a pine grove, and while the crowd was gathering, the children waited for the hour to arrive when they should march to the platform; the hour toward which they seemed to have been moving since the dawn of creation!

As soon as possible Miss Dearborn whispered to Rebecca: "Come behind the trees with me; I want to fix you up!"

Rebecca thought she had suffered enough from that process already during the last twelve hours, but she put out an obedient hand and the two withdrew.

Now Miss Dearborn was, I fear, a very indifferent teacher—(Dr. Moses always said so, and Libbie Moses, who wanted her school, said it was a pity she hadn't had more educational advantages in her youth.)

Miss Dearborn's stock in trade was small, her principal virtues being devotion to children and ability to gain their love, and a power of evolving a school-room order so natural, cheery, serene, and peaceful that it gave the beholder a certain sense of being in a district heaven. She was poor in arithmetic and weak in geometry, but if you gave her a rose, a bit of ribbon, and a seven-by-nine looking-glass she could make herself as pretty as a pink in two minutes.

Safely sheltered behind the pines, Miss Dearborn began to practise mysterious feminine arts. She flew at Rebecca's tight braids, opened the strands and rebraided them loosely; bit and tore the red, white, and blue ribbon in two and tied the braids separately. Then with nimble fingers she pulled out little tendrils of hair behind the ears and round the nape of the neck. After a glance of acute disapproval directed at the stiff balloon skirt she knelt on the ground and gave a strenuous embrace to Rebecca's knees, murmuring, between her hugs, "Starch must be cheap at the brick house! '

This particular line of beauty attained, there ensued great pinchings of ruffles—her fingers that could never hold a ferrule nor snap children's ears being incomparable fluting-irons.

Next the sash was scornfully untied, and tightened to give something resembling a waist. The chastened bows that had been squat, dowdy, spiritless, were given tweaks, flirts, bracing little pokes and dabs, till, acknowledging a master hand, they stood up, piquant, pert, smart, alert! Pride of bearing was now infused into the flattened lace at the neck, and a pin (removed at some sacrifice from her own toilet) was darned in at the back to prevent any cowardly lapsing. The short white cotton gloves that called attention to the tanned wrists and arms were stripped off and put in her own pocket. Then the wreath of pine-cones was adjusted at a heretofore unimagined angle, the hair was pulled softly into a fluffy frame, and finally, as she met Rebecca's grateful eyes she gave her two approving, triumphant kisses. In a second the sensitive face lighted into happiness; pleased dimples appeared in the cheeks, the kissed mouth was as red as a rose, and the little fright that had walked behind the pine-tree stepped out on the other side Rebecca the lovely.

As to the relative value of Miss Dearborn's accomplishments, the decision must be left to the gentle reader, but though it is certain that children should be properly grounded in mathematics, no heart of flesh could bear to hear Miss Dearborn's methods vilified who had seen her patting, pulling, squeezing Rebecca from ugliness into beauty. The young superintendent of district schools was a witness of the scene, and when later he noted the children surround-

ing Columbia as bees a honeysuckle he observed to Dr. Moses: "She may not be much of a teacher, but I think she'd be considerable of a wife!" and subsequent events proved that he meant what he said!

VI

HIS STAR

Now all was ready; the moment of fate was absolutely at hand; the fife and drum corps led the way and the States followed; but what actually happened Rebecca never knew; she lived through the hours in a waking dream. Every little detail was a facet of light that reflected sparkles, and among them all she was fairly dazzled. The brass band played inspiring strains; the mayor spoke eloquently on great themes; the people cheered; then the rope on which so much depended was put in the children's hands, they applied superhuman strength to their task, and the flag mounted, mounted, smoothly and slowly, and slowly unwound and stretched itself until its splendid size and beauty were revealed against the maples and pines and blue New England sky.

Then after cheers upon cheers and after a patriotic chorus by the church choirs, the State of Maine mounted the platform, vaguely conscious that she was to recite a poem, though for the life of her she could not remember a single word.

"Speak up loud and clear, Rebecky," whispered Uncle Sam in the front row, but she could scarcely hear her own voice when, tremblingly, she began her first line. After that she gathered strength and the poem "said itself," while the dream went on. She saw Adam Ladd leaning against a tree; Aunt Jane and Aunt Miranda palpitating with nervousness; Clara Belle Simpson gazing cross-eyed but adoring from a seat on the side; and in the far, far distance, on the very outskirts of the crowd, a tall man standing in a wagon—a tall, loose-jointed man with red upturned mustaches, and a gaunt white horse headed toward the Acreville road.

Loud applause greeted the State of Maine, the slender little white-clad figure standing on the mossy bowlder that had been used as the centre of the platform. The sun came up from behind a great maple and shone full on the star-spangled banner, making it more dazzling than ever, so that its beauty drew all eyes upward.

Abner Simpson lifted his vagrant shifting gaze to its softly fluttering folds and its splendid massing of colors, thinking:

"I don' know's anybody 'd ought to steal a flag—the thunderin' idjuts seem to set such store by it, and what is it, anyway? Nothin' but a sheet o' buntin'!"

Nothing but a sheet of bunting? He looked curiously at the rapt faces of the mothers, their babies asleep in their arms; the parted lips and shining eyes of the white-clad girls; at Cap'n Lord, who had been in Libby prison, and Nat Strout, who had left an arm at Bull Run; at the friendly, jostling crowd of citizens, happy, eager, absorbed, their throats ready to burst with cheers. Then the breeze swerved, and he heard Rebecca's clear voice saying:

"For it's your star, my star, all the stars together,
That make our country's flag so proud
To float in the bright fall weather."

"Talk about stars! She's got a couple of 'em right in her head," thought Simpson. . . . "If I ever seen a young one like that lyin' on anybody's doorstep I'd hook her quicker'n a wink (though I've got plenty to home, the Lord knows!). And I wouldn't swap her off neither. . . . Spunky little creeter, too; settin' up in the wagon lookin' 'bout's big as a pint o' cider, but keepin' right after the goods! . . . I vow I'm 'bout sick o' my job! Never *with* the crowd, allers *jest* on the outside, 's if I wa'n't as good's they be! If it paid well, mebbe I wouldn't mind, but they're so thunderin' stingy round here, they don't leave anything decent out for you to take from 'em, yet you're reskin' your liberty 'n' reputation jest the same! . . . Countin' the poor pickin's 'n' the time I lose in jail I might most's well be done with it 'n' work out by the day, as the folks want me to; I'd make 'bout's much, 'n' I don' know's it would be any harder!"

He could see Rebecca stepping down from the platform, while his own red-headed little girl stood up on her bench, waving her hat with one hand, her handkerchief with the other, and stamping with both feet.

Now a man sitting beside the mayor rose from his chair and Abner heard him call:

"Three cheers for the women who made the flag!"

"*Hip, hip, hurrah!*"

"Three cheers for the State of Maine!"

"*Hip, hip, hurrah!*"

"Three cheers for the girl that saved the flag from the hands of the enemy!"

"*Hip, hip, hurrah! Hip, hip, hurrah!*"

It was the Edgewood minister, whose full, vibrant voice was of the sort to move a crowd. His words rang out into the clear air and were carried from lip to lip. Hands clapped, feet stamped, hats swung, while the loud huzzahs might almost have wakened the echoes on old Mount Ossipee.

The tall, loose-jointed man sat down in the wagon suddenly and took up the reins.

"They're gettin' a little mite personal and I guess it's 'bout time for you to be goin', Simpson!"

The tone was jocular, but the red mustaches drooped and the half-hearted cut he gave to start the white mare on her homeward journey showed that he was not in his usual devil-may-care mood.

"Durn his skin!" he burst out in a vindictive undertone, as the mare swung into her long gait. "It's a lie! I thought 'twas somebody's wash! I hain't an enemy!"

While the crowd at the raising dispersed in happy family groups to their picnics in the woods; while the goddess of liberty, Uncle Sam, Columbia, and the proud States lunched grandly in the Grange hall with distinguished guests and scarred veterans of two wars, the lonely man drove, and drove, and drove through silent woods and dull, sleepy villages, never alighting to replenish his wardrobe or stock of swapping material.

At dusk he reached a miserable tumble-down house on the edge of a pond.

The faithful wife with the sad mouth and the habitual look of anxiety in her faded eyes came to the door at the sound of wheels and went doggedly to the horse-shed to help him unharness.

"You didn't expect to see me back right away, did ye?" he asked satirically; "leastwise not with this same hoss? Well, I'm here! You needn't be scairt to look under the wagon-seat, there hain't nothin' there, not even my supper, so I hope you're suited for once! No, I guess I hain't goin' to be an angel right away, neither. There wa'n't nothin' but flags layin' roun' loose down Riverboro way, 'n' whatever they say, I hain't sech a hound as to steal a flag!"

It was natural that young Riverboro should have red, white and blue dreams on the night after the new flag was raised. A stranger thing, perhaps, is the fact that Abner Simpson should lie down on his hard bed with the flutter of bunting before his eyes, and a whirl of unaccustomed words in his mind.

"For it's your star, my star, all our stars together."

"I'm sick of goin' it alone," he thought; "I guess I'll try the other road for a spell;" and with that he fell asleep.

THE PILOT

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

FROM the Past and Unavailing
Out of cloudland we are steering;
After groping, after fearing,
Into starlight we come trailing,
And we find the stars are true.
Still, O comrade, what of you?
You are gone, but we are sailing,
And the old ways are all new.

For the Lost and Unreturning
We have drifted, we have waited;
Uncommanded and unrated,
We have tossed and wandered, yearning
For a charm that comes no more
From the old lights by the shore;
We have shamed ourselves in learning
What you knew so long before.

For the Breed of the Far-going
Who are strangers, and all brothers,
May forget no more than others
Who look seaward with eyes flowing.
But are brothers to bewail
One who fought so foul a gale?
You have won beyond our knowing,
You are gone, but yet we sail.

THE NAVY IN REVIEW

By James B. Connolly

OFF Oyster Bay on the 3d of September last more than one-third of our naval force was reviewed by the President. A most impressive assembly of men-o'-war it was, in tonnage and weight of metal the greatest ever floated by the waters of the western hemisphere.

The last of the fleet had arrived on the night before. From the bluffs along the shore they might have been seen approaching with a mysterious play of lights across the shadowy waters. In the morning they were all there. Hardly a type was lacking —the last 16,000-ton double-turreted battle-ship, the protected and heavy-armored cruisers, monitors, despatch boats, gunboats, destroyers, attendant transport and supply ships. Fifty ships, 1,200 guns, 16,000 men: all were there, even to the fascinating little submarines with their round black backs just showing above the water.

It was that chromatic sort of a morning when the canvas of the sailing-boats stands out startlingly white against the drizzly sky and the smoke from the stacks of the steamers takes on an accented coal-black, and, drooping, trails low in a murky wake. Rather a dull setting at this early hour; but not sufficiently dull to check the vivacity of the actors in the scene.

The usual types of attendants at marine functions were there: the palatial yacht of the notable millionaire—railroad, oil, or whatever it was—large enough, some of them, for even the chronic landsmen to circumnavigate the globe in comfort, and fast enough to serve as scouts in the service should war break out. Famous sailing craft were there, too; notably the record-holder of the ocean passage, probably the fastest schooner afloat; and long, low, not rakish—they don't rake their masts nowadays, slant them forward rather—but properly devilish and heavy-sparred she looked; and painted black she was also. But the expensive yachts of note have become rather conventional appendages nowadays. To vary the monotony, there were also here the inland water craft—the local dinghees of the unpainted clay-marked sides and the much-patched sail, wherewith the barefooted boy ferries himself over the flats to the good fishing pockets where lurk the hesitating cunners on sunny mornings. The boy himself was there with the two broken oars and the necessary tin bailer, without which he would probably sink at his moorings. Because it is a momentous occasion he is wearing shoes to-day; but on any other day you could have seen the rich, black, juicy mud squidging up between his crusted toes.

Also there came bowling down the line that fine archaic model, the good old wall-sided, round-bowed, and plumb-sterned creation, the safe and sane vehicle of the rotund corps which furnished so many commodores for our yacht clubs a generation ago. Descended to plebeian uses now is the able galliot, owned, doubtless, by some shore-abiding party, one who has use for her only on Sundays or feast days like this, who probably gives clam-chowder parties in the cuddy and has to take his family along. At least the family are on this one now, the boy looming up in the bow like any commodore and the perspiring full-dressed ladies, not yet quite at home on the vasty deep, clinging with grim fingers to the top of the house and not for an instant losing sight of the main boom. Of one thing rest assured: in case that long

pole slats across the floor again they don't intend to be caught unawares and have their bonnets swept into the ocean.

The excursion craft of to-day are of a greater latitude in design and size than even a cup-race day could show. Whether it is that a voyage to Sandy Hook demands a certain measure of seaworthiness and tonnage in the medium of conveyance, or whether it is that the navy in action appeals to a larger democracy than anything yet engineered by the small group who for so long have had the cup-race in charge, or whether it is that these are the sheltered waters of Long Island Sound, or whether it is something of all, certain it is that almost anything that can be sculled a mile off-shore and for a few hours thereafter nursed to stay afloat, finds this day a ready charter.

At any rate, whatever their rig or rating —cat, sloop, yawl, schooner, and the nondescript—they jibe and wear, shiver and fill, haul to and swing off, shoot and scoot with irrepressible zest over the debatable ground. To every helm is a master mariner, caring little on whom he proves his seamanship. They worry the souls of the men on picket duty, making as if to break into the sacred reservation, but always sheering off precipitately when the navy chaps, growing impatient, stand up on the thwarts and really order them off. After all, there is real authority behind the men-o'-war's men. Get them really mad and there is no telling —they might pick a fellow up, take him aboard some cruiser and maybe throw him into the brig.

The President comes up the side of the *Mayflower* and, arrived at the head of the gangway, stands rigid as any stanchion to attention while his colors are shot to the truck and the scarlet-coated band plays the national hymn. Then, ascending to the bridge, he takes station by the starboard rail with Secretary Bonaparte at his shoulder. The clouds roll away, the sun comes out, and all is as it should be while he prepares to review the fleet, which thereafter responds aboundingly to every burst of his own inexhaustible enthusiasm.

And this fleet, which is lying to anchor in three lines of four miles or so each in length, with a respectful margin of clear water all about, is, viewed merely as a marine pageant, magnificent; as a display of potential fighting power, most convincing. No man might look on it and his sensibilities—admiration, patriotism, respect, whatever they might be—remain unstirred. To witness it is to pass in mental review the great fleets of other days and inevitably to draw conclusions Beside this armament the ill-destined Armada, Von Tromp's stubborn squadrons, Nelson's walls of oak, or Farragut's steam and sail would dissolve like the glucose squadrons that boys buy at Christmas time. Even Dewey's workmanlike batteries (this to mark the onward rush of naval science) would be rated obsolete beside the latest of these!

It was first those impressive battle-ships; and bearing down on them one better saw what terrible war-engines they are. Of a gleaming white below they are and unpleasing yellow-brown above but above and below every evidence of power. Big guns pointing forward, big guns pointing astern, long-reaching guns abeam, and little business-looking machine guns in the tops —their mere appearance suggests their ponderous might. A single broadside from any of these, properly placed, and there would be an end to the most renowned flagships of wooden-fleet days. And that this frightful power need never wait on wind or tide, nor be hindered in execution by any weather much short of a hurricane, is assured when we note that to-day, while the largest of the excursion steamers are heaving to the little whitecaps, these are lying as immovable almost as sea-walls.

It is, first, the flag-ship *Maine*, which thunders out her greeting—one, two, three —twenty-one smoke-wreathed guns—while her sailormen, arm to shoulder, mark in unwavering blue the lines of deck and superstructure. Meantime the officers on the bridge, admiral in the foreground, are standing in salute; and in the intervals of gun-fire there are crashing out over the waters again the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner." And the *Maine* left astern, the guns of the next in line boom out, and on her also the band plays and men and officers stand to attention; and so the next, and next. And the battle-ships passed, come the armored cruisers, which some think will be most useful of all. They ride the waters almost as ponderously as the battle-ships and are hardly less powerful, but much faster on the trail; and they may run



From a photograph, copyright 1906, by N. W. Penfield.

The fascinating little submarines with their black backs just showing above the water.—Page 154

or fight as they please—but a large force it would need to be when they didn't please. After examining them, long and swift-looking, with no more space between decks than is needed for machinery, stores, armament, and lung-play for live men, the inevitable reflection recurs that the advance of mechanical power must color our dreams of romance in future. Surely the old ways are gone. Imagine one of the old three-deckers ships; and, almost forgotten, the monitors, riding undisturbedly, like squat little forts afloat, with freeboard so low that with a slightly undulating sea a turtle could swim aboard. And after them the destroyers, which look their name. Most wicked inventions; no shining brasswork nor holystoned quarter, no decorative and convenient companionway down the side, no wide promenade deck for pleasant evenings—no



The President comes up the side of the *Mayflower*.—Page 660.

aiming to work to windward of one of these in a gale, and if by any special dispensation of Providence she was allowed to win the weather berth, imagine her trying, while she rolled down to her middle deck, to damage one of these belted brutes, who meantime would be leisurely picking out the particular plank by which she intended to introduce into her enemy's vitals a weight of explosive metal sufficient in all truth to blow her out of water.

After the cruisers passed the craft of comparatively small tonnage and power follow—the gun-boats, transports, and supply anything that doesn't make for results. Of a dark sea-green, ugly, wicked-looking, with hooded ports from under which peer the muzzles of long-barrelled weapons that look as if they were designed for the single business of boring, and boring quickly, holes in steel plate.

So the *Mayflower* steams down the four long lines in review; and always the batteries and bands in action, the immortal hymn echoing out like rolling thunder between the flame-lit broadsides. From shore to shore the cannon detonate and our fighting blood is stirred. On the pleasure craft



From a stereograph, copyright 1906, by H. C. White Co.

The President on the bridge of the *Mayflower*.

skirting the line of pickets like vaguely outlined picture boats in the dim, perspective haze, the people seem also to be stirred. We dream of the glory of battle; but better than that, the hymn which has stirred men to some fine deeds in the past, and shall to just as brave in the future, mounts like a surging tide to our hearts:

Oh, say can you see?

it is asking. And we can see—no need of the glass—ahead, astern, abeam, aloft, some thousands of them streaming in the fresh west wind, and within signal distance of their beautiful waving folds a multitude of men and women in whom the sense of patriotism must have become immeasurably deepened for being within call this day.

The vibration of brass and pipe, the music and the saluting, one ship and the next, and never the welcome of one died out before the tumult of the next began. It was like the ceaseless roar of the ever-rolling ocean, with never an instant when the eardrum did not vibrate to the salute of cannon, the blood tingle to the call of the nation's hymn. One felt faith in ships and crews after it; and later, when in the cabin of the *Mayflower* the admirals and captains



From a stereograph, copyright 1906, by H. C. White Co.

The President leaving the *Mayflower*.

gathered, to meet them and to listen was to feel anew the assurance that this navy, which is now in the making, will be ready when the hour comes to do whatever may be deemed right and well by the people.

The admirals and the *attachés* having departed and dinner become a thing of the past, it was time to review the electric-light display.

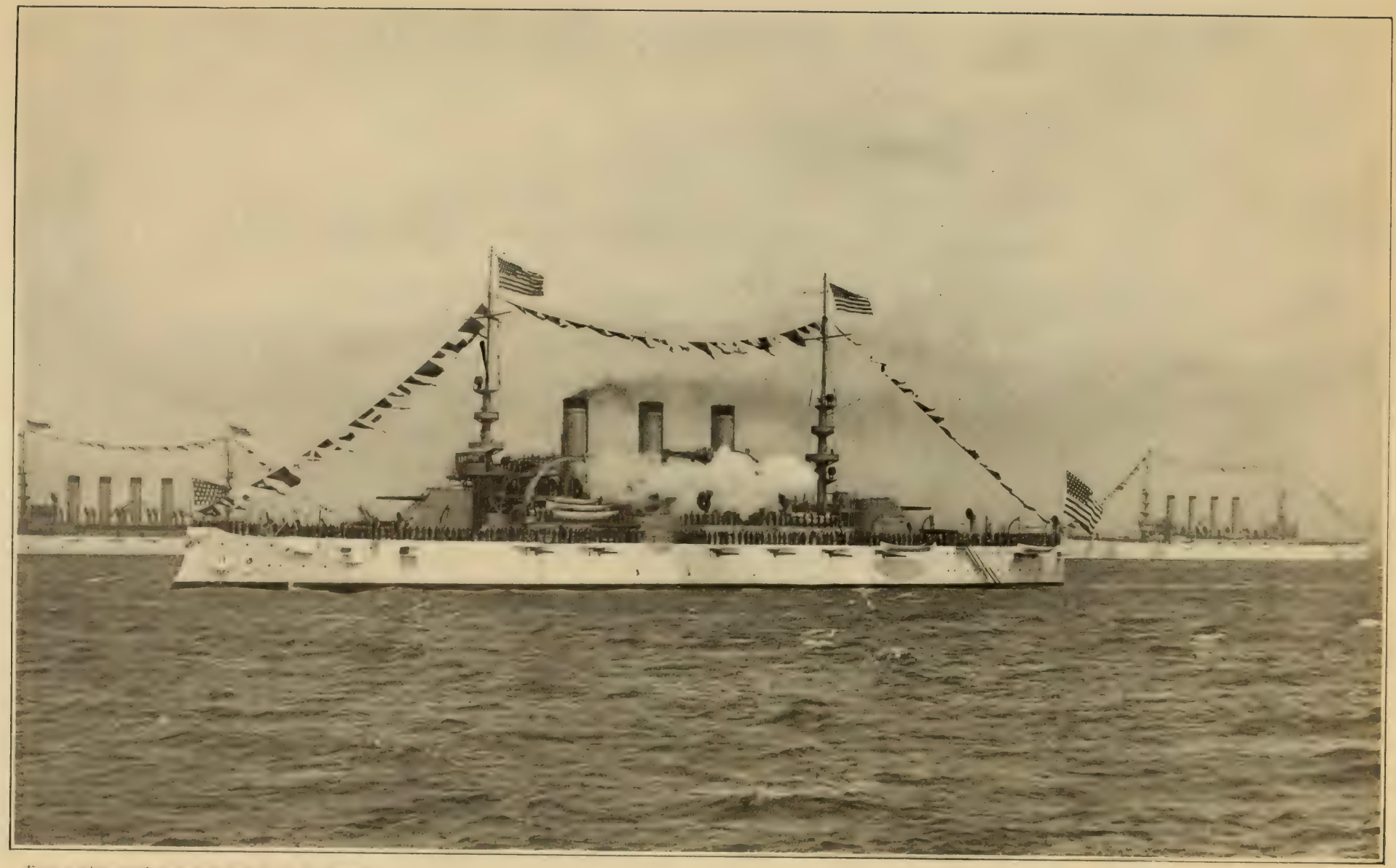
We were almost abreast of the first in line, and she was like a ship from fairyland. Along her run the bulbed lights extended, and thence to her turrets, and, higher up, followed the outline of stacks and tops and masts, with floating strings of them suspended here and there between. Most striking of all, her name in gigantic, flaming letters faced forward from her bridge. Now one ship decked in a multiplicity of jewels on this clear calm night would have been a beautiful sight—but where there were forty odd of them——!

It was a sailor of the fleet, lurking in the shifting shadows of the bridge, that he might enjoy his surreptitious cigarette and not suffer disratement therefor, who reviewed the illuminations most illuminingly. "Man, but they do blaze out, don't they? They make me think of the post-cards we used to buy in foreign ports. You held them up before the light and they came out shining like a Christmas tree. But no ships of cards these—and that's the wonderful thing, too. Seeing them to-day, with their batteries in view, 'twas enough to put the fear o' God in a man's heart, and now look at them—like a child's dream of heaven—that is, if we don't sheer too close and see that the guns are still there. And, look now, the tricks they're at!"



"Did you see that boat making a crack at the President's reformed spelling?"—Page 667.

Outlined in incandescents, the semaphores of a dozen ships were being worked most industriously. "Jerk up and down like the legs and arms of the mechanical dolls at the theatre, don't they? But these here could be dancing for something more than the people's amusement if 'twas necessary. And what are they saying? Oh, most likely it's 'The compliments of the admiral, and will you come aboard the flag-ship and try a taste of punch?' And 'With pleasure,' that other one is saying. And they'll be lowering away the launch and no doubt be having a pleasant chat pres-



From a photograph, copyright 1906, by N. W. Penfield.

The guns boom out and men and officers stand to attention.—Page 660.

The battle-ship *Rhode Island* saluting.



From a stereograph, copyright 1906, by H. C. White Co.

Bearing down on them one better saw what terrible war-engines they are —Page 660.

The battle-ship division as seen from the *Mayflower*.

ently. And they could just as easily be saying (if 'twas the right time) 'Pipe to quarters and load with shell'—just as easy; and they could revolve the near turret of that one, and ten seconds after they cut loose you and me, if we weren't already killed by rush of air, would be brushing the salt water from our eyes and clawing around for a stray piece of wreckage to hang on to. Just as easy—but look at 'em now again!"

The search-lights were paralleling and intersecting, now revealing the perpendicular depths beside the vessel, and now flooding the sky. Twenty of them, simultaneously flashing, were sweeping the surface of the sound, one instant outlining the arbored Long Island shore, the next betraying the beaches of Connecticut. One, beaming westerly, disclosed a loaded excursion steamer half-way to Hell Gate, and, a moment later, turning a hand-spring, picked up in its diverging path the Fall River steamer miles away to the eastward.

"The torpedo-boats 'd have the devil's own time trying to lay aboard to-night, wouldn't they? And yet if 'twas cloudy 'twould be the submarines! Did you see them to-day? Weren't they cute—like little whale pups setting on the water—yes. They say they've got them where they turn somersaults now. Great, yes—but terrible, too, when you think they're liable to come your way some fine day. Imagine yourself, all at once, some night when you ought to be sound asleep in your hammock, finding yourself, afore you're yet fair awake, so high in the sky that you can almost reach out and take hold of the handle of the Dipper! And when you come down and get the official report, learning that one of those cute little playthings had been making a sub aqueous call.

"And what did I think of the review? Grand—but fatiguing. I was one of those chaps drawn up in line on the deck of the *Mayflower*, and from trying to see the President when he was in the stern and one of those foreign attacheys with the golden yellow on his chest who was in the bow, I've got a lame neck. A pain in my very eyebrows—yes. And did you see that boat come alongside making a crack at the President's reformed spelling? I was in Kiel, Germany, once to a review, and if they'd tried anything like that on the Kaiser, he'd slammed 'em all in jail. I suppose it's the difference between holding a job for a time and holding it for all time. An' yes, maybe, too, the difference in the men. Still, those perpetual jobs in one family aren't the best thing for us fellows.

"It's ninety odd years since the American navy proved it could do a good job; for, of course, none of us count Spain, who wasn't ready to begin with, and wasn't our size, anyway. And yet, we mightn't make out so bad 'gainst a bigger enemy at that. Our fellows can shoot, that's sure. They talk of Percy Scott in the English navy, but there's a gun crew in this ship we're breasting now, and I saw them awhile ago put eight twelve-inch shot in succession through that regulation floating target we use, and it was as far away as the farther end of that line of cruisers there, and the target was bobbing up and down and we steaming by at ten knots an hour. Not too bad—hah? And a hundred crews like 'em in the navy. That's for the shooting."

He flicked the end of another fleeting cigarette over the rail. "Yes, the American navy has fought pretty well, and this navy, no fear, will fight too. There's more different kinds of people in it than ever before, they say—though as to that I guess there were always more kinds of people in the navy than the historians ever gave credit for. Now it's all kinds like the nation itself, I suppose And that ought to make for good fighting, don't you think? You saw a good many of them to-day—what do you think of it—will they?"

And that is the point—will they? And have we the spirit to-day?

As to that, no man having yet devised any apparatus wherewith to measure energy of soul and mind, it is difficult to prove to whomever will not believe, or does not in himself possess the germ, the existence of this thing that may not be measured by foot-rule or bushel basket. The belching of black powder and the roll of drum-head do not prove it. We can always hire men to do that, and to do it well. And yet, to be there that day was to experience the thrill that may not be measured, to note how the enthusiasm of the occasion seemed to be animating the crews, to share in the feeling of pride which mantled all cheeks, and ship after ship slipping past, to feel that pride of fleet intensify, until we echoed the cry of the Commander-in-Chief, whose enthusiasm for all that is good for the nation is unquenchable. As the President said, it was a glorious day.

No doubt of it. Men had met and there was kinship in the meeting. From that auspicious opening in the morning when the clouds seemed to dissolve for the express purpose of allowing a fresh-washed sky to enter into the color scheme of the beautiful picture—blue dome, chalk-white and sea-green warships, green and blue and white-edged little seas—until that last moment at night when the last call on the last ship was blown and to its lingering cadence the last unwinking incandescent of the fairy-like illumination was switched off, leaving the hushed and darkened fleet riding to only the necessary anchor lights on the motionless, moon-lit sound—who witnessed it all might not doubt the existence of that spirit which in conflict makes for more than even thickness of armor or weight of shell.





Come, listen, gentles all, and I will sing.

HENNEBONT AND THE FLEET

(A. D. 1342)

A BALLAD FROM FROISSART

By E. Sutton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK CRAIG

COME, listen, gentles all, and I will sing
Of fealty swerveless to the utterance,
When Bretagne lay to-torn between the King
English, and him of France.

Low drooped the cause of Jean de Montfort; he,
Rightful heir-male to all the Armoric land,
Lay far in Paris and captivity,
While with a mailèd hand,

Filled with French gold, and France's strength to aid,
Genoese cross-bows and Burgundian spears,
His rival, Charles de Blois, wide conquest made;
And now the hopes and fears

Ran wild in desperate Hennebont, girdled in
With hedges of grim steel—the strongest town
In all Bretagne, which could the Frenchman win
Ensured the ducal crown.

Throughout her council-hall, oak-raftered, vast,
Sombre with bannered duskiness, that the flame
Of the rich casements hardly pierced, there passed
A voice of scorn and blame.

For 'neath the ermined baldaquin's broad span
Contended fiercely for her infant's right
De Montfort's lady, lion-hearted Jeanne,
Who Jannedik Flamm* was hight.

*"Jeanne the Fleming." She was the sister of the Count of Flanders.



Drawn by Frank Craig.

And a flash answered whitely far away.—Page 670.

Right royal was her port; like any lance
She stood, a woman for a king's desire;
Thick gold her braided tresses, and her glance
Of azure and of fire

"What! would ye yield—now that they dare not storm,
But lie in sullen leaguer? Dread ye so
Their twelve great engines? Need ye lie so warm
That if a roof should go

"Your hearts take cold? I cry you shame, my lords!
(God and the holy saints, of ye I ask,
Who have no woman's heart, a woman's words
To sting them to their task!)

"Have I not armed in steel my mother-breast
And led ye?—aye, the foremost—Treguidy,
Cadoudal!—ye know how with lance in rest
The length of lances three

"I led into the *mêlée!* Have I ceased
Honor, love, fortune, with my life to gage
As were I but a man-at-arms—the least
That draws a monthly wage?

"What would ye more? That on my knees I pray
Ye for that faith whereof I am beguiled?
Ye that wear knightly spurs and would betray
Your lady and a child!

"Hear my last word! Seeing I may not lean
Upon your feebled courage, since delays
England so long the narrow shores between,
I ask ye but three days!

"Only three days! Surely I shall receive
Such guerdon for my deeds, if but one spark
Ye keep of honor more than some who weave
Their treason in the dark

"With yon false priest, and to their plot do call
Hervé de Léon, Judas-like who sold
Our Nantes—our chiefest town—and there withal
His lord and mine for gold!"

She ceased, and none that heard but straightway blenched
And turned away his head in sullen wise,
For tears of woman at no moment quenched
The war-flame in her eyes

That read their wordless answer. Then in scorn
She spake again: "I thank the saintly Powers
Mine is no greater shame! O nobly born,
Ye had denied three hours!

"Climb with me to the tower—if indeed
For task so great my bidding still avails!
Perchance—who knows?—ye might wax stiffer-kneed
Could we sight English sails."

Like beaten hounds they followed to a height
Of cold gray sky and bitter salt sea-blast,
And a great noise of engines, day or night
That never ceased to cast.

Crocket and pinnacle, gable and gray spire,
Strove upward from below; street, market, lane,
Crawled with small atomies; here they quenched a fire,
There worked with might and main

To build a shattered barbican, or haul
Stones to the mangonels where need was most.
Landward, beyond the spear-points on the wall,
Lay the besieging host.

Windward—ah, windward, 'neath a weight of cloud
That bore upon the waters, wan and gray,
Wrinkled and folded like an empty shroud,
Misty and void, there lay

In savage loneliness the Celtic sea.
And cried on high the duchess in despair,
"Our Lady, I have striven! Pity me!"
Then, lance-like through the air

From underneath the cloud-pall, one long ray
Shot from the sun, slow-sinking, red and dim.
And a flash answered whitely far away
Upon the ocean rim.

"'Tis but some fisher," muttered they, but she
Staring, neck stretched above the dizzy verge,
Saw as it were a veil thin suddenly
Along the writhing surge.

And then her eyes rained down with joyful tears,
Burst from the walls a shouting and a hail,
For lo! the sea edge like a front of spears
Serried with countless sail!

"Look, look!" she sobbed; "they come at even-song,
The wings of morning! Oh, my God, to win
On the thin edge of loss!" The little throng
Shame-stricken, drew within

And left her there a space. The moments sped
Into an hour, and still she stood alone,
Bowed on a battlement, her queenly head
Sunk down upon the stone.

Now with hoarse horn-blasts and clear trumpet cries,
Naker and cymbal, clang of steel on steel
Clamorously commingling 'neath the lowering skies,
Drew near each eager keel,

Freighted by that fierce warrior isle that still
Reaps as her chiefest harvest through the years
The stubborn crop of Cadmus, bow and bill,
Sword-blades, and sheaves of spears.

Cog and broad carrack deep with bowmen drave
Slow under sail toward the shouting shores,
And hundred-footed galleys walked the wave
With thunderous tread of oars.



His rival, Charles de Blois, wide conquest made.—Page 668.

The beaten waters twisted, white with wrath,
  Back 'twixt the crowding hulls, that surged and rolled
With every sullen heave. Down that broad path
  Backed by the sunset-gold

That limned in light the thronging masts, and glowed
  Redly through myriad blazonries, there came
The flower of England's might, who coming, sowed
  Blavet* with seeds of flame

From burnished mail—and ah! right jollily
  All that canorous clangor made to dance
Ancients and pennoncels of the strong and free
  Who curbed the pride of France!

Swinford and Levedale, knightly Oxendon,
  Dagworth and De la Warre and Hastings bore
With Cobham bascinet and habergeon.
  Mowbray and many more

There 'neath the lilies and the leopards met,
  And Manny admiral stood, the chief of these
Rough gems that from the crown Plantagenet
  Glance down the centuries.

*The river on whose estuary Hennebont stands.

"See what St. George hath sent us there below!"
  Cried the fair duchess. "If from heaven he
Came with a troop of angels, could they show
  A goodlier company?"

Abashed before her knelt her Bretons then:
  "Lady and liege, royal ye be indeed,
And worthy of the ermines! Ne'er again
  Shall any fail at need!"

Sweetly she laughed. "Arise, messieurs!" she said;
  "Lo, I forgive ye! Sure ye be but men,
And loyalty is woman's! Now our dread
  Is lost and gone, why, then,

"Lift high my banner, call my ladies here!
  Forth with such pomp as fits the state and name
Of Bretagne let us go, and give good cheer
  To those who bring the same!"

So bide thou here, my Ship of Song, in staithe.
  God rest her soul who lumineth my rhyme!
Flower of womanhood, and flame of faith
  That flasheth to all time!



The Veiled Lady of Stamboul

by

F. Hopkinson Smith

Illustrations by F. Walter Taylor

JOE HORNSTOG told me this story—the first part of it; the last part of it came to me in a way which proves how small the world is.

Joe belongs to that conglomerate mass of heterogeneous nationalities found around the Golden Horn, whose ancestry is as difficult to trace as a gypsy's. He says he is a "Jew gentleman from Germany," but he can't prove it, and he knows he can't.

There is no question about his being part Jew, and there is a strong probability of his being part German, and, strange to say, there is not the slightest doubt of his being part gentleman—in his own estimation; and I must say in mine, when I look back over an acquaintance covering many years and remember how completely my bank account was at his disposal and how little of its contents he appropriated.

And yet, were I required to hold up my hand in open court, I would have to affirm that Joe, whatever his other strains might be, was, after all, ninety-nine per cent. Levantine—which is another way of saying that he is part of every nationality about him.

As to his honesty and loyalty, is he not the chosen dragoman of kings and princes when they journey into far distant lands (he speaks seven languages and many tribal dialects), and is he not to-day wearing in his buttonhole the ribbon of the order of the Mejidieh, bestowed upon him by his Imperial Highness the Sultan, in reward for his ability and faithfulness?

I must admit that I myself have been his debtor—not once, but many times. It was this same quick-sighted, quick-witted Levantine who lifted me from my sketching stool and stood me on my feet in the plaza of the Hippodrome one morning just in time to prevent my being trodden underfoot by six Turks carrying the body of their friend to the cemetery—in time, too, to save me from the unforgivable sin among Orientals, of want of reverence for their dead. I had heard the tramp of the pall-bearers, and supposing it to be that of the Turkish patrol, had kept at work. They were prowling everywhere, day and night, and during those days they passed every ten minutes—nine soldiers in charge of an officer of police—all owing to the fact that some five thousand Armenians, anxious to establish a new form of government, had been wiped out of existence only the week before.

Once on my feet (Joe accomplished his purpose with the help of my suspenders) and the situation clear, I had sense enough left to uncover my head and stand in an attitude of profound reverence until the procession had passed. I can see them now—the coffin wrapped in a camel's-hair shawl, the dead man's fez and turban resting on top.

Then I replaced my hat and finished the last of the six minarets of the Mosque gleaming like opals in the soft light of the morning.

This act of courtesy, due so little to my own initiative, and so largely to Joe's, gained for me many friends in and about the mosque—not only those of the dead man, one of whom rowed a caïque, but among the priests who formed the funeral *cortège*—a fact unknown to me until Joe imparted it. "Turk-man say you good man, effendi," was the way he put it. "You stoop over yourselluf humble for their dead."

Joe also stood by my side when, with hat off and with body in a half *kotow*, I sat before the Pasha, who was acting chief of police after that stormy Armenian week—it was over really in five days.

"Most High Potentate," Joe began, translating my plain Anglo-Saxon "Please, sir" into Eastern hyperbolics, "I again seek your Excellency's presence to make my obeisance and to crave your permission to transfer to cheap paper some of the glories of this City of Turquoise and Ivory. This, if your Highness will deign to remember, is not the first time I have trespassed. Twice before have I prostrated myself, and twice has your Sublimity granted my request."

"These be troublous times," puffed his Swarthiness through his mustache, his tobacco-stained fingers meanwhile rolling a cigarette; a dark-skinned, heavily-bearded Oriental, this Pasha, with an eye that burned holes in you. "You should await a more peaceful season, effendi, for your art."

"On account of the Armenians, your Excellency?" I ventured to inquire with a smile.

"Yes," This, in translation by Joe, came with a whistling sound, like the escaping steam of a radiator.

"But why should I fear these disturbers of the peace, your Supreme Highness? The Turk is my friend, and has been for years. They know me and my pure and unblemished life. They also know by this time that I have been one of the chosen few among nations who have enjoyed your Highness's confidence, and to whom you have given protection." Here my spine took the form of a horseshoe curve—Moorish pattern. "As to these dogs of Armenians" (this last was Joe's, given with a growl to show his deep detestation of the race—part of his own, if he would but acknowledge it), "your Excellency will look out for them." He *was* looking out for them at the rate of one hundred a day and no questions asked or answered so far as the poor fellows were concerned.

At this the distinguished Oriental finished rolling his cigarette, looked at me blandly—it is astonishing how sweet a smile can overspread the face of a Turk when he is granting you a favor or signing the death warrant of an infidel—clapped his hands, summoning an attendant who came in on all fours, and whispered an order in the left ear of the almost prostrate man. This done, the Pasha rose from his seat, straightened his shoulders (no handsomer men the world over than these high-class Turks), shook my hand warmly, gave me the Turkish salute—heart, mouth, and forehead touched with the tips of flying fingers—and bowed me out.

Once through the flat leather curtain that hid the exit door of the Pasha's office, and into the bare corridor, I led Joe to a corner out of the hearing of the ever-present spy, and, nailing him to the wall, propounded this query:

"What did the High-Pan-Jam say, Joe?"

Hornstog raised his shoulders level with his ears, fanned out his fingers, crooked his elbows, and in his best conglomerate answered:

"He say, 'effendi' that a guard of *ein* men, Yusuf, his name—I know him—he is in the Secret Service—oh, we will have no trouble with him——" Here Joe chafed his thumb and forefinger with the movement of a paying teller counting a roll. "He come every morning to Galata Bridge for you me. He say, too, if any trouble while you paint I go him—ah, effendi, it is only Joe Hornstog can do these things. The Pasha, he know me—all good Turk-men know me. Where we paint now, *Subito?* In the plaza, or in the patio of the Valedée, like last year?"

"Neither. We go first to the Mosque of Suleiman. I want the view through the gate of the court-yard, with the mosque in the background. Best place is below the café. Pick up those traps and come along."

Thus it was that on this particular summer afternoon Joe and I found ourselves on the shadow side of a wall up a crooked, break-neck street paved with rocks, each as

big as a tombstone, from which I got a full view of the wonderful mosque flinging its splendors into the still air, its cresting of minarets so much frozen spray tossed against the blue.

The little comedy—or shall I say tragedy?—began a few minutes after I had opened my easel—I sitting crouched in the shadow my elbow touching the plastered wall. Only Joe and I were present. Yusuf, the guard, a skinny, half-fed Turk in fez and European dress, had as usual betaken himself to the café fronting the same sidewalk on which I sat, but half a block away, far enough to be out of hearing, but near enough to miss my presence should I decamp suddenly without notifying him. There he drank some fifty cups of coffee, each one the size of a thimble, and smoked as many cigarettes, their burned stubs locating his seat under the café awning as clearly as peanut-shells mark a boy's at the circus. I, of course, paid for both.

So absorbed was I in my work—the mosque never was so beautiful as on that day—I gave no thought to the fact that in my eagerness to hide my canvas from the prying sun I had really backed myself into a small wooden gate, its lintel level with the sidewalk—a dry, dusty, sun-blistered gate, without lock or hasp on the outside, and evidently long closed Even then I would not have noticed it, had not my ears caught the sound of a voice—two voices, in fact—low, gurgling voices—as if a fountain had just been turned on, spattering the leaves about it. Then my eye lighted, not only on the gate, but upon a seam or split in the wood, half way-up its height, showing where a panel was sometimes pushed back, perhaps for surer identification, before the inside wooden beam would be loosened.

So potent was the spell of the mosque's witchery that the next instant I should have forgotten both door and panel had not Joe touched the toe of my boot with his own—he was sitting close to me—and in explanation lifted his eyebrow a hair's breadth, his eyes fixed on the slowly sliding panel—sliding noiselessly, an inch at a time. Only then did my mind act.

What I saw was first a glow of yellow green, then a mass of blossoms, then a throat chin, and face, one after another, all veiled in a gossamer thin as a spider's web, and last—and these I shall never forget—a pair of eyes shining clear below and above the veil, and which gazed into mine with the same steady, full, unfrightened look one sometimes sees on the face of a summer moon when it bursts through a rift in the clouds.

"Don't move and don't look," whispered Joe in my ear, a tone in his voice of one who had just seen a ghost. "Allah! *Ekber!* Yuleima!"

"Who is she?" I answered, craning my neck to see the closer.

"No speak now—keep still," he mumbled under his breath.

It may have been the gossamer veil shading a rose skin, making pink pearls of the cheeks and chin and lending its charm to the other features; or it may have been the wonderful eyes that made me oblivious of Joe's warning, for I did look—looked with all my eyes, and kept on looking.

Men have died for just such eyes. Even now, staid old painter as I am, the very remembrance of their wondrous size—big as a young doe's and as pleading, their lids fringed by long feathery lashes that opened and shut with the movement of a tired butterfly—sends little thrills of delight scampering up and down my spine. Bulbuls, timid gazelles, perfumed narghilehs, anklets of beaten gold strung with turquoise, tinkling cymbals, tiny turned-up slippers with silk tassels on their toes—everything that told of the intoxicating life of the East were mirrored in their unfathomed depths.

Most of these qualities, I am aware, are found in many another pair of lambent, dreamy eyes half hidden by the soft folds of a yashmak—eyes which these houris often flash on some poor devil of a *giaour*, knowing how safe they are and how slim his chance for further acquaintance. Strange tales are told of their seductive power and strange disappearances take place because of them. And yet I saw at a glance that there was nothing of all this in her wondering gaze. Her eyes, in fact, were fixed neither on Joseph nor on me, nor did they linger for one instant on the beautiful mosque. It was my canvas that held their gaze. Men and mosques were old stories; pictures of either as astounding as a glimpse into heaven.

Again Joe bent his head and whispered to me, his glance this time on the mosque, on the hill, on the café, where Yusuf sat

sipping his coffee, talking to me all the time out of the corner of his mouth.

"Remember, effendi, if Yusuf come we go way *chabouk*. You look at your picture all time—paint—no look at her. If Yusuf come and catch us make trouble for her—make trouble for you—make more trouble for me. Police Pasha don't know she come to this garden—I think somebody must help her. You better stop now and go café. I find Yusuf. I no like this place."

With this Hornstog rose to his feet and began packing the trap, still whispering, his eyes on the ground. Never once did he look in the direction of the houri peering through the sliding panel.

The clatter of a horse's hoofs now resounded through the still air. A mounted officer was approaching. Joe looked up, turned a light pea-green, backed his body into the gate with the movement of an eel, put his cheek close to the sliding panel, and whispered some words in Turkish. The girl leaned a little forward, glanced at the officer as if in confirmation of Joseph's warning, and smothering a low cry, sprang back from the opening. The next instant my eye caught the thumb and forefinger of a black hand noiselessly closing the panel. Joe straightened up, pulled himself into the position of a sentinel on guard, saluted the officer, who passed without looking to the right or left, drew a handkerchief from his pocket, and began mopping his head.

"What the devil is it all about, Joe? Why, you look as if you had had the wind knocked out of you."

"Oh, awful close, awful close! I tell you—but not here. Come, we go 'way—we go now—not stay here any more. If that officer see the lady with us the Pasha send me to black mosque for five year and you find yourself board ship on way to Tripoli. Here come Yusuf—damn him! You tell him you no like view of mosque from here—say you find another place to-morrow—you do this quick. Hornstog never lie."

On my way across the Galata Bridge to my quarters in Pera that night Joe followed along until Yusuf had made his *kotow* and we had made ours, the three ending in a triple flight of fingers—waited until the guard was well on his way back to the Pasha's office—it was but a short way from the Stamboul end of the Galata—and drawing me into one of the small cafés overlooking the waters of the Golden Horn, seated me at the far end near a window where we could talk without being overheard. Here Joe ordered coffee and laid a package of cigarettes on the table.

"My, but that was like the razor at the throat—not for all the hairs on my head would I had her look out the small hole in the door when Serim come along. Somebody must be take care of you, you Joe Hornstog, that you don't make damn big fool of yourselluf. Ha! but it make me creep like a spider crawl."

I had pulled up a chair by this time and was facing him.

"Now what is it? Who is the girl? Who was the chap on horseback?"

"That man on the horse is Serim Pasha, chief of the palace police. He has eyes around twice; one in the forehead, one in each ear, one in the behind of his head, He did not see her--if he did—well, we would not be talk now together—sure not after to-morrow night."

"But what has he got to do with it? What did you say her name was? Yuleima?"

"Yes, Yuleima. What has Serim to do with her? Well, I tell you. If she get away off go Serim's head. Listen! I speak something you never hear anywhere 'cept in Turk-man's land. I know it all—everything. I know her prince—he knows me. I meet him Damascus once—he told me some things then—the tears run his cheeks down like a baby's when he talk—and Serim know I know somethings! Ah! that's why he not believe me if he catch me talk to her. Afterward I find more out from my friend in Yuleima's house—he is the gardener. Put your head close, effendi."

I drew my chair nearer and listened.

"Yuleima," began Joe, "is one womans like no other womans in all——"

But I shall not attempt the dragoman's halting, broken jargon interspersed with Italian and German words—it will grate on you as it grated on me. I will assume for the moment—and Joe would be most grateful to have me do so—that the learned Hornstog, the friend of kings and princes, is as fluent in English as he is in Turkish, Arabic, and Greek.

It all began in a caïque—or rather in two caïques. One was on its way to a little white house that nestles among the firs at

the foot of the bare brown hill overlooking the village of Beicos. The other was bound for the Fountain Beautiful, where the women and their slaves take the air in the soft summer mornings.

In the first caïque, rowed by two *caïque-jis* gorgeously dressed in fluffy trousers and blouses embroidered in gold, sat the daughter of the rich Bagdad merchant.

In the second caïque, cigarette in hand, lounged the nephew of the Khedive, Mahmoud Bey; scarce twenty, slight, oval face with full lips, hair black as sealskin and as soft, and eyes that smouldered under heavy lids. Four rowers in blue and silver, attended his Highness, the amber-colored boat skimming the waters as a tropical bird skims a lagoon.

The two had passed each other the week before on the day of the Selamlik (the Turkish holiday) while paddling up the Sweet Waters of Asia—a little brook running into the Bosphorus and deep enough for caïques to float, and every day since that blissful moment my lady had spent the morning under the wide-spreading plane-trees shading the Fountain Beautiful—the *Chesme-gazell*—attended by her faithful slave Multif, her beautiful body stretched on a Damascus rug of priceless value, her eager eye searching the blue waters of the Bosphorus.

On this particular morning—my lady had just stepped into her boat—the young man raised himself on his elbow, lifted his eyelids, and a slight flush suffused his swarthy cheeks. Then came an order in a low voice, and the caïque swerved in its course and headed for the dot of white and gold in which sat Multif and my lady. The Spanish caballero haunts the sidewalk and watches all day beneath his Dulcinea's balcony; or he talks to her across the opera-house or bull-ring with cigarette, fingers, and cane, she replying with studied movements of her fan. In the empire of Mohammed, with a hundred eyes on watch—eyes of eunuchs, spies, and parents—love-making is reduced to a passing glance, brief as a flash of light, and sometimes as blinding.

That was all that took place when the two caïques passed—just a thinning of the silken veil, one fold of the yashmak slipped down from the eyes, softening the fire of their beauty; then a quick, all-enfolding, all-absorbing look, as if she would drink into her very soul the man she loved, and the two tiny boats kept each on its way.

The second act of the comedy opens in a small cove, an indent of the Bosphorus, out of sight of passing boat-patrols—out of sight, too, of inquisitive wayfarers passing along the highroad from Beicos to Danikeui. Above the cove, running from the very beach, sweeps a garden, shaded by great trees and tangles of underbrush; one bunch smothering a summer-house. This is connected by a sheltered path with the little white house that nestles among the firs half-way up the steep brown hill that overlooks the village of Beicos.

The water-patrol may have been friendly, or my lady's favorite slave resourceful, but almost every night for weeks, the first caïque and the second caïque had lain side by side in the boat-house in the cove, both empty, except for one trusty man who loved Mahmoud and who did his bidding without murmur or question, no matter what the danger. Higher up, her loose white robes splashed with the molten silver of the moon filtering through overhanging leaves, where even the nightingale stopped to listen, could be heard the cooing of two voices. Then would come a warning cry, and a figure closely veiled would speed up the path. Next could be heard the splash of oars of the first caïque homeward bound.

Locksmiths are child's play in the East compared to patrols and eunuchs. Lovers may smile, but they never laugh at them. There is always a day of reckoning. A whisper goes around; some disgruntled servant shakes his head; and an old fellow with baggy trousers and fez, says: "My daughter, I am surprised" or "pained" or "outraged," or whatever he does say in polite Turkish, Arabic, or Greek, and my lady is locked up on bread and water, or fig-paste, or Turkish Delight, and all is over. Sometimes the young Lothario is ordered back to his regiment, or sent to Van or Trebizond or Egypt for the good of his morals, or his health or the community in which he lives. Sometimes everybody accepts the situation and the banns are called and they live happy ever after.

What complicated this situation was that the girl, although as beautiful as a dream—any number of dreams, and all of paradise—was a plebeian and the young man of royal blood. Furthermore, any number of



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

"Don't move and don't look," whispered Joe.—Page 674.

parents, her own two and as many outside uncles and aunts, might get together and give, not only their consent, but lands and palaces—two on the Bosphorus, one in Bagdad and another at Smyrna, and nothing would avail unless his Imperial Highness the Sultan gave his consent. Furthermore, again, should it come to the ears of his August Presence that any such scandalous alliance was in contemplation, several yards of additional bow-strings would be purchased and the whole coterie experience a choking sensation which would last them the balance of their lives.

Thus it was that, after that most blissful night in the arbor—their last—in which she had clung to him as if knowing he was about to slip forever from her arms, both caïques were laid up for the season; the first tight locked and guarded in the palace of the young man's father, five miles along the blue Bosphorus as the bird flies, and the second in the little boat-house in the small indent of a cove under the garden holding the beloved arbor, the little white house, and My Lady of the diaphanous veil and the all-absorbing eyes.

With the lifting of the curtain on the third act, the scene shifts. No more Sweet Waters, no more caïques nor stolen interviews —the music of hot kisses drowned in the splash of the listening fountain. Instead, there is seen a sumptuously furnished interior, the walls wainscoted in Moorish mosaics and lined by broad divans covered with silken rugs. Small tables stand about on which rest trays of cigarettes and sweets. Over against a window overlooking a garden lounges a group of women—some young, some old, one or two of them black as coal. It is the harem of the Pasha, the father of Mahmoud, Prince of the Rising Sun, Chosen of the Faithful, Governor of a province, and of forty other things beside —most of which Joe had forgotten.

Months had passed since that night in the arbor. Yuleima had cried her eyes out, and Mahmoud had shaken his fists and belabored his head, swearing by the beard of the Prophet that come what might Yuleima should be his.

Then came the death of the paternal potentate, and the young lover was free—free to come and go, to love, to hate, free to follow the carriage of his imperial master in his race up the hill after the ceremony of the Selamlik; free to choose any number of Yuleimas for his solace; free to do whatever pleased him—except to make the beautiful Yuleima his spouse. This the High-Mightinesses forbade. There were no personal grounds for their objection. The daughter of the rich Bagdad merchant was as gentle as a doe, beautiful as a star seen through the soft mists of the morning, and of stainless virtue. Her father had ever been a loyal subject, giving of his substance to both church and state, but there were other things to consider, among them a spouse especially selected by a council of High Pan-Jams, whose decision, having been approved by their imperial master, was not only binding, but final—so final that death awaited any one who would dare oppose it. At the feast of Ramazan the two should wed. Yuleima might take second, third, or fortieth place—but not first.

The young prince gritted his row of white teeth and flashed his slumbering eyes—and they could flash—blaze sometimes—with a fire that scorched. Yuleima would be his, unsullied in his own eyes and the world's, or she should remain in the little white house on the brown hill and continue to blur her beautiful eyes with the tears of her grief.

Then the favorite slave and the faithful *caïque-ji*—the one who found the little cove even on the darkest night—put their heads together—two very cunning and wise heads, one black and wrinkled and the other sun-tanned and yellow—with the result that one night a new odalisque, a dark-skinned, black-haired houri, the exact opposite of the fair-skinned, fair-haired Yuleima, joined the coterie of the harem of the palace of the prince. She had been bought with a great price and smuggled into Stamboul, the story ran, a present from a distinguished friend of his father, little courtesies like this being common in Oriental countries, as one would send a bottle of old Madeira from his cellar or a choice cut of venison from his estate, such customs being purely a matter of geography.

The chief blackamoor, a shambling, knock-kneed, round-shouldered, swollen-paunched apology for a man, with blistered, cracked lips, jaundiced pig eyes, and the skin of a terrapin, looked her all over, grunted his approval, and with a side-lunge of his flat empty head, indicated the divan which was to be hers during the years of her imprisonment.



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

Her loose white robes splashed with the molten silver of the moon.—Page 676.

One night some words passed between the two over the division of bonbons, perhaps, or whose turn it was to take afternoon tea with the prince—it had generally been the new houri's, resulting in considerable jealousy and consequent discord—or some trifle of that sort (Joe had never been in a harem, and was therefore indefinite), when the blackamoor, to punctuate his remarks, slashed the odalisque across her thinly covered shoulders with a knout—a not uncommon mode of enforcing discipline, so Joe assured me.

Then came the great scene of the third act—always the place for it, so dramatists say.

The dark-skinned houri sprang up, rose to her full height, her eyes blazing, and facing her tormentor, cried:

"You blackguard"—a true statement—"do you know who I am?"

"Yes, perfectly; you are Yuleima, the daughter of the Bagdad merchant."

The fourth act takes place on the outskirts of Stamboul, in a small house surrounded by a high wall which connects with the garden of a mosque. The exposure by the eunuch had resulted in an investigation by the palace clique, which extended to the Bagdad merchant and his family, who, in explanation, not only denounced her as an ungrateful child, cursing her for her opposition to her sovereign's will, but denied all knowledge of her whereabouts. They supposed, they pleaded, that she had thrown herself into the Bosphorus at the loss of her lover. Then followed the bundling up of Yuleima in the still watches of the night; her bestowal at the bottom of a caïque, her transfer to Stamboul, and her incarceration in charge of an attendant in the deserted house belonging to the mosque. The rumor was then set on foot that it was unlawful to look steadily into the waters of the Bosphorus or to attempt the salvage of any derelict body floating by.

The prince made another assault on his hair and tightened his fingers, this time with a movement as if he was twisting them round somebody's throat, but he made no outcry. It is hard to kick against the pricks in some lands.

He did not believe the pillow-case and solid-shot story, but he knew that he should never look upon her face again. What he did believe was that she had been taken to some distant city and there sold. For days he shut himself up in his palace. Then, having overheard a conversation in his garden between two eunuchs—placed there for that purpose—he got together a few belongings, took his faithful *caïque ji*, and travelled a-field. If what he had heard was true she was in or near Damascus. If, after searching every nook and cranny, he failed to find her, he would return and carry out his sovereign's commands and marry the princess—a woman he had never laid his eyes on and who might be as ugly as sin and as misshapen as Yuliema was beautiful. It was while engaged in this fruitless search that he met Joseph, to whom he had poured out his heart (so Joe assured me, with his hand on his shirt-front), hoping to enlist his sympathies and thus gain his assistance.

All this time the heart-broken girl, rudely awakened from her dream of bliss, was a prisoner in the deserted house next the mosque. As the dreary months went by her skin regained its pinkness and her beautiful hair its golden tint, walnut shells and cosmetics not being found in the private toilet of the priests and their companions. When the summer came a greater privilege was given her. She could never speak to anyone and no one could speak to her—even the priests knew this—but a gate opening into the high-walled garden was left unlocked now and then by one of the kind-hearted Mohammedans, and often she would wander as far as the end of the wall overlooking the Mosque of Suleiman, her attendant always with her—a black woman appointed by Chief-of-Police Selim, and responsible for her safety, and who would pay forfeit with her head if Yuleima escaped.

"And you think now, effendi," concluded Joe, as he drained his last cup of coffee (Hornstog's limit was twenty cups at intervals of three minutes each), "that Joe be big damn fool to put his foots in this—what you call—steel trap? No, no, we keep away. To-morrow don't it we take Yusuf and go Scutari? One beautiful fountain at Scutari like you never see!"

"But can't her father help?" I asked, ignoring his suggestion. His caution did not interest me. It was the imprisoned girl and her suffering that occupied my thoughts.

"Yes, perhaps, but not yet. I some-things hear one day from the gardener who live with her father, but maybe it all lie.

He say Serim come and say—" Again Joe chafed his thumb and forefinger, after the manner of the paying teller. Maybe ten thousand piastres—maybe twenty. Her father would pay, of course, only the Sultan might not like—then worse trouble—nothing will be done anyhow until the wedding is over. Then, perhaps, sometime."

I did not go to Scutari the next day. I opened my easel in the *patio* of the Pigeon Mosque and started in to paint the plaza with Cleopatra's Needle in the distance. This would occupy the morning. In the afternoon I would finish my sketch of Suleiman. If Joe had a fresh attack of ague he could join Yusuf at the café and forget it in the thimbleful that cheers but does not inebriate.

With the setting up of my tripod and umbrella and the opening of my color-box a crowd began to gather—market people, fruit-sellers, peddlers, scribes, and soldiers. Then a shrill voice rang out from one of the minarets calling the people to prayer. A group of priests now joined the throng about me, watched me for a moment, consulted together, and then one of them, an old man in a silken robe of corn-yellow bound about with a broad sash of baby blue, a majestic old man, with a certain rhythmic movement about him which was enchanting, laid his hand on Joseph's shoulder and looking into his eyes, begged him to say to his master that the making of pictures of any living or dead thing, especially mosques, was contrary to their religion, and that they begged the effendi would fold his tent.

All this time another priest, an old patriarch with a fez and green turban and Nile-green robe overlaid with another of rose-pink, was scrutinizing my face. Then the corn-yellow fellow and the rose-pink patriarch put their heads together, consulted for a moment, made me a low bow, performed the flying-fingers act, and floated off toward the mosque.

"You no go 'way, effendi," explained Joe. "The priest in green turban say he remember you; he say you holy man who bow yourselluf humble when dead man go by. No stop paint."

The protests of the priests, followed by their consultation and quiet withdrawal, packed the crowd the closer. One young man in citizen's dress and fez stood on the edge of the throng trying to understand the cause of the excitement.

Joe, who was sitting by me assisting with the water-cup, gazed into the intruder's face a moment, then closed upon my arm with a grip as if he'd break it.

"Allah! Mahoud Bey!" he whispered. "Yuleima's prince. That's him with the smooth face."

The next instant the young man stood by my side.

"The people are only curious, monsieur," he said in French. "If they disturb you I will have them sent away. So few painters come—you are the first I have seen in many years. If it will not annoy you, I'd like to watch you a while."

"Annoy me, my dear sir!" I was on my feet now, hat in hand. (If he had been my long-lost brother, stolen by the Indians or left on a desert island to starve—or any or all of those picturesque and dramatic things—I could not have been more glad to see him. I fairly hugged myself—it seemed too good to be true.) "I will be more than delighted if you will take my dragoman's stool. Get up, Joe, and give——"

The request had already been forestalled. Joe was not only up, but was bowing with the regularity and precision of the arms of a windmill, his fingers, with every rise, fluttering between his shirt-stud and his eyebrows. On his second upsweep the young prince got a view of his face—then his hand went out.

"Why it is Hornstog! We know each other. We met in Damascus. You could not, monsieur, find a better dragoman in all Constantinople."

Only three pairs of eyes now followed the movements of my brush, the crowd having fallen back out of respect for the young man's rank, Yusuf having communicated that fact to those who had not recognized him.

When the light changed—and it changed unusually early that morning, about two hours ahead of time (I helped)—I said to the prince,

"It may interest you to see me finish a sketch in color. Come with me as far as Suleiman. We can sit quite out of the sun up a little back street under a wall, and away from everybody. I began the drawing yesterday. See!" and I uncovered the canvas.

"Ah, Suleimanyeh! The most beautiful of all our mosques. Yes, certainly I'll go."

Joe dug his knuckles into my thigh, under pretence of steadying himself—he was squatting beside me like a frog, helping with the water-cups—and gasped: "No; don't take him—please, effendi! No—no——"

I brushed Joe aside and continued: "We can send for coffee and spend the afternoon. I'll have some chairs brought from the café. Pick up everything, Joe, and come along."

On the way to the crooked, break-neck street my thoughts went racing through my head. On one side, perhaps, a tap on the shoulder in the middle of the night; half a yard of catgut in the hands of a Bashi-Bazouk; an appeal to our consul, with the consciousness of having meddled with something that did not concern me. On the other a pair of tear-stained, pleading eyes. Not my eyes—not the eyes of anybody that I knew—but the kind that raise the devil even in the heart of a staid old painter like myself.

Joe followed, with downcast gaze. He, too, was scheming. He could not protest before the prince, nor before Yusuf. That would imply previous knowledge of the danger lurking in the vicinity of the old wall. His was the devil and the deep sea. Not to tell the prince of Yuleima's whereabouts, after their combined search for her, and the fees the prince had paid him, would be as cruel as it was disloyal. To assist in Mahmoud's finding her would bring down upon his own head—if it was still on his shoulders—the wrath of the chief of police, as well as the power behind him.

Once under the shadow of the wall, the trap unpacked, easel and umbrella up, and water-bottles filled, Joe started his windmill, paused at the third kotow, looked me straight in the eye, and, with a tone in his voice, as if he had at last come to some conclusion, made this request:

"I have no eat breakfast, effendi—very hungry—you please permit Joe go café with Yusuf—we stay *one* hour, no more. Then I bring coffee. You see me when I come—I bring the coffee myselluf."

He could not have pleased me more. How to get rid of them both was what had been bothering me.

I painted on, both of us backed into the low gate with the sliding panel, my eyes on the mosque, my ears open for the slightest sound. We talked of the wonderful architecture of the East, of the taper of the minarets, of the grace and dignity of the priests, of the social life of the people, I leading and he following, until I had brought the conversation down to the question:

"And when you young men decide to marry are you free to choose, as we Europeans are?" I was feeling about, wondering how much of his confidence he would give me.

"No; that's why, sometimes, I wish I was like one of the white gulls that fly over the water."

"I don't understand."

"I would be out at sea with my mate—that's what I mean."

"Have you a mate?"

"I had. She is lost."

"Dead?"

"Worse."

I kept at work. White clouds sailed over the mosque; a flurry of pigeons swept by; the air blew fresh. With the exception of my companion and myself the street was deserted. I dare not go any further in my inquiries. If I betrayed any more interest or previous knowledge he might think I was in league against him.

"The girl, then, suffers equally with the man?" I said, tightening one of the legs of my easel.

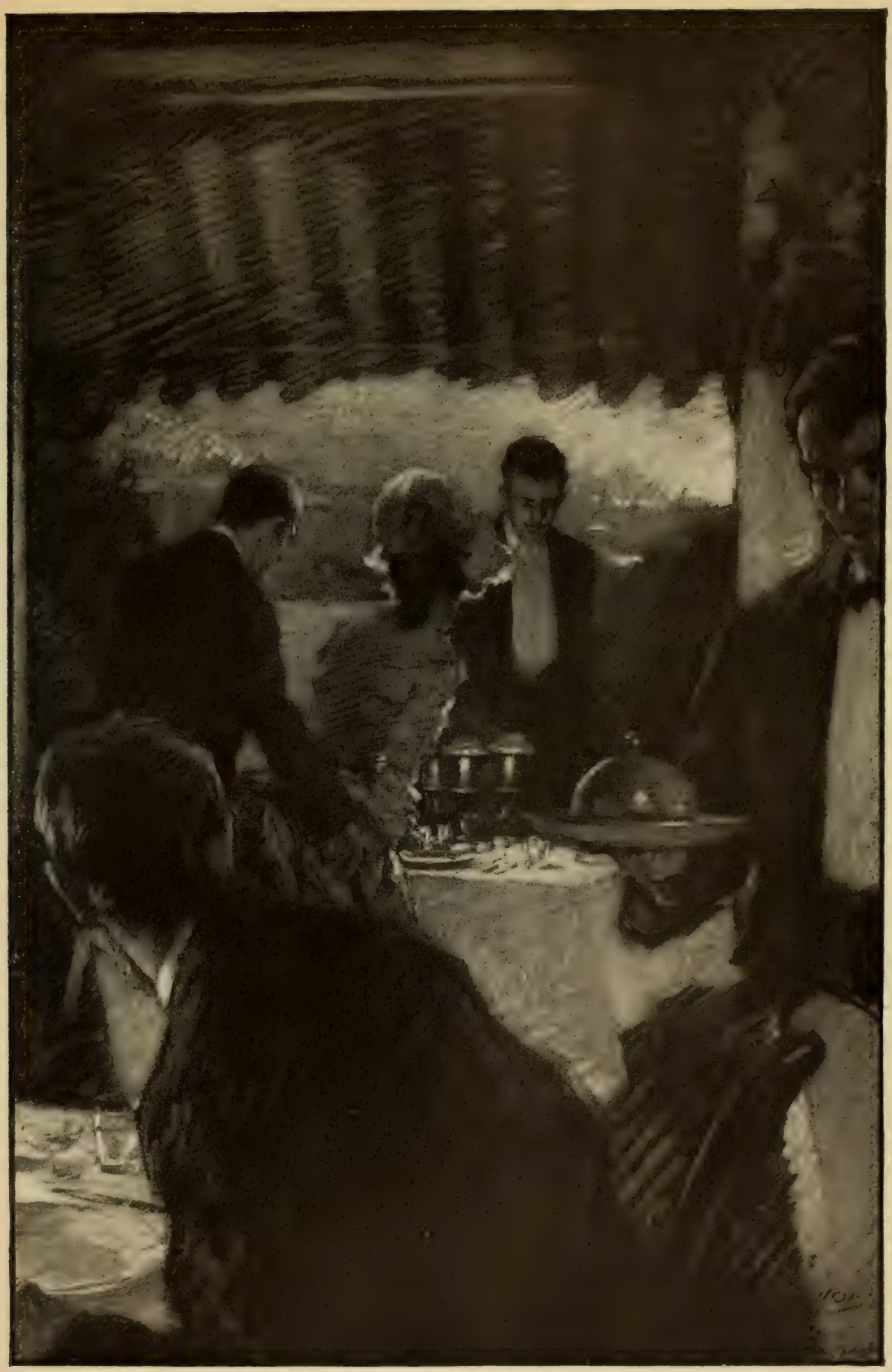
"More. He can keep his body clean; she must often barter hers in exchange for her life. A woman doesn't count much in Turkey. This is one of the things we young men who have seen something of the outside world—I lived a year in Paris—will improve when we get the power," and his eyes flashed.

"And yet it is dangerous to help one of them to escape, is it not?"

"Yes."

The hour was nearly up. Joe, I knew, had fixed it, consulting his watch and comparing it with mine so that I might know the coast was clear during that brief period should anything happen.

"I was tempted to help one yesterday," I answered. "I saw a woman's face that has haunted me ever since. She may not have been in trouble, but she looked so." Then quietly, and as if it was only one of the many incidents that cross a painter's path, I described in minute detail the gate, the sliding panel, the veiled face and wondrous eyes, the approach of the officer, the smothered cry of terror, the black finger and



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

I could see that she was young.—Page 684.

thumb that reached out, and the noiseless closing of the panel. What I omitted was all reference to Joe or his knowledge of the girl.

Mahmoud was staring into my eyes now.

"Where was this?"

"Just behind you. Lift your head—that seam marks the sliding panel. She may come again when she sees the top of my umbrella over the wall. Listen! That's her step. She has someone with her—crouch down close. There's only room for her head. You may see her then without her attendant knowing you are here. Quick! she is sliding the panel!"

Outside of Paris, overlooking the Seine, high up on a hill, stands the Bellevue—a restaurant known to half the world. Sweeping down from the perfectly appointed tables lining the rail of the broad piazza; skimming the tree-tops, the plain below, the twisting river, rose-gold in the twilight, the dots of parks and villas, the eye is lost in the distant city and the haze beyond—the whole a-twinkle with myriads of electric lights.

There, one night, from my seat against the opposite wall (I was dining alone), I was amusing myself watching a table being set with more than usual care; some rich American, perhaps, with the world in a sling, or some young Russian running the gauntlet of the dressing-rooms. Staid old painters like myself take an interest in these things. They serve to fill his note-book, and sometimes help to keep him young.

When I looked again the waiter was drawing out a chair for a woman with her back to me. In the half-light, her figure, in silhouette against the cluster of candles lighting the table, I could see that she was young and, from the way she took her seat, wonderfully graceful. Opposite her, drawing out his own chair, stood a young man in evening dress, his head outlined against the low, twilight sky. It was Mahmoud!

I sprang from my seat and walked straight toward them. There came a low cry of joy, and then four outstretched arms—two of them tight-locked about my neck.

"Tell me," I asked, his own and Yuleïma's hands still clinging to mine, "after I left you that last night in the garden, was the boat where we hid it?"

"Yes."

"Who rowed you to the steamer?"

"My old *caïque-ji*."

"And who got the tickets and passports?"

"Hornstog."

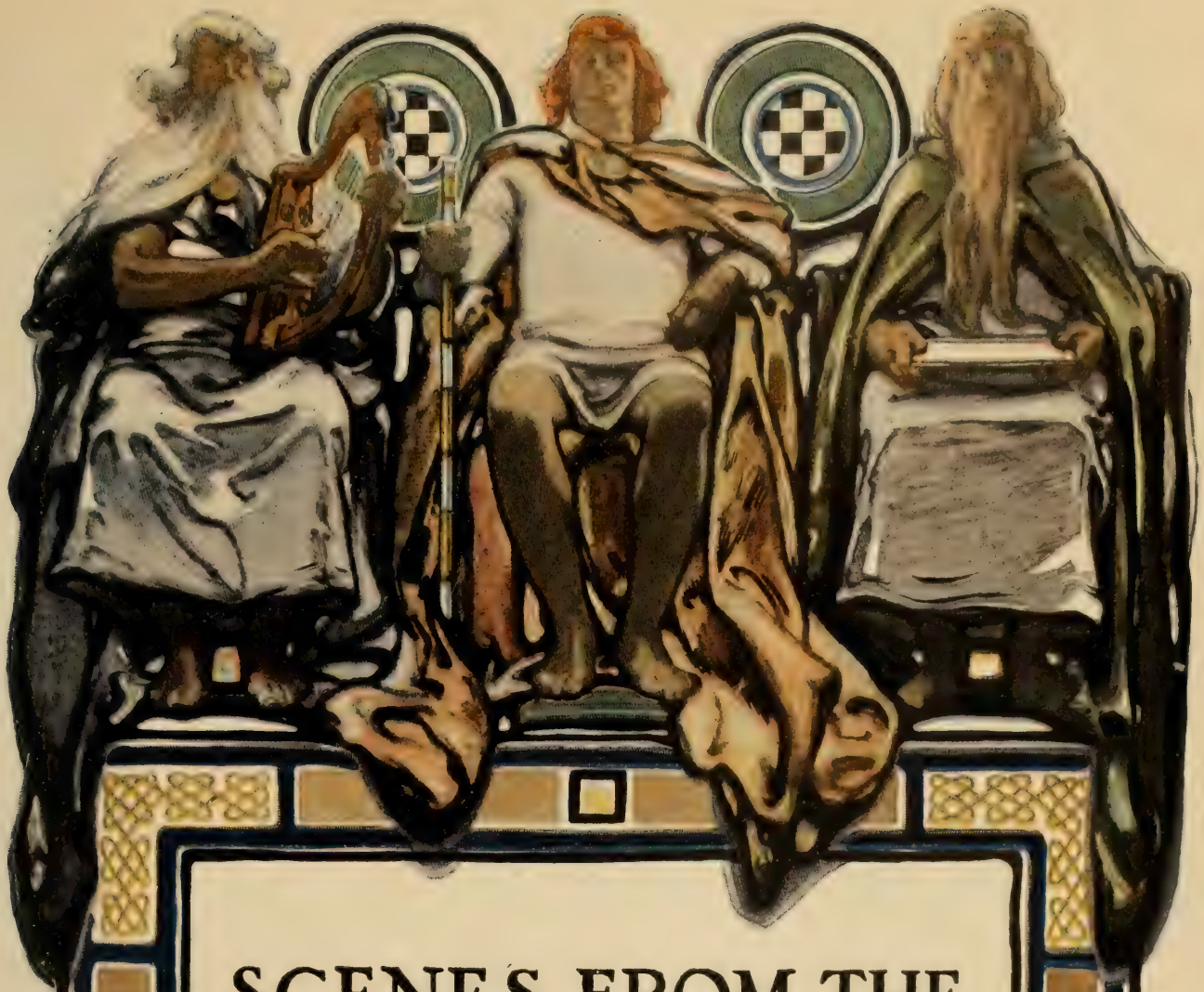
THANKSGIVING

By Ruth Sterry

NOT what we have, O Lord, but what we missed:
For shining eyes to-night Death might have kissed,
For loving hands so dear we might not hold,
For lips we love which might to-night be cold.

For what we missed, O Lord, for what we missed:
The child who might have wandered, Judas kissed,
The sin which might have found us unaware
And entering in our hearts have flourished there.

For what we missed, O Lord, for what we missed
We give Thee thanks; for days no blight has kissed—
For hearts and homes to-night that by Thy grace
Rejoice that there is not an empty place.



SCENES FROM THE EARLY HISTORY OF IRELAND

BY

HENRY McCARTER

WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES BY DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.



SCENES FROM IRISH HISTORY

"ALL the records of the Irish prior to the time of Cimbaeth are uncertain," so wrote Tighearnach, the great Irish annalist of the eleventh century. When he penned these words he had before him the earliest written records of Ireland, so far as those records had escaped destruction at the hands of the marauding Northmen.

This Cimbaeth, the founder of Emania, which was the home of the Red Branch Knights, lived some three hundred years before Christ, and the inference of the annalist is, that in his eyes, at least, the substance of Irish history from that time forward may be more or less relied upon. Certain it is that Ireland possesses a great number of very ancient sagas, epics, and histories, which are essentially non-Christian and Pagan, for as Windisch has well remarked in a public letter which he addressed to me a few years ago, "neither the Germans nor the Slavs are able to produce any such living pictures out of their wild-heroic prehistoric times as can the Irish."

Certain typical scenes from this ancient past Mr. McCarter has chosen to illustrate.

We see on the title-page an Irish king seated between his poet and his brehon or law-giver. The harp in the poet's hand does not denote his office, for the poet was really only an artist in words, and it seldom happened that he was a musician also. The musician never took precedence of a poet, nor sat by virtue of his office, as did the poet, at the king's right hand.

In the next picture we find the king returning in his chariot from a foray or hosting. His warriors are leading with them a captured elk, whose



head is bowed beneath its enormous horns. The chariot and the charioteer play as great a part in Irish epic as they do in the lays of Homer. This shows the great antiquity of the Irish sagas and the primitiveness of the life which they depict, for even in Gaul, when Cæsar invaded it, it was found that the Celts had ceased to fight in chariots. The Irish elk, as it is called, must have been a noble animal. Its horns, still found throughout Ireland, have a span of ten or eleven feet, or more, but my friend George Coffey, who has made a special study of the point, tells me it is more than doubtful whether the era of this beautiful beast overlapped that of man in Ireland. The idea in the mind of our artist may well be taken from the home-coming of Cuchulain, the great epic hero of Pagan Ireland, who when he returned as a youth from his first foray bore behind his chariot two great stags "of the wild deer of the dark places of Slieve Fuad."

In the next picture we find a very typical incident from early Irish life, the driving of the annual tribute of some sub-king to the court of the High King at Tara, or to the court of the King of Cashel in Munster, or Cruachan in Connacht. The ancient vellums still exist which clearly define the rights and tributes of the lesser and of the greater kings. It is noticeable that not only did the greater king receive tributes, but that he also paid them, and their acceptance at the hands of the sub-kings was an intimation that they acknowledged the overlordship of the donor. Thus the King of Muscraidhe or Muskerry paid to the King of Munster, his overlord, at Cashel, a tribute yearly of 300 beeves, 300 hogs, and 100 cows, while he received from Cashel seven steeds, seven tunics, seven hounds, and seven coats of mail. The great Boru tribute, first levied by the High King upon the province of Leinster, a hundred years after Christ, and the imposition of which probably changed the whole course of Ireland's history, by making that province side first with the Northmen and later on with the Normans under Strongbow, consisted of 15,000 cows, 15,000 swine, 15,000 wethers, and the same number of mantles, silver chains, and copper caldrons. In the picture we see the long file of cattle followed by a group of gray steeds—the color of the







cattle was sometimes specified—winding their way across the plains to the king's *dún* in Tara or in Cashel. The Celtic cross on the right of the picture would indicate that the troop is passing by a Christian churchyard. There still exist numerous high Celtic crosses, many of them covered with elaborate sculpture in relief, with undercutting, and ornamented with the divergent and interlined spiral pattern. Most of these beautiful works of art are later than the year 900, but hardly one is posterior to the Norman invasion, which may be said to have wiped all real culture and all artistic work out of Ireland. Hence we may assume that this cross is an earlier and undecorated one.

In the next picture we behold the election of an Irish king. He stands with hand uplifted taking the oath of office; on one side is his *ollamh* or head poet, on the other side is his brehon or judge. Ranged along the wall, but not entering the open space, and again in the forefront, are the feudatory kings who have come to take the oath of allegiance, with their banners displayed. In the foreground



are a pair of steeds which have been brought as presents to the king. A peeled willow wand was usually placed in the king's hand, whose straightness was to denote his honesty of purpose, and whose whiteness typified the purity of his rule. This, no doubt, is what the king holds in his left hand.

The artist's last picture deals with the mysterious story of the cursing of Tara, the most august spot in Ireland, the great palace where, according to general belief, 136 Pagan and six Christian kings had ruled uninterruptedly, and where a "truce of God" had always reigned during the great triennial assemblies. This was cursed by St. Ruadhan in the sixth century. The saints circled it, ringing their bells against it, and the palace was finally deserted. The artist depicts King Diarmuid, the High King, listening defiantly to the curse of the saints against himself and his palace. This is one of the obscurest passages in Irish history, but certain it is that the desertion of Tara in the sixth century was a blow from which in some ways the monarchy of Ireland never recovered, as the great tri-



ennial assemblies which accustomed the people to the ideas of a central government, protected by the truce of God, could no more be convened, and a thousand associations and memories which hallowed the office of the High King were snapped in a moment. The coat of mail which the king wears may be perhaps a slight anachronism, as the Irish scarcely wore chain armor at this period.

DOUGLAS HYDE.

JOHN VAN BUREN IN ENGLAND

EXTRACTS FROM HIS DIARY AND LETTERS IN 1838

JOHN VAN BUREN (nicknamed "Prince John" for the charm of his manner and the courtliness of his bearing) was the second son of Martin Van Buren, President of the United States. The following extracts are taken from his diary and letters written from England in 1838, where, while engaged upon some private business, he attended the coronation of Queen Victoria and most of the festivities incident to the occasion. He received a very unusual amount of attention from notable people, and was warmly welcomed everywhere. Lack of space has of course compelled the omission of many interesting descriptions of persons and places, and many amusing accounts of the entertainments to which he went. The Coronation, a royal banquet, a dinner at Lord Palmerston's, one or two balls, a day at Windsor, a visit to Lord Leicester (Thomas William Coke, the American sympathizer, created Earl of Leicester only the year before), and the prorogation of Parliament, are the only passages given at length, with some comments on his voyage across the Atlantic.

Friday, May 25th, 1838.

Well, here we are, four days out at sea, and running along delightfully. Everything augurs a charming passage, and very good luck attending me, now as ever. It is curious how very sad I felt the first 48 hours after leaving New York. The weather was delightful, too, which always exhilarates me.

We have been running rapidly away from the Hook, some two hundred miles a day, and are now within three hundred miles of the Banks of Newfoundland. There we are just in time for the islands of ice which float along the outside of the Banks in great quantities in June. But I passed there in June in returning in '32, and fell in with no ice. A packet ship, the *Liverpool*, ran on the ice some years since and went down in fifteen minutes. The passengers were saved after being out seventy hours in the long boat. On leaving New York I prophesied that we should be twenty-two days on the passage. Since then I have bet against twenty-two. But for that I believe we should run over in eighteen. We might easily do it at our present rate.

Saturday, May 26th, 1838.

A lovely night, last night, and I lay on the taffrail smoking cigars and looking at the phosphorescent lights about the keel of the ship and stern, and up into the clear, starry heavens till the one o'clock bell admonished me to have an end to my smoking and castle-building, and betake myself to sleep. We had a fine run through the night and this morning, and are now near the Banks. The Captain thinks we shall pass to the South of them. Last night was Saturday evening, and according to usage we gathered around a noggin of punch to tell and hear the wonders those see that "go down to the sea in great ships." A veteran gentleman, who is now making his forty-third voyage, gave us some fearful accounts of hairbreadth escapes—which were well enough—but then he began to comfort us with assurances that *we* should fall in with ice; that it abounded in the longitude exactly at this season; that the last time he was in the ice on the Banks they first knew of the presence, or propinquity, of ice, by seeing it shelving over the foretop and carrying away the fore and main masts. With the help of the mizzen sails they backed out from under it and were saved. It was the easiest thing in the world to avoid the ice by steering south, but the Captain, from sheer obstinacy, never would. With much more consolatory and cheering information. We had a fog and cold weather last night, both of which portend that ice is near. After this veteran of forty-three trips had made most of his associates as uncomfortable as possible, he turned into his berth and in fifteen minutes one could hear him snore all over the ship. Pleasant fellow, sure enough.

Had a curious talk with an English merchant on board, of more than common in-

telligence for his class. He predicts for me a very cordial reception in England and, considering my position, a commanding one. I hope he is right, but my fears are stronger than my hopes. I should be disappointed if coldly received by those to whom I have letters, but quite as much disappointed at any extra attention. There is nothing about me personally to attract or retain it. I have no official position, am no literary or intellectual celebrity. I am the son of my father they say, and if this is to o'er-leap all obstacles, why then, English society is more absurd than I thought it.

Monday, May 28th.

A week out to-day and the temper of my fellow passengers sorely tried yesterday by a rainy, foggy day and no progress made. We kept the blue laws most religiously against travelling on Sunday, lying still and rolling about. The Captain made an effort to break the day by spearing a porpoise but could not hit one. To-day his luck was better and we had a famous row in getting on board a fellow eight feet long of his slaughtering. Poor beast, how it groaned and struggled! and it blew—like a porpoise

To-day we have had a little wind, and that little dead ahead. If the Captain don't draw his bet with me we shall miss the Coronation.

Wednesday, May 30th.

A ship called the *Susan Maria Brook* bound for St. John, sent a boat aboard of us yesterday, ostensibly to give us a letter to somebody in Donevail, Ireland. I took advantage of the chance to start a letter through Victoria's Dominions to my father. It may reach him after journeying many a weary mile. After the small boat had left us it came a long way back to ask the longitude, which we inferred afterward was its real object in boarding us. The small boat pulled a couple of miles to reach us.

We are wallowing about on these Banks yet. The change of the moon may bring wind.

Thursday, May 31st.

At last we have a breeze, but not so fair as one could wish. However we are completing our journey. We encountered yesterday a fleet of eleven ships in full sight from our quarter deck, which makes it probable that this calm is surrounded by winds blowing vessels from all directions into this confounded pot. We must be over Symm's Hole. The *Republican*, which sailed the day after us from New York, has kept us company for the last two days.

Saturday, June 9th.

Had a splendid sail for the last seven days and but for our being becalmed on the Banks should have made the passage in thirteen days. Our running time thus far is twelve days and we expect to make Scilly Light by six P. M. The distance passed by us in the last six days exceeds 1400 miles. Sounded at four this morning but got no bottom. The changed colour of the water, though, denotes that land is near.

June 24th.

Fifteen days have elapsed since I put pen to paper, and what an age it seems. We got ashore on Monday, a fine, clear afternoon, and took up our quarters for the night at the Royal George, Portsmouth.

Tuesday we had a half-pleasant, half-wretched drive up from Portsmouth to London. Part of the time it rained in torrents, and having an outside seat and no overcoat, except a poor thing I borrowed, I was drenched. Again it was fine, and the charming country of Hampshire spread out before us offered a rare feast in the way of scenery. Tuesday I ate my first dinner in Long's Hotel in Bond Street at 7½ P. M., and am now regularly installed in my comfortable quarters and have fallen into the English habits of living with as much ease as if I had been to the manner born.

The people here are treating me uniformly with the greatest kindness, quite beyond my deserts or expectations. The season is at its height, the town is crowded with strangers of great eminence in their own countries respectively, and amid all this I am contented with a very moderate allowance for myself. Lord Gosford is unwearied in contributing to my enjoyment. Through him I was invited to the Queen's Ball before I had been presented, an unusual thing. The ball was magnificent beyond everything, but an attempt at description would occupy all my time, which is now so limited that I have not time to write to my friends. Stevenson* and myself had a grand conference as to the dress which I should wear. The court dress here for private gentlemen is preposterous.

*The American Minister.

I therefore decided to wear my old attaché uniform, which I luckily brought with me. With a little fitting it answered extremely well, and except when I have to wear breeches (when nothing saves the character of my nether extremities but the neatness of my feet and ankles) I pass off well enough.

On arriving at the palace Mr. Stevenson inquired of the Marquis of Conyngham, the Lord Chamberlain, whether I should be presented. He replied, no, it is not usual to present except at a levee, and we acquiesced. A moment after we saw him conversing with the Queen, and rejoining us, he said, "Her Majesty commands that Mr. Van Buren be presented." Accordingly, I was walked up to her little Majesty and presented. She very graciously, and what struck me more, very gracefully, asked me several commonplace questions, such as—when I arrived, whether I came in a steam packet, if it was my first visit to England, how it pleased me, whether I left my father in good health, etc., to all of which I responded as properly and respectfully as my curiosity to get a good look at the little thing would allow.

I was at Ascot races a day or two before, where I had a fine opportunity of seeing her for half an hour in an open balcony a little raised above the course, known as the Queen's Stand. She was surrounded in the stand by her household, the Earl of Mulgrave, Lord Paget, Charles Murray, and others, the Marquis of Anglesey, etc. Her mother, the Duchess of Kent, was at her side. The Queen is fair, with blue eyes, light brown hair, rather a slight figure and an uncommonly pleasing expression of countenance, and very graceful manners. She talked and laughed much with those about her and seemed a lively, clever, happy person. At the ball she danced several times, but did not waltz. I suppose the contact of this last dance is too close for Majesty. She opened the ball with Prince George of Cambridge, a genteel-looking young man, a trifle shorter than I, and otherwise much the same—his hair a little darker. She danced during the evening with the Duke of Buccleuch—Lord Ward, and a son of Esterhazy, Prince Nicolas. Her figure is neat and graceful and she dances decidedly well, though rather more and harder than is customary with us. My friends threatened me with the honor of dancing with her Majesty, which would have annoyed me not a little in my court dress for the first time; otherwise, of course, I should have been much flattered. I was relieved of all apprehension, however, by learning from Mr. Stevenson that her Majesty could dance with no one who had not been regularly presented.

Wednesday I attended the levee and had the honor of being presented in form to her Majesty. She again asked me a few questions in a sweet voice and manner, and hoped I had good news from the President. To which I again responded in my best holiday style.

It was a droll sight at the levee to see the old, war-worn veterans bowing down before this young creature and kissing her hand. Some of them were so wounded and crippled that in kneeling they fell at her feet, which caused her considerable embarrassment. Others again were so stiff that when down they could not rise and then Lord Mulgrave or Lord Conyngham or others of her household would help them up. Some were knighted, which exaltation is effected in this wise: The Queen, who at the levee is surrounded by the ladies and gentlemen of her household, with a couple of pages holding her train, has at her left an officer holding a large sword which she receives from his hands and places the blade of it first on the right shoulder and then on the left of the "operatee," who remains on his knees before her. She then says, "Rise, Sir So-and-So," and he gets up—a knight.

The day after the levee the Queen held a drawing-room, where only ladies can be presented. This one was most brilliantly attended, being the last of the season and the last opportunity of being presented so as to attend the Coronation. Victoria was supported on the left by the Princess Augusta, the Duchess of Cambridge, Duchess of Kent, Duchess of Gloucester, etc.; on the right by the officers of her household. She stood at the foot of the steps in front of the throne and behind her on the steps and platform were her ladies and maids of honor; all the ladies were magnificently dressed. The Queen wore a brilliant coronet of diamonds and her bust and stomacher were profusely covered with the same stones. The ladies enter at a door on her right, where their trains are adjusted by an officer, when they sweep forward the half of a semicircle to the front of the Queen, where they courtesy twice and converse with her Maj-

esty, if she pleases. Other officers then take up their trains and pass them from hand to hand till they complete the half circle, when they leave the presence-chamber by a door opposite to the one where they entered. The Diplomatic Corps, of about forty privileged persons, of which I am one by chance, are allowed to remain in the presence of the Queen, and of course see the whole ceremony. The Queen salutes the princesses and their daughters by a kiss on the cheek. Their indecision as to whether she should kiss them or they her gave rise to much laughable butting of noses. I stood opposite the Queen for an hour gazing at the passers-by and could not help laughing at the curious and tremulous anxiety depicted on her countenance whenever a man took her hand to kiss it. She followed her hand with her eyes when she tendered it during the operation until it was finished, and seemed right glad to have it returned to her in safety.

June 27, 1838.

It is impossible to keep anything like a regular journal in this scene of unutterable confusion. Sunday I dined with Lord Holland at Holland House. There were present Lady Cowper [afterward married to Lord Palmerston], widow of Lord Cowper, a relative of Cowper, the poet. I put myself on excellent terms with her by inquiring if she were any relative of the lovely Lady Ashley, who turned out to be her daughter; Lord Mulgrave, the Viceroy of Ireland, a tall, dark, good-looking, clever but cockneyish gentleman; Luttrell of the Commons; Lord and Lady John Russell, both uncommonly nice and unaffected people, she quite pretty and he a very clear-headed man but small and insignificant; Sergeant Talfourd, a gentleman who has become eminent at the bar and as a writer, but has not entirely rubbed off in mingling in society his roughness of manners—he has been very kind and civil to me, though. We were a party of ten or so. Lady Holland is a coarse, strong-minded, masculine woman, of whom everybody is afraid. Holland House is a famous old chateau of Queen Elizabeth's time, in fine order and preservation. In the evening Lytton Bulwer came in. Bulwer is very like the portraits of him, not as affected as I feared I should find him. I did not make his acquaintance.

Monday night we had a famous ball at Lord Fitzwilliam's. Lord Fitzwilliam is a very rich but unostentatious nobleman, a Whig of great simplicity of manners. The company were all of the *Haute Noblesse.* The Duke de Nemours, Louis Philippe's second son, was present,—a light-haired, sharp-faced youth, with nothing particular in his face.

Sunday I went through the Zoölogical Gardens which are in Regent's Park and were literally crammed with people. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge and Prince George mingled with the populace there for an hour.

Lord Mulgrave unfortunately pronounced "balcony" with the "o" short at Lady Holland's dinner. Her Ladyship shamed him out of it, and "balcony's" penultimate was unanimously settled long.

Last night attended the Caledonian Ball, the finest spectacle I have seen in England; everybody was in fancy dress. Turkish, Scotch and Chinese costumes gave a very gay look to the rooms. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, Duke de Nemours, Marshal Soult, the Duchess of Sutherland, a wonderful old preservation, etc., etc., were there. The Scotch dances with whooping, snapping of fingers and bagpipes are no bad imitation of a North American Indian dance.

Yesterday dined at Greenwich on white-bait with Macaulay, Hoyt and others to gratify old Buckland. To-morrow is the Coronation, and all London is thronged with those who intend to be spectators.

Saturday, 30th June.

I attended the Coronation of her most gracious (sacred, I believe the English call it) Majesty on the 28th and was highly delighted. We formed in procession about ten in the morning in the Green Park and passed along up Constitution Hill into Piccadilly, along Piccadilly to St. James's Street, down St. James's Street to Pall Mall, along Pall Mall to Charing Cross, then down Whitehall and Parliament Street to the Abbey. The whole route was bordered with people extending from the side of our carriages back to the very tops and ridges of the houses. Most of the better class of English, excepting a privileged few, preferred a good view of the procession to a bad one of the Coronation, and as the number of good seats in the Abbey

was very limited, most of the English ladies occupied stands in front of the clubs and other houses along the route of the procession. I was in a coach with Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson and was infinitely pleased with looking out upon the parterres of beautiful women that decked either side of the street as we passed through. The good nature of the crowd when beat over the nose by a policeman, and kicked and thrust about by horses must strike everybody.

My seat in the Abbey was an excellent one for seeing and hearing everything. I was in the Ambassadors' tribune, directly behind Mr. Stevenson and before all the secretaries and attachés of embassies and legations. The simplest mode I can adopt of describing the ceremony is to cut an account of it from a newspaper which gives a more accurate and detailed description than I have either time or inclination for. The Queen was directly in front of and below me, where I could see much of her expression. Whilst engaged in prayer she raised her countenance directly towards our box, and a sweeter face no Queen need have. When she first entered she was considerably flurried, but became calmer after half an hour's performance, as I call it. The whole ceremony occupied about four hours and a half, during which time she retired from public gaze only twice, and each time only for a minute. She got through the affair admirably and without much apparent fatigue. She seems to have excellent sense, and keeps constantly inquiring, like a sensible woman, what she is to do next, rather than push on and bungle. I cut from the morning paper a capital and very accurate account of the whole affair, which saves me much trouble. When old Lord Rolle was doing homage, being very infirm he fell after he ascended the throne, and rolled down three steps to the bottom of the Abbey floor. Everybody but the Queen made an exclamation of concern; she started from the throne as if to catch him, and recollecting her dignity, reseated herself instantly, which natural and graceful movement in a young girl, though Queen, drew down thunders of applause from the spectators.

When speaking of the Queen's Ball, I ought to have said that her little Majesty has a throne in each of the dancing rooms where she sits intermediate dances, and looks about to see whom she shall dance with. When she determines, she gives her orders to the Lord Chamberlain and he trots up the lucky individual to her Majesty, and the dance commences. One dances with her exactly as with other girls except that she is handled rather more gingerly. I saw a great many wall flowers who seemed willing to exchange conditions with Victoria, for the evening, at all events.

July 3, 1838.

The night after the Coronation I attended a ball at Apsley House in honor of the event. The Duke of Wellington is decidedly the first person in England, the Queen not excepted. He is greeted everywhere he goes with thunders of acclamation. His palace is magnificent beyond everything and is filled with choice pictures, plate, etc., the presents of the different sovereigns of Europe for whose behalf he whipped Napoleon. I was amused to find his rooms crowded and covered with full length cabinets, busts, etc., of Le petit Caporal. Mr. Stevenson presented me to Lord Brougham. He is intellectual looking though coarse and somewhat vulgar. Our conversation, of course, was commonplace and uninteresting. Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope, a girl of twenty, was the prettiest woman present. Got home about four by daylight. In England there is no night. In the evening it is twilight until eleven and daylight again by half past two. One goes to a party about half-past eleven and returns again by daylight.

General Jackson sent me a very handsome letter to the Duke of Wellington, which induced the Duke to call on me directly, make my acquaintance, ask me to his ball, etc. (The letter began "My dear Duke," which, it was afterward ascertained, interested and pleased the Duke much.) When I was presented to him, on my remarking that the General ventured to give me the letter though he had not the honor of a personal acquaintance, he replied that he was proud of the compliment, that he had the greatest respect for General Jackson, etc. When I entered his crowded rooms and was announced up the stairs (everybody lives on the second floor here), one of his aides met me and took me up to the Duke, after which I was left to wander through his splendid apartments at will.

I am invited to-day in a mighty neat note from Lady Blessington to dine with her on

Sunday, which I shall certainly do. Her little Majesty has also given me a bid for tomorrow week, about which one has no option. Of course I prefer to go.

The Coronation was on Thursday. Friday Lord Palmerston invited me to a splendid dinner at the Foreign Office in honor of the Queen. All the special and general ambassadors, etc., were there in full costume, except Soult, who dined with the Queen, or Melbourne, I forget which. Spring Rice asked me to a great dinner in honor of the Coronation, which I had to decline. Esterhazy was at Palmerston's dinner, though he did not wear his jewelry shop. He is a good-natured man and has been very civil to me, but really looks, when in full dress, like nothing else than Rendell and Bridges bow-window!—He is literally covered with diamonds and pearls. At Palmerston's dinner I was dressed in a full suit of black, with white neckcloth, shoes and stockings,—and every other soul (44) was in full court dress. It was the result of an accident, Palmerston's note not specifying the dress, as they usually do. He is a very sensible man, however, and on my alluding to it, said: "Oh, it's all right, the Americans are privileged. It's great nonsense our wearing this stuff," looking down at his toggery. I sat next Baron Munchausen, who like a sensible man, having a name of such little veracious odor, never opened his mouth except to put something in it. Palmerston introduced me at table to my right and left hand neighbors to make me comfortable, which is unusual.

On my left was Mr. Cowper, Palmerston's private secretary and a son of Lady Cowper, as I discovered by treading most awkwardly on his toes. First about his uncle, Lord Richmond and Mrs. Norton, and next, feeling my way along to talk a little about Palmerston and Lady Cowper. In the former matter I was checked by his saying that the general impression was that his uncle, Lord Richmond, had been innocent, and in the second instance I began by asking if Earl Cowper was dead, and he replied, "My father has been dead about a year." This is what I call pleasant!

Friday night there was a grand dress ball at the Marquis of Lansdowne's, who has been very civil and kind to me, called in person and asked me to his ball and to dinner last Sunday, which a previous bid obliged me to decline. Lansdowne House is the handsomest establishment I have been in, though not so gorgeous as Apsley. At Lansdowne House I made many charming female acquaintances—the most so Lady Brabazon, only a month married to Lord Brabazon. She is one of the loveliest women I ever beheld and very clever. She presented me to some pretty girls, by name Glynne, with one of whom I danced. It is rare that so much beauty is collected as at Lansdowne House that night. For instance, at one end of the room there were gathered in a group, Lady Brabazon, the three Sheridans, all eminently beautiful, Lady Seymour, whom I have stared out of countenance at half a dozen places (and could not change for the better in a single particular if I had the reforming of her), Mrs. Blackwood, and Mrs. Norton, the celebrated, and if innocent, dreadfully injured woman,—the last the most intellectual looking of the three—Lady —— Grimston, the maiden daughter of Lord Verulam, Miss Glynne, daughter of Stephen Glynne (a noble on the mother's side, but I forget how), Lady Sidney, Lady Fanny Cowper, Lady Stewart, the reigning belle of London, with uncommon accomplishments, two ladies Campbell, daughters of Lord Cawdor, a descendant of the Thane of Cawdor, the youngest too white, both very pretty. Now, any one of these women in a room without the others would arrest attention,—fancy, then, the effect of grouping a dozen of them together. Before I got away the sun broke through the windows and shamed out the candles and me too.

July 29th.

Wednesday we had a grand dinner at the Queen's. The Morning Post supplies me with a description of it. We assembled in an antechamber, where the Queen came to us a little before dinner. When she entered there was such a rush towards her that I did not get within sight, hardly, of her Majesty. She took the Duke of Sussex's arm when dinner was announced and led the way to the splendid feast. The different Ambassadors, their ladies, and the nobility were arranged about her at table. I sat between Lord Hill, her Commander-in-Chief, and Lord Warwick (Lord Gray's oldest son), her Secretary of War. It was curious to see Murray, a man of such fine attainments and gentlemanly qualities, ordering the servants

about and commanding the meats, vegetables, wines, fruits, etc., that he had purchased; in short acting the *maître d'hôtel* without the least apparent sense of degradation. In truth, all these things depend on custom and fashion. Here Murray's post is deemed an honorable one and it puts him quite on the top of fashionable society. He sat not far from me at one end of the table. When the Queen retired from table we sat half an hour and then followed to the drawing-room. Her Majesty was kind enough to inquire after me particularly of Mrs. Stevenson, the crowding patriotism of her other guests having prevented me from paying my respects. She afterward came up to me, inquired how long I was going to stay in England; on my saying I should visit Ireland and Scotland, she said I should be pleased with those countries, they were well worth seeing. She hoped I had good news from home, etc., and was very civil.

Last night we had another magnificent ball at Buckingham Palace, which was kept up till four in the morning. Her little Majesty danced with great grace and spirit, selecting her partners with a good deal of taste, both physical and political, though she omitted me most unaccountably.

Friday, August 5.

Saturday I was to have gone to Sir William Middleton's, but having received an order to show me Windsor from the Lord Chamberlain and a kind note from Murray, saying he would meet me there, I wrote Sir William he must not expect me till Monday. I made up a party, consisting of Captain Perry of the Navy, Gibbs, Preston and Clarke, and taking the railroad for Slough at twelve, and an omnibus from there, was at Windsor by two o'clock, and there found Murray. We took a look at the famous castle, which is very magnificent. It struck me much more than anything of the sort I have ever seen before, but it has been described to death and I shall let it go.

Before we got through Murray announced to us that one of the Queen's carriages was at the door and we had better take advantage of the fine weather to drive around the park. Descending to the door we set off in a very capacious conveyance of her Majesty's drawn by four very good horses, with two postilions and an outrider. We visited Virginia Water, a large artificial sheet of water, about two miles in extent, with a Chinese pagoda at its end and a couple of handsome frigates in miniature upon it,—one of them Nelson's barge rigged up as a frigate. In a little cove along the bank and under cover, lie her little Majesty's roomy barge and two immense fishing barges, which I think would rejoice any genuine fisherman beyond anything. They are large, flat boats of an eliptical shape with the pointed ends cut off, made of mahogany, richly gilded and carpeted, with an awning in the centre and cushions arranged round under it on benches. Her Majesty's seat is a little raised above the rest, but whether she gets more bites or takes more fish in consequence, I did not learn. Her boatman rowed us out to the frigates, which we boarded and admired, and returned to shore.

From Virginia Water we went to Belvedere, a tower commanding a richly wooded view of the park, thence to Cumberland Monument, a handsome obelisk erected to commemorate the victory gained by the Duke of Cumberland at the battle of Culloden in '46, I think; thence to Cumberland Lodge and along by the remains of a beautiful villa, erected by George the IVth and since his death in great part removed. Windsor Park and Castle are indebted to George the IVth for almost all their present magnificence. His taste was sufficiently gorgeous, whatever else may be said of it. We got back to the castle about five and spent two hours ranging through its rich and spacious apartments, and admiring a capital collection of pictures, particularly a roomful of Rubens and another of Vandykes, but our daylight failed us and we were obliged to return to the inn to dine, where, unfortunately, we had stopped to order it on our way from the park with the Queen's equipage, an imprudent demonstration for which we paid dearly when we got our bill.

August 26, 1838.

We left Sir W. M.'s Thursday and got to Norwich in the evening to a sort of tea dinner.

I had found at Norwich a very kind reply from Lord Leicester to the note I wrote him from Sir William Middleton's, expressing the gratification it would give him to see Clarke and myself at Holkham. In the morning we took a post-coach from F—— and posted the ten miles to Holkham in a

short hour. On our arrival Lady Leicester came down to us, and after giving us a hearty welcome and regretting that an engagement for the morning would not allow her to be with us till dinner, she said Lord L—— would be ready at twelve to show us over the farm. By the way, I should have mentioned that when the servant announced us to Lord L——, he sent, like a wise man and good host, to know the first thing if we had breakfasted, which we had. To amuse us until twelve, it being then about half past ten, Lady L—— sent us the housekeeper, who showed us over the entire suite of first floor show-rooms in the house. They are, of course, exceedingly magnificent, very rich and spacious, and filled with choice and valuable specimens of art. The house itself is an excellent specimen of modern architecture, being built in the shape of a letter "H" with four wings (like Scott's army in the Seminole country). These four wings are called the Strangers' Wing, the State Wing, the Servants' Wing and the Family Wing. The building covers precisely an acre of ground; it stands only a mile from the open sea, of which you have a superb view in approaching Holkham and from different parts of the park, but not from the house itself. The late Lord, who built Holkham and who was an uncle of the present, left a fine view of the sea from the house, but the present Lord, with bad taste, as I think, has shut it out with trees. I believe he thinks so himself now. The entrance to the house is particularly striking, the hall is very vast and the ceiling of it is supported by immense columns of Devonshire marble.

At twelve we were shown to Lord L——'s little sanctum-sanctorum, where we found an old man of eighty-four, but showing the remains of the bluff, hale, well-looking country squire, which Mr. Coke used to be. I forget whether I have ever written in these scribblings an account of my interview with him on the Fourth of July. At Mr. Ellice's instance I called upon him and, though then more enfeebled than now, he saw me. I told him I thought I could not better spend my Fourth of July, our national anniversary, than by calling on one who had done so much to achieve our independence. He thanked me, and went on to give an account of the different speeches, etc., that day, which as he repeated now I can give in their place. In his private room he showed me a dreadful philippic against Pitt and an eulogium on Fox, both purporting to be obituary notices, though I believe they were squibs of the day. He had a portrait of Washington, a print presented by Kit Hughes with some of Hughes rhodomontade at the bottom of it (Hughes must be, though, rather an imposing man, for he has two strong friends in Lord Leicester and Head*), also a fac-simile of the Declaration of Independence and the signers, a print of Brougham, another of Fox, another of Franklin, etc., etc.

His coach and four, with two postilions and an outrider, was at the door and we helped him into it and took a seat ourselves. Dr. Wigby, his attending physician, accompanied us. We drove over the old man's farm of 5000 acres, which is all in that high state of cultivation which one might expect in the lands of so celebrated an agriculturist. We chanced to have a most lovely day that Saturday—the oats, barley and pease were ripe and the harvest just commencing. Wheat and rye wanted about two weeks to ripen. His fields are of great extent, often 80, 90 and 100 acres; and even to so inexperienced a husbandman as myself, a field of barley, for instance, full ripe, as thick as it could stand and entirely free from weeds, covering 90 acres, presented a scene of rare beauty. He has in his Holkham estate about 40,000 acres of land, much of which was formerly waste land, but reclaimed by him with work and manure. The land pays him about 27 shillings an acre when the leases are at all recent. He generally leases for 21 years, as he says to leave his tenants independent in their politics, but he says the Tories won't imitate him; they want their tenants where they can intimidate them by threatening to take away their leases and so lease to them from year to year. He showed me a very pretty farm which formerly belonged to a competitor of his for the Commons. "I told him," said L——, "that I should ruin him if he ran against me, and I did. He spent 60,000 pounds in the canvass. I beat him and then bought his estate for 55,000 pounds. I was very sorry for him, but his land was right in the midst of mine; I could have got it in no other way, and was very glad to have it." I ventured to ask what his election cost him. "About 130,000 pounds," said he. "Pitt,"

* Perhaps Sir George Head, the traveller and publicist.

he said, "used to promise people peerages if they would turn me out. They did not do it, but he gave them the peerages for trying so hard." He says that he moved the address to the King praying for the cessation of the American war in 1783, that Conway seconded him, and that it was carried by a a majority of one. But I think he must be mistaken, for no history that I can find records such an occurrence. The only thing that bears a resemblance to it is that a motion about the war was made in '82 by Conway and lost by one vote, 172 to 173. Coke in '83 moved an address to the King, asking him to form a cabinet, which was carried with only four dissenting voices, this is Adolphus's account. Lord L—— says that he carried up the address to the King and was dressed in top-boots and spurs, that being his privilege as a county member. That when he delivered the address to the King "that rascal Arnold" was standing next to George III and so near that if he had leaned his head over he would have touched him. "Was not this a base insult?" asked the old man. George the IV, when Prince Regent, used to spend weeks at Holkham, and as Coke says, "He called me Tom." The Whigs all thought much of George the IV when he associated with Fox, Sheridan, etc. Lord L—— showed me a field which the Prince Regent insisted in galloping over, though Coke told him the sod would yield under the horse's feet. It did so, and the Prince and his horse tumbled heels over head. "We were all much frightened for fear of losing so fine a Prince, but," said he, "in process of time we found we had not saved so good a King after all." After George the IV apostatized it is said he was very anxious of revisiting Holkham and caused a communication to that effect to be made to Lord L——, then Mr. Coke. Coke sent him word that "Holkham was open to the public every Thursday."

Sunday I wanted to come away, but Lady Leicester would not let me. Finding Lord Leicester so much exhausted and fearing that I was injuring him, I stipulated that if I remained he should keep his room, which was agreed to, and observed most religiously until evening. Monday afternoon at half past three the coach drove up and, the servants not being able to find us in so immense a house, the coach took our servants and trunks and started off without us. We rushed out and, finding it gone, leaped, by the servants' direction, into a one-horse wagon which had just driven up, and by dint of a very hard beating, shouts, etc., we overtook the coach after a John Gilpin chase of six miles and got into Cambridge at night.

A few days since I went to see the Queen prorogue Parliament. Having neglected to procure tickets and not knowing how to get in exactly, I went down about one o'clock, as the prorogation was to be at two, and had an interview with Murray. He went to the Palace, but all the Queen's tickets were already given away. She, however, directed that he should drop a note to Lord Willoughby, commanding him to admit me. Armed with this note, I drove rapidly to the House of Lords, and to the soldiers and others who offered to stop me, I said: "It is quite impossible, I have a message from the Queen." This operated immediately as an "Open Sesame" and I was shown into Lord Willoughby's room. He was suggesting some difficulties and puzzling over Murray's bad handwriting to decipher my name when I aided him by pronouncing it, and the change in his manner was amusing enough. He begged me to be seated, apologized for not knowing me, etc., etc. He asked me if I would go in the Ambassadors' box, which I declined altogether, not being in full dress. I asked him to assign me some retired place where my plain clothes would not be observed, but where I could have a good view of the ceremonies. He offered to attend me to the Chamber, and was, in short, as polite as possible. In the end he sent a gentleman with me to a spot which answered my purpose precisely. It was an enclosure below the bar, holding about a dozen persons, immediately alongside of where the Speaker stood when he entered and so remote from the Queen that I got an excellent idea of the strength of her voice and the distinctness of her utterance. Many peers and peeresses were in attendance, in full dress, as usual.

About a quarter past two the roar of cannon announced the arrival of the Queen. She entered the room preceded by her chief officers of state, all carrying the insignia of office, and she, wearing the crown, took her seat on the throne. When she entered the spectators all arose and were seated again when she sat down. The Commons were summoned to the bar and soon made their

appearance, preceded by their Speaker, and rushing and pushing ahead to get to the front ranks. The Speaker delivered his address, which recounted the doings of the Session, and closed by offering for her royal assent the supply bill. A clerk about midway between the Speaker and the Queen then rose, and making a profound obeisance to her Majesty, read aloud the title of the bill. Another clerk abreast of the first then rose and made a like salutation. Victoria did not move a muscle, unless she was guilty of the indignity of winking, which I did not see. The clerk, acting on the principle that silence gives consent, turned to the Commons and communicated the result to them in Norman French after this fashion:

"*Sa Magesté remercie ses sujets loyales, accepte lour bénêvolence et aussi le veut.*"

The same process was gone through with about a score more bills, except the process was shortened to "*La reine le veut,*" and in conclusion the clerk said: "*Soit il comme il est desiné.*"

How wedded are these people to old customs to keep up this Norman French in the nineteenth century! Sir Alex Villiers, Minister to Madrid, Strangeways, Under-Secretary of State, and others in my little enclosure seemed as much surprised at this as I. After this the Lord Chancellor, standing on the right of the Queen, knelt on one knee and handed her a written speech, which she read in a beautifully sweet and clear voice and with the utmost distinctness. I heard every letter of it. There is no royal flattery in what is said of the Queen's voice —its tones are really delicious. Her self-possession, too, is perfect—incredible. I am told that Queen Anne had the same peculiarity of voice and utterance.

After the speech was finished she whispered to the Lord Chancellor, who immediately said: "It is her Majesty's royal will and pleasure that this Parliament be prorogued till (I forget when) and it is accordingly so prorogued."

All then rose, the Queen retired as she had entered, and after a chat with Mrs. Lister, I escorted Lady William Bentinck into the Queen's robing-room to wait for her coach. Her little Majesty has a well-arranged dressing-room, fitted with all sorts of looking-glasses, brushes, etc. It is in the House of Lords building. They were just packing up her robe as we entered.

Lady William's carriage was soon announced, and, after handing her into it, I made the best of my way home. I ought to mention that as I was leaving Murray's rooms, in the right wing of the palace, earlier in the day I met her State Coach coming round to take her up. There were three richly ornamented coaches with six horses each, and her own State Coach, an extremely gorgeous but rather tawdry affair, looking most like huge masses of gold, twisted into all sorts of fantastic shapes, lions, etc., with nothing like wood or panel work about it, and drawn by eight cream-colored horses, richly caparisoned, the two leaders led by men on foot. With the help of these four coaches and twenty-six horses, a girl of nineteen, with a few attendants, manages to get from Buckingham Palace to the House of Lords, some quarter of a mile, to read a few lines and hear the Lord Chancellor prorogue Parliament.

Well, it is no affair of mine, and if the people like to pay for it, it must be very pleasant to her.

September 4th.

My Dear Father,

I sent you by the *Great Western* a sort of rambling journal which you may read as much or as little of as you like, or can. Having travelled about with me it is very shabbily blotted and illegible. It will serve to show you how kindly the people here have treated me and how I am passing my time.

I have left Long's Hotel and gone into cheaper and better quarters. The expenses in London during June, July and part of August, exceed all descriptions or conjecture. The furnace of English extortion, always hot, seemed seven times heated for the Coronation. I managed with the help of great hospitality to get through the season and pay all my bills with the money I brought. My bills show that I only dined at the hotel six times in eight weeks. And I never dined elsewhere except on an invitation and to keep up a respectable appearance. I am now, however, hard aground, being kept here longer than I anticipated. I have therefore been compelled to draw on you for $1000, which will take me home in October. You will not pay the draft with more reluctance than I drew it.

I did hope to have been able to have made a tour in either Ireland or Scotland, but cannot leave this. I had even fixed on a

day. Luckily somebody put my departure in the paper and I am now as quiet here as one could wish. I shall be ready to come home on the *Great Western* on the 27th of October. I do not see how I can get home sooner, for no vessel that leaves here after the first will beat the *Great Western* home, that is, there is no certainty of it.

What a man Blair is to edit a paper! I could forgive him his onslaught upon the Navy, his remarks on the cobblers and tinkers, but what am I to think of a man who empties into his paper a mass of foreign news which he never could have read and amongst which I find reference to myself, saying, "John goes here and John goes there, does this, says that, etc." These things would hurt me very much if they were seen here, and will bother me not a little at home when I get there.

I was delighted with the reception you met with in Virginia, and have no doubt your visit there will be of service. The opposition, I see, admired your manner very much and you admired the scenery. Political acrimony seems to have been laid at rest, which is all encouraging. I have no fears for the South and great hopes for Maine, Pennsylvania and New York. At any rate you are clearly at the head of the Republican party proper, and will fare as well as your friends, which is all an honest man could wish.

Yours truly, J. V. B.

PASSING

By W. L. Alden

Illustrations by N. C. Wyeth

THE Reverend Daniel Scroggs had been for six years a missionary to the heathen of the West Coast of Africa. He had been sent to Boango, a small station some thirty miles from the coast, by a local American missionary society, which, after he had labored six long years, and undergone four attacks of fever, permitted him to return to his native land for a brief visit. He left his little flock of converts in charge of a native preacher, who was his prize convert, and he trusted that all would go well during his absence. He had grown to love his people, and the sadness and mystery of the Dark Continent fascinated him. His little frame house stood near the edge of the illimitable forest but it seemed infinitely distant from the log house on the edge of the Wisconsin forest, in which he had lived when a child. That Western forest he understood. He knew its speech, its ways, its rages of fire and hurricane. It was a familiar friend, and with it he was always at home. But the vast, dense, dark African forest was another thing. He could never become intimate with it. It would never be friends with him. It filled him with a vague fear. While it fascinated him it also repelled him. It was kin to the unknown, the infinite, the eternal. His own American forest had seemed full of the breath of life; but this one, constantly brought to his mind death, and vastness and mystery that lie beyond.

The converts whom he had slowly gathered together were fairly good specimens of the converted West Coast negro. They were enthusiastic in their enjoyment of the simple religious services which their pastor provided for them. They were honest in most things, and sober, except when they went down to the coast and met with trade rum. They professed to love the missionary who had brought the Gospel to them, and clothed them in the cast-off clothes of Wisconsin, and in their love the lonely man found compensation for his years of exile. When he left them they wept, and promised to follow strictly all his counsels. But the missionary had many misgivings as to what might happen at his station during his absence, and before his three months of leave were at an end he was longing for the day when he should see the black faces of his people again and listen to the low, secretive breathing of the night wind in the African forest.

When Mr. Scroggs once more entered his African village on his return from America he was unspeakably astonished at the sight of a new meeting-house. It was larger than his own; it had a real steeple, and to his horror the steeple bore on its apex a gilded cross. Even at that moment a bell tinkled, and he saw the natives gathering around the door of the new church in numbers larger than those who had been accustomed to assemble at his own meeting-house. What had happened needed no further explanation. While he was absent a Roman Catholic missionary had arrived in the village, and had dared to set up his false tabernacle on ground that by right of six years of labor belonged, so Mr. Scroggs felt, exclusively to him. What made the matter worse was the patent fact that the interloper had already made many converts, and Mr. Scroggs's heart burned with indignation as he reflected that in all probability some of his own people had been misled by the emissary of the scarlet woman.

The native preacher whom Mr. Scroggs had left in charge of his mission was still true to him, but he reported that the Roman Catholic missionary was a very good man, and that the natives greatly liked him and his new religion. About one-third of Mr. Scroggs's converts had gone over to the Roman Catholic mission, and the priest had baptized more heathen during the preceding two months than Mr. Scroggs had baptized during the previous year.

This was not the home-coming of which the American missionary had dreamed, and he was filled with righteous indignation, which, in the case of good men like himself, is the sufficient substitute for the anger which seizes upon worldly men. Here on the spot where with infinite pains he had gathered his little congregation and taught them the only true doctrines, this emissary of a rival faith had come to mislead the poor heathen and to pervert those who had been led into the right path. Mr. Scroggs assured the native preacher that the new missionary was a wicked man, and a teacher of false doctrine, and he exhorted him to tell his fellow-Africans that if they valued their souls they must have nothing to do with the priest, and must never enter the building with a cross on its steeple. Then he went to his house and shut himself up alone to meditate on the terrible misfortune which had befallen Boango.

That evening—it was Saturday night—Mr. Scroggs sat down with a heavy heart to prepare his sermon for the morrow. He had intended to preach of the joy of reunion with his people, and of the blessing of a pure and peaceful spirit, but he now felt that the subject would not be a timely one, and he was searching the Old Testament for some strong and bitter text, when there was a knock at the door and the priest entered.

He was an evident Englishman. Mr. Scroggs had assumed as a matter of course that a Roman Catholic missionary must be either a Portuguese or a Frenchman. That an Englishman should be a priest seemed to him no less than a deliberate crime. There might be some allowance made for the inherited Romanism of an ignorant Portuguese, or naturally perverse-minded Frenchman, but for the Englishman born in a Protestant land who unblushingly entered the priesthood there could be no possible excuse. Still, Mr. Scroggs could not fail to perceive that his visitor was a gentleman; and that his face, though serious and even sad in its habitual expression, was nevertheless a pleasant one. He was tall and thin, with a slight stoop of the shoulders and an habitual lowering of the head, which Mr. Scroggs promptly interpreted as a sign of false humility and hypocrisy. But with this exception Mr. Scroggs, to his disappointment, could find nothing in the appearance of the priest to which he could take exception.

"May I introduce myself," said the visitor, "as your fellow-missionary? We do not belong to the same regiment, but we follow the same leader."

"Sit down," said the American gruffly. "You are of course a Romanist?"

"I am a Catholic," replied the priest, "but I am not here to make proselytes of your converts."

"What I can't get over," said Mr. Scroggs, rising and rapidly pacing the floor, "is that you should take advantage of my absence to come here and interfere with my work. I've been here six years, and preached the Gospel to the best of my ability and built up a church. And then all of a sudden you come to mislead these poor natives, and to undo all my work. I don't call it Christian. I don't call it just. I don't call it decently civil."

"I was sent here by my bishop," replied



He was searching the Old Testament for some strong and bitter text.—Page 704.

the priest gently, "and I had nothing to do but to obey. I did not even know that there was a missionary here. Had I known it, and had I been at liberty to choose, I should have selected entirely new ground. I have already said that I am not here to try to take your converts away from you. On the contrary, as your native teacher can tell you, I have discouraged those who have come to me from your fold. I could not refuse to receive them, but I should have preferred to have them remain with you."

"That's all very well," said Mr. Scroggs bitterly, "but when you want me to believe that a Roman Catholic priest don't want to make pervert, it's a pretty big order."

"Brother," said the priest without noticing the other's remark, "we are two Christian white men, alone in this wild place. We are both, I trust, servants of God. Let us

be friends. The field is wide enough for both. Do not let us show these poor people the spectacle of Christian teachers dwelling in enmity."

"I can't be friends with a teacher of false doctrine," answered the American sternly. "Of course, I will not quarrel with you, but we can't be friends. I can't forget who you are and what you have done. The less we see of each other the better."

The priest sighed and rose to take his leave. "I had hoped for better things," he said sadly, "but I cannot force my friendship on you. But please remember that if at any time you should change your mind, I shall always be ready to meet you half-way."

The following Sunday morning Mr. Scroggs preached a vigorous sermon from the text "Cursed be he who removeth his neighbor's landmarks." He told his hearers that there were false religions that were even worse than heathenism, and warned them against those who might come to them in sheep's clothing. It so happened that a native wearing a sheepskin, and belonging to some distant and unknown tribe, had been seen near Boango, and Mr. Scroggs's parishioners promptly assumed that this stranger was the wicked man clad in sheep's clothing against whom their beloved teacher had warned them. So they instantly decided to hunt down the man and kill him without further delay, as proof of their regard for their pastor's instructions, and their own attachment to the Baptist faith.

The weeks passed on. The rival missionaries kept carefully aloof from one another, bowing coldly and silently when they happened to meet. Both labored zealously to make converts, and both were measurably successful. Mr. Scroggs had infused new energy into his preaching, and to his desire to convert the heathen from the error of their ways was now added the additional stimulus of anxiety to surpass his competitor. "I'll beat him yet," said Mr. Scroggs to himself, "spite of all his idolatrous incense, and his bowing down to images. I'll show him that the pure Gospel can knock his miserable heresies silly." And the American's courage rose steadily as he strove to make good his words.

Meanwhile the novelty of the Roman Catholic service unquestionably pleased the natives, especially those who had failed to respond to the efforts of the Protestant missionary. The bell of the little Roman Catholic chapel seemed to have a charm for them. Mr. Scroggs's church had no bell, and it suffered from this disadvantage. Oddly enough the Roman Catholic bell, the sound of which had so greatly exasperated Mr. Scroggs when he first returned to Boango, had gradually grown to sound rather pleasant to his ears. It was, as he told himself, because it reminded him of the church-bells in America, though in point of fact it was little better than a tinkling cow-bell. One day he actually found himself walking toward the door of the Roman Catholic church as the bell rang for vespers. He smiled at this curious instance of absence of mind, and it was the first time he had smiled since his return from America.

That very night a negro came to him in great haste, saying that the father was dying. Mr. Scroggs, who had some little knowledge of medicine, and much experience in African fever, did not for an instant dream of disregarding this plain call of duty. He took his little medicine chest and his "Family Practitioner," and hastened to the sick man. He found him suffering from an attack of fever accompanied by delirium. He gave him the remedies that he believed to be appropriate to the case, and sat all night by his bedside. He noticed that the priest was thinner than ever, and that his face, though flushed with the fever, bore deeper lines of care than when the two had first met. As Mr. Scroggs listened to the incoherent mutterings of the sick man, and the night wind among the forest trees, his heart began to smite him. After all, a priest was a man, and all men were brothers. Perhaps he had done wrong in rejecting the priest's overtures of friendship. It was well to be severe and inflexible in upholding the truth, but certainly St. Paul had pleaded for charity toward all men.

In the morning the patient was conscious and Mr. Scroggs assured him that he was on the road towards recovery. The priest earnestly thanked him for his kindness, and expressed his sorrow that the American should have had the care of a sick man thrust upon him.

"That's all right," replied Mr. Scroggs. "You're on the mend now, but you've got to be middling careful of yourself. Just you stay in bed till I tell you to get up, and just you keep on taking my medicines, and



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

Sat all night by his bedside.—Page 706.

doing as I say, and I'll pull you through. I've had pretty near as bad attacks myself, and they haven't done me any real harm."

Father Taylor put out his thin hand and it met that of his rival. The two hands were clasped warmly, and as Mr. Scroggs turned to go he said: "I reckon I made a mistake in the way I treated you when you came to see me that night. If you'll overlook it, I guess we can get on all right together after this,—brother."

He said the word brother with a visible effort but also with a smile of self-approbation. He felt that he had made a mighty effort, and had succeeded. "God bless you, my brother," replied the priest, and his eyes were moist as they followed the tall, ungainly figure of the American missionary from the room.

Mr. Scroggs's anger had melted away. He was filled with pity for the man whom he had so lately detested. He reproached himself that he had never once inquired after the priest's health. "If he had really been dying," he said to himself, "I should have felt as if I'd had a hand in it. The way I've let that poor misguided man go on without any advice or help in a strange, unhealthy place like this wasn't Christian, and there's no getting over the fact."

Toward ten o'clock Mr. Scroggs again visited his patient, and found him somewhat better. "You are so good and kind," said the priest, "that I am going to ask a great favor of you. Would you mind going to the church—my church, I mean—and telling the people who must be there by this time that there will be no service this morning?"

"Of course I will," replied Mr. Scroggs. "Don't you worry about that. And, look here! Whenever there's anything I can do for you, just you let me know. When two white men meet in this savage land they naturally want to help each other, and it's a pleasure for them to——"

Mr. Scroggs, fluent as years of preaching had made him, came to an abrupt stop, as he realized that he was saying in an awkward way what the priest had said to him on the night when the former's offers of friendship had been so roughly rejected. He turned rapidly away and walked toward the Roman Catholic church. Never in his life had he entered such a place. In imagination he had likened its interior to that of a heathen temple, with stone idols and popish pictures, before which benighted worshippers bowed down. To his surprise he found that Father Taylor's little church did not look unlike the Episcopal church of Upper Medway, save that a large crucifix was placed over the little altar. There were no statues and no pictures, and the people who had assembled to wait for the mass were kneeling silently and devoutly in their pews.

Mr. Scroggs advanced boldly to the steps of the chancel, and in a loud voice informed the congregation that owing to the illness of "Father Taylor," there would be no service that morning. He hesitated a little before using the term father, but it was the name by which the priest's people knew him, and, after all, there could be no more harm in calling him father than there had been in calling him brother. Having discharged his duty to the sick man, Mr. Scroggs went out of the church in a most cheerful frame of mind. Not since his return from America had he felt so well satisfied with himself. He had apologized to the priest for his rudeness to him. He had watched at his side during a whole night, and he had actually gone into a Roman Catholic church and spoken to the congregation as if they were fellow-Christians. Surely he had done well, and was entitled to feel the comfort of self-righteous approbation. "After this," he soliloquized, "what I've got to do is to show that my religion don't fall a particle below Father Taylor's. That will be a sight better than pitching into him and his church, and stirring up strife among these poor heathen."

But as evening fell Mr. Scroggs was not quite so well satisfied with himself. As he sat on the veranda of his house, smoking his meditative evening pipe, it was borne in upon him that his offence was not merely rudeness and lack of kindness. He had sinned grievously. He had given the priest of a rival religion good reason to despise the creed that could permit a Christian minister to treat a fellow-being as he had treated Father Taylor. Mr. Scroggs's conscience had been slow to awaken, but at last it was fully awake, and it goaded him sharply. The sighing of the wind in the black forest increased the sadness that crept over him. Henceforth he might do his best to treat the priest as a friend and a fellow-Christian, but that would not blot out the sin that he had committed. He had been preaching the

gospel of forgiveness and charity to the heathen, while all the time there had been anger and hatred in his heart.

Something rustled in the undergrowth and presently there emerged from the forest the stealthy shape of a leopard. The beast slowly came toward the veranda. It had marked the missionary as its prey, and it was waiting for the latter to make the first move in the game of hunter and hunted.

Suddenly there came into the mind of Mr. Scroggs the remembrance of the Jewish scapegoat. He sprang up and shouted to the beast: "I lay my hatred, and malice, and cruelty, and faithlessness on you. Take the burden with you into the forest. Away with you, and return no more."

The startled animal stopped short. It gazed for an instant at the curious phenomenon of a man who exhorted leopards, instead of either shooting at them or running away, and then it turned, and trotted silently back into the intense night of the forest. Mr. Scroggs heaved a long sigh of relief, and kneeling down by his chair prayed long and fervently. Then he rose up and went to bed, and dreamed that the forest swarmed with Æolian-harps and that their soft breathing filled the night with music of unspeakable beauty.

From that time forth all semblance of hostility between the two missionaries vanished. The priest rapidly recovered from his illness sufficiently to be able to attend to his daily duties, but he did not fully regain his strength. The old look of sadness, however, faded from his face, while the somewhat grim countenance of Mr. Scroggs grew genial and sunny. The two friends spent all their evenings together, except when Mr. Scroggs held his Wednesday evening prayer-meeting. Although, as was inevitable, much of their conversation touched upon matters theological and ecclesiastical, there was never any bitterness of controversy between them. Each seemed anxious to find something to be admired in the faith and practice of the other. They pushed tolerance so far that each seemed at times to be the apologist and defender of the other's dogmas.

One Wednesday evening, while Mr. Scroggs was conducting his prayer-meeting, Father Taylor entered, and seated himself among those present. He bowed his head devoutly as one negro after another offered up prayer with a demonstrative energy that suggested a competitive effort on the part of each one to surpass the others in fervor of expression. At last Mr. Scroggs ventured to ask the priest to lead in prayer. The invitation was at once accepted, and the Roman Catholic priest prayed in a way that the Protestant could not fail to characterize as thoroughly evangelical.

Every succeeding Wednesday evening Father Taylor attended Mr. Scroggs's prayer-meeting. The latter was naturally greatly pleased, and by degrees he convinced himself that he was bound in common Christian courtesy to attend at least one celebration of the mass, as a proof that he was as broad-minded and tolerant as the priest. He had been accustomed to think of the mass as a grossly idolatrous ceremony, though he found difficulty in reconciling this theory with the undoubted piety of Father Taylor. He borrowed a breviary from the priest, and, to his surprise, found that the mass was, after all, essentially the same as the communion service of the American Episcopal Church. There were, of course, errors of doctrine in both the mass and the Episcopal communion service, and it was absurd to say mass in a dead language. Still, to the native African, Latin and English were equally unintelligible, and as Mr. Scroggs held his own communion service in English, he could look with leniency on Father Taylor's use of Latin.

Mr. Scroggs went to his first mass with many misgivings, but, on the whole, he was agreeably disappointed. The service was certainly solemn and impressive, and he fancied that the native converts who were present showed a devoutness that, if less demonstrative than the noisy devoutness of his own congregation, was nevertheless at least as genuine. When the service was over, and he met the priest in his little sacristy, he confessed that he had been almost edified, and he expressed the opinion that the mass seemed better adapted to impress the native mind than was his own simple service.

Although the priest in no way encouraged Mr. Scroggs to attend the service of the Roman Catholic chapel, Mr. Scroggs came more and more often to mass and to vespers. When the two friends talked together in the evenings their mutual tolerance passed into actual defence of each other's creed. The

Protestant insisted that, with the exception of a few dogmas, which, after all, might not be of fundamental importance, the Roman Catholic faith deserved the respect of every Christian man. On the other hand, the Roman Catholic maintained that the simple faith of the Baptist Church was unquestionably more thoroughly scriptural than was his own; and that the services of the Protestant chapel were better adapted to the needs of the soul than were the elaborate services of the Church of Rome. The priest and the Protestant were no longer striving to meet one another on a common ground of Christian charity. They had met and passed, and each was now well advanced on the road toward the church of the other.

Father Taylor was an Englishman who had been brought up in the Established Church, and had been converted to the Roman Catholic faith after he had arrived at manhood. The first enthusiasm of the convert had long since passed away, and there had set in the reaction toward simplicity of faith and ritual which is not unusual in the case of the too ardent convert. While the priest was thus drifting toward Protestantism, a dormant poetic instinct had been awakened in Mr. Scroggs, and a tendency to mysticism the existence of which he had never even suspected, had made itself manifest. He was drifting as steadily toward Rome, as the priest was drifting toward Geneva.

There was a long conversation one evening as to the Petrine claims. Mr. Scroggs admitted that he could not explain away the words that had made St. Peter the head of the Church, and he could no longer deny the claim of the Church of Rome to supremacy. The priest assented to the interpretation of the commission given to St. Peter, but pointed out that it was limited to St. Peter only. Although he was made the head of the Church, his office died with him for lack of words of inheritance and succession. "No good lawyer would concede," so said the priest, "that the commission to St. Peter conveyed more than a life estate." Mr. Scroggs warmly protested against such an intensely secular view of the matter, and held that to confound Scripture with the common law of England savored of irreverence. The discussion ended with the priest's unreserved denial of the supremacy of Rome and with the Protestant's confession that he could no longer withstand the conviction that Rome had a right to the obedience of every Christian. The two had changed places. The priest was virtually a Protestant, and the Protestant was virtually a Roman Catholic. Each had unintentionally converted the other, and they were now as far apart theologically as they had been on the day when Mr. Scroggs first heard the tinkle of the Roman Catholic bell at the mission station of Boango.

In the early spring a Roman Catholic bishop was to visit Boango, for the double purpose of inspecting the station, and of confirming the converts. Father Taylor confided to his friend that when the bishop arrived he should resign his charge, and withdraw from the Roman Church. Mr. Scroggs boldly said that he had made up his mind to apply to the bishop for admission to the Roman Catholic Church. "I will take your place, and you will take mine," he said. "We shall be as good friends as ever, though I cannot promise to take part in a Protestant service, as you have, to my great pleasure and comfort, taken part in mine."

The priest smiled sadly, for in those latter days sadness had become habitual with him. "Each must take his own way," he said. "You will join the regular army. As for me, I shall enlist in the Salvation Army—the Garibaldians of the Lord. But nothing, my brother, shall ever dissever our souls."

That night the two missionaries spent together. Mr. Scroggs confessed that he felt nervous and lonesome and Father Taylor declined to leave him, fearing that his depression might presage a sudden attack of illness. "Somehow," remarked Mr. Scroggs, as he made ready a bed for the priest, "that forest sort of gets on my nerves. I know it's all foolishness, but when there is no sound of the wind in the trees I feel as if the blackness was going to jump out on me and suffocate me; and when the wind does move the leaves, it seems as if something was whispering threats to me. I guess I must be going to come down with the fever again."

Before dawn the next morning, out of the silent, brooding, menacing forest, came a rush of men, followed by the screams of women and the rapid firing of rifles. The two white men at once ran out of the house to meet the invaders, for they knew instinctively that they had to do with a raid of slave-



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

Mr. Scroggs lifted up his voice in a passionate prayer.—Page 712.

catchers. Neither was armed, for Father Taylor owned no weapons, and Mr. Scroggs had lent his rifle to a native who frequently brought him game from the forest. The few natives who attempted to resist were instantly shot down, the remaining able-bodied men were rapidly seized and bound, while the protests and appeals of the missionaries were apparently unnoticed by the stolid Arab leader of the raiders. But as soon as the last slave had been secured the Arab, turning to the missionaries, informed them that they were to be shot. He knew that white men sometimes made inconvenient witnesses, and although Boango was a long way from the nearest Portuguese station, and the Portuguese authorities were slow to punish slave-traders, he decided that it would not be altogether safe for him to leave the white men at liberty. In his way he was a pious man, and when Father Taylor asked that he and his fellow-missionary should be given a few moments for prayer, the Arab readily granted the request.

The missionaries knelt down side by side. "Father," implored Mr. Scroggs, "let me confess to you and be absolved." And without waiting for an answer he repeated in substance the general confession of the prayer-book of the Episcopal Church. When he had ended, the priest solemnly pronounced the words of absolution, and then said, "And now, brother, pray for me." Mr. Scroggs lifted up his voice in a passionate prayer for the salvation of his friend, but long before he had reached the end of his petitions the now impatient Arab gave the order to fire, and two more martyrs were added to the long roll of white men who have died for their religion in the Dark Continent.

When at last the bishop came to Boango he found a single family of natives, who were living in the deserted Protestant meeting-house. They told him how the once flourishing missionary station had been blotted out, and they showed him where the two missionaries had been buried. The bishop said the prayers of his Church over the common grave of priest and Protestant, making no distinction between them. He recognized that death had made them one in the larger faith that sustains the martyr of whatever creed. Perhaps, had he known all that had taken place in the settlement during the months before the slave-traders' raid, he would have been at a loss to decide which of the two martyrs was the Roman Catholic and which the Protestant. Perhaps also, for the bishop was a broad-minded man, he would have said in his heart that it did not matter what uniform a brave soldier wore who died in the discharge of his duty.

ECCE HOMO

By William Hervey Woods

"O THOU that comest past the stars
And past the utmost bound that bars
Us from unguessed infinity,
What hast thou seen along the road,
What marvels vast thy pathway strewed,
The long, long path to Calvary?"

"I saw the Sower down his brown fields striding
Fling wide the fruitful grain,
I saw the foxes in the old tombs hiding
By white towns veiled in rain."

"But this we that are men may see—
Did no great Voices speak with thee
A journeying to Jerusalem?
Thou that hast walked with Life and Death
In lands forbid to mortal breath,
What secrets are unloosed of them?"

"I heard what games the children's feet were winging
There in your markets met,
I heard the price two tiny birds were bringing—
That I remember yet."

"Nay, Lord, but show some wonder done,
Now, or in times ere times begun,
That flashes forth thy Deity;
Light with a look a new-made world,
Or stay the swift hours onward whirled,
Till we forget Gethsemane."

"I knew, I knew, ere Eden's rose was blowing,
Prick of the twisted thorn—
The nails, the darkness, and the warm blood flowing,
I knew—and I was born."

A PRAYER

By Ella Higginson

God of the lonely soul,
  God of the comfortless,
God of the broken heart—for these,
  Thy tenderness!

For prayers there be enough,
  Yea, prayers there be to spare,
For those of proud and high estate;
  Each hath his share.

But the beggar at my door,
  The thief behind the bars;
And those that be too blind to see
  The shining stars;

The outcast in his hut,
  The useless and the old;
Whoever walks the city's streets
  Homeless and cold;

The sad and lone of soul
  Whom no man understands;
And those of secret sin, with stains
  Upon their hands,

And stains upon their souls;
  Who shudder in their sleep,
And walk their ways with trembling hearts,
  Afraid to weep;

For the childless mother, Lord,
  And ah, the little child
Weeping the mother in her grave,
  Unreconciled—

God of the lonely soul,
  God of the comfortless,
For these, and such as these, I ask
  Thy tenderness!

Whose sin be greatest, Lord;
  If each deserve his lot;
If each but reap as he hath sown—
  I ask Thee not.

I only ask of Thee
  The marvel of a space
When these forgot and blind may look
  Upon thy face.

ADDOLORATA'S INTERVENTION

By Henry B. Fuller

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

I

(FROM THE JOURNAL OF MARCELLUS BLAND)

PALERMO February 10, 1903.

ALBERT JORDAN has arrived. I was strolling this forenoon along the Marina when the launch from the Villa Rosalia came sputtering across the harbor and set down a number of people near the Porta Felice, Jordan among them. I recognized him at once, though he was somewhat changed; and he, though rather less promptly, recognized me. He did not detach himself from his little party, nor pause on his way into the town; so there was no exchange of verbal greetings. He appeared as composed, as self-centred, as ever, despite a certain effervescent hilarity among his associates. Indeed, I think I may say, without any imaginative excess, that he was even a bit subdued and chastened; something not to be wondered at after last autumn's *peripezia* —a change of fortune, if ever there was one. The sum total of his presence—a mere passing presence, true—was this: he seemed to be saying, with his odd air of quiet determination: "No, you shall never know me better; give up any such idea for once and for all."

The conduct of this young man begins to irritate me. He is just as baffling here in Sicily as he was on Broadway—and just as ungrateful. Ungrateful, I say; and here is my case. I was one of the first to welcome Jordan when, in all his rawness, he came to town from his haunts "up State." I was among the earliest to recognize the talent in those impromptu newspaper sketches which he afterward got together in book form. I perseveringly praised to the sceptical the first fruits of his acquaintance with the city, his "In the Crosstown Cars," though Heaven knows I am chary enough about giving approval to the ephemeral stuff of the daily prints. When he adventurously invaded the theatre with a drama founded upon his rural observations and experiences, nobody was more friendly than I to "Fudgetown Folks." Later, I was one of the vociferous crowd at the Walpole that started "Boys Will Be Boys" on its two-year run; and when, last fall, the reaction came and "Youth Must Have Its Fling" was smiled pityingly from the boards and the gallant young career seemed over, I strained my credit to make the confident, half-studied thing appear at least a *succès d'estime*. Why, I have written reviews of the fellow's doings—a practice I rarely condescend to; and I have sent him congratulatory notes and telegrams which were not only enthusiastic but effusive. And what in return? I am snubbed. No, not snubbed; I retract the word, for no one has ever snubbed me, and no one ever can. But the sort of treatment meted out to me is only one degree better: I am held at arm's length; I get—when escape is impossible for him—a single perfunctory word; and I must content myself—here in foreign parts, where national consciousness and local ties sometimes turn even antipathies into attachments—with a cool nod and the present view of a highly indifferent back.

Does he not know who I am? Does he not realize what I stand for? Does he not comprehend what value a word of praise from me may have? Has he never read "Etrurian Byways"? Has he never heard of "The Grand Master" or of "Emir and Troubadour"? I am, indeed, no national celebrity, no household word, as he is; I have never seen my name lettered in fire before three Broadway theatres at once; nor have I a "farm" in Connecticut that has been celebrated by half the writers of "specials" in town; but I do enjoy, all the same, a reputation of my own among the few whose good opinion is worth the winning. Though I have nearly forgotten the meaning of the term "royalty," while his annual

income amounts to figures that are almost fabulous, I would not consider, for a moment, an exchange of place and fortune.

I say this despite the obvious failure of "The Grand Master." But why should I employ the words "obvious" and "failure"? For the book no more reached the public consciousness than a snowflake falling into Vesuvius reaches the earth. "Youth Must Have Its Fling," on the contrary, did fail—spectacularly, resonantly. After its first grand flare it flickered before diminishing hundreds for a fortnight, and then it flickered out. Its passing was notorious. They knew about it in Syracuse and Detroit and Atlanta and Denver. The daily papers had their gibes about it; weeklies with "theatrical departments" gave it a cut as it hastened down the dark corridor of failure; and long afterward belated monthlies were busily explaining why the wreck had come about and acutely speculating on the dazed young author's future. Never before such buffets on so confident and smiling a face. Our young author fled the country—to study, far from the scene, the cause and nature of his *débâcle* and to take counsel with himself as to his future. A moving situation for thirty-three.

I suppose his lighting upon quiet Palermo must be held to be purely fortuitous. Neither his tastes nor his traditions can have assisted him in making so luminous a choice of an asylum. I should have expected him to stop short at Naples or to go on to Cairo. In my own case, however, there seemed no great choice. Rome being ruined, and Naples detestable, and Algiers quite second rate, and Cairo both too far away and much too expensive, what other town was left for one who would be at once in the midst of things and yet somewhat aside from them? Such at least is my feeling at the Albergo della Marina; a little shabby, a trifle dingy, and altogether in the past tense, it is perhaps the best that an unsuccessful novelist may aspire to. How things may seem at the Grand Hotel Villa Rosalia I have no means of knowing; probably all the pomp and circumstance that enwraps the cosmopolitan tourist may help to make even a youth under the passing shade of failure feel that he is still in the world and of it. One can scarcely, I apprehend, sojourn at the Villa Rosalia and yet confess that the pride of life has been altogether renounced; whereas a man housed in a cell at the Marina—but let me not abuse the roof that shelters me.

Yes, Albert at the landing-stage was cursory and nonchalant past all endurance. Why should it be so difficult for me to put myself *en rapport* with him? His life is public to a degree—thousands of Toms, Dicks, and Harrys share in it with all freedom. I have been kind, I have been interested, I have been enthusiastic, I have been articulate; and I am but nine years older—a gap that might easily be bridged, if any gap at all can be held to be made by so slight a difference.

Privately—very privately—I fear that Jordan looks upon me as an amateur, and that in his clear young gray eyes the opinion of an amateur has no value whatever. He regards me as a *dilettante;* so, always, to the trained craftsman must appear one who follows an art on the basis of some private competency, however small. Jordan, on the contrary, has his "trade," and has used it to fight his way up to his present position. Those years in the Herkimer County newspaper office must have been of the greatest service to him. To recognize the idea when it comes; to realize its values and its possibilities; to deal with it competently, cleanly, unfalteringly, and at the first essay—all this is very fine; and all this, with more, is plain on every page of "From the Back Counties," and is none the less apparent in his intimate studies of middle-class realism in the life of the metropolis itself. Fluency and precision show in the very preparation of his manuscripts. Once, in the *Recorder* building, I passed his door; a few pages of "copy" for the morrow's sketch lay in plain sight on his desk. Trim, clean-cut, unblotted, they represented well the craftsman in his absence. Does anyone imagine that the author of "Etrurian Byways" would dare leave exposed a sheet or two of his manuscript for the inspection of the casual passer-by? Never! Yes, I see: Albert Jordan looks upon me as an amateur, and of my reiterated compliments and congratulations he makes no account whatever.

Another thought. Jordan cannot but be proudly aware of his firm grip on present-day actualities. To him, ever welcoming the stinging impact of life as it is lived, my doings must appear tenuous, derivative, remote. Of course those character illustrations of Snow's helped his first book greatly; still,



Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

I was with a troup of roistering young Yanks.—Page 718.

it would have stood without them—the rustic oddities of Herkimer County could have been depended upon to speak shrilly and shrewdly for themselves. To one who is so surefooted both on the old Pike Road and in East Fourteenth Street, of what possible interest are loiterings through the byways of Etruria or the back lanes of Malta? No; Jordan taxes me for my lack of vividness and vitality and properly scorns me.

Yet again. What are a few thin and inconspicuous books compared with a reverberating succession of plays? I have timidly looked over the hedge, while he has boldly held the highway. I have scotched my dozens, while he has slain his thousands. He has battled for big stakes in one of the great arenas of the world, and scoffs at me for a faint-hearted slinker through unregarded by-paths. But why proceed? He can care nothing for my opinion, nothing for my approval. Drop, my pen; close, my little book; I have answered my own weak question over and over again.

II

(FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF ALBERT JORDAN)

GRAND HOTEL VILLA ROSALIA, PALERMO,
February 11, 1903.

. . . I am well enough placed here and shall probably remain until along into March. I might have chosen Florence or Cairo, perhaps; but at present—as you can very well understand, my dear Arthur—I am in no mood to encounter the Anglo-Saxon world wholesale. In Sicily the cosmopolitan blend seems a little more perfect; one is not trampled down by a mob composed of one's fellow-countrymen exclusively.

Let us dispense with description; I cannot endure to pen it, nor you to read it. For an idea of my present surroundings consult my letter-head. The Villa supplies a better class of stationery, without any Earthly Paradise above the date-line; but sometimes one's second-class manner is more graphic and successful than one's first.

Is it, though? That is precisely the point I have settled down to consider. But no more of that just now.

Well, gather in for yourself, old fellow, the mountains and the sea and the subtropical flora. And add, if you like, a tennis-court, something of a golf-course, a steam-yacht, an electric omnibus, an orchestra for dinner, and St. Rosalia herself somewhere up in the mountain behind.

Am sorry to hear so unfavorably from the sheep. I thought sheep, if anything, could be depended upon to pick up their living from those Connecticut bowlders. Let us worry them through the winter as best we may, and next year I will try Holsteins or Jerseys. Thanks for your good report about the beaver dam. There's one fad, at least, that is self-supporting.

Beaton's last week's check came yesterday; also the Thespian for the 25th. Ask B. it he hasn't overlooked those two dates at Terre Haute.

If old Murdock is ready to part with that twenty-acre tract to the north-east, don't let me lose it. Stanhope may go on enlarging the terrace, but any more nonsense about foundations is quite superfluous in such a rock-ribbed region. Am glad to hear that that fly-by-night company down in Kentucky has been nipped. But I want an example made of them—have them followed up sharp. Forgive all these particulars; you understand that the most I ask you to do is to pass on the word to the right quarter.

Marcellus Bland is here; I think I heard you praising one of his books last spring. I passed him yesterday in the town. He looked as if his foot was on its native heath indeed. I was with a troup of roistering young Yanks, male and female; they attend me in all my walks and treat me like a fellow-kid. If they want to be disagreeable they treat me like a fellow-kid that has just slipped up on the ice. Well, no more of that; a man may rise again, I hope. I never realized before how uproarious my younger compatriots abroad may be, nor how disadvantageous it might turn out to have made myself the public limner and apologist of and for—oh, mercy, prepositions *are* tough! —their antics. Bland looked a shade scornful, and I don't blame him.

Still, I should have clapped on a few more years and broken from the ranks to greet him if he had been alone, for he has been rather civil to me (in his own peculiar lofty way) on more occasions than one. But he wasn't alone. An intense young woman with large dark eyes and a considerable overplus of "soul" was with him,

and she looked immensely like one I met at your musicale in November, where she was busily watching out for chances to frown distressfully at the slips of your performers. If she is the seemingly slender creature of good height with whom I sat for a few moments in your dusky bower, and if she is as intense in Palermo as she was in West Eightieth Street, I shall hesitate about meeting her a second time. For in answer to my simple inquiry as to what she thought of Filkins's "Lady Rosamund Risks It," *the* success of the season, she affected not to know who I was and coolly replied that she had no money to squander on the commercial drama! That ended Little Bertie.

Well, she may appreciate Bland. Indeed, I saw at a glance that she was an "admirer"; nay, more—as we say in real literature—a "worshipper." H'm! you know what I think of admirers and worshippers: the art-life—do you get that, my boy?—the art-life, I say, would be much more comfortable without them. When the admirers are arranged by the hundreds in the orchestra-chairs at two dollars per, it isn't so bad; but to have a single admirer come up softly and touch your coat-sleeve with her fore-finger, and say, "You're it!" might test the nerve of the strongest.

Such, I thought, was the situation in front of the Porta Felice, or whatever they call it; so I moved steadily past, with my whole train of coeducational hoodlums—*quorum pars fui*. I know *that* much Latin, even if I didn't get more'n two-thirds through high school. I say I should have liked—I mean, I should like to have—no, I should have liked, just as I had it at first. I should have liked, I say, to stop and do the civil with Bland; but though I say it, I don't quite mean it. You were always urging me to be friendly with him, you incorrigible "genial," but there was one thing about him you never realized, and that's this:

The fellow has two standards—one for himself and the other for me. When he wrings my hand and tells me how clever my last sketch is, or when he despatches a note to assure me how magnificently I have done on the boards, there is always present that damnable thing called styled, and entitled the *arrière pensée*—more high school. Everything is all very clever and magnificent and racy and redolent and characterful and *patati* and *patata* (oh, how I am swimming along!)—considering. Considering what? Considering that I am an up-State jay whose only *alma mater* was a country newspaper office; considering that I never lingered for several years, as he did, in some academic New England grove and never had, as he had, any of the further advantages of travel and study abroad; considering that I couldn't distinguish Pontormo from pudding-stone or tell a biography of Guidarello Guidarelli from a treatise on double-entry bookkeeping. Yes, the warm pressure of Bland's palm, or the warmer imprint of his device on a small dab of sealing-wax, may assure me that I am racy, sincere, authentic, national, realistic, what you will—but a rail-fence hayseed, all the same. Now, am I going to thank a man very heartily for such praise as that? Let him judge me by his own standards, as applied to himself, and I will reciprocate as warmly as you please.

One more point while I am wound up. Such gilt-edged encomiums from a man who is only seven or eight years my senior savor of patronage. The circumstances don't justify them. True, he got in on the ground-floor of the Temple of Art—do you get the capitals, dear old man?—a little before I did, but not so very long before; just about long enough to thrust his arms out and seem to be helping me in. Why, I was climbing in all right *without* any help! I was sweeping along and getting a thousand hands where he was getting one.

The proportion hasn't changed much since then—that's another point to remember. If I went about boasting of the good opinion of Marcellus Bland, dozens of fellows would say, "Who the deuce *is* Marcellus Bland?" How far would Bland's name carry on upper Broadway? Half across the sidewalk? Well, perhaps so; but not much farther. Whereas, mine—but you have read it there by the month, and you shall read it there again, be sure.

Well, let's dispense with shop—at least, with that particular kind of shop. This hotel is full of all sorts of human odds and ends. I can't make much of them, but Bland could. The town itself, too, seems packed with every variety of interesting stuff. I can't make much of that, either, but Bland is doubtless putting it all to good use. Among other rarities at our Villa

here we have little Maribel Blennerhassett, some of whose people you met at Ardsley. Maribel is *my* admirer—every man has his cross. Maribel broke out of school last June, but she is still at the college-pin stage, and she is always harrying me about the sole college man I ever allowed to get before the footlights. Two or three of the genus are at large in Santa Rosalia's domain, and now and then we catch one for purposes of comparison. Maribel is always trying to make "'Squab' Madison" square with them, and when he won't then they have to square with him. Maribel is loyal but wearing. If she doesn't soon go to Tunis, as she talks of doing, I shall have to switch her off on to somebody else.

If you meet the Prestons—either Senior or Junior—tell them I find the "Back Counties" everywhere, and remind them—genteelly—that they are getting more out its lasting old frame than I am. There, now, is a book the world will not willingly let die. I found a copy in the hotel at Brussels, and one at Cannes, and one at Perugia, and there are two here. (I say nothing about the Vallombrosan effect they produced on the promenade-deck of the *Cyclonic*.) Little Maribel loves the "Back Counties" as much as anybody else does. Only yesterday I saw her offering one of the Santa Rosalia copies to an elderly Florentine and explaining to him in her own sweet way (or so I guessed) what a great man I was. He restored the volume early this morning with the sole remark that it was "curious." Once or twice during the day he has looked at me, oh, so dubiously!—as if he thought that I were curious, too. Not a bit pleasant, my dear Arthur. You see one may have a vast currency in a particular field and none whatever outside it. Bland, I fancy, might have fared better at the elderly student's hands. But of course our up-State dialect was never meant for the Tuscans.

However, I must not run on indefinitely. If I write long letters it is because I am not yet in the mood for any other kind of writing. I have had a bad jolt, I acknowledge, and I haven't quite yet begun to find myself. Try to let me know, when you reply, just how I stand with regard to club dues—a subject that has grown much too complicated for me to keep in my head. I have written Belden that positively not more than twenty-five thousand must go into those Iowa farm mortgages. Above all, be sure that everything is done to exact a penalty from those pirates in Kentucky.

Yours, as ever,

A. J.

III

(FROM THE JOURNAL OF MARCELLUS BLAND)

PALERMO, February 13th.

I RESUME my diary. The reading public may have conspired to immure me in the Tower of Silence, but between the covers of this faithful repository I shall be as articulate as I please. After all, the best things are often accomplished in quiet and with no thought of fame.

To-day I walked out again with Miss Matthews—this time in the Villa Giulia and the Botanical Garden. An intense young person who takes her Italy in the most poignant fashion; it was all quite like a visit from one's earlier self. Miss Matthews, as I make it out, comes from somewhere up the river—from Peekskill or Newburgh; being, in some sense, a suburbanite, she is even more metropolitan than the metropolis. And having put much of her abundant and eventless leisure into study, she is more cultivated than Culture in Culture's most cultivated moments. She seems devoted, heart and soul, to the Peninsula; she is so completely Italianate as to call herself "Addolorata." If she has pushed her devotion too far she has not gone unpunished. For there is often at her elbow an elderly commonplace person, with thin hair and a plaid shawl, who plaintively calls her "Addie."

Miss Matthews's attitude toward me is most appreciative and deferential. I am certain, therefore, that she hails from the background. The sincerest worshippers are ever those simple folk who stand just within the church doorway. The "quality," whom the luxurious *prie-dieu* draws nearer to the chancel, take a calmer and more worldly view; while for a perfectly hardened and cynical estimate of the whole situation commend me to those practised creatures who serve the altar itself. Yes, Addolorata Matthews is doubtless from Peekskill.

As we sauntered down the avenue of date-palms she began to quote the "Etru-

rian Byways" to me, and she told me that she had selected a passage from it to preface a book of travel written by a very intimate friend of hers.

"Dear, dear!" I said, half in dismay.

"You are not displeased?" she asked, opening her brown eyes to their widest.

"N—no," I replied; "only I am pretty certain it was some passage that would have been improved by a recasting and by a closer study of its punctuation."

"I found no fault in it," she returned promptly. "It was that beautiful page about Cervetri and Castel d'Asso and the Fanum Voltumnæ. Cervetri," she went on, "that is one of the places I have longed to see for years. Heaven knows when I shall finally reach it. Those tombs! oh, those tombs!"

"I remember," I said gloomily. "It would have been better if I had used dashes instead of parentheses."

"When were you there?" she demanded eagerly.

"At Cervetri?"

"Yes."

"Why, I have never been there at all—as yet."

"Never been there at all? And Castel d'Asso, then? And Norchia? And Toscanella? And——"

"Well, some of them I have visited, and some of them I haven't. Intuition, my dear young woman—invention—imagination."

But my dear young woman looked at me very doubtfully. Therefore——

"If I have a *feeling* for a place," I asked, "must I visit that place and have my feeling compromised by facts?"

She made no reply, but bowed over the waxy red blossoms of a thorny euphorbia. I saw that she was disappointed and grieved. I had also given away quite unnecessarily the secrets of the shop. Therefore——

"Drop the 'Etrurian Byways,'" I said, a bit tartly, "and read 'From the Back Counties.'"

"What!" she cried, with some sharpness; "that thing by Albert What's-his-name?"

"Albert Jordan—precisely. That 'thing' is a good thing, and I'm glad you know it."

"I don't. I have found it lying about in every hotel I have visited, but I haven't once looked inside its covers. I make it a matter of principle never to read such stuff!"

"Stuff? Let me assure you that Jordan's 'stuff' is every bit as good, in its own way, as mine. And you might visit many and many a hotel, even in Italy itself, without finding a single copy of the 'Byways.'"

"I don't need to find a copy. I have my own. And I have given away a dozen others. Only—it disappoints me—to——"

"To find me describing what I don't know anything about? Well, you won't find that weakness in Jordan. He is genuine throughout. Come, read him. There is a copy of the 'Back Counties' in the *sala* of the Marina itself."

"No doubt—no doubt!"

"Nothing can beat him in the rendering of familiar things observed at first hand. Nobody can surpass him in the qualities that appeal to the normal man. He is so sane and hearty; he is so fully documented, so completely in sympathy with all the humors and oddities of his native region——"

"And doubtless as scraggly and formless as the society he depicts."

"Not at all. That's the wonder of it. He's as trim as you please. He's as clear as a bell, as clean-cut as a diamond, as exact and rigorous in form as—as anybody I know. His forms are of his own devising, true, but they suit his matter to a 't.' In fact, I often read him *for* his form after my interest in the mere matter has become rather dulled."

"Is his form any more clear-cut than the form of 'The Grand Master'?"

"Why, have you read 'The Grand Master'?" I cried in amaze. Nobody had referred to the fated book in my hearing for fully six months.

"I have read it three times. Or rather, I carry it about with me everywhere and read in it habitually. But tell me, why did you go to the Tyrol for your hero?"

"To put him in contrast with my Sicilian heroine. Besides, all the recent grand masters have come from the Tyrol—or, to be more exact, from the Trentino." A fact, that—if fact were wanted.

"But his name was Italian."

"In part—as many of the names of the south Austrians are."

"Guido Camillo——" she began.

"Yes," I cried; "Frà Guido Camillo Fürst von Hochwald und Hohenberg—what a splendid assemblage of syllables!" Oh, if

you *will* talk to a man about his books select his latest—whether it be a success or a failure—his latest!

"And what a fine idea that Guido should have taken the vows! A man of mature age and devoted, by his very office, to celibacy; yet he falls in love with that charming little Contessina——"

"Contrast on contrast!" I cried enthusiastically. "He an Austrian; she an Italian. He middle-aged; she in her first youth. He bound by his vows; she free to choose and to adore—— Oh, what theme could more deliciously invite a light decorative treatment that——"

"H'm!" she said, as she thoughtfully worked her foot once or twice over the gravel path. "A treatment less light and decorative might perhaps have been justified." Her tone had a tinge of discontent.

"Tell me," she asked again, after having smoothed down the gravel with a shining black toe, "have you visited the palace of the Order in Rome?"

"In the Via Condotti? Yes."

"And the church of the Order on the Aventine?"

"Santa Maria del Priorato? Well, I have paced off the ilex-path there and have seen the dome of St. Peter's through the key-hole of their garden gate, but I have never been inside the church itself."

"*I* have," she said reproachfully. "I attended there the funeral of the late grand master."

Wonderful creature! Going everywhere, knowing everything, exacting as much from others as from herself! To be the idol of such a worshipper must certainly be no sinecure. Might I but help her to find some other saint standing in some other niche!

She paused, and during the pause she looked at me most intently. Finally she spoke.

"Have you ever—have you ever——?" she began, and braced herself for a blow.

I knew what was coming. "Have you ever been to Malta?"—that was the question she was trying to ask, and the question she presently did ask.

"No," I was obliged to answer, and felt like an assassin.

"But Valetta," she faltered, "is full of their old 'auberges,' I hear; and the palace of the governor is hung with portraits of the grand masters; and the cathedral is set thick with their monuments; and the streets and ramparts are wrapped in memories of the old days when knight and Turk fought for mastery; and—and—I was going there next week, and——"

"And all on your account!" her eyes plainly said.

"Oh, heavens!" I groaned inwardly. This was worship, indeed—worship of the most exigent description. Now, the saint—oh, nothing is truer!—ought to maintain the level of the faith itself, and I, alas, was pitifully falling far below it. What to do? I jumped down from my niche and rushed forth from the fane.

"Read Jordan!" I cried. "He knows every street in Fudgeville, and every house at Tompkins' Corners, and every pike throughout the length and breadth of good old Herkimer! Encourage him. He is a 'native author' as much as I am—more so, in fact. Do homage—for he is in position to accept it; he is in Palermo, too."

She looked at me in some bewilderment; partly, too, as if she were about to tax me with ingratitude.

"Yes," she said slowly; "I had an idea that that man at the Porta Felice might perhaps be he. I met him once, I think, in a half-lighted drawing-room. So," she went on, "that tall, slender young man with the cool blue-gray eyes and the broad square shoulders and the nice light-gray suit was Albert Jordan. Well, he looked civilized enough."

"He *is* civilized. Yes, his are the cool blue-gray eyes and the broad square shoulders"—my own shoulders, I acknowledge, have become somewhat rounded and humpy. "Herkimer County is full of such youths. They grow tall and slender and broad-shouldered and cool-eyed. And when they come down to town the light-gray suit is added unto them. Then, if a final perfection is required, a white camellia is added unto the button-hole of the light-gray suit. As in that case!"

And I waved my hand toward a cross-path, where a tall, slender young man with cool eyes and broad shoulders and a light-gray suit with a white camellia in the button-hole, was tiptoeing along with a cautious outlook over the adjacent shrubbery—Albert Jordan in his own person.

He was alone. There was no reason why he should not stop to speak as he

reached us, and he did. He was perfectly civil, though not very cordial; and he referred whimsically to the retinue that had attended his steps on the occasion of our other encounter.

"I have escaped from the kindergarten—for a little," he said; "and if we don't speak too loud perhaps they won't catch me again." A juvenile clamor made itself heard from an adjoining alley, and we felt that he might be recaptured at any moment. "I am not a kid," he went on, "however much appearances may be against me. Try to regard me as a grown-up, please."

He straightened himself till he was half a head above either of us, and drew on the slow, sweet smile that he always wears for his first-night curtain speeches. That smile never fails, and I saw that it was not to fail now. It immediately became clear that Addolorata Matthews was prepared at least to "endure." I felt that I should never again be taxed for my failure to visit Malta and blessed myself for my lavish praise of Jordan and all his works.

Fragments of a college cry now broke on our ears—a college cry of the most "fresh-water" character—and Jordan was presently claimed by his own. It was the same band of young people that had swarmed about him on the Marina—two or three youths pausing between Academe and Business, and a brace of tousle-headed young girls. The more vociferous of the latter was presented to me as Miss Blennerhassett.

"How do?" she half gasped, half panted, in an excessively cursory fashion, and at once turned back her attention to her youths—to Jordan himself first and foremost. It seemed to count for nothing with her untrained consciousness that it was she who had been presented to me, and not I to her. But there are those with whom no one—not even the best—can expect to stand as a personage.

Now there is a freemasonry among men, just as there is among women. Jordan gave me a glance. "Take this insufferable child off my hands," his eyes plainly said. I liked that of Jordan. I felt that now at last the barriers had been swept away and that he was about to admit me as a friend—the inner chamber after the vestibule.

During our few remaining moments in the garden I did what I could to favor him, though the girl evidently had no knowledge of me or of my works, and no faintest shade of deference for me—nor, as it would appear, for anybody or anything else. However, I annexed Miss Maribel Blennerhassett and her young associates, while Jordan and Addolorata Matthews strolled along in our rear.

Is he disposed to render me a *quid pro quo?* That fine action would make us friends, indeed!

IV

(FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF ALBERT JORDAN)

PALERMO, February 19, 1903.

. . . Stanhope may take his time over the plans for the enlarged terrace, but everything must be right. That south-east angle, my dear Arthur, should not fail to give me the best possible outlook on the Sound and to bring in the Long Island hills to the greatest advantage. The place is costing me big money, and I want all the landscape I can appropriate.

I went up to Monreale yesterday, on the track (though I talk like a fly) of a certain carved and painted ceiling. I found the thing rather mediocre both in design and execution, but it is old and authentic, and is touched with just a bit of Saracenic wildness, and I imagine I shall end by having it sent over for the drawing-room at Cobblestone Corners. I suppose I must trust to you to find somebody capable of putting it up.

While at Monreale I looked into the cathedral. It had to be done one time or another, and I thought I might as well do it and have it over with. Some sort of fête happened to be going on, and the big cool place was trimmed sparsely with crimson hangings. Two or three of them would make first-rate curtains for my den. A few people were strolling about—among them that Miss Matthews you are always trying to have me appreciate. "Addolorata Matthews"—it doesn't sound quite right, does it? The two names don't seem to go together. Sometime, when we get a little better acquainted, I'm going to ask her what her name really is. There's a good deal to the girl, I am ready to acknowledge; and that

story-book appellation of hers must be just a bit of whimsey. But one may be guilty of almost any monkey-shine in this romantic region.

There was a parade of priests and choristers and acolytes and all, and their reds gave the chill old cavern quite a touch of color; but somehow or other Miss Matthews and I got to talking and a good deal of the function went for nothing. She told me lots about the tremendous layout of mosaics overhead—a well-posted young woman, Arthur, if ever there was one. Left to myself, I never should have made head or tail of them, and I don't quite see even yet how I could use any of them in Connecticut; but she made it all mighty interesting and I came away a wiser and a better man. She also told me something about the music, which has a form and a procedure that a poor farm-hand from Herkimer could hardly have suspected. And then she did a little literature for me—oh, she put the daughter of Herodias nowhere! She talked about *my* literature—at last, at last! And her tone was the winsome tone of apology.

"My dear Mr. Jordan," she said, just as earnestly as you can think, "I am going to beg your pardon a hundred times over. I have been very unfair to you, and very prejudiced. But I have just finished reading 'From the Back Counties,' and I want to tell you how much I think of it. It is all so real, so honest, so earnest; yes, and so touching. I know you don't expect people to be very much affected by that christening in the Methodist meeting-house, but along toward the end I couldn't quite hold in a sob——"

However, you must know about what she said—so many others have said it. I just mention the sob because that part was sort o' new and different. I guess she meant it, too; anyway, she had a kind of little twitch to her mouth and a suspicion of moisture in her eye. And to think that I should have always considered her a piece of pure intellect!

Still, a very little moisture is enough—you know my theory about overdoing it. So, to secure the floodgates, I said:

"This is a sudden conversion. Who brought it about?"

"Mr. Bland. He insisted that I should read you."

"Very friendly of him," I replied cautiously. "Very decent indeed."

"He *is* friendly to you. He has followed everything you have done, and has nothing but praise for all."

"My plays, too?"

"Yes."

"And when are you going to do justice to *them?* Oh, I forgot; you don't encourage the 'commercial drama.'"

Was that a mean dig? Well, she passed it over grandly.

"I don't believe your plays can be 'commercial,' and I am going to begin to 'encourage' them as soon as I get back."

Rather nice and high-minded of her, wasn't it?

"Well," I said, "you will generally find some one or other of them running on Broadway. And the rest can be picked up—more or less mangled—in Michigan or Utah."

"I shall pick them up," she declared. Then, "Have you read anything of Mr. Bland's?" she asked me.

"Why, no, not exactly," I acknowledged. "But I have met a press notice now and then. I don't think I should quite fancy his things. Aren't they like the parade in this church—a small fire in a very large, cold room?"

"There's the 'Etrurian Byways,'" she submitted.

"They're a long way from here," I objected.

"There's 'The Grand Master,'" she proceeded. "That's nearer. At Malta."

"What!" I exclaimed. "Must I skip along to still another island?"

"Well, there's 'Emir and Troubadour.' That isn't his best book, but the scene is partly laid right here in Palermo. It's an historical romance, at the court of the Emperor Frederick the Second."

"I might look into this last, I suppose, if it's as instructive as that."

"A lady at my hotel has a copy, and I think I could borrow it for you."

She spoke with no particular enthusiasm, and I surmised that what principally prompted her was a sense of fairness.

"Do so, by all means," I rejoined. "I am willing to do the right thing by Bland, since he has been so decent to me."

But you understand, dear Arthur, that I am not abroad for the purpose of plodding

through historical novels. However, I disposed of the book in my best reviewing style—I read the opening chapter, and the closing one, and another from the middle. Then I turned it over to little Maribel Blennerhassett. Maribel isn't beyond the age for learning, and a trifle more knowledge won't do her a bit of harm. She is busy on the book now; she sits with it in the sun-parlor and hasn't made a pass at me for twenty-four hours. Bland is a pretty good sort, after all.

Upon leaving the cathedral we strolled about for a time. Noble views whichever way we turned—and you know I save the word "noble" for deserving occasions. The almond-trees were coming out, and from the hill-slope below the apse of the church—the apse, Arthur, is the round part at the back—the perfume of the orange-blossoms surged up tremendously. I don't generally care much for orange-blossoms, as you know; in fact, when I acted as usher for Johnny Frazer I should have stampeded if you hadn't tied me to the chancel-rail with a length of that white satin ribbon. To-day, however, the odor was less disconcerting—perhaps our being in the open air made some difference.

"Addolorata" Matthews!—no, such an accordion-plaited name doesn't do. And the aged crone who circled about us at a discreet distance once came up and called her "Addie!"—and neither does that. Oh me! oh, my! there must be some golden mean. What is it? You needn't take the trouble to cable, but don't forget that point next time you write.

Say, it was awfully fine of her to sob, wasn't it?

I am glad I am going to have all that extra room at Cobblestones. I begin to feel that I shall be able, before long, to rehabilitate myself in the public eye, and a thumping big house-party about Thanksgiving time is coming to loom up pretty large in my own.

Yours, as ever, A. J.

V

(THE MEDITATIONS OF ADDOLORATA MATTHEWS)

PALERMO, February 24, 1903.

No, I cannot look upon myself as a Puritan, else why should I have abandoned myself so completely to the ever-delightful South? Yet I have never so far let go my hold upon the more serious realities as to accept grace for thoroughness or mere attractiveness for solidity. A work of art is best, no doubt, when it rises effortlessly from its conditions; yet it should rise, not as an exhalation from the water, but rather as a flower from the soil. And the soil, for us strayed revellers, lies no doubt in another part of the world; we are far from home. With every passing day I come to feel surer that, after all, I still view the great fundamentals through the atmosphere of my native Poughkeepsie. It is well, I apprehend, that this should be so, and better that it should continue to be so. A woman who is approaching twenty-eight may becomingly devote some thought to the solid actualities of life; it is proper that she should begin to feel for firm ground beneath her feet—and the firmest of all ground is that offered by the land of her birth.

We drove to-day to Bagheria and Solunto. Aunt Juliana easily persuaded herself that the excursion would overtax her powers, and decided to remain behind. In any event, Mr. Jordan could not have been expected, as one of a party of five, to sit beside the driver. Mr. Bland has an immense feeling for villas, and I for classical remains; and Albert Jordan (despite his curious way of expressing—or, of withholding—himself) cherishes as pronounced a passion for the mountains and the sea; so all three of us had cause for gratification, and the 24th of February, for me, at least, will ever remain a red-letter day.

The little Blennerhassett girl begged very prettily, yet pertinaciously, to go with us; and although Mr. Jordan insisted that I could in no degree fill the place of chaperon, Mr. Bland thought a point might be stretched. I rather dreaded the child, but really she behaved very well. A change has come over her—she has entered upon a new phase. Somebody or something has caught her at the psychological moment and she is transforming before our eyes. She is rising from a conception of her little college world to a conception of the world at large. To-day, for the first time since I have been meeting her she left her college-pin aside, and she has learned to move among the beauties of art and of nature without the emission of a single war-cry.

She told me, as we were bowling along the seashore, that only yesterday she had persuaded her parents—or her guardians—to take her out to La Favara, the remains of which, lying a mile or so inland, she enthusiastically indicated. All this is due, I suppose, to her reading of Marcellus Bland's story, which devotes several rather good chapters to the brilliant doings of the Emperor Frederick's court. If it be really Mr. Bland who has caught and tamed and transmogrified this young hoyden, all that he needs is a little more currency to rank with Schiller and Scott as a benefactor of youth. Her whole attitude toward him has changed most amusingly; the deference and the apologetic remorse she displays set very well upon her, and have not yet begun to annoy him.

Of course the villas at Bagheria, from one point of view, are quite preposterous. I hope it was an amelioration of taste, rather than anything else, which caused their owners to abandon them. But Mr. Jordan was greatly taken by their fantastic sculptures, and I soon saw that he viewed all pleasure-seats, as well as many things besides, from the standpoint of his own fine new place in New England. He let fall many descriptive hints of this notable estate—the result, as it appears, of but three or four years of his own unaided efforts. Mr. Bland, in so far as I am able to learn, has no landed property and would find the care of such possessions irksome. His treasures are elsewhere. He enjoyed all the villas most heartily, however—as the possessions and responsibilities of others. I think our enthusiasm rose highest at the Villa Valguarnera, upon the terrace of which Mr. Jordan—who is vastly taken up with terraces—became quite lyrical. It was a moment of the most precious self-revelation, and I liked and admired him as never before. Mr. Bland, who made some references to his native Hartford, was far from being vivid or convincing.

Then we drove up the hill-slope to Solunto, where the compact brown ruins of the little old Roman town were awaiting us with all composure. And on this height the sunset found us. Here, through the golden-purple haze, Cape Zaffarano called across the bay to Monte Pellegrino, and Palermo, la Felice—the Happy City—rose from the shining cincture of the Conca d'Oro. Little Maribel looked out over the wide prospect with eyes that seemed to say, "Why have I never seen the world before?" And at a certain angle of one of those straight and narrow little streets Albert Jordan laid his long slim hand upon one of those immemorial brown blocks and looked me in the face very calmly, and told me that he had had an idea.

"I see a new play," he said. "It will be no kid thing; and it will be no home-spun thing, either. It will treat of grown men and women out in the big world." He smiled a crooked, whimsical smile, but there was a little tremor in his voice.

I apprehended a moment of exaltation, and did not ask him the source and nature of his sudden idea. I cannot credit the foolish old pleasaunces of Bagheria with it, nor can I relate it to the long-dead stones of Solunto. Ah, well, the alchemy of genius —and Albert Jordan is probably a genius, in his way—must ever elude all our little tests and formulæ.

February 26.

This afternoon the Battle of Flowers in the grounds of La Favorita, at the base of Monte Pellegrino. Albert Jordan asked me to drive with him, and as I had the proper frock and hat, I accepted without compunction. He had had the light vehicle very tastefully decorated and had provided plenty of flowers, and he handled the ribbons over a strange horse with much skill and composure. He had picked up—I know not how—all the vocabulary needed to urge or to restrain the creature; he would have found it hard, he explained facetiously, to sit still and "just be driv'." The day was lovely and the occasion perfect of its kind. Admission to the enclosure was by ticket, and there was no bandying of bedraggled flowers that had been forced back into service by street gamins clinging to the steps of one's carriage, as at Nice or Monaco.

"It isn't hilarious; it isn't overcrowded!" said Albert Jordan through his twisted lips, as the two lines of equipages drove back and forth decorously. "But it *is* choice."

He appreciated the quality of it all most acutely. Why should I have assumed that he would give the preference to quantity—to the measure, pressed down and running over, of a rabble rout in a wide metropolitan avenue?

Maribel Blennerhassett, forced down a peg or two from her recent lofty stand by the festal nature of the occasion and its opportunities for unconventional merriment, appeared in a large and elaborately decorated conveyance with a party of her young friends. Mr. Bland was among them. He threw flowers with a carefully calculated abandon, but seemed out of place and rather unhappy.

The Corso was not crowded, neither was the pace rapid; and presently Albert Jordan began to talk about his play. I, meanwhile, sped a few perfunctory flowers at attentive passers-by, tossing a nosegay to Mr. Bland, who looked rather foolish (whatever the admiring gaze of Maribel Blennerhassett might say) in a neck-chain of anemones. The first act of the new drama was already sketched out. "And later on," the author declared, waving his beribboned whip over the shifting assemblage, "there shall be something like this—only much more so, of course."

"You are going to let me have your idea?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; presently, presently; not in this madding crowd. Later on; when the hurly-burly's done. In fact, there will be several points where you can help me, if you will."

If I will! Well, I have seen something of the world, fortunately; and so, by this time, has he. It is a rich, complicated place, and I shall watch with interest his gallant endeavor to make something of it. Simply to save him from mistakes would be a service. Here, no doubt, are the "several points"; but we shall be clever and wary enough to weather them.

The idea, then, remains, thus far, undeclared. But as we ambled along he imagined for me a Battle of Flowers at Beaver Falls, with Uncle Jed Parsons, the hero of forty Fourth-of-July parades and of innumerable county fairs, as chief marshal. It was very exhilarating, but I should be quite willing for him to fit his instrument with new strings. I think he means to.

It is unlikely that I shall try for Malta. The steamer from Syracuse is very small, I am told, and the passage most trying. Mr. Bland, I must confess, has rather disappointed me, and, in any event, "The Grand Master" is a thing of the past. I find myself in close touch with the tingling actualities of the present, and feel that I shall do better service by remaining here.

VI

(FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF ALBERT JORDAN)

PALERMO, March 3, 1903.

THE blow, dear Arthur, has fallen. At last the single "admirer" has come up and touched my coat-sleeve with her forefinger and called me "It." The forefinger belongs to Miss Matthews—if you ever thought me backward about coming forward, think so no more. I don't know what she sees in me; but it is there, and she sees it. I must take her word for it. Our engagement is an accomplished fact, and our marriage will follow presently.

You may ask how the event occurred, and you are entitled to know. It took place yesterday within a certain old Saracenic pavilion on the edge of the town. There was a floor mosaicked in peacocks, and a fountain in good running order, and a series of mottoes which, Her Divine Intelligence said, were in the old Cufic text. I am not a bit versed in Cufic, but a clairvoyant flash helped me to read all those mottoes on the instant. The first one said, "Faint Heart never won Fair Lady." The second said, "Bachelors are the Poorest Sort of Horned Cattle." The third said, "Be Prompt and you will be Happy." The fountain, too, was babbling rather foolishly, and I babbled along with it. My observations, halting as they were, had the good fortune to please my only auditor, and the trick was done.

"And now, my dear girl," I said immedately after—"and now, my dear girl"—yes, sir; just as bold as that—"what is your really-truly name?"

She hesitated for a moment and blushed a little, and then told me what you probably know perfectly well already. Her name is not "Addolorata"; neither is it "Addie." It's Dora.

Dora. There! "Good," said I. "I like 'Dora' extremely. There's no letter I enjoy writing more than capital D. So 'Dora' it stands."

She shrugged slightly. "My pose is over. Let us banish the exotic. Henceforth we will rest upon the realities."

I dined last night at her hotel, taking the realities in six courses. Marcellus Bland hailed us befittingly. The dowdy old lady at Dora's other elbow broke out quite bravely in dinner dress and found the right things to say. It may be, after all, that I am on the edge of "society." You are acquainted in Poughkeepsie, and may know as well as I do; perhaps better.

We shall probably be married toward the end of the month, in Rome. With regard to the terrace at Cobblestone Corners, Stanhope will have to work in a few more pedestals; Dora will see about the statues as we pass through Florence. Relative to a herd of cattle, I shall do nothing hasty; Dora may prefer a bunch of longhorns from the Roman Campagna. Please contract at once with some reliable nurseryman for a dozen stone-pines, to be placed in carefully arranged disorder—they are her favorite tree. Also kindly communicate with the chief of the U. S. Coast Survey and tell him to raise the Long Island hills four or five hundred feet. At the same time he may change the waters of the Sound to a blue about three shades deeper.

One word more. I am up to my neck in a new play. It will be a winner. The idea is immense, and we have the first act blocked out, and all the notions for the second. I mean to show the world that I am no longer a juvenile, nor a hayseed. This time we tackle good society—New York society, as being the only sort that the American public much cares for. There will be costumes and furnishings, never fear; we shall try to be discreetly swell without being tawdry. The "upper classes," my boy, have hearts and feelings, and we must try to find our way to them, both on the stage and off.

As one means of preparation, we shall try to see some society on the way home. We shall reach Florence about the middle of April for what Dora calls the "stagione brillante," and we shall try later to do justice to Paris and London. I shall land at New York with the thing as good as written; it will be pulled off in November, and Cobblestone Hall (as Dora may prefer to call it) will be a very jolly spot, believe me, about next Christmas.

For our wedding at the embassy in Rome I should naturally have preferred you as best man; but you are many miles away and cumbered with many cares—mine, as well as your own. Bland, whom you admire, and to whom we may conceive ourselves as under obligations, will be asked to take your place. He has lost an old disciple, but he has gained a new one. Little Miss Blennerhassett is taking him up like a sponge that has just learned of the existence of water. Under cover of her attentions and exactions the defection of Miss Dora Matthews passes almost unnoticed. Have I done Bland a kindness? Or have I played the poor fellow something of a trick? If the latter, all the more reason for asking his participation in the little affair at the embassy.

Dora joins with me in best regards.

Yours, as ever,

A. J.

VII

(FROM THE JOURNAL OF MARCELLUS BLAND)

NAPLES, March 12, 1903.

How sweet is obscurity! How charming, after all, is neglect! How odious, on the contrary, is adulation grown rampant! How calamitous to have pressed an electric buzzer that will not cease even when one's finger is removed. Miss Blennerhassett, in brief, has been too much for me. She showed no sign of leaving Palermo, so I left instead. Jordan tells me I "awoke her mind." But it was a mind like the bottomless pit. Nothing could fill it. The ravenous young creature seized on everything I wrote. She was bent on an instant assimilation of everything I knew. She took all my time and all my knowledge. I fled; now let me rest in peace.

Miss Matthews writes to me pleasantly from Taormina about the play. Jordan is there, too, of course—and adds a postscript. I gather that she is to initiate him into the mysteries of "society." Well, the acute consciousness of a comparative outsider will perhaps be of more service to him than the dulled perceptions of one to the manner born. Still—to avoid any injustice—she *may* be that *lusus naturæ*, a social personage with some concern for the things of the mind.

I go to Rome on the 28th for their wedding. It is sudden, but Jordan is a man of decision. At one time I fancied that he slighted me, but now all difficulties are re-



"Read Jordan!" I cried.—Page 722.

moved and no understanding could be more complete.

As for his bride to be, she will think more highly of me when she learns that I have spent a week to the southward and have finally seen Malta. It is quite what I expected, and substantially as I described it. My intuitions are never at fault. As regards their own affair, I divined its whole course at the moment of their first meeting in the Villa Giulia. When one's intuitions are in such satisfactory working order what need to indulge in the laborious accumulation of mere facts?



A Ballad of Messengers

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY OLIVE RUSH

THE priest was in his room;
One taper pricked the gloom
Past midnight: it and he
Flames burning weariedly.
Now sleep was needed sore,
But a knock came at the door.
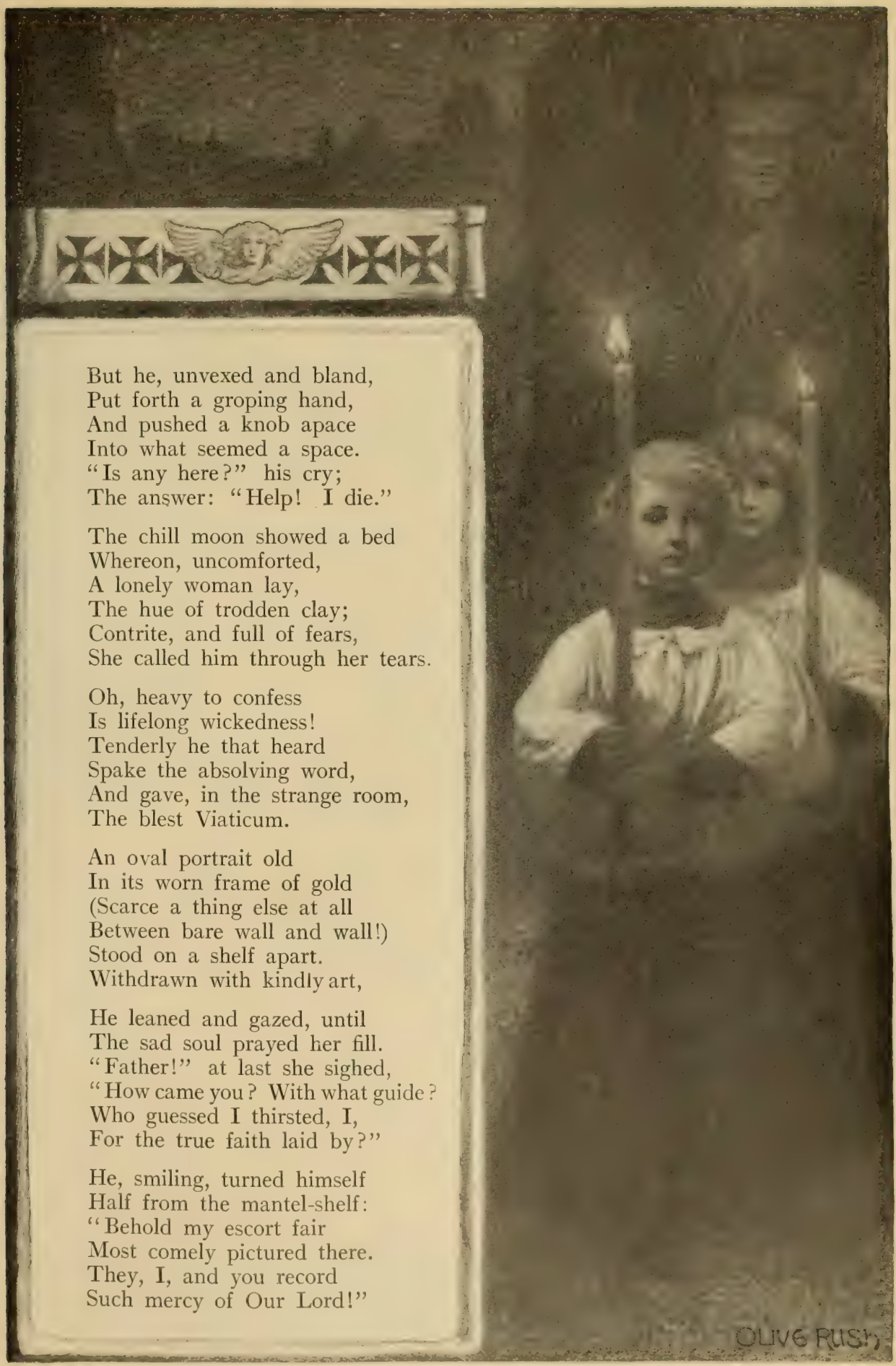
Said the old servant then:
"Sir, little gentlemen
Await below, who plead
Some dying creature's need.
There's a London mile to go
In starshine and hard snow."

Out to the Church he went
For the saving Sacrament,
Aware, even as he pressed
The pyx against his breast,
That beautiful, elate,
Beside the chancel gate

Was one not seven years old,
And one of mien less bold,
With torches, on their knees,
In decent surplices.
Blown lilies of one stem,
They rose; he followed them

How ghostly, in the dark,
The frozen streets! A park,
An empty square; again
Streets; and a twisted lane,
And down the lane a door.
The bright, bare heads before

Entered in turn, and shone
The rotten stair upon.
Close was the priest behind,
When both the lights went blind!
And, sudden as the light,
Both children vanished quite.



But he, unvexed and bland,
Put forth a groping hand,
And pushed a knob apace
Into what seemed a space.
"Is any here?" his cry;
The answer: "Help! I die."

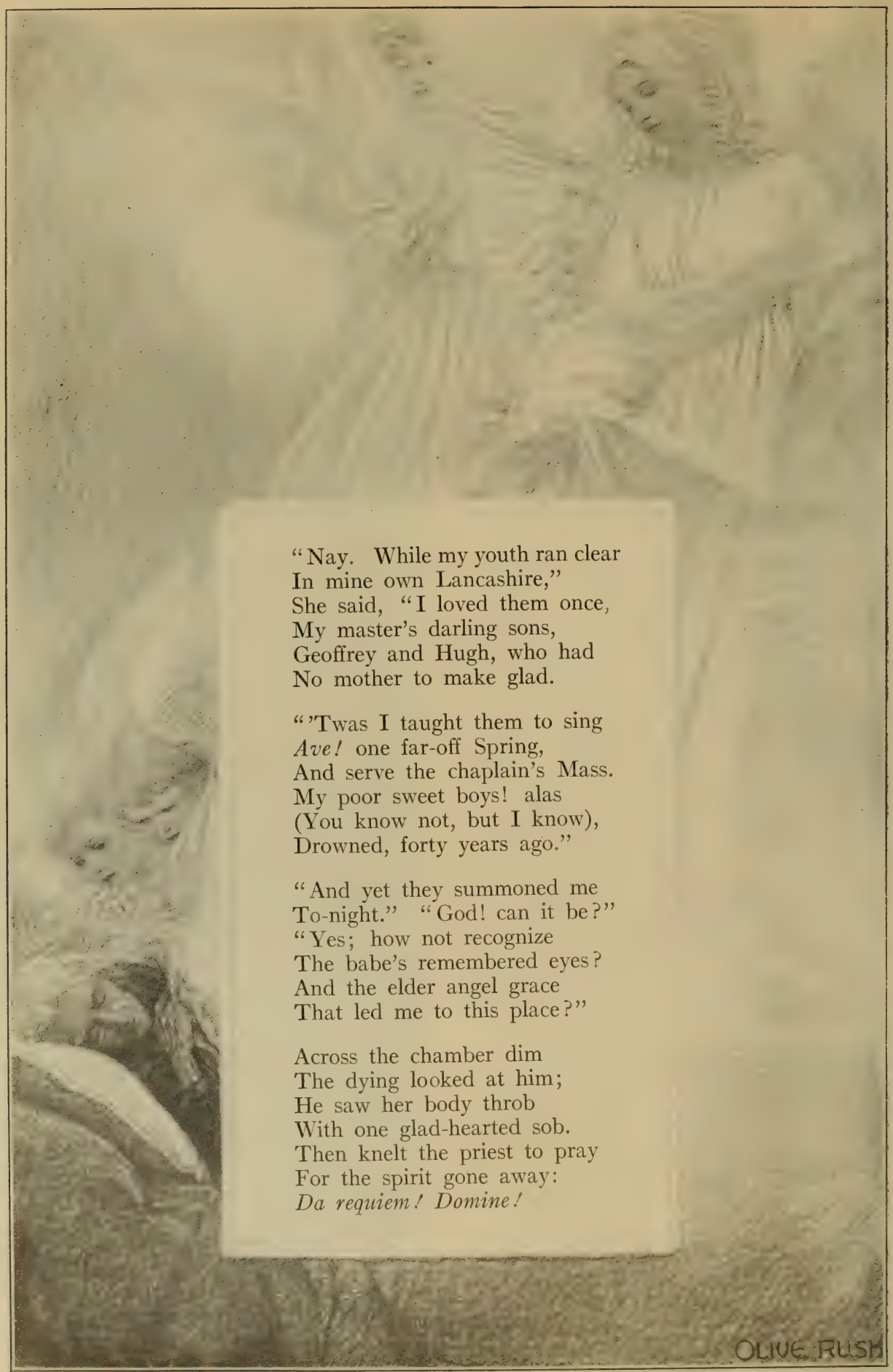
The chill moon showed a bed
Whereon, uncomforted,
A lonely woman lay,
The hue of trodden clay;
Contrite, and full of fears,
She called him through her tears.

Oh, heavy to confess
Is lifelong wickedness!
Tenderly he that heard
Spake the absolving word,
And gave, in the strange room,
The blest Viaticum.

An oval portrait old
In its worn frame of gold
(Scarce a thing else at all
Between bare wall and wall!)
Stood on a shelf apart.
Withdrawn with kindly art,

He leaned and gazed, until
The sad soul prayed her fill.
"Father!" at last she sighed,
"How came you? With what guide?
Who guessed I thirsted, I,
For the true faith laid by?"

He, smiling, turned himself
Half from the mantel-shelf:
"Behold my escort fair
Most comely pictured there.
They, I, and you record
Such mercy of Our Lord!"



"Nay. While my youth ran clear
In mine own Lancashire,"
She said, "I loved them once,
My master's darling sons,
Geoffrey and Hugh, who had
No mother to make glad.

"'Twas I taught them to sing
Ave! one far-off Spring,
And serve the chaplain's Mass.
My poor sweet boys! alas
(You know not, but I know),
Drowned, forty years ago."

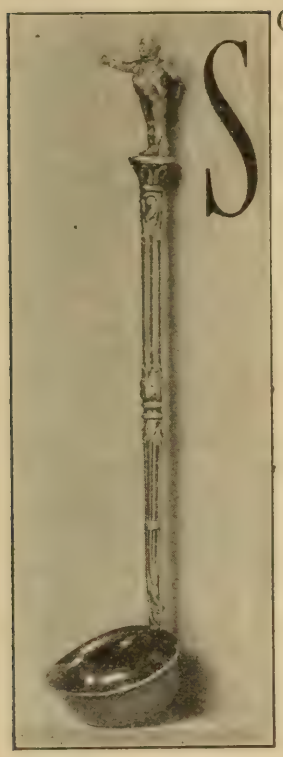
"And yet they summoned me
To-night." "God! can it be?"
"Yes; how not recognize
The babe's remembered eyes?
And the elder angel grace
That led me to this place?"

Across the chamber dim
The dying looked at him;
He saw her body throb
With one glad-hearted sob.
Then knelt the priest to pray
For the spirit gone away:
Da requiem! Domine!

THE PICKWICK LADLE

By Winfield Scott Moody

Illustration by Walter Appleton Clark



SOME of their friends said that Mr. and Mrs. Peter Wyckoff stood in danger of falling into the stupid life in their avoidance of the strenuous. For instance, on this snowy evening, when they might have gone to Mrs. Jenkins's dinner to meet a wandering Irish poet together with all the great and good people who habitually dined at each other's houses about once in so often, these two misguided young persons had made excuse, and were now sitting in front of a hickory fire in their apartment, soaking themselves in the quiet atmosphere of home.

Their old chairs had embraced three generations of gentle people before these two Wyckoffs; their lamp, of ormolu and old red Bohemian glass, had first lighted the drawing-room of a lady who visited Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, and it stood on a "butterfly table" whose leaves were upheld by the queer little wings which gave it its name. It was a fine new table in the days when Buckingham was governor of Connecticut, and it had suffered the usual ravages of years until it had descended to the humble office of holding milk-pans in the dairy of a New England farmer, where Peter had found it a few summers ago, and gained the reputation of spendthrift in that frugal community by giving the farmer two dollars for it. To-night, as the polished surface of its soft-toned wood reflected the firelight, its simple outlines harmonized perfectly with the warm cheer of Edith Wyckoff's little drawing-room, and its solid legs straddled comfortably down into the red and blue depths of the dingy old Kazak rug which resisted stoutly even the trampling of Peter's heels.

Their friends would have said, What did we tell you? For Edith had laid down her favorite "Mayor of Casterbridge," and joined her uncontemporaneous husband—Peter left the concerns of the day behind him at the newspaper office, and gave little attention to "news" by his own fireside unless something unusual pressed—in looking through back numbers of *The Cabinet*, an English periodical devoted to old silver, Sheffield plate, enamels of Limoges and Battersea, treasures of Wedgwood, Worcester, Chelsea and Lowestoft, and similar pasture of the collector. Full of beautiful photographs were those alluring pages, and the text was almost disregarded as they browsed contentedly among the teapots and candlesticks, vases and snuff-boxes, helmet pitchers and tea-caddies which were all theirs to enjoy by sight if not to hold in their own hands. But suddenly Peter sat up.

"Hallo!" said he; "listen to this, Edith." And he read a paragraph that had been printed in the late nineties.

"At a sale last week by Messrs. Robinson & Fisher of the effects of Mr. Charles Dickens, Junr., the three toddy-ladles, 'Mr. Jingle,' 'Mr. Winkle,' and 'The Fat Boy' went for 22 guineas, 32 guineas, and 30 guineas, respectively. These formed a portion of the celebrated set of six silver Pickwick Ladles, with gilt figures of the characters on the handles, modelled by Woodington and presented to Charles Dickens by his publishers, Messrs. Chapman & Hall, on the completion of 'Pickwick.' They were purchased by Sir Baines Carew, and go to enrich his superb collection of pictures and curiosities at Carew Court."

"By jingo!" said Peter, "do you know, Edith, that I once had the toddy-ladle with Pickwick on it in my hands?"

"Goodness, no," returned his wife in-

credulously. "I never heard of it before. Besides, if you had ever got it into your hands I don't believe you would have laid it down."

"Well, that shows what a good plan it is to buy a really fine thing when you have the chance, and not wait till another day. You go back and find it gone, as I did."

"But tell me, Peter," she rejoined. "I never heard anything about it."

"Why, it was six or eight years ago, before we were married," he said, recalling the incident step by step in his mind. "It was in a bric-a-brac shop in Union Square, kept by a man named MacPherson—he's out of the business, now, I think. It was a little silver ladle with a handle about six or seven inches long, beautifully designed, and with a gilt figure of Mr. Pickwick standing on the top, like the figures on the apostle spoons. He only asked a few dollars for it, but like a fool, I didn't take it when I saw it. But I did take a rubbing of the hall-marks on a cigarette paper, and I tried to spell out the year it was made, but the mark was so small and indistinct I couldn't make it out. But I could see it was an interesting bit of old silver, though I didn't know anything about all this history of the presentation set; and I went back to get it, about a week afterward, and found it had been sold to somebody, meantime. And to think that I missed getting such a thing as that! Pickwick, too—the most desirable one in the whole lot!"



Hall-mark of the Pickwick ladle.

"But what was it about the hall-mark, Peter?" asked his wife, her instinct for the chase leading her past vain lamentations to the single clew which seemed to exist.

"Oh, I tried to take a rubbing of the marks on the bottom of the bowl of the ladle, but it wasn't of much use," he said. "I believe I've got the scrap of paper yet—I kept it, I know." He went to a drawer in the top of the old French desk that stood against the wall near the window, and presently fished out an envelope containing a cigarette paper marked with five curious blurred spots.

"O Peter, you are such a magpie!" cried Edith. "How did you come to keep a thing like that? And can you read it?"

Peter shook his head doubtfully. "Afraid not," he admitted. "The marks were so small and the impression was not very distinct. It's hard to tell. But we can look."

They laid the bit of paper upon the dark surface of the table, and studied it with a big reading-glass.

"There are four marks," said Peter, "besides the mark of the maker, which is down here at the side. The second one of the regular marks is clear enough, looking at it sidewise. That's the lion, which is the sterling mark, to show it's of standard silver. But this first mark, the thing that looks here like a rose, is really a leopard's head—I remember seeing it distinctly enough on the ladle itself as I looked at it. That mark shows the piece was made in the city of London. Now, what is that mark at the bottom?" Peter twisted his neck and scrutinized the smudgy mark on the paper. Presently his memory came to his aid, rather than his eyesight.

"Oh, yes," he cried, "that's the Queen's Head—the 'duty mark,' as they call it. That shows that the tax imposed by those careful Britishers on every piece of sterling silver made in the kingdom had been paid. And the third mark, here—that's the most important one of all. That is a letter, and what it is I never could make out. It stands for the year in which the piece was made. We haven't got any book of English hall-marks, but I could find one in a library and look it up easily if I could only make out what that letter is. But I declare it's beyond me—can you tell?"

Edith could not, nor could any human being, certainly. It was sharper and less smudgy than the others, but its outlines were very blind. It looked like a small black-letter i, like a small d, like an e, or like a broken c. "'Backed like a weasel, and very like a whale,'" commented Peter. The imprint was not much larger than the head of a big pin, and the futility of trying to decipher it was evident.

"You see," said Peter, "each year, from way back, has its own special letter, in various kinds of type, and I'd rather try to find a needle in a whole salt-meadow than at-

tempt to make out such a blind thing as that. And I don't even know the year in which the original set of ladles was made, so I guess we won't lose any sleep over it. But I do wish I had had sense enough to grab Mr. Pickwick when I saw him. If you should ever run across him anywhere, Edith, you'd better buy him for my stocking next Christmas."

The next day as Edith was going her jog-trot round of the housewife between butcher, grocer, fruit-shop, and fish-man, her thoughts recurred to Peter's suggestion about a Christmas gift, and she remembered that though Christmas had but just come and gone, Peter's birthday was looming up within the next month. And since this young woman was always willing to go treasure-hunting if she had half an excuse to soothe her conscience, she went straight to the nearest antiquity shop, which happened to be that of Dirck Amstel, where Peter had once found the Lowestoft hot-water plates which had led them both into strange adventures.

That hearty son of Holland gave her a warm welcome. "Oh, Mrs. Wyckoff, it's a great pleasure to see you," he said, his smile breaking up his rubicund face into a thousand little shining wrinkles, and as the morning sun irradiated his sturdy figure, he looked like his own life-size portrait image in ancient, colored Delft, fit to adorn the city hall of his native Leyden.

"It's always a delight to me to come in here, Mr. Amstel," she replied, with a smile as friendly as his own. "Because your things are always different, and a little nicer than anywhere else; and then, you know, everybody says you tell the truth about them."

Amstel covered his modesty with an obeisance. "Well," he said, "I'm proud to know I have credit of that sort, even if I can't seem to get rich. But I want to show you some lovely bits of china that I've got in since you were here. See these little cups —Ship Lowestoft, or Union Jack Lowestoft, some call them. Ah, they're pretty!" and he took three little bowls from a cabinet. "See—a full-rigged ship in colors, with all the details drawn in so carefully! And then, see this bit of old Wedgwood—isn't that a precious sugar-bowl? Isn't it charming?"

Edith thought it was. A sugar-bowl, doubtless, but fit to be a cup for a nymph's lips to touch. The fragile paste had a color which was that of a candle-flame seen through an amber ball—or was it the hue of golden straw tanned by the sun—or was it not, rather, the yellow side of a peach, with a hint of late crimson beneath, yet clearly golden? And the down of the peach was matched in the velvety surface of the pottery, smooth as oil to the touch, yet clinging. On either side was a Greek design in low relief of a sacrifice of lambs, each tiny figure delicate and exact as the stamen of a flower; a magnifying-glass only showed more clearly the exquisite drawing and proportion. A conventional border at the base and one corresponding just below the rim completed this song of the potter.

"Oh, lovely!" assented Edith, stroking the little ceramic tenderly, and returning it to Amstel, who folded his hands upon it as though it were the sacred pyx. "How did they do it! I am hunting for something for Mr. Wyckoff's birthday—do you suppose he'd like that? Would it be absurd to give your husband a sugar-bowl? He gave me a snuff-box, once, and another time a pair of silver spurs. But that was a good while ago, when he just bought things for things' sake."

Amstel laughed. "I'm sure he'd like the sugar-bowl for itself, but maybe we can find something else," he said. "Oh, Mr. Wyckoff smokes a pipe, does he not? Well, here is one of the scarcest things I ever had—I've not seen one in fifteen years before. It is an old Holland pipe-stand, with places for three long-stemmed pipes and a drawer below for the cleaners." Amstel lifted the little mahogany rack with its delicately chiselled mountings in ormolu, and setting it before her, extended his hands in admiration. "Pure Empire, Mrs. Wyckoff," he said. "You know the Dutch workmen at that time were strongly under the French influence. It's in perfect condition, and one of the rarest bits I ever had. I don't believe there's another in New York. I've written to Mr. Ten Eyck, of the St. Nicholas Society, about it.

Edith remembered Mr. Ten Eyck's name as that of a rich young bachelor with whom she and Peter had a slight acquaintance. He was a fastidious collector, who only wanted "museum pieces"—things that nobody else had, or could get. He cared little for the intrinsic beauty or interest of a piece, but much for its rarity. Consequently, he had many things in his collec-

tion which were ugly because they were archaic—made before people learned to make more beautiful things. He had a greater respect for the Pyramids than for Giotto's Tower; he valued a muddy old cup of the time of the Chinese Emperor Sung more highly than the finest blue and white vase of the Augustan Ming; he preferred a rusty Saracen helmet (with all the chances of its being spurious) to the finest gold inlay upon steel of Cellini. In short, he was a dismal faddist, and while he was not exactly sordid about his collecting, he had a general idea of getting things which would become increasingly rare with the passing of time, and so worth more money.

Edith remembered all this, and knew he would buy the pipe-rack if he saw it. She also knew Peter would fall in love with it on sight, for its own sake. It was absolutely quaint; perfection of its kind. "How much is it?" she asked.

"Oh, this cost me such a lot, for a little thing," sighed Amstel, "I must get a good price for it. I'm asking twenty dollars for it, but you may have it for fifteen. I can't let it go for a cent less—it cost me twelve guilders in Holland, and there's the sixty per cent. duty, and all."

"Oh, I know I shouldn't find anything nearly so good if I hunted for weeks!" she wavered. "But it seems as though I ought to look at a lot of things—it's for his birthday, you know, and I haven't looked around at all."

Amstel waved his hand. "I understand perfectly," he said. "But really I haven't anything else in my shop that I should suggest in preference. It's unique, I believe."

A memory of Peter's lamentation for his lost ladle passed through Edith's mind. "It's a good plan to buy a really fine thing when you have the chance," he had said, "and not wait until another day. You go back for it and find it gone." She rose to the occasion.

"I'll take it, Mr. Amstel," she decided. "I shall be sorry if I don't. Only last night Mr. Wyckoff was telling me how sorry he was that he had not bought a little toddy-ladle with a figure of Mr. Pickwick on the handle when he had the chance. Somebody snapped it up overnight, while he was thinking about it."

Amstel stopped in his gentle polishing of the little mahogany pipe-rack. "What did you say?" he asked. "A ladle with Mr. Pickwick on the handle? That's queer. I saw one like that yesterday."

"What! where?" demanded Edith.

"Why, up in Saxon's auction rooms," he replied, puzzled. "Mr. Wyckoff said it was sold?"

"Oh, that was years and years ago," she cried. "And you say it is going to be sold at auction? Could it possibly be the same one, do you think?"

"Who knows?" he shrugged. "It is not a common design—I happened to see it in the case with a lot of other things to be sold at the end of this week, I think. I went into the place to look at a little pair of colored Delft vases for a customer of mine—she asked me to go and see them and tell her if they were really old. But alas!" Amstel grinned cheerfully. "Just another good fake. If they were old they would be well worth sixty dollars, but—they were made yesterday—last year. Very pretty, but that's all!"

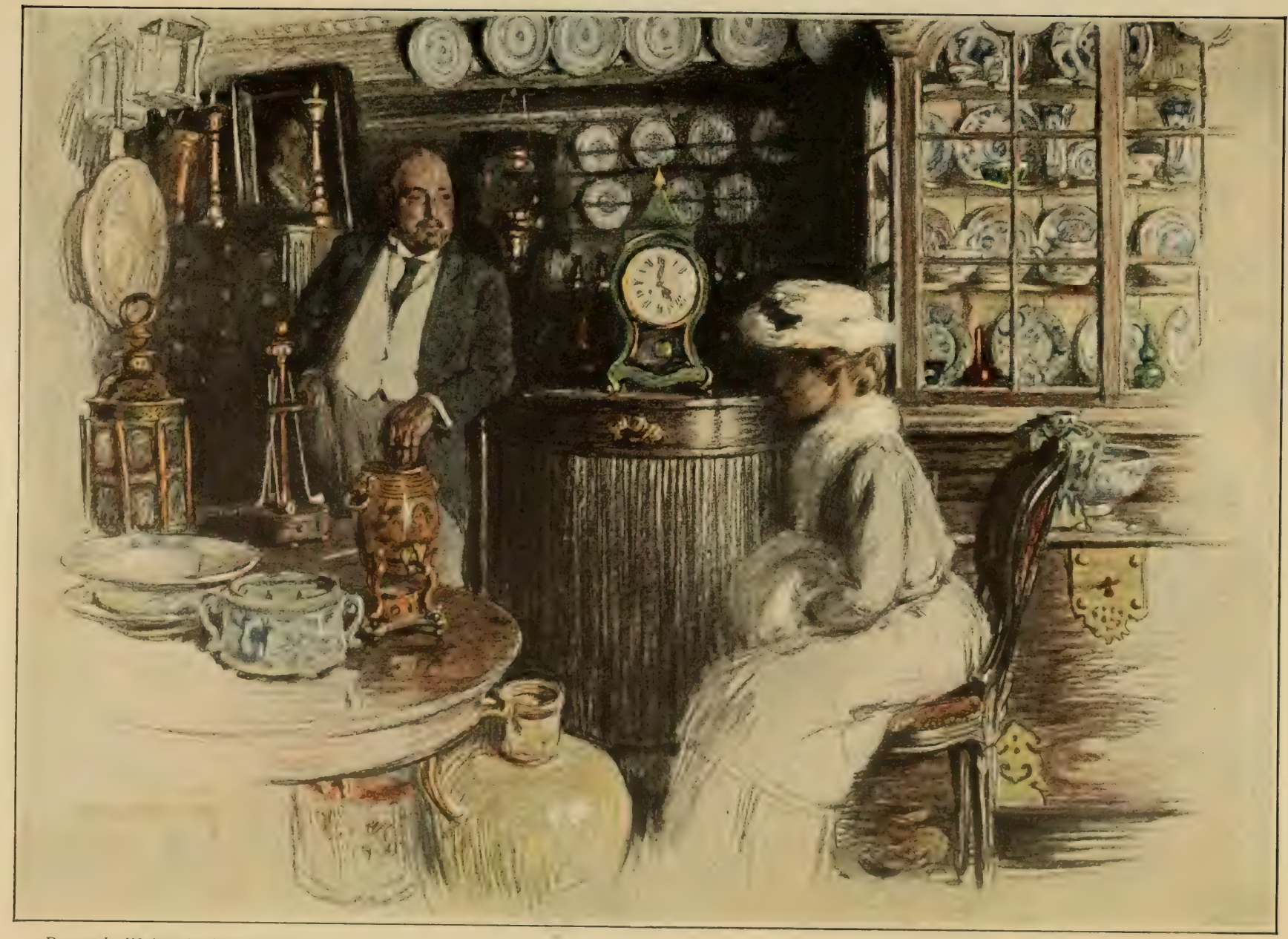
"But the ladle?" Edith brought him back.

"Oh, yes, the ladle," he said. "I don't do much in silver—good things are so dear, and hard to get. But this looked like good work—not Dutch, but English, and I happened to recognize the figure on the handle. I think I once heard that such spoons were popular in England about the time Dickens died. And who can tell? It might be the very one Mr. Wyckoff saw. There's a chance of it, and you know our Dutch proverb, 'If the sky should fall we'd all get blue nightcaps.'"

Edith drew a long breath. Evidently this loyal Dutchman had never happened to hear of the presentation set of ladles. Ought she to tell him? He was so punctiliously honest with her! But no, she reflected; she was buying his pipe-rack, her footing in his shop was paid for, and this bit of information about the ladle was her own. She buttoned her fur collar.

"You'll clean the pipe rack all up for me?" she said. "And send it home carefully wrapped up so Mr. Wyckoff won't see what it is. I'm sure he would never forgive me if I didn't buy it now I've got the chance."

She rushed up to Saxon's, that famous auction room where so many treasured collections have been dispersed to the cheerful



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

It was absolutely quaint: perfection of its kind.—Page 736.

rhythm of the veteran auctioneer's clattering, sing-song drone. The place was filled with old furniture, rugs, china, and silver plate, and two long cases held hundreds of small objects in silver, gold, ivory, and porcelain. Edith's glance swept over a small collection of exquisite Japanese lacquer boxes, an array of miniatures no more antique than beautiful, and searched among a lot of toys in new Dutch silver till it fell upon the ladle she sought. There it lay on its back, with Mr. Pickwick's right hand outstretched in his most familiar gesture.

She found one of the attendants. "Will you let me see something in this case?" she said. "When are these to be sold?"

The man unlocked the case. "Which piece?"

"That one," and she held the Pickwick ladle in her hand. He gave her a catalogue and consulted his own. "This is No. 552—in Thursday's sale," he said.

Edith found the number in her catalogue. "Old English gravy ladle," she read. No word of Pickwick, no hint that the piece had any special value. She looked at the gracefully carved stem of the ladle, topped with the portly figure of the immortal founder of the Pickwick Club, one hand under his coat-tails, his gaiters, the eyeglass upon his waistcoat, his outstretched hand—all were there; Edith strained her eyes to detect P. C. on the buttons of that snugly fitting coat. And to think that nobody knew Mr. Pickwick when he saw him!

She looked at the bottom of the bowl; there were the four tiny marks, besides the maker's mark in another spot. Her hand trembled as she laid it down.

"Thank you," she said. "How much do you suppose I should have to pay for that spoon?"

"No tellin', ma'am," said the attendant. "Solid silver, hall-marked. Oh, I guess it'll go cheap—not much call for fancy spoons lately."

On Thursday afternoon Peter and Edith came early, and sat in the front row, where there could be no chance of not catching Saxon's eye. As if that experienced distributor of collections were likely to miss their slightest nod! But the Wyckoffs were not victims of the auction habit; antiquity hunters though they were, some special providence had saved them both from indulgence in the dissipation of the auction-rooms, and they regarded with wonder the band of devoted women who straightway filled the seats about them and bid with the true fervor of their darling habit. The auctioneer knew most of them by name, and he chaffed and hypnotized them by turns. They go to every sale, and always buy something.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said Saxon, as he screwed himself into his revolving chair on the raised platform, "we'll go on with the sale that stopped yesterday with No. 524." He glanced over the room, and rubbed the black silk skull-cap in which he sheltered himself from the draughts issuing from the cave of the winds behind the crimson curtains which veiled the future from the assembly in the rows of camp-chairs. "Now, if you are ready; No. 525 in your catalogue, if you please, and may I ask that you'll bid promptly, as there are many lots to sell to-day. There you have it," as the attendants held up a picture in a dingy gilt frame. "An old colored print—Morland, isn't it? Of course, Morland; and a treasure. What do you say for it? Bid right along, now. Five, do I hear it, now—what is your pleasure, then?" He accented the syllables like a chant, interrupted by terse prose appeals. "Come, now, start it at something—beautiful old print; oh, well, suit yourselves—what? three? Well, I should say so! Bid right along, please. Three, three, three, three—half will you make it now?—a half, three'n a half, three'n a half—is it four now?" and so on, his chanting voice rising and falling as the panorama of prints, Sheffield cake-baskets, old clocks, chairs and tables in various stages of pleasant decrepitude, and all the variegated wonders drawn by the strong net of the auction-room, appears from behind the crimson veil, passes quickly over the altar of sacrifice, and disappears again, their ownership shifting with the glitter of the overhead light which glorifies for its brief instant even the least attractive "lot" over which Saxon drones his professional abracadabra, while the crowd rustles its catalogues, confers together, laughs at the auctioneer's historic jokes, and waits, always waits more feverishly as the time goes on, for the next "lot."

"Things are going pretty cheap," whispered Edith to Peter. "If they wouldn't pay more than twelve dollars for that old

Dutch clock, I'm sure nobody will want that little ladle. But you mustn't get excited, Peter, for if he sees you want it he'll run you up."

"I only hope Ten Eyck isn't after it," said Peter, as he smiled and nodded to a young man with a dark, pointed mustache who sat hunched up against the wall on the other side of the room.

"Oh, is he here?" said Edith, flushing half with the guilty memory of having snatched away the pipe-rack which would have been his, and half with delight in the same thought. "I didn't see him. Well, she went on, "if he should want our ladle, I think it'll be just too mean. For we can't pay as much as he can for it, and he's got so much already."

"Well, we shall know pretty soon, anyhow," returned Peter, "for it's coming now —the next lot to this." And with the passing of the imitation Chippendale mirror then under the hammer, Peter and Edith sat up straight, cleared for action.

"Now we come to the next, No. 552, ladies and gentlemen," said Saxon. "An old English gravy ladle, and what do you say for it? Ten dollars—eight dollars—five do I hear for it? Come, come, bid up, ladies! Beautiful old English ladle, St. George on the handle, I guess; ought to be worth ten dollars for the figure alone; fine old hall-marked English ladle, solid silver, and St. George going out for the dragon—why, bid up, somebody! Come now, let's have it, five do I hear for it? Three, three, three, three; four do you say, madam? Half, madam? Thank you; four will you make it now?"

Peter nodded. "Four, do you say, sir? Four—do I hear the half? Four, four, four, four——" and so on up till finally: "Eight dollars, eight dollars, eight, eight, eight, eight —half, do I hear it? Why, it's thrown away, but we can't delay if you won't bid anything —eight dollars once, and twice—ah, nine! Almost too late, there; you shouldn't wait like that. Nine dollars, nine dollars, ten, do I hear it?" And he droned along while Peter's head drooped.

Edith clutched his arm nervously. "Oh, is it Ten Eyck?" she whispered.

"Yes," said Peter, "but I'll give him a run for his money," and he nodded to the auctioneer.

"Ten dollars—thank you—ten; where's the 'leven, now?" sang Saxon, glancing across to Ten Eyck. He got a signal, and the tune began again.

"'Leven dollars—thank you, sir; twelve will you say, now? 'Leven, 'leven—twelve, sir—who'll give me thirteen?" chanted the auctioneer, as he took another bid from Peter.

"Oh, it's foolish, Peter," sighed Edith. "He's bound to get it, and I wouldn't run him up."

Ten Eyck bid another dollar, and as Saxon glanced toward Peter the latter shook his head. Ten Eyck saw the motion, and the faintest grin curled the pointed mustache. But the smile faded in the same instant, for a new bidder struck in.

"Fifteen from two at once—oh, yes, you all want it, now," said Saxon. "Well, which is it? Yours, Mr. B.; very well, fifteen, sixteen from you—I thought so; sixteen, sixteen, where's seventeen, now?" cried Saxon, his eyes brightening as the bidding continued unexpectedly.

"Who is it?" asked Edith excitedly, while Ten Eyck turned and looked toward a knot of dealers who sat at the back of the room, ready to cut each other's throats as cheerfully as those of their customers.

"Why, I believe it's old Bouvier," returned Peter, after a study of the group of *cognoscenti* banded together as if for mutual protection. "I can tell in a minute"—as the bidding went on. "Yes, it is!" he whispered. "O Edith, it must be a good thing if that old rascal is after it!"

Bouvier was an elderly English child of Israel with a French name whose frosty head was full of curious knowledge of his calling. He looked like a sly old white rat as he slipped about his shop, and his customers included some of the richest and most well-informed collectors in New York. He always had a gold snuff-box, or a wonderful ivory miniature, or a few unset gems in his waistcoat pocket. He was a good judge of old paintings and fine antique jewelry, and Peter argued wisely in thinking that he was not bidding on the Pickwick ladle out of mere idle fancy.

"*He* knows the story," whispered Peter. "And Ten Eyck'll get a run for his money now, sure enough."

On went the bidding, from twenty-five to thirty and forty dollars. Only Ten Eyck and Bouvier were left now, and they

bid up the ladle by fives till seventy dollars was reached. The whole room was interested, and when Bouvier bid seventy-five, after a long deliberation, Ten Eyck paused in his turn. Saxon was long since on his feet, whipping up the bidding, his keen old eye flashing with the excitement of the first real battle of the sale.

"Seventy-five, seventy-five for the ladle," he said. His sing-song was dropped, now, and his glance flitted over the room while he kept a sharp watch of Ten Eyck. "Eighty, do I get it? Only seventy-five dollars for this historic piece?" He knew it must be something historical, by the bidding, and he no longer talked about St. George. "Seventy-five dollars, once—seventy-five dollars, twice—ah, eighty!" he cried, as Ten Eyck nodded again sulkily, for he particularly disliked being forced to pay a big price for anything he wanted. "Eightyeightyeightyeightyeighty!" rattled Saxon with incredible swiftness. "Five, do you say, Mr. B.? Oh, don't lose it for a trifle like that—well, eighty dollars, eighty dollars, e-i-g-h-t-y d-o-l-l-a-r-s," he drawled as slowly now as he had been swift before. "We can't delay, even over this interesting lot—eighty dollars, once! twice!—and sold to Mr. T. E. for eighty dollars."

Peter and Edith rose in the rustle that marked the end of the duel, and while Saxon, once more settled back in his chair, rubbing his skull-cap, was saying, "And now it's the solid mahogany four-poster, ladies, carved by Michael Angelo, I guess," they fared soberly homeward.

"And to think that I didn't know enough to buy that thing when I saw it years ago!" blurted out Peter from the depths of his woe.

"Well, but maybe it isn't worth so much, ventured his wife consolingly. "But I didn't know Mr. Ten Eyck was such a connoisseur in old silver as to know about the Pickwick ladles," she mused.

"Maybe he only bid because he didn't want Bouvier to get it away from him," suggested Peter. "I've known him to go crazy, before, at an auction."

Peter's birthday came and went, and the pipe-rack stood proudly on the side-table, dignified testimony to the fact that Mr. Ten Eyck didn't get *all* the bargains, as Edith said. Peter filled the rack with slender-stemmed clay pipes, and smoked them conscientiously, but every now and then he returned to the brier which was his particular solace. And if he preferred it to the clays of his remote fatherland, he didn't say so.

Peter seldom found much time to spend in the rooms of the St. Nicholas Society, but he usually attended its annual dinner, in virtue of his heritage of Dutchmanhood. So it came that a few weeks later he was seated beside Ten Eyck at that annual festivity, and in their talk they came around to the subject of the recent auction sale.

"Well, I saw that you captured the Pickwick ladle," said Peter with a smile of resignation.

"What do you call it—the Pickwick ladle?" returned his neighbor. "Oh, do you know anything about that spoon? I don't, and I believe I got stuck pretty badly on it. Is it a very old thing?"

Peter felt himself in a tight corner. Ten Eyck clearly knew nothing about the value of the piece, and Peter was under no obligation to tell him, yet he couldn't lie about it. So he temporized, naturally.

"I'm sure I don't know how old it is," he answered. "But I thought you valued it pretty highly, from the price you paid for it."

"Oh, didn't I get soaked!" returned Ten Eyck, in the vernacular of the auction-room. "But I saw that old robber Bouvier was after it, and I thought it must be a good thing if he wanted it. But what about the Pickwick part of it? What does that mean?"

"Why," said Peter carefully, "I think the little figure on the handle is a statuette of Mr. Pickwick."

"Who was he, anyhow?" asked Ten Eyck quite frankly. "I never can remember."

Peter looked to see if the man were joking, but his face was that of a contented child. So Peter answered:

"Why, he was the leading character in Charles Dickens's famous book, the 'Pickwick Papers.' It was very popular fifty or sixty years ago."

"Never read it myself," returned Ten Eyck placidly. "But I suppose this is one of the souvenirs they got out—eh? Something like the 'Trilby' craze, maybe. I read that book, but I didn't think much of it. Very improbable sort of story, and no plot at all, that *I* could see. But I don't find many books that interest me—I don't read many, anyhow."

Here was a howling waste of ignorance, indeed. Peter decided it was not for him

to make a garden of it. But Ten Eyck went on:

"I suppose that thing is solid silver; it's hall-marked all over the bottom. Can you read 'em?"

"No," said Peter, "I never knew very much about hall-marks. But I'll tell you what to do," he added, as an idea struck him. "You take it up to Burlington Norfolk, and he can tell you. He's the son of the famous old jeweller and silversmith, Norfolk & Co., you know, and he has just published a book on 'Old English Silver.' That's your best play. He can tell you just how old it is by the mark."

Ten Eyck assented, and Peter went home that night with a sense of having done his full duty by his neighbor. If Ten Eyck should learn from Norfolk about the presentation set of ladles, and the mark should correspond with that year, then Ten Eyck would find out what he had got, and why Bouvier wanted it. But Peter felt he couldn't have said less, and he had no wish to tell him more.

When Ten Eyck went into the fine, old-fashioned shop of Norfolk & Co. the next day, he found that Mr. Burlington Norfolk was out. But the senior partner, Mr. Norfolk, was in, the salesman told him. Ten Eyck thought he would probably do just as well, or better; the older man's memory would run further back. So he displayed his ladle to Mr. Norfolk and asked him if it was a very rare piece of silver.

The old gentleman looked it over. "Oh, no," he said promptly. "I've seen whole sets of these things in the silversmiths' windows in St. Martin's Lane, twenty or thirty years ago. It's a nice bit of silver," he went on, "but modern—oh, quite modern."

"Can you read the date?" asked Ten Eyck, not greatly disappointed. "How do you tell?"

The old man studied the little mark through his glass. "Yes, it's just what I thought," he answered. "1870 is the year. I hope you didn't pay too much for it."

"I paid altogether too much, I think," said Ten Eyck with growing disgust; and thanking Mr. Norfolk briefly, he left the shop. Now that he had heard definitely that the ladle was merely "a nice bit of modern silver" he was more and more chagrined at his folly in following Bouvier's lead. But what had been the old dealer's idea in bidding so high for it? Ten Eyck thought for a moment of offering it to Bouvier, for he was not at all above "hedging" his speculations, but he dismissed the idea instantly because he knew the ways of dealers well enough to be sure that whatever Bouvier might have been willing to pay for the ladle at the auction, he would rather die by torture than pay more than a trifle for it if it were offered to him by the person who had bid higher, especially if that person were not a dealer, but a "private gentleman," in the lingo of the trade. But it was futile, he knew, to speculate on Bouvier's motive in wanting the ladle; he might have had a commission from somebody to buy it for him; the intricacies of the business are too great to be guessed at. So Ten Eyck lighted a cigar and dismissed the ladle from his mind as one more bad job.

But the subject recurred to him a few days later, as he saw the ladle lying on his table, and he thought of Peter Wyckoff and his fancy for it. He remembered that Peter had advised him to consult Burlington Norfolk about it, and that he had not seen Peter since. So he made his leisurely way to the Wyckoffs' that evening, and found them both at home.

"So the old man put an end to any hopes I might have had about the thing," he said at the end of his recital, "and I know I just got stuck good and hard, once more. Said he'd seen cases full of 'em in the jewellers' windows in London," he added. "And I was led right up by the nose and paid eighty dollars for that one. I think I'll get a case made for it, it's so precious."

Peter laughed. "Oh, never mind," he said soothingly, "you got it away from old Bouvier, anyhow. Try a pipe, won't you, and burn care." He walked to the side-table and brought over the birthday pipe-rack into the soft radiance of the reading-lamp.

Ten Eyck opened his eyes wide. "Oh, so it was *you* who got that pipe-rack!" he exclaimed, and then to Edith: "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Wyckoff, but that pipe-stand is of interest to me. Old Amstel wrote me about it, but I didn't go in there for a week or so, and when I did, I found it gone. I know it's the same one, from Amstel's description. May I look at it? It's very pretty, and Amstel said it was a scarce kind of thing."

"Yes, Mr. Amstel told me he had not seen one before in a long time, and didn't

believe there was another in New York," said Edith demurely. "I happened to see it, and got it for Mr. Wyckoff's birthday."

"Gracious!" exclaimed the visitor, as he drew his fingers along the slender shaft that supported the centre of the quaint little rack, and tapped the ormolu ornament at the top. "I hope you won't think me rude, but I wish I had got in at Amstel's ahead of you, Mrs. Wyckoff. I'm afraid your husband wouldn't have had such a fine birthday gift. I haven't seen anything in years that I want so much as that!"

Edith's eyes met Peter's, and if they both laughed Ten Eyck didn't see it. But Mr. Ten Eyck, being a gentleman not exactly placid under disappointment, persisted with the effrontery of a spoiled child.

"If ever you want to sell that pipe-rack, Wyckoff," he said, "I wish you'd let me know. But, of course, you won't sell it—your birthday gift—but maybe you'd swap it for something," he went on, with a kindling imagination. "How'd you like to swap it for my valuable Pickwick ladle? You were bidding on that at the auction. Come, now, don't you want to get an eighty-dollar ladle at a bargain?"

The two Wyckoffs looked at each other in genuine surprise, and Edith made a swift and almost imperceptible motion of assent. But Peter demurred:

"Oh, how can I swap off something Mrs. Wyckoff gave me? Besides, don't you think I like it myself? Why, it's unique, that pipe-rack!" Thus Peter, but meanwhile his left hand was gently caressing the bowl of his old brier pipe, snugly hidden in his pocket.

"No, I suppose you oughtn't to trade away tokens of love and affection for old spoons," chaffed Ten Eyck, "but still, if Mrs. Wyckoff should agree to it, wouldn't you? Think how fine Mr. Pickwick would look on the table when you have a dinner!"

Peter caught Edith's eye again, and the little gesture of assent, slight as a drawn eyebrow, was repeated.

"Why, Mr. Ten Eyck!" she said. "I didn't know you cared so much for the pipe-stand."

"Never saw it till to-night," he answered, "but I know what I want when I see it. And I'm sure about this. What do you say, Mrs. Wyckoff?"

"Why, it's just as Mr. Wyckoff thinks," she replied. "I like the ladle very much, and if he is willing to exchange the pipe-rack for it, I shall be entirely satisfied."

Ten Eyck's eager glance turned to Peter. "Well, what do you say?" he pressed.

"Oh, I'll go you," said Peter. "I'll send the rack up to-morrow and you can send down the ladle."

"I'll take it with me!" cried the delighted Ten Eyck, and take it he did, a little later, leaving the Wyckoffs to look at each other and laugh.

"But it isn't the original," said Peter.

"No," said his wife, "and if it had been we could hardly have traded the pipe-rack for it. But it's a beautiful piece of silver, and I'm perfectly delighted to have Mr. Pickwick living with us, aren't you?"

"Of course," said Peter, "and he could never have felt at home with Ten Eyck. Just think of a man who never read the 'Pickwick Papers.' What great empty holes there must be in his background! What a life to lead! But we've got it, and you really gave it to me, dear, for you nodded when Ten Eyck proposed the trade."

The next evening the ladle came, elaborately cased in an old Persian box, "with Mr. Ten Eyck's compliments to Mrs. Wyckoff," and Peter and Edith sat up till very late admiring the old spoon and puzzling over the hall-marks. They made a rubbing from the date letter and compared it with the old rubbing that Peter had made years ago from the ladle in the bric-a-brac shop in Union Square, but the strange thing was that they could not make them look alike.

"I suppose the old rubbing must have got blurred," said Peter finally, as they enshrined Mr. Pickwick in the most conspicuous place in their cabinet, and went to bed.

The following day, while Peter was grinding in his mill, Edith sat with Mr. Pickwick in her lap (*pace* Mrs. Bardell!) and mused upon the series of circumstances which had brought him into the Wyckoff family. Suddenly it occurred to her that Ten Eyck had not seen Mr. Burlington Norfolk, the expert, when he went to make inquiries. She put Mr. Pickwick in her muff, and invaded Norfolk & Co.

She found Mr. Burlington Norfolk, a grave young gentleman with a penetrating eye and a catholic interest in all old English silver. She introduced herself to him, recounted the story of the presentation set

of ladles, of which Mr. Norfolk had heard, and the sale by the executors of Charles Dickens, Jr., of the three ladles to Sir Baines Carew; she explained how this ladle had come into her possession, and told how Peter had let the ladle slip through his fingers years ago, and how the senior partner of Norfolk & Co. had said this ladle was made in 1870. Mr. Burlington Norfolk took the ladle and retired into his private office, with the air of the high priest going in to stand before the ark. From her chair she could see him examine it very carefully with his glass, and consult two big books which seemed to be full of cabalistic characters. He returned to her with a smile on his face.

"It is not often that I venture to disagree with my father, madam," he said, "but in this case I think he has made a mistake. Now, of course we have no proof whatever that Dickens the elder ever had this ladle in his hands, but however that may be, this bit of silver was made in 1837."

Edith drew a long breath. "Why—" she faltered, "that would bring it back to——"

"To just about the time of the original presentation set," said Mr. Norfolk, sympathizing with her dawning rapture. "Of course, as I say, we have no absolute proof that this is the original Pickwick ladle, but it looks very much like it!"

Edith poured out her tale to Peter that evening, and almost wept as she finished. "But of course, if it is the original ladle, we must give it back to Mr. Ten Eyck, because he was misinformed as to its age, but oh, just to think of a man owning it who never heard of Mr. Pickwick! Isn't it awful!"

Peter assented gravely. "We couldn't keep it, really, for it would be very valuable, and he traded off what he thought was an 1870 spoon. But we don't know, for sure, yet," he went on. "I'll write to-night to Sir Baines Carew, who has got the three ladles of the original set, and ask him to tell me what year of manufacture their hall-marks show, and also, if he knows of the present whereabouts of the original Pickwick ladle. And I've got another string to pull," he said. "I'll write to Tom Allison, our London correspondent, and get him to shell out some facts from some of those London dealers. He knows a lot of 'em—he's always junk-hunting, the same as I am."

So Peter sat down and wrote his two letters, and for the next month the Wyckoff family exercised the virtue of patience in waiting.

Allison's answer came first. "I've had quite a hunt to run down your ladle story," he wrote, "but I believe I've got the rights of it, at last. I went to an old Abraham who knows more about old silver and old Wedgwood than any other human being in the world—a nice old boy he is, and my visits to his shop cost me about ten pounds in things I bought, before I got away. But this is the ladle business: A set of six silver punch ladles was presented to Charles Dickens by his publishers, Messrs. Chapman & Hall, on the completion of 'Pickwick.' They were modelled by a man named Woodington, and on the handle of each ladle was represented a Pickwick character. The figures were silver gilt. After Charles Dickens's death, these ladles were sold by Messrs. Christie Manson & Woods, July 9, 1870. The ladle with the 'Pickwick' handle was bought by Mr. A. Halliday; those with 'Sam Weller' and 'Old Weller' by Messrs. T. Agnew & Son; and the other three, which were 'Jingle,' 'Winkle,' and the Fat Boy,' were bought by Charles Dickens, Jr. There was a great Dickens craze, just then, of course, and so the Agnews had the ladles reproduced. They must have had the consent of the family to do this; but anyhow, several sets of them were made."

"Ah," said Edith, finding her breath again, "that's what old Mr. Norfolk meant when he said he had seen the London shop-windows full of them, years ago."

"But even these reproductions are very scarce, now, and highly prized by collectors," continued Peter, from Allison's letter. "At the death of the younger Dickens, his three ladles were sold at auction and purchased by Sir Baines Carew, who has a great collection of all sorts of antiquities at Carew Court. And that is all I have been able to discover on the subject."

"That agrees with the paragraph we saw in the *Cabinet*," cried Edith, "but there is no news of the original 'Pickwick' ladle, nor the two 'Wellers,' since 1870."

"Maybe Sir Baines will have something to tell us," suggested Peter. "Anyhow, we've got something to start on. 'Pickwick' was sold in 1870 to Mr. A. Halliday, whoever he was. Wonder if he was a dealer

like the Agnews? Maybe; dealers will pay the biggest price for things, sometimes."

The letter from Sir Baines Carew came shortly afterward. It was extremely courteous, but contained little which they did not know already. "I very much fear," wrote the baronet, "that I can give you no satisfactory information respecting your 'Mr. Pickwick' toddy ladle. All that I understood at the time about these ladles was that after the death of Charles Dickens, Senr., the whole presentation set of six ladles was sold at public auction. Three of them were bought by persons unknown to me, and the three I now have became the property of my friend, the late Mr. Charles Dickens, Junr. At his death, the three ladles now in my possession were bought by me at the sale of his effects. I have consulted Mr. Charles Dickens, Junr.'s solicitor, who is a personal friend of mine, and he confirms this account. But he cannot tell me anything concerning the other three ladles, though a rumour did reach me that the 'Mr. Pickwick' ladle had been sold by a dealer to a collector in the north of England for ninety guineas."

Peter whistled. "Ninety guineas!" he repeated, "that's about $450. Ten Eyck would think his ladle was cheap at eighty dollars after all, wouldn't he?"

"But the date of Sir Baines's three ladles, Peter," broke in Edith. "That's the great point. What is the year they were made?"

"'I find the date marked on the bottom of my three ladles to be 1837,'" read Peter from the baronet's letter.

Edith fell back in her chair. "O, Peter, it's too bad, too bad!" she cried. "And Mr. Ten Eyck thought Pickwick was a new kind of breakfast food!"

"The preface to the original edition of 'Pickwick' is dated 1837," said Peter. "This looks as if we had the original ladle, sure as a gun, and yet we've got to throw it away on that philistine. It is a blessed shame, I'll admit. But come, Edith, let's take these two letters up to Mr. Norfolk, and get the verdict of the supreme court on our case," he said; and so they presently laid all the facts before the expert, with the ladle and the letters as exhibits *a*, *b*, and *c*.

Young Mr. Norfolk read the letters twice, carefully, and then extended his hand to Peter. "I must congratulate you on having drawn the grand prize," he said. "I'll take one more look at this little old gentleman, and then give you a memorandum, if you like, of its date and general authenticity."

Peter and Edith, the fortunate winners of the grand prize, sat like two stony statues of grief, while Mr. Burlington Norfolk withdrew into his inner office. He stayed for ten minutes, and Edith confessed to Peter afterward that she was ready to scream from sheer nervousness, when the expert reappeared with the most curious expression of sheepishness on his face.

"Mr. and Mrs. Wyckoff," he began, and then stopped, coughed, and extended his hands in frank appeal for mercy. "I have to confess to you that I made a mistake the other day, and that my father was right about the date of this ladle, and I was wrong. It was made in 1870, and I was trying to read the date letter upside down. I am very much mortified. I cannot imagine how I made such a blunder."

To the amazement of the chagrined expert, his two visitors sprang to their feet, their faces radiant with happy smiles. Mr. Norfolk wondered if they had suddenly gone insane, and almost tripped backward over a little carved Italian cabinet masking a steel safe which contained some half a million dollars' worth of diamonds.

"Then it isn't the original Pickwick ladle, after all?" they cried in joyful chorus.

"Why, no; it is undoubtedly one of Agnew's reproductions," replied Mr. Norfolk. "But you don't seem to mind—didn't you want to get the original?"

"Oh, Peter, now we can keep Mr. Pickwick ourselves!" sang Edith, her eyes overflowing with delight. She turned to Mr. Norfolk with a beautiful blush. "Don't think me crazy, will you, please? But now we sha'n't have to give up our dear old Pickwick to that Mr. Ten Eyck, who didn't know who he was, and only wanted him if he was unique," she explained. "Of course, we couldn't have kept so valuable a piece as the original ladle, but this one is our own now. I'm *so* glad, Mr. Norfolk."

That connoisseur in rarities stood perplexed, for a moment, and then perceived the situation.

"Oh, I'm greatly relieved," he said, laughing. "I was afraid you would never forgive my stupid blunder. But it's all right now, after all. You have a nice bit of silver, and nobody's injured."

"But what *I* want to know," said Peter, as they walked home, "is why my old rubbing doesn't tally at all with the mark on this ladle. It couldn't have been the same one. For that old rubbing shows a different letter from this capital black-letter P, that stands for 1870. All the ladles made in 1870 would have the same mark, and only the original could be different. And so the question is: *Was* the original Pickwick ladle ever in America, and did I see it; and if so, where is it now?"

TO A RIVER GOD

By Edith Wyatt

THERE is a river flowing,
    Fast flowing toward the sea;
Past bluff and levee blowing,
    His mantle glances free;
Past pine and corn and cotton-field
    His foam-winged sandals flee.

From dock and dune and reedy brake,
    Through lock and basin wide,
Long-linked lagoon and terraced lake
    Drop down to watch his pride,
And rivers North and rivers South
    To speed his coursing ride.

Wheat and corn, and corn and wheat,
    Cotton-drift and cane,
Serried lances rippling fleet,
    Dappled tides of grain,
Dip beside him where he goes
    Flying to the main.

By full-sown fields and fallow,
    By furrows green and buff,
Past bar and rock-bound shallow,
    His torrent washes gruff.
By tamarack and mallow,
    Past bottom-land and bluff.

From highland and from lowland,
    Farm, town, and city see
His foam-winged footsteps going,
    His mantle blowing free,
Past dusky mart and black-spired crown,
    Fast flowing to the sea.

Wheat and corn, and corn and wheat,
    Cotton-drift and cane,
Serried lances rippling fleet,
    Dappled tides of grain,
Dip beside him where he goes
    Speeding to the main.

His foot runs on the ages' bed
Of gullied cave and rock,
With bison skull and arrowhead
His yellow waters lock,
Past vanished trails and tribal dead
His fleecing currents flock.

By bluff and levee blowing,
By oats and rye unshorn,
His silver mantle flowing,
Flicks east and west untorn,
Unfurling from Itasca to
Louisiana's horn.

Wheat and corn, and corn and wheat,
Cotton-drift and cane,
Serried lances rippling fleet,
Dappled tides of grain,
Dip beside him where he goes
Rushing to the main.

What tribute, racing spirit,
What token will you take,
Through stain and desecration,
Past town and terraced lake,
To distant sea and nation
From cotton, corn, and brake?

What tribute are you bearing
Past plain and pluming tree,
By bluff and levee faring
On foam-winged footsteps free—
What beauty for the hold of time,
And souls unborn, to see?

Poplar on the Northern steep,
Cotton-drift and cane,
Wheat and corn, and corn and wheat,
Rippled tides of grain,
Brake and bayou ask of you
Buoyed toward the main.

By rock and cavern blowing,
Flocked field and pluming tree,
Past bluff and levee going
On foam-winged footsteps free,
By rapid, lock, and terraced lake,
Forever to the sea.

THE TWO-STRINGED BOW

By George Woodruff Johnston

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. I. KELLER

"I WONDER, my dear sister, if you would mind drawing the curtain aside a mite—just a little mite. There, now I can see the river. That is very good of you, very good. The tide seems to be running out, Cecelia; is it so?"

"Yes, my dear Mary, the tide is running out."

"And, Cecelia, dear, I hate, positively hate, to ask you to do anything more for me, but I believe I am sliding, Cecelia; sliding. Isn't it ridiculous?"

Miss Cecelia, a very dainty little Dresden shepherdess, thereupon left the window and tripped to the side of a huge four-poster, in which was tucked away another dainty little Dresden shepherdess, and gave the ruffled pillows many energetic little dabs and pats, and the soft white sheets and flowered counterpane many deft little slaps and foldings and smoothings, not hesitating, so fairy-like was her touch, to let her tiny fingers stray over the shepherdess in the bed herself, and all so quickly and so craftily, and with such magic effect, that instead of sliding down, down, down, and disappearing forever amid a smothering surf of tumbling pillows into the gloom under the bedclothes, as she feared would be her fate, the latter quite suddenly found herself propped up very comfortably indeed, and every bit of foamy lace, and every bow and streamer of violet ribbon on her nightcap and bedjacket looking as if freshly ironed and disposed precisely in its proper place.

This required very delicate handling on the part of Miss Cecelia, for her older sister, Miss Mary, the shepherdess in the bed, was an extremely fragile bit of porcelain; and like many another family heirloom of the same perishable material, was somewhat faded in color, and had many little crinkly lines and cracks here and there, and was, so to speak, a trifle chipped about the edges. But Miss Cecelia's hands were always in excellent practice. From their girlhood it had been her pleasant occupation to wait upon her older and more attractive sister; and since the day upon which Miss Mary had found the tall mahogany staircase so steep and tiresome and altogether such a bother that, if Cecelia would excuse her, she did not think she would go downstairs for breakfast, Miss Cecelia's clever hands and active body had been still more constantly occupied, now in the gentle but very exhausting offices of the sick-room. For Miss Mary had soon discovered, much to her surprise, that not only was walking up and down stairs very tiresome, but also standing up, and sitting in chairs, and moving about one's room—so very tiresome and such a bother, in fact, that she had permitted herself in the end, after much playful expostulation, to be packed carefully away in the big four-poster, where she now lived entirely, and was like to stay, until she made her final descent of the tall mahogany staircase in a manner not fatiguing to herself in the least, but rather to the arms and backs of six strong gentlemen, three on either side of her.

Who could help loving Miss Mary, always so dainty, so sprightly, so ingenuous, so appreciative, so thankful, yes, and up to this very moment, so positively charming; though little by little there is sifting down upon her a few sprinkles of that dust which a certain stout, red-faced gentleman in a white surplice, also to be one of her retinue in her final descent of the tall mahogany staircase, may soon need for other purposes. Who could help loving her! Not Miss Cecelia, a dim little star which had unquestioningly revolved about the greater constellation since it had first risen above the horizon. Not Miss Cecelia, if a lifetime of tender care, self-sacrifice, and self-obliteration mean anything at all. Not Miss Cecelia, who though often worn out with running and watching, is always ready to rescue her sister from the oblivion of the bedclothes and give the pillows those won-

derful little pats and shakings which make them stand out like freshly inflated balloons. No, indeed, not Miss Cecelia; for of all the people in the world who have ever loved Miss Mary (and it would be hard to tell how many strong hearts have beaten against that fragile piece of Dresden china only to be broken into bits) none has loved her half so dearly or will miss her half so sorely as Miss Cecelia. But love like hers is very wearing, and Miss Cecelia showed it. Even the pudgy doctor, who, after all his professional resources had been exhausted, still came to exchange elegant compliments and polite felicitations with Miss Mary, and who had known and hopelessly loved Miss Cecelia ever since they had played together in pinafores—even this busy, fussy, pudgy doctor, who rarely bothered himself with aught but pulses and tongues and such prosaic things, noticed how wearing such love as Miss Cecelia's was. But he must have his joke, this bald-headed, roly-poly little man; and one day, finding Miss Cecelia standing quite breathless at the top of the tall staircase with a heavy tray in her hands, he asked her very seriously if she happened to have another four-poster in the house as big and comfy as the one in which Miss Mary lived; for, said he: "If I ever catch you carrying up another tray, or sitting up at night, or working too hard, or making as much fluster and bluster about other people's business as you have been making lately, I shall obtain a warrant from the magistrate forthwith and confine you in that four-poster for one long month, and shall myself prevent any rescue by habeas corpus or other process, legal or illegal." And then the doctor laughed heartily, so heartily, indeed, that by the time he reached the hall his eyes were dim and he had great difficulty in finding his hat. "Old, old," the doctor muttered as he went down the stone steps into the street; "old and faded and worn out. The other is a leech, and has sucked all the blood out of the poor girl—been sucking it for fifty years or thereabouts, and has got most of her wits as well."

Poor Miss Cecelia looked in truth just as the doctor, in such shocking language, said she did; and sometimes it seemed as if she should be in Miss Mary's place, or would, willy-nilly, soon be there. Poor Miss Cecelia, now so old and worn and faded, but once so different, so very, very different. For when it was noised about the ancient borough of Georgetown that Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant, a gallant French gentleman who had followed in the train of Mr. Washington when he came home from the wars, had been chosen to make the plans for the great Federal city which Mr. Washington and Mr. Jefferson hoped would some day rise from the marshes and wooded hills bordering the Potomac, and would establish his headquarters in a house near that in which she lived with her father and her sister Mary, there were few more attractive young gentlewomen in that or any other borough than Miss Cecelia herself. It is true she lacked the sprightliness and gayety of Miss Mary. But she was very simple and charming in her innocent young girlhood; demure, trustful, tender, quiet, with great love for everything that was beautiful, and great faith in everything that was good, and with a very loyal little heart beating in her white, virginal bosom. Who can say how much that little heart throbbed with fluttering expectation, and who can say how many other hearts were doing precisely the same thing, when, sure enough, M. L'Enfant finally arrived, bringing with him a great array of curious instruments of brass and glass and this and that, and enormous rolls of paper and parchment, and many other wonderful things, and set to work at his plans in a red-brick house, standing for all to see to this very day. But the most wonderful thing that M. L'Enfant brought with him, quite the most wonderful by all odds in the eyes of Miss Mary and Miss Cecelia, and of many another belle of the borough aforesaid, was a certain monsieur, the lieutenant, Jean Laurent Maxime de Chalaron. Whether in his uniform of lieutenant of engineers or in his surtout of light-brown duffy, salmon-colored waistcoat, nankeen trousers and bell-crowned hat, this young gentleman made a most amiable figure, and when thus caparisoned, he picked his way along the streets, all the hearts in question beat turbulently at one and the same time.

About her neck at this very moment Miss Mary wore, hanging by a fine gold chain, a large locket which hid within itself something (suspected, but not known of Miss Cecelia) which she had once received from this same M. de Chalaron; and after Miss Cecelia for the nine hundred and ninety-

ninth time that day had propped her up comfortably upon her pillows, she let her eyes rest tenderly upon the locket, while the younger sister distributed about the room some of those same magic touches which she had already bestowed upon the bed and upon Miss Mary herself.

"Ah, my dear Cecelia," said Miss Mary at length, still holding the locket in her hand, "how right he was when in his own tongue he called it the grand passion. How grand in its delights! How grand in its sorrows!"

Tears began to flow from Miss Mary's faded eyes, and in her efforts to discover the whereabouts of her handkerchief she came perilously near to sliding once more into obscurity.

"From the time of his arrival with M. L'Enfant," continued she, the handkerchief having been found and disaster temporarily averted, "almost from the day of his arrival, I could see the love-light in his eyes. Those months of companionship and intimacy—how delightful they were! And when he fell upon his knees in the front parlor and offered me his heart and hand—I never knew what happiness was until then. How ardently he loved me! How dearly I loved him! What a consolation to remember that!" cried Miss Mary in another burst of tears.

"Don't cry, sister," murmured Miss Cecelia plaintively; and with little cooing words, with fond little hugs and kisses, she caressed her as tenderly as if she had been a sick and fretful child. "Don't cry. I know how you must suffer; but don't give way."

"Don't cry? What do you know of the agonies of a broken heart?" demanded Miss Mary irritably. "Let me weep out my sorrows; there is nothing else left to me. No one can tell how I suffer now, as no one could guess how I then rejoiced. Indeed, I do not believe that even you imagined, for a long time, at least, that there was love between us. M. de Chalaron entreated me to permit our passion to remain secret. For it was evident that our father suspected its existence and was not favorably disposed toward him; and Maxime was too sensitive to wound anyone, least of all the only parent of his beloved. Our father's attitude alarmed me, I confess; it was possible that he might renounce me in his will; and although I knew perfectly well that Maxime's affection for me was wholly unselfish, yet it hurt my pride to think that I might be obliged to come to him empty-handed. That my Maxime's love for me remained ardent and undimmed from first to last, even in face of the fear which I so often expressed to him that our father might leave all of his property to you and entirely ignore me in his testament, is another proof—a final proof, if one were wanting—of the nobility of my lover's soul and the perfect loyalty and unselfishness of his attachment to me. But our father's manifest distrust of M. de Chalaron caused both of us the supremest grief, and must have rankled in Maxime's lofty spirit and sensitive heart when he was so suddenly ordered back to France. What a parting! Ah, Cecelia, my sister, you will never know what my sufferings have been!"

Miss Cecelia listened with interest and compassion to this story, every word of which she knew by heart, and then instinctively hurried to her sister's side. But it required many soothing words, many of Miss Cecelia's strongest pulls and pushes, many of her deftest pats and foldings and smoothings, before the shepherdess in the bed could be brought to look once more like a shepherdess, and not like a poor, weak, withered old woman, well-nigh lost among a smother of bedclothes and tumbled pillows.

"Thank you, my dear Cecelia," Miss Mary at length found breath to say; "and would you mind very much, before you sit down, drawing the window-curtain a little more to one side? There; that is just right. And how is the tide, Cecelia? Still running out? I cannot help thinking, dear sister, when I look at the stream yonder, that sometimes one of my tears may, perhaps, find its way into the river, and like one of the drops of water now flowing past us with the outgoing tide, may reach the bay, and may float on and on into the sea, and across the sea, and may, in the end, somehow come to water the grave where he lies buried on the field of Marengo. Who knows! Who knows! Ah, what a gallant gentleman! How often he sighed for glory; and it was there he found it and death as well. How I wish that I might have thrown myself down beside his body, lying, as General Berthier wrote to Major L'Enfant, facing the enemy, his spurs buried deep in the ground, and the toes of his military boots pointed toward the blue Italian sky!"



Drawn by A. I. Keller.

There were few more attractive young gentlewomen than Miss Cecelia herself.—Page 747.

"Do not grieve, sister," said Miss Cecelia, laying her arms about her. "He loved you, remember that, dear." But Miss Mary wept and would not be comforted.

Miss Mary, as time wore on, in spite of Miss Cecelia's utmost artistry in the way of foamy lace and violet ribbons, and her utmost skill in the way of broths and jellies, came to look so thin, so weak, so colorless, that it was hard to fancy she had ever been a captivating shepherdess; and in the quiet of the night, Miss Cecelia, sitting in a stiff chair to keep awake and holding her sister's hand, grieved sorely. To grow from a girl into an old, old woman with one single object in life, and to see that object slipping slowly but surely away; to listen daily, almost hourly for near a lifetime to the story of the grand passion which did not end even when the gallant young soldier fell dead at Marengo, and to know that the voice which had so often told that story, the heart which had fed and lived upon that story, would soon be stilled forever; to feel that she would no longer have her sister to support, comfort, nurse, and wait upon; no outlet for the love of her simple, fond, trusting heart; no tender responsibilities; no one to think of, care for, idolize; nothing else in the whole wide world for which to live—poor Miss Cecelia thought of these things, and laid her sister's hand upon her cheek and wept silently. The pudgy doctor thought of these things, too; and when he left the sick-room for the last time he coughed and wheezed, and encountered such a heavy fog in the broad hall below that he could not find his hat at all, and went off bareheaded down the hilly street.

Miss Cecelia sat in the candlelight by her sister's bedside—always, always by her sister's bedside—grieving, grieving, while the dust which the stout gentleman in the white surplice could ill spare sifted down more heavily every moment, and the tramp of the six other gentlemen, the strength of whose arms and backs was soon to be tested, grew so loud that it seemed as though their twelve feet already trod the stairs. Thus, through many long and anxious nights Miss Cecelia served and watched and waited, until at last came one, when as the stars were dimmed and the day broke, Miss Mary's soul, the tide running strongly out to sea, floated away upon it, following her tears, which had gone before to water her lover's grave.

When the first burst of grief was over, Miss Cecelia rose from her knees, and pale and trembling, opened the locket which rested upon Miss Mary's breast, and, with a gasp, saw lying therein a folded bit of paper. This she took with her to the window and unfolded it, and by the cold gray light of dawn read the words written upon it. Then she drew out of her own bosom a small chamois bag, and from it brought to light a piece of paper like the first. She laid them side by side on the window ledge, and read the words written on each, slowly, one by one, from beginning to end. They were identical:

IDOL OF MY HEART:

The First Consul commands that I join the Army of Italy. I am in despair, and I fear to efface that which I write by the tears which pour from my eyes. Be faithful. Guard our secret. I go to seek glory or death. If I survive, I will return to lay my life at thy feet. Till then, with tears and kisses, adieu. I pray thee to receive the expression of my undying devotion. Again, adieu.

MAXIME.

Cecelia tottered to the bed, looking older and wearier and sadder than she who lay upon it in her last sleep; and she threw herself down beside her dead sister and clasped her body convulsively in her arms.

"Oh, my sister," she cried appealingly, "forgive me for what I have done; but I had to know. Until now I have been faithful—faithful to you and to him. For your sake I kept my lips sealed through the long years, and you never guessed that my heart, too, was broken. O Mary, my dear sister, which of us did he love? Now that you are with him and know all, tell me; and forgive him, and forgive me, also; for, oh, how I loved him! how I love him yet!"



Drawn by A. I. Keller.

This young gentleman made a most amiable figure.—Page 747.



The banished duke and his companions in modern guise.

IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN

By Robert Shackleton

TO find and explore the forest beloved of Shakespeare and Rosalind was like the coming true of a fairy tale. For charm and romance are still there, and the boar and the wild deer are there, and Corin and Phebe and Silvius, and shepherds with their cotes, their flocks, their bounds of feed. The banished duke and his companions, in modern guise, still hunt the forest glades, and "fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world." Nay, I even met Touchstone himself, as if he had stepped from an old Shakespearean print. "A fool, a motley fool." Thus he was garbed, with cap of points and clothing striped. But, alas! he would naught of wit or philosophy. He had married and settled here, as Shakespeare foresaw, and marriage had changed him, as it has changed many another man. Where be his jibes now, his flashes of merriment? Yet he would have me know that he worked hard, here in his garden, and was content; and thereby he seems to have attained the highest of philosophy, after all.

Shakespeare assuredly meant this Ardennes—this Arden, as he Anglicized the name. He had in mind no imaginary forest. He loved history, and he loved geography, and he therefore loved to give his plays a local habitation and a name. He loved to specify Venice and Padua and London, the Temple Gardens, Black Angers, and the Forest of Arden. Had he wished to write of the forest of an imaginary Zenda he was sufficiently master of the language to have made his meaning clear.

He may never have seen Ardennes, but at least he was acquainted with the forest from cotemporaries and predecessors. And it is possible that he was here. He travelled; and no one knows, no one will ever know, whither he travelled or what he saw. And assuredly it will not be declared that

he, of all men, would never step aside from what were even in his day the familiar routes.

There is not only this great Ardennes at the edge of France, but a little Arden in England; and this is not to be wondered at, for many a geographical name was carried across the Channel from the Continent; it necessary to march a force to the capture of Sedan, within what was at that time the forest boundary.

I was in Ardennes in the idyllic glory of early spring. A tender warmth was in the air, and the forest, after the long unresponsiveness of winter, was with shy generosity



Touchstone at work in his garden.

but some have claimed that Shakespeare meant the Arden of England. Shakespeare seems to write, however, with the constant implication that the forest is on the French border; he ever portrays Rosalind and Celia as wearily walking to the forest from their French home; and his description of Duke Frederick leading his army to the skirts of the wood seems clearly to point out that he means the Ardennes that is beside France.

And it is curious that, while Shakespeare was writing plays, Henry of Navarre found

giving promise of loving opulence to come. The fields were pied with the earliest daisies, buttercups and violets painted the meadows with delight, the first birds were singing, and the trees were gently unfolding their first buds. It was the sweet and happy Arden of the sweet and happy comedy.

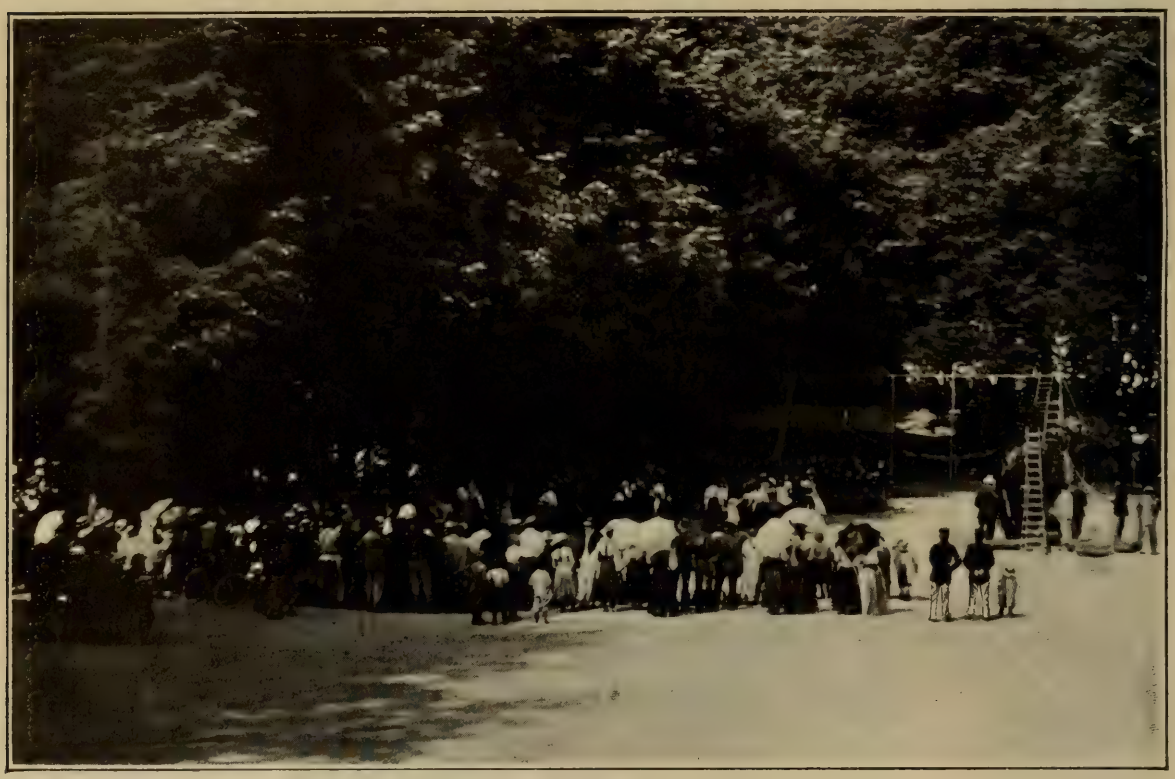
Guide-books and atlases use the term "Ardennes" with somewhat of unavoidable vagueness. Originally, this forest extended not only over a great part of Belgium, but stretched also into France and toward the eastward. Clumps of its wood-

land still break the levels of Champagne; there are remains of it in Luxembourg; and there are still great forest masses in central Belgium, dotted with cities and intersected by railways. But the present centre of Ardennes is in the southern part of Belgium, along the line of the Semois, and comprises a wide area of hill, of river valley, of undulating plateau, of upland heath. And it is this very part, isolated as it is, with which most of the great names that are connected with the forest have had their association.

I had long desired to see the forest about which Shakespeare's fancy so lovingly played. I had also desired to see an Easter service in the very shadow of the castle from which the greatest of all Crusaders marched out for the recovery of that sepulchre without whose story there would be no Easter to celebrate. And—really, nothing could be more felicitous!—I found the castle to be in the very heart of the forest.

Ardennes is still a place exempt from American haunt. The French and Belgians come here. I am told that sometimes there are a few of the English; but neither at hotel nor shop could I find anyone to understand the English tongue. At isolated villages I found not even French, but only Walloon.

I entered the forest from Sedan; and it is a city for an impression. Less than two score years ago it drank the dregs of humiliation, when it was forced to surrender a hundred thousand men and the very Emperor himself. Yet now there is evident in a myriad ways an atmosphere of forgetfulness and peace, and the little red-legged soldiers trot harmlessly about. But when I had settled it that the humiliation was all forgotten, I noticed that not a man, woman, or child dogged my steps to sell mementoes of that bitter battle-field, and that if I spoke in German to one of the townsfolk who was not in a business demanding the pleasing of strangers, I was told, with dry disrelish, that German was not understood.



"Fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world."—Page 752.

Especially in the suburb of Bazeilles, covered by Ardennes in Shakespeare's time, was there magnificent fighting; and to many people it will mean more—thus early are some things forgotten—that De Neuville's "Les dernières Cartouches" is located here than that the battle marked the downfall of Napoleon. Thus one may, it seems, win fame by the making of pictures, as well as by the making of surrenders.

I was fortunate in entering the forest from the side of France. From the north-



A forest village in Arden.

ward, a little-travelled, narrow-gauge railway goes winding down into it, but from the south there is only the diligence; and, as to the charm of Europe, it is still true that they who seek it diligencely shall find it.

It was some time after leaving Sedan before the actual forest was reached. A long white road leads up, and a long white road twists down, and a valley village is reached—Givonne, the centre of the French



The environing hills at Bouillon.

position on the battle day, and on that account possessing a dignity which its aspect would not otherwise command. Continuing, trees more and more take the place of fields; yet always in Ardennes one is likely to come where peasants arduously enforce a living from the meagre land. The Belgian frontier is passed, and scores of trees, toppled over by a recent hurricane, show that the forest is not always a place to lose and neglect the creeping hours of time, but has likewise a savageness in its nature, which both Shakespeare and Ariosto recognized.

Oak and beech and aspen and willow, heath and pasture, a lone village or some solitary inn, the ever-recurring forest greenery hemming the long white roads, and the town of Godfrey of Bouillon is reached, and the diligence rattles noisily under the silent walls of the great castle.

Bouillon is nooked in a bending hollow with the Semois sweeping circumfluent, like the Lehigh at Mauch Chunk. Lofty hills rise on either side; and from its rocky perch upon a river-bound peninsula the castle looks down at the town.

At the hotel, I early met with an example of the eternal differences that come from view-points variant, for, "This town is unfortunately," said my host, with wistfulness, "off the beaten track."

As he mounted the stair to show me to the room to which the third Napoleon was brought after the surrender, "The Emperor," said he, explanatorily, but in innocence of any knowledge of our expressive Americanisms, "was in Bouillon after Sedan."

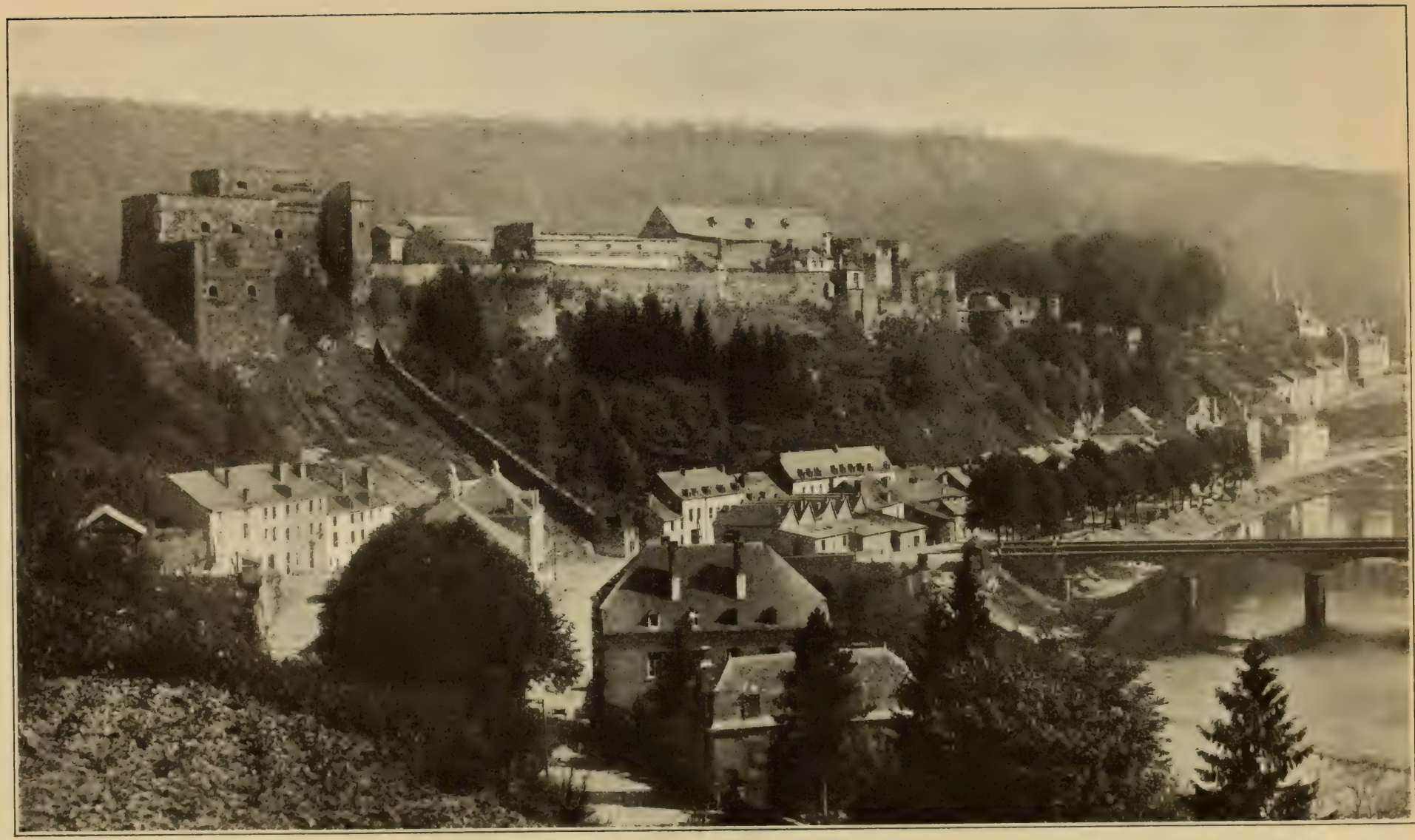
A Godfrey goes out from Bouillon to endless fame; a Napoleon goes out from Bouillon to die in humiliation. And it is really astonishing that this still solitary, this still isolated region, should for centuries have had intermittent connection with names great in history or in literature—Louis XIV, Henry of Navarre, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bouillon, Richelieu, the third Napoleon, Ariosto, Shakespeare, Scott. In this section of the forest, with Bouillon as its centre, there are probably no more people than there were at the time of the first crusade; yet it is near great routes of travel, near great cities.

Ordinarily, a castle in a forest would seem an incongruity; but here it is of the forest's very essence. One might almost say that the castle of Bouillon has been here longer than the forest, so many decades before Godfrey's time was its construction begun—certainly, it has been here for longer than any tree now standing—and in the time of Quentin Durward a De la Marck, a wild boar of Ardennes, actually held it. For Godfrey mortgaged it (modern touch!) to secure money for his expedition to Palestine, and on that account it drifted, after his death, into devious channels of possession.

I have never received so tremendous an impression of feudalism as in this ancient pile, rising black above the white houses of the town. It is not that it displays the magnitude, the parade, of a Heidelberg or a Loches, but that so much of the outward has been shorn away in the course of successive ownerships and sieges as to concentrate attention upon the immense extent of the subterranean. Partly, the impression was due to the situation of the castle, in the midst of the lonely forest and hills, and partly to my going through it when no one else was within its vast extent but the ancient guide. The seneschal of a ruin should always be an old man, for congruence, or a young girl, for contrast.

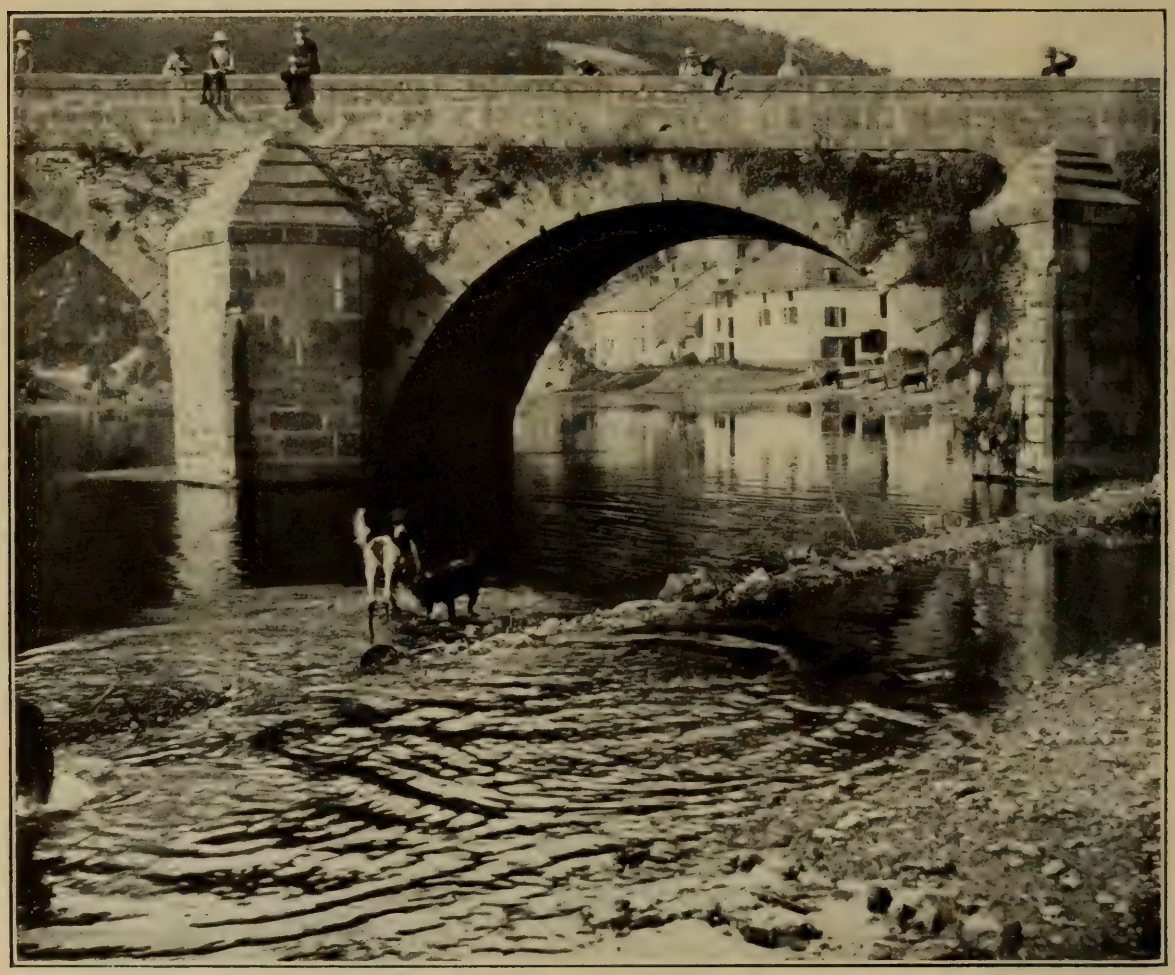
There is a vivid terror in the heart of the rock, tunnelled and dungeoned far below the castle walls. There are doleful cells of darkness, and torture chambers, and a dreadful oubliette which yields the secrets of its construction to a great blaze of paper, and ever the passages go in grim convolutions. "The very devil couldn't find his way out of here," said the old man chucklingly; and then his voice shrivelled on about kings and dukes and their doings in the dark backward of time. "It is like an ant-hill," he quavered, leading the way into a tunnel which went twisting far downward. And ever and anon we were for a brief space above, and there were fair and lovely views from casement or battlement above those haunting secrets. And on the ramparts the old man swung the clapper of a bell which has knelled to war or to church throughout nine centuries.

Yet feudalism was not all terror and severity. It was terror for enemies and protection for friends. A street which still follows its ancient line and clings at the base of the castle rock shows by its very attitude of trustfulness that it considered the castle to be its defender. And, in those old times, should one's natural protector fail to protect,



From its rocky perch the castle looks down on the town.—Page 750.

any inhabitant of Ardennes seeking justice needed but to go to the palace of the Bishop of Liège, and knock thrice with the great swinging iron that was bolted upon the door, and the bishop himself would answer the summons, and hear the complaint, and demand an explanation from the oppressor, and render a decree; and that decree did not lightly pass unheeded, for behind it stood the power of the Church.



The old bridge over the Semois.

The town of Bouillon is comparatively modern; but there are still old houses hidden unobtrusively away, and still there stand six-sided towers making corners of the old town walls. And there are queer places to unearth: ancient caves in the rock, and remains of primitive structures, beneath or behind houses of more recent times. By mere chance, in a little shop in one of these newer buildings, I saw a hollow in the rock, and there was a running spring, and beside it was an old-time officially inscribed stone of the long-past Duchy of Bouillon, and in the stone was a hole for the measurement of money as a safeguard against clipping.

Life is placid in Bouillon. Business is not importunate, a wagon seldom rattles over the stone-paved streets, boys lean interminably over the ancient bridge of stone, gossiping women are ever kneeling by the riverside, giving what is next to godliness to the linen of the town. The very funerals are tranquilly picturesque, for the mourners still follow on foot up the avenue of trees, whose clipped tops lace and intertwine, which once led to a monastery, long since destroyed.

But if one does not care for Bouillon, in five minutes he may be hundreds of years away, in the castle, or hundreds of miles away, in the forest. And, once in the forest, he will be continually charmed by the hills and the river. Never, surely, was there another stream of such uncontrolled meanderings. The course of the Semois is a

succession of great serpentining bends; and when you have for a long time missed it, and think that it has finally wandered away, it comes purring softly back, around some delectable bend.

It is a charming country for motoring, but the automobilist who penetrates here must cultivate resignation, for he will frequently find a well macadamized road end suddenly in a mere trail. Fully to enjoy this forest, one must be somewhat of a pedestrian, for many of the most charming routes are footpaths only; and so intricately do these paths convolute in making (contradictory as it seems) short cuts from village to village, that no one ever tries to direct a stranger beyond the first turn, but leaves him to proceed after that as fate and fancy lead. And it is delightful to wander at random through great groves of glimmering birch, past the brook that brawls along the road, the oaks whose antique roots peep out, the rank of osiers by the murmuring stream; charming to be obscured in the circle of the forest and to know that it is the forest of Shakespeare.



Trees whose clipped tops lace and intertwine.—Page 758.

The people who dwell in the little villages which are so sparingly interspersed are a simple, hardy folk, Walloons, descendants from an ancestry of bravery, and active, dark-featured, inclined to shortness, ready at times for gayety, but, as is natural to those who live in loneliness, mostly silent or of few words. And, in spite of the disappearance, as in most of Europe, of much of the distinctive costuming of the past, there are still the kirtle of green, the sash of blue or red, stockings of purple and shoes of wood, the agricultural blouse, the paniered back, and horses tasselled and belled.

The people are herdsmen, shepherds, farmers of the thinnish soil, woodcutters. Trees are grown in Ardennes for the market, as in other regions there are corn and oats. The forest is carefully cultivated and kept free from underbrush, and, although there are still many trees of great girth the larger part of the forest is not of huge growth.

The houses of the forest villages are



The Garden of Arden.

broad-gabled and low, and of stone that is black with age. Broad they must needs be, for under each roof is a heterogeneous huddle of men and women and children, cows and goats, rabbits and chickens and geese and dogs. And it is in itself a proof of the length of time that this has been forest that the dogs bear a curious likeness to wolves.

Even in Bouillon itself—a place which, with its fewer than three thousand population, would elsewhere be deemed small, but which looms large as the principal town of what is left isolated of Ardennes—many a house is a Noah's Ark in its population, although the newer look of the houses at first conceals the fact. After all, these people and their livestock have been living for centuries in friendly juxtaposition, and an inheritedly ingrained habit is not lightly lost.

"These are the hills, these are the woods, these are the starry solitudes; and there the river by whose brink the roaring lion comes to drink." For Shakespeare even puts a lion here, and it has caused endless trouble. Scott, when he committed an anachronism or an anachorism, always appended a peccavi note; but Shakespeare, never; he divined what his commentators were to do in the way of notes and would not willingly add his own straws to the load of posterity.

As to that lion, it might be enough to claim poetic license; to point out that when Ariosto sent his Rinaldo through Ardennes, on his journey from Paris to Basle, he had him meet in this forest an uncanny monster with a thousand eyes.

But Shakespeare frankly took his lion from Thomas Lodge; and the whole matter in regard to Lodge has been greatly misunderstood. Lodge wrote a novel about Ardennes; a story with whose lilting prolixity one could even now be happy if the other charmer were away. With Lodge, "Rosylind and Alinda travailed along the Vineyards, and by many by-waies; and at last got to the Forrest side, where they travailed by the space of two or three daies without seeing anie creature, being often in danger of wilde beasts, and payned with many sorrowes."

Lodge's story quickly ran through several editions, and Shakespeare dramatized it, and thus gave it popularity anew. It was no more plagiarism than is the dramatization of the popular novel of to-day.

Ardennes, on the borders of France, and Rosalind and Celia, and the brother dukes, and the wrestling, and the banishment, and the lion, all are Lodge's, with some of the names a trifle changed for effectiveness. But the inimitable Jacques and Touchstone and the splended poetry of it all are Shakespeare's own.

In this forest of Shakespeare's the regular roads and paths may often be followed for miles without meeting a human being. There is a deep loneliness, away from the villages; and, as Touchstone remarked, "In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well." From lofty summits the view seems one of wilderness illimitable. When the uncertain glory of an April day changes to sudden storm, the rolling thunder goes echoing distantly among the hills. In the heart of the forest I have come unexpectedly upon a charming and solitary mill. One day I chanced upon a Trappist monastery. "It is desolate here in winter when the north wind blows," said one of the monks drearily.

On Easter Sunday, in Bouillon, they gave the play of the Passion, and in it the people found agreeable enjoyment. It did not occur to them that it bore religious significance; there was no irreverence, for they did not understand that reverence was expected; it was six long hours of singing and costumes, of picking out their neighbors beneath great wigs or behind false beards; it was a show in a showless town, and those who know only cities do not understand the pathetic excitement of such a condition.

And so, human nature being everywhere the same, the people enjoyed the representation with the unrepressed pleasure of children; they will soon enough learn to look unnaturally grave if the representation begins to attract annual visitors. The young girls were the sweet and natural part of it; the men and boys were inclined to frolic a little behind the scenes as an offset to stage stiltedness. And in all it was a striking experience to see the Jerusalem scenes thus acted and thus received under the walls of the castle of Jerusalem's king.

Even at the regular Easter service, which preceded the play, the satisfaction had to come mainly from the feeling that it was an Easter service, and in that place. The church was abloom with the flowers from new Easter hats! Thus far has fashion penetrated. And the hats were of a kind that may be bought on Grand Street.

The service was of simple solemnity; the red-clothed *suisse* deeming himself a weighty part of it, as he decrepitly marched about, proud of being the only man in church permitted to wear a hat, and proud, poor old fellow, of a childish medal, pinned prominent, lauding him for "good conduct and morality."

The church itself is Victorian, expressed in terms Walloon. "An unattractive building in an attractive location," said the priest quietly, pacing the terrace with me. It was in my heart to reassure him, but I refrained; I could only speak of the general charm of the country.

But he seemed touched with a gentle melancholy. "Yes, monsieur, it is beautiful"; he shook his head, reflective, dubious; "it is, as you say, beautiful; but the people, to them it is only habitude."

And so, having begun by finding Touchstone, I was thus to end by finding Jacques. For this is the Forest of Arden!

THE POINT OF VIEW

"WOULDN'T you rather be an M. P.?" was one question put by Mr. Howe to Sir John Ure Primrose, who had served for twenty years in the Glasgow Council and was then the Lord Provost,—as will be recalled by readers of Mr. Frederic Howe's paper on Glasgow in the July SCRIBNER. "Decidedly not," was the emphatic and significant answer. "A member of Parliament is but part of a machine. The work in the town council is creative. A man sees his work grow before his eyes." A like estimate of the comparative value and attractiveness of civic and national service has been recently placed on record by a distinguished representative of both, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. In acknowledging the congratulations of his fellow townspeople of Birmingham on his seventieth birthday, congratulations of extraordinary unanimity and heartiness, Mr. Chamberlain contrasted accomplishment and its resulting satisfaction from service for the home city with futility and its resulting dissatisfaction from much attempted service for the nation. The comparison was caught up and emphasized in editorial comment all over the kingdom, making it perhaps the dominant note of the event, not as something surprising, but rather as impressive testimony to a familiar and accepted truism.

The Vocation of Civic Service

From an American point of view, the interesting thing in this British attitude toward civic service, "local patriotism," is that such service is regarded as sufficient unto itself—as shown in a genuine preference for being a Lord Provost to being an M. P. because the one is free from political obligations and the other is hampered by them. The contrasted American attitude, which has taken it for granted that city officials should be chosen under a political system, often at the same time and on the same issues as national or state officials, arises from a fundamental misconception of what a city is. Regarded simply as the larger town or village out of which it may have grown with bewildering rapidity, the American conception of the city was until a very recent time, as Mr. Seth Low has pointed out, that of "a local subdivision of the commonwealth." Hence "charters were framed as though cities were little states," when "they are not so much little states as large corporations." The change in such a city charter to one adapted to a corporation cannot, unfortunately, of itself undo or transform the political system to which the people have grown accustomed in the administration of civic government; and the original misconception accounts in large part for the survival of conditions which rob civic service in American cities of the attraction of business independence,—the attraction drawing to it, as a vocation, so much of the competent citizenship of British cities. The intrusion of national party divisions "into matters with which they have nothing to do," to quote Mr. Bryce, has "the unfortunate result of making it more difficult for good citizens outside the class of professional politicians to find their way into local administration," even when they feel moved to do their share of civic service. "If they (the more competent) wish for office," Mr. Bryce adds, "they must struggle for it, avoiding the least appearance of presuming on their social position."

In this phrase Mr. Bryce touches another peculiar advantage of England over America in attracting the competent to civic service: popular English acceptance of the claim that social position does presuppose competency. In the informal talk of the club, the Englishman who chances to discuss city government with an American is apt to explain his "local patriotism" compared with the other's indifference as a case of inherited obligation to do for his city what his father did before him. But this is only half the story. For were the Englishman, like many an American who has responded to the call for service, met by

popular suspicion of his motives and by popular challenge of his competency—the burden of proof being thrown upon him to make good the sincerity of the one and the sufficiency of the other—the inhospitality of his reception would breed a like indifference. Thus such an Englishman fails to express, if he appreciates it, the encouragement of an expectant welcome to the social elect due to the influence ot his country's age in transmitting accepted customs. It is the same influence of age which has nourished local pride in the special civic immunities and privileges handed down in dust-covered charters, perhaps wrested from the crown in the days of feudalism. This aspect of the continuity of competent service, taken as more or less a matter of course from "the classes" through generations, clearly discloses the chief disadvantage at which the new-created city of America is placed in comparison with the English city. To accentuate it are other unfortunate conditions peculiar to new prosperity; the shifting, unstable character of the American city's population, often a heterogeneous mingling of unsympathetic, if not alien, races, and the migratory habits of its most prosperous citizenship, so weakening to the feeling of local attachment and to the sense of local responsibility. These are conditions evidently quite apart from those Philistine business ideals which, supposedly, obsess the successful American, and which, supposedly, justify the cynical inference that his occasional civic activity finds its motive either in interest or ambition—personal profit or the hope of "beginning a political career."

The anomaly, then, of America, the country where so much individual money is given generously, even lavishly, to public institutions, but where so little personal service is given sparingly, even grudgingly, to civic life, finds its explanation in outward circumstance that has not yet determined national character. The very urgency of the need for service is by widely coincident testimony evoking a new readiness of response. The willing English acquiescence in the limitations of local opportunity is not unshared here in America, and the Lord Provost who placed Glasgow's Council Chamber before St. Stephen's, is not without American counterpart. One representative story—for doubtless there are others like it known only in each case to a few—concerns a young man of character, education and independent means, who entered the council of his home city when membership in it carried an imputation on personal honesty. Steadily, openly, and for no short period single-handed—that is with no organized support at his back—he fought the fight of civic righteousness until an awakened public conscience reasserted the right to control. Then came in recognition the offer of a nomination to Congress, but it was quietly declined. "I would not," he explained to an inquiring friend, "jeopardize what I have been able to do for clean government by risking the suspicion that it was done with an eye to 'higher honors.' The satisfaction of having done something worth while here at home is best after all. I guess I shall have to die, as I have lived, 'only an alderman.'"

AN entertaining old lady whose friendship I enjoyed used to say, with some impatience: "Because the Lord saw fit to remove Banbury is no reason why I should be invited to nothing but women's lunches." Not but what she mourned the late Banbury most sincerely, but her active mind chafed at a narrowness of environment which accentuated her loneliness. In fact, it is a hardship to be condemned to a one-sided social life, and it is a misfortune which happens to many middle-aged women and need scarcely ever happen to a man of any age; for ordinarily a man can have as much feminine society as he chooses, but what will the neighbors say about an elderly woman who announces that in order to preserve a whole and healthy view of life she must seek the society of men?

The One-sided Life

It will hardly be disputed that the exclusively feminine is worse than the exclusively masculine point of view. True, one sometimes hears of the petty failings of certain classes of men—heroes at sea, for instance, who nevertheless, owing to that isolated life, become somewhat fussy and domineering when they regain the shelter of the domestic fireside; and the tales of Bret Harte and his followers have familiarized us with the rude heroes of the mining camp and the plains. But does the naval officer, wedded to law, or the miner, divorced from it, show as great a departure from the normal human type as the woman who is shut up with other women?

Of course there are as many points of view as there are men and women; one should

always remember that underneath all there is the human point of view, and that people resemble each other more than they differ; yet, when all allowances have been made, some well-recognized dissimilarities do seem to be fundamental. Everybody knows, for instance, that a woman has not usually much sense of proportion; but as to that, does everybody realize how destructive to a sense of proportion a purely domestic life is,—that life which, for so long, constituted a woman's all of living? Perhaps Eve may not have been lacking in it before she set up housekeeping and accumulated *things*. Possibly at that time her sense of humor was not subject to lapses. It is, now; and it is most apt to lapse when she turns her attention on herself. For the average woman is inclined to take herself quite seriously. There is always her exceptional sister, the woman with a sense of proportion, a sense of humor, a light touch. I was once at table with a witty and worldly lady who said: "If I had daughters I should bring them up to be extremely pretty and quite unintelligent." Whereat the learned lady at the other end of the table murmured in a pained tone: "Oh, *not* unintelligent!" A remark which was not received sympathetically by the person to whom it was addressed—a gentleman of the Latin race.

The witty lady deprecates the "Higher Education" for women; the learned lady is an example of it; and they both confound education with erudition. Each of them has had the wisdom to make the most of what she could get, but the witty lady is really more highly educated than her vis-à-vis. It doesn't fall in the way of every woman to know how to be witty in several languages, to be on the inside of politics and diplomacy and to hobnob with royalties and at the same time to take herself as lightly as she does other people; but if such good things do not fall to her lot, shall she not then take the best that she can get? Shall she eschew Greek because she has no opportunity to become fluent in French? Shall she refuse to learn history because she cannot be present when it is in the making? Shall she keep out of the laboratory because she cannot shine at court? And if she is somewhat too conscious that she is acquiring education and somewhat too disposed to take herself seriously, that is a matter which will adjust itself later—if not in her person, perhaps in that of her daughter, who may be able to shed her mother's self-consciousness.

Unfortunately, the average woman takes her amusements as seriously as she does her education. Who can imagine a man—even a man of leisure—going to one card party in the morning, another in the afternoon and a third in the evening? And this, when the game is not for money. Yet women are not "good sports." They do not naturally take defeat well, whatever they may school themselves to do, and they have not much regard for the etiquette of a game. Look at them when they play bridge. They are inclined to make a personal matter of penalties; they cannot play with an impassive countenance; they are full of rules to their finger-tips, but are lacking in initiative. But they are better companions in the game of life than in the game of bridge. They have far more elasticity than men and they will not recognize defeat. Where a reasonable man says that a thing is impossible, an unreasonable woman declares that it shall not be impossible; and it is astonishing how far you can bend circumstances to your will. An inability or an unwillingness to see things as they are sometimes leads to victory.

THE FIELD OF ART

THE PAINTING OF RELIGIOUS THEMES

IN the number of The Field of Art for April, 1906, there was comment on a species of unecclesiastical religious art which constitutes one of the characteristic features of the recent European schools of painting—less marked in England than on the Continent. It may be stated that some examples of the more serious form of this art, more or less directly imported, have appeared among the work of the younger American artists. As serious work it is entitled to consideration; and the dearth of important figure compositions in our picture exhibitions also gives it interest. Two or three large canvases in which it has been presented with more than usual technical ability have lately been seen in this city; the largest, though not the most revolutionary, a "Nativity," the painter of which, Mr. Sidney S. Gorham, is a pupil of Bonnat and the École des Beaux-Arts. Here the Holy Family, the Three Wise Men and the stable are represented with that tempered realism to which we have been accustomed; the artist's originality is shown in the dual lighting of his scene and the spiritual significance which he attaches to this allegory. In the broad and effective execution of the painting he has endeavored to present the gray morning light on the earth, contrasting strongly with the brilliant, supernatural light that rays from the Child's aureole and illumines both Him and His sleeping Mother—the cold light of nature, of the world, and the splendor of the light of the spirit.

In the composition, which is a long one, and arranged with a certain decorative balancing of the groups of life-size figures, the right-hand portion is enveloped in the gloom of the interior of the stable, in which we see dimly the domestic animals feeding and sleeping. At the left, the widely opened door reveals the cool, early morning landscape, the sinking moon on the horizon; and near the centre of this tempered illumination is focussed the golden light of the nimbus. The Virgin lies sleeping in front of this open door, on a rude bed of straw, worn out with her vigil; her face and arm and her blue drapery are lit on one side by the outward light, and on the side toward the spectator by the inner radiance. The Child's blanket has fallen away from Him, and His outstretched arms indicate that He is on the point of waking. To the left, Joseph sits in half shadow, dozing with fatigue; the Three Strangers, rich in color, though not in gorgeous robes, stand near the foot of the bed, "doing reverence to the spirit that has brought them from afar." At this gray hour, when all the world is still, they have entered silently and are as yet unperceived. In the long, low building, the cattle and sheep, the rustic types of the figures, the painter has wished to emphasize the humble conditions, the lesson for all humanity. His Virgin is a woman of the people, glorified by her motherhood; her spiritual exaltation is quite distinct from that which Rossetti, for example, imagined:

> . . . A lady round whom splendors move
> In homage, till by the great light thereof,
> Abashed, the pilgrim spirit stands at gaze;

or the subtler beauty of Tennyson's

> . . . Maid-mother by a crucifix,
> In tracts of pasture sunny-warm,
> Beneath branch-work of costly sardonyx
> Sat smiling, babe in arm.

The technical problems of this contrasting lighting, and of centring a brilliant light, have interested the painter in most of his other works. In his "Christ Among the Humble," which received an honorable mention at the Salon of 1902, the figure of the Saviour, faintly lit by moonlight, appears in the dim interior of a French peasant's cottage, standing by the table and blessing the frugal meal; the light of the lamp illumines brilliantly the few articles on the table and, less distinctly, the red bodice of the mother and the surrounding faces. This strong contrast, however, in no way diminishes the stillness, the reverence, in the little group. In Mr. Gorham's first important picture, of the Salon of 1901, illustrating Kipling's story



From a print of painting by Holman Hunt.

The Light of the World.

of "The Man who would be King," the two figures sit in a flood of gray morning light, one with his back to it, and the other, the returned wanderer, with the severed but still diademed head of his comrade flung on the table before him, facing it. Beyond them the warm light of a lamp crosses this gray illumination. In his "Morning," a group of two women gossiping with a spinning-wheel between them, the lamp in the distance contrasts less strongly with the cool, gray daylight; and the latter alone, very carefully studied and skilfully rendered, illumines some of his simpler compositions, as in the "Leisure Moments" of an old man with pipe and slippers, comfortably installed in his attic before his little stove. This preoccupation with broad effects of light, cool or warm, would not seem to be conducive to devotion to beauty of detail of color, but on occasions, as in the blue of the sleeping Virgin's robe and in the strongly illumined articles on the supper-table in the "Christ Among the Humble," the painter shows his justness of perception of this color beauty. The "Nativity" appeared at the Salon of 1903; the canvases mentioned above have been seen in exhibitions in Vienna, London, the New York Academy of Design, Philadelphia, St. Louis, the Tennessee Centennial Exhibition, and elsewhere.

Mr. Gorham was born in the northern part of New York State, near Plattsburg, but while he was still at an early age his family went South, and the young man began the study of art under local teachers in Louisville, Ky. His first drawings were done for newspapers, and in 1890 he determined to go to Paris to complete his education. It is related that, under Bonnat's strict instructions, he was confined to the drawing classes for six years, with permission to study light, color, and composition, but not to paint.

It is this close attention given to the technical education of the contemporary painter which largely tends to save him from the error of some of the former earnest and devout schools, as the Germans of the time of Overbeck and Cornelius and the English Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood. This error, as it has been defined, was that of "not thinking in the medium of their art." It was the religious sentiment, the literary expression, not the conception of the image, the pictorial effect, with which they began. Hence the extraordinary technical defects which characterized much of the most famous work of both these schools. Rather curiously, the inspiration drawn from literature was not offended by mannerisms, by awkward presentations, which to us to-day frequently seem incredible, and which should have been impossible, even to pedagogues. But in the saner individual work which was by no means always that of the painter's later years and greater experience—there is not always wide contrast between their conceptions and some, at least, of their methods and those with which we sympathize to-day. It may be interesting to compare with this work of a representative contemporary some one of the representative paintings of one of the older schools, for example, Holman Hunt's "Light of the World," the engraving of which still hangs on the walls of many of the older households, and a painting which, for many years, was regarded by English-speaking Bible readers "with almost religious fervor." The recent publication of Hunt's autobiography, with his reminiscences of the early struggles of the brotherhood, furnishes us with many curious and interesting details of a period much unlike any known to American art.

The elaborate symbolism of the time once accepted, we can readily follow Hunt's elucidation of his theme. "The closed door was the obstinately shut mind; the weeds, the cumber of daily neglect, the accumulated hindrances of sloth; the orchard, the garden of delectable fruit for the dainty feast of the soul. The music of the still small voice was the summons to the sluggard to awaken and become a zealous laborer under the Divine Master; the bat, flitting about only in darkness, was a natural symbol of ignorance; the kingly and priestly robe of Christ, the sign of His reign over the body and the soul to them who could give their allegiance to Him and acknowledge God's overrule. In making it a night scene, lit mainly by the lantern carried by Christ, I had followed metaphorical explanations in the Psalms: 'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path,' with also the accordant allusion by St. Paul to the sleeping soul: 'The night is far spent, the day is at hand.'"

Ruskin, naturally, had a discourse to pronounce before this painting. Some months after its completion he wrote at length to the *Times* in its defence. Standing by it in the Royal Academy exhibition, "for upwards of an hour, I watched the effect it produced

upon the passers-by. Few seemed to look at it, and those who did almost invariably with some contemptuous expression, founded on what appeared to them the absurdity of representing the Saviour with a lantern in His hand." Then he goes on to give in minute detail its "palpable interpretation" as that, "the chain wrapped about the wrist of the figure shows that the light which reveals sin appears to the sinner also to chain the hand of Christ. . . . For my part, I think it one of the very noblest works of sacred art produced in this or any other age."

WILLIAM WALTON.

THE "Light of the World" was painted in 1853, and engraved not long afterward for one of those art dealers who had leagued themselves together in the "Publishers' Association." It was the main object of their association to impart some positive meaning to the old terms, "proof," "artist's proof," "proof before the letter," "proof with open letter," and so on; ending always with "print" as the humblest form of genuine impression, the later pulls from the engraved plate. Now, as my copy, reproduced, page 766, has upon its margin only that single indication, the stamp of the association, and as it is now many years since I bought it, it has come about that the engraver's name is lost.* The plate is large, measuring nearly two feet three inches in height.

The subject and its general treatment in that picture was sympathetic to me when I believed in Pre-Raphaelitism in a special way, and it is sympathetic to me still. I do not know that a more veritably religious work has been produced at any epoch. The emblematic treatment of the theme does not take from its tremendous force; and the appeal remains as strong and as lasting as if it were not embodied in a painting of considerable charm of color, or, in the print, of much beauty of light and shade. The symbolism is just simple enough, just obvious enough, for purposes of fine art. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." (Revelation, iii, 20.) But the door is fast shut and overgrown with weeds, and with strong, woody, and thorny vines. He who knocks may be thought to ask in vain for admittance. The door of the heart has been shut so long that the witness of the scene doubts whether it will ever open. Meantime, the light of the spirit is brought by that divine visitor to mingle with the cool light of nature, the gentle aspect of the moonlit orchard. The visitor is at once the priest, that is to say, the sacrificer in whose person all sacrifice is embodied, and the king who bears at once the two crowns of suffering and of eternal rule. These theological assumptions are not held, of necessity, by everyone who admires such a work; but they are to be taken as the basis of the judgment when we pass upon it. If you ask, why this robe, this breastplate, these crowns, that is the answer. He who knocks at the door of the heart is, as the very text of the Apocalypse asserts, "One like to the Son of Man, clothed with a garment down to the foot." It is true that the painter was not careful to follow to the end the description of the majestic presence thus described (Revelation i, 13 ff.), but we are safe in assuming that that description seemed to him to transcend the powers of pictorial art. What Hunt's art could give, he bade it give, combining the allegories nearly as they are combined in the text itself, and seeking before all things the expression of a mystical and enthusiastic devotion.

It is odd to see quoted in Hunt's autobiography a long speech by Thomas Carlyle denouncing this and all other such ways of dealing with the Christian story. The least critical of all able thinkers and fluent writers, Carlyle had also to the full that absolute blindness to things connected with art of form and color and visible objects, which was his fair inheritance as a mid-century North Briton. And odd it is to find his long preachment pointing so directly as it does to the non-ecclesiastical religious art dealt with in our number of last April, and again in Mr. Walton's paper which precedes this.

RUSSELL STURGIS.

*I learn from Messrs. F. Keppel & Co. that the engraver was the well-known W. H. Simmons, and that the print was published in 1858.

·VOL. XL No. 2. FICTION NUMBER PRICE 25 CENTS·

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE



CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS NEW YORK WILLIAM HEINEMANN LONDON



Summer Days

are out-door days, and an effectual, pure soap is more than ever needed by holiday-makers or home-stayers.

Hand Sapolio

is equally necessary at sea-shore or mountains. Take it along—'twill quickly remove play-stains and make the vacation-child presentable. Grass-stains and the "smear" of the fishing and clamming vanish before it.

VOL. XL No. 3. SEPTEMBER 1906 PRICE 25 CENTS

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE



PUBLISHED MONTHLY
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS NEW YORK
WILLIAM HEINEMANN LONDON

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

Little Cooking Lessons



Baked Ham

Wash thoroughly a Swift's Premium Ham in cold water. Sprinkle with baking soda and scrub with small brush. Rinse in cold water, trim and place in baking pan, skin down. Mix in bowl saltspoonful of pepper, 1 of cloves, 2 of cinnamon, ½ teaspoonful celery seed. Rub thoroughly into meat while in pan. Sprinkle over this, thick layer of finely chopped onion. Make a paste by adding slowly, ½ cup of water to cup full of flour. Roll paste into a thin sheet sufficiently large to cover entire flesh side of ham, tuck down close to skin. Fill pan ⅔ full of hot cider. Stand in oven, bake 4 hours, basting over top of the paste. When done, remove paste and skin, place ham on hot platter, fat side down. Take 4 tablespoonfuls of fat from surface of liquor in the pan. Mix with it 2 tablespoonfuls of flour, add ½ pint of good stock, ½ pint of cider, stir until boiling; add a grating of nutmeg and strain into a sauce boat.

Swift & Company U.S.A

AP
2
S3295
v.40

Scribner's magazine

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY